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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



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Editorial Chat

WITH the beginning of the year, all of us have a kind of mental, as well as material stock-taking. In these upside-down years, it is not as easy as it used to be, to estimate our resources and calculate what the demands will be on them. Canadian journalism, like the course of true love, "never did run smooth," but we believe that a new day has dawned for the publication which aims to be "mainly Canadian."

The Canadian Book Week which was held in November, 1921, revealed how wide is the field of Canadian achievement and how few of our own countrymen and countrywomen have aroused to contemplate what has been and is being done by Canadian writers. Someone may ask at this point: "Would you buy a book because it is written by a Canadian? Are not the writers of the United States and Great Britain more worthy of consideration?"

It is neither wise nor kind to praise a book or a work of art, merely because a Canadian has produced it; but it is unpatriotic and narrow-minded to neglect what is written or wrought by our citizens. However, Canadians are not alone in their lack of esteem for what is home-made. Centuries ago, we were told that a prophet is not without honor save among his own people.

IN next month's issue we shall publish the prize article on "A Model Kitchen." We have received a variety of communications on this subject, but the best-written and most happily illustrated of them all comes from the West. One enterprising contributor wrote saying that "there is no such kitchen" and offering to write us an article on the ideal kitchen, for which, of course, she could send us no photographs—since the best and cleverest of cameras has not been equal, as yet, to capturing a mere idea. A dream kitchen is all very well—and most of us have a dream kitchen somewhere in memory or fancy. My own idea of a kitchen is the old-time kind with a wood fire showing a line of cheerful blaze below the damper, a blue-and-white oilcloth on the floor, a kettle singing a song of home, a red geranium on the window sill—and dozens of homemade buns in the oven. It would not spoil this kitchen, at all, if there were a snow-storm outside and if sleet were dashing

against the window-pane. However that is a winter kitchen, I admit, and in summertime we yearn for the electric stove, the fireless cooker and the sunproof ice-box.

* * * *

CORRESPONDENTS continue to ask if we accept short stories and do we pay for them? These inquirers can hardly be readers of the Canadian Home Journal, for it is evident that there are three or four short stories in each issue. Of course these stories are paid for

—and sometimes a writer, quite unknown, sends something so good that we are glad to accept and publish it. So, please do not write letters, asking whether we use short stories and what kind of story we like. If you have written a short story which you consider readable and interesting, send it to us, accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope for its return, in case of "unavailability." Do not be discouraged or resentful if your manuscript comes back. Nearly every editor himself has known what it means to have a returned manuscript wend its way homeward. A writer who is now considered highly successful tells of a story which made twenty-four journeys before it finally won its way to publication.

Do not send more than one story or article at a time. Poets are confirmed offenders in the matter of sending five or six productions at once. If a story or a poem has been accepted, it is not advisable to bombard the editor with a series of contributions. Let a month or two elapse before you send another production. Remember that there are only twelve issues of this magazine in the year and, therefore, we cannot use more than thirty-six or forty-eight stories during the twelve months. Wherefore, a returned manuscript does not imply, as the usual phrase has it, a lack of literary merit—and the very next editor may need the article which the Journal did not require.

We are always glad to welcome another writer to our pages and those who have been reading the sketches by Nina Moore Jamieson in the "Mail and Empire" and who are acquainted with her book, "The Hickory Stick," will be interested in the announcement that a delightful valentine story by this writer, whose home is in Millgrove, Ontario, will appear in February.



A CHARMING STUDY

"Reverie" by Jean Munro, a Canadian artist now in Paris, was one of the most admired pictures shown at the annual exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, held recently in Toronto. It represents a comely young woman in early Victorian attire,—hair parted in the middle, chignon, full skirt of flowered green silk, loose white peignoir and a riband of coral pink, who sits dreaming in her dressing-room seemingly oblivious of her surroundings.

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Which counts most — color of soap or color of clothes?

Judge soap by what it will *do*. Color has little to do with either its purity or its cleansing value. There are good soaps variously yellow, green, white and brown. Some pure tar soaps are black! Yet who ever made her head *black* by shampooing with tar soap?

Regardless of color, you want a laundry soap that will *make clothes clean*—and do it the *safest*, the *quickest*, the *easiest* way.

Fels-Naptha is golden because that is the *natural* color of all its good materials mixed together. They help to hold the naptha till the last bit of the bar is used up, thus making it different from all other soaps.

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Comment and Correspondence

A WESTERN reader has sent us a rather curious letter, protesting against the fashion some public women have of retaining what our correspondent calls "baby names." The protesting lady mentions that in the town in which she dwells there is a woman lawyer who calls herself "Katie" and a few miles away there is a woman doctor who is known as "Nellie." The correspondent quotes other instances of "Susies," "Minnies" and "Sadies," all in business or professional life and asks if these names are in keeping with the dignity of public or business life.

We are inclined to agree with the protesting lady that when a woman enters the arena of politics, law or business that it is more becoming to use a name which does not belong to the list of "pet" names. "Mary" is infinitely more dignified and musical than any diminutive or nick-name could be, while "Helen" is much more to be desired than "Nellie" and even "Sarah" is to be preferred to the form it takes in "Sadie." There are certain familiarities of family and friendly circles which are charming and amusing when kept for privacy, but which become slightly foolish and undignified if extended beyond the intimate associates.

It may be noted that men are not known as "Dr. Johnnie" or "Freddie" on their professional signs, and we believe that the world of business women will learn to be more fastidious in the matter of names. By the way, it seems a pity that many of our Canadian women are forsaking the British tradition which led a widow to retain her husband's name on her visiting card and are following the dictates of some United States authorities which say that the widow should be known as "Mrs. Mary Jones" instead of "Mrs. John Jones." For social purposes, she is still "Mrs. John," although in business life, of course, she uses her "Mary Jones" on cheques and such documents.

The matter of names is not so idle as some suppose, and these reflections, by the Editor of "Youth's Companion" are worthy of note:

IN an age when everything is regulated by law it seems strange that no one has yet thought of appointing a commission to superintend the naming of children. Names seem to be a mere matter of whim and casual fancy. Yet just think that you are attaching to a soul a stamp that is to cling to it in its whole progress through the world, that may never be got rid of, that with time becomes really an integral part of the man or woman, and in a sense the most important part, since it is what comes first to the ears of strangers and carries with it a vague significance that can never quite be shaken off!

"Great imaginative writers have often been impressed with the singular influence and almost fatality of names. In the strange, wandering, fascinating novel of Sterne the hero is intended to receive the name of Trismegistus which, little as it appeals to us, is supposed to be peculiarly fortunate. Instead, he is called Tristram, an appellation of dire infelicity and one that brings a long succession of semihumorous woes.

"We all know that there is a slight yet pervasive and enduring suggestiveness in names. Some flow with ease and grace and aptness, so that we like to speak them and hear them and dwell upon them. Others are so accented, so fraught with sharp

consonants and heavy vowels, that the very sound of them is oppressive. Of course association affects and overcomes all those things, but they do count, and a little steady pressure tells in a long life.

"If you have a child to christen, do not pick the first fantastic name that strikes you, nor yet fasten upon a harmless infant some ugly Biblical curiosity because it happened to be-

long to your grandfather, but stop and think whether the name you choose is one you yourself would like to carry for seventy-five years."

* * *

SOME people think there should be a law to compel loggers to plant a tree for every tree cut down. As it is necessary to start five or six seedling trees to secure one full grown forest tree, straight, tall, and without limbs, such a law would not work. Besides, by the application of silvicultural methods, the forest engineer endeavours in many cases to coax Nature to reforest cut-over tracts herself, and to plant only as a last resort. In view of these facts what the laws of some European countries do demand in regard to certain non-agricultural lands is: "Start an acre of young forest for every acre cut down."

THE function of the Forest Products Laboratories of Canada is to examine all Canadian woods and other forest products, with a view of definitely appraising all their qualities of strength, toughness, hardness, etc. The work has shown that some Canadian woods are stronger than woods imported at greater cost than that of the native product. Recently Mr. L. L. Brown, the lumber commissioner for British Columbia in Eastern Canada, discovered that a certain manufacturing company was using large quantities of imported red oak. He inquired why this wood was being used, when Douglas fir, a stronger wood, could be laid down for less money. The superintendent of the works was disinclined to credit this and both gentlemen visited the Forest Products Laboratories, where a series of tests proved conclusively that the Canadian wood was the stronger.

Commercially the Canadian tree can hold its own:—and in song what more beautiful than these lines by Bliss Carman on "Trees"?

In the Garden of Eden, planted by God

There were goodly trees in the spring-time sod—

Trees of beauty and height and grace
To stand in splendor before His face.
Apple and hickory, ash and pear,
Oak and beech and the tulip rare.
The trembling aspen, the noble pine,
The sweeping elm by the river line;
Trees for the birds to build in and sing,

And the lilac tree for a joy in spring.
Trees to turn at the frosty call
And carpet the ground for their Lord's footfall:

Wood for the bow, the spear and the flail.

The keel and the mast and the daring sail:

He made them of every grain and girth

For the use of man in the Garden of Earth

Then, lest the soul should not lift her eyes

From the gift to the Giver of Paradise

On the crown of a hill, for all to see,
God planted a scarlet maple tree.



AFTERNOON SUN

Tender poetic feeling and a wonderful sense of color are manifested in the exquisite "Afternoon Sun" by W. E. Atkinson which attracted much notice among the pictures shown in the Royal Canadian Academy Exhibition in Toronto. (It might be called a study in blue and grey. It is such a Winter scene as can be seen by anyone who has eyes to see.) There are low-growing bushes and tall, bare trees,—on which still linger a few dead leaves,—outlined against an azure sky, a bit of upland covered with snow that has blue and grey shadows on it, and a pool that repeats the blue of the sky in deeper tones. More than anything the picture reveals the high, spiritual exaltation that such a beautiful scene inspires in the gazer.

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THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, TORONTO, CANADA

The Books the People of Canada Are Reading

THE MYSTERIOUS RIDER

By Zane Grey

Another great story of the West by the master writer—the story that tells about real—very real—men and women with decent ideals and the physical courage to fight for them. Old Bill Bellhounds, the rich rancher, had one great desire: to make his profligate son Jack into a decent man, fit to marry Columbine. He had rescued her when she was a baby from an immigrant train that had been almost wiped out by the Indians. For nineteen years he had cherished her, educated her, and watched over her. Nevertheless, he was worried. Columbine seemed to be attracted by Wilson Moore, a splendid type of cowboy. Then the Mysterious Rider appears.

THE EMPTY SACK

By Basil King

Here's a powerful dramatic story that will start people talking. A gripping tale told by a master pen. When Bradley Collingham, president of a large banking house, discharged Josiah Follett because he was too old, he had no idea how far-reaching the consequences. Had he been able to look into the future he would have seen the large Follett family in financial difficulties; Jennie Follett compelled to go out and help support the family; furthermore he would have seen his only son Robert married to Jennie. And, worse still, he would have seen young Teddy Follett, who worked in the bank, turn thief all because he, Bradley Collingham, believed that sentiment should not interfere with business.

THE GAUNTLET OF ALCESTE

By Hopkins Moorhouse

A mystery story with a question you CAN'T solve, a humor that will captivate you, and a real romance. Addison Kent was a weaver of strange tales; his almost uncanny insight into the human heart, the motive behind the act, had brought him finally into contact with New York's secret police. Then while he dreams in a whimsical way of some day writing a great "literary masterpiece," the spirit of mystery literally hurls itself at him in the guise of a murder very near his own life, and jealously crowds out all thought of other things—even his dream. Addison devotes himself body and soul to the unravelling of the maze of hidden evidence. Kent crosses swords with one of the underworld's master criminals, until step by step the logical solution is reached.

THE LOBSTICK TRAIL

By Douglas Durkin

An unusual drama of Northern Canada replete with action and stirring conflict, with its background of lonely trails, yapping dog teams, fearless men and splendid women. A man's story—the kind a woman loves to read. This is the story of Kirk Brander, a he'er-do-well who left the East because he wanted to prove to his old uncle and guardian that he could make a man of himself. At the end of five years he is satisfied with the experiment and sets his face Eastward never to return. But, unfortunately for his resolution, he reaches The Pas on the eve of the big north-country sporting event, the Hudson Bay Dog Derby. Before he realizes it he is forced to run in the race, and then into a fight to gain control of a new copper mine. How he fought makes a story of the Canadian north that is true to the life being lived there to-day.

PENNY PLAIN

By O. Douglas

A happy story of happy people in the quaint and charming atmosphere of a Scottish town. "Do you wish to read a new novel which will make you happy all the time of your first acquaintance with it, and happy for a long time after, and happy whenever you may chance to think of it? Such a novel is 'Penny Plain.' Miss Douglas comes into our midst when we have wearied ourselves with rumors of strikes and the other contents of the daily paper, making us feel that life is worth living, and holds a great deal of happiness in it for those who will take it."—The British Weekly.

BECAUSE it is the room to which visitors have first and sometimes sole access to, the hall has an architectural and decorative importance that many home-makers—even those who evince unbounded interest in the artistic attributes of their other rooms—frequently appear to entirely under-estimate. And yet, do we not all, in this age of keen competition, appreciate, both in our business and social intercourse, the far-reaching influence of first impressions? In dress and department, in speech and sentiment, we strive to create a favorable impression upon all with whom we come in contact for the first time: hoping thereby to lay

The Welcoming Hall

By Collier Stevenson

eloquently reflect the owner's mental attitude towards chance callers.

Before attempting to indicate how a hall may be clothed to play its dual role, let us consider certain of the architectural necessities and possibilities of this first room of the house: as only by a careful consideration of fundamentals can we hope to cope

or, perchance, by expansion, as a substitute for that room?

The merging of the hall with the living-room is frequently both practicable and advantageous: as, for instance, in city houses, wherein floor space and natural light are usually at a premium. Weighing against the advantages conferred by the increase in area and illumination, there is, nevertheless, one distinct disadvantage: without a separate hall to serve as a buffer from the outside world, an urban living room, by its greater susceptibility to numerous intrusions through serving both as thoroughfare and family centre, loses somewhat in homeliness, though not necessarily in livableness. For a country house of informal character or for a summer home in mountain or shore resort, the combined living-room and hall is, however, entirely appropriate: because, as a rule, such a room is subject to use only when inclement weather places a ban upon out-of-door activity.

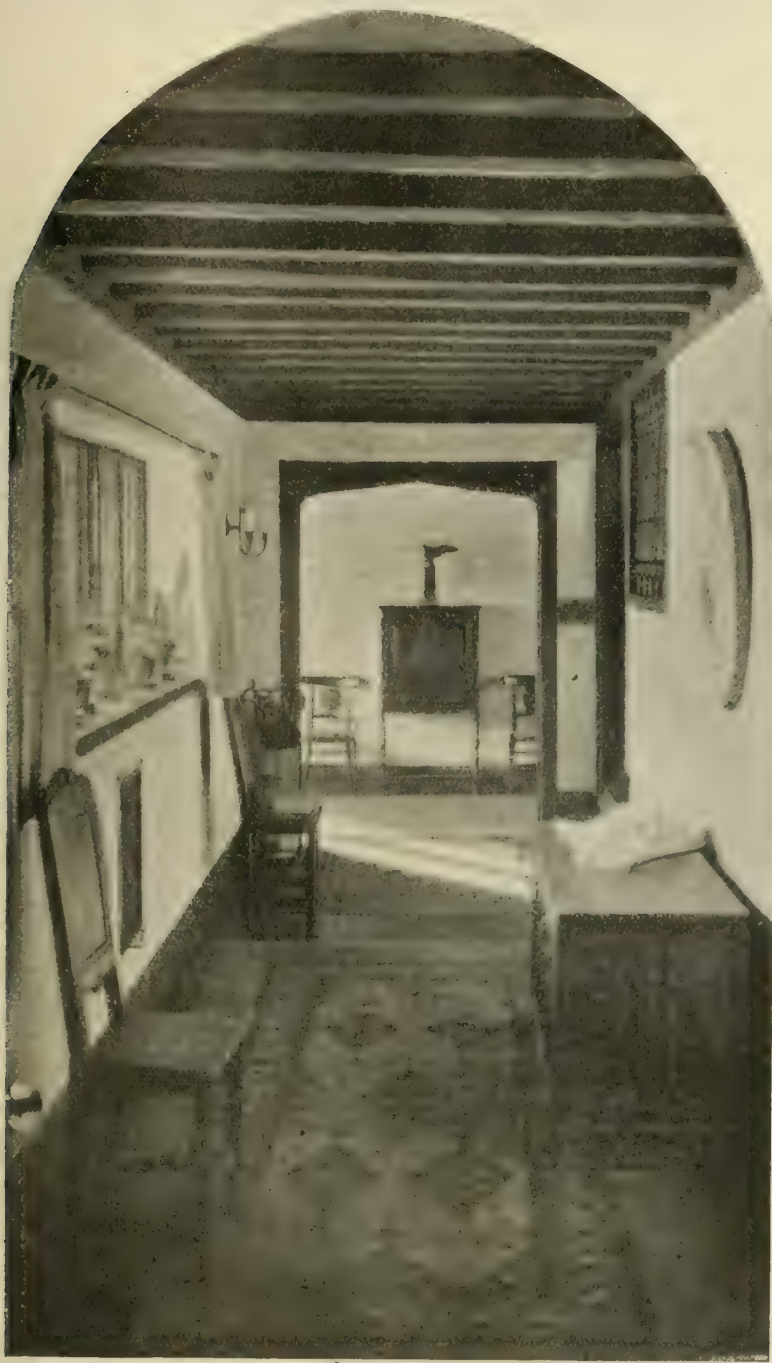
When of fairly generous proportions and yet not sufficiently large for use as a living-room, the entrance-hall can, by the addition of well-chosen furniture, become very useful as a reception-room for the business callers, who inevitably find their way occasionally to any home. A hall treated as a reception-room is likewise a good asset when formal callers arrive while the living-room is in use, as it prevents an intrusion upon the

latter room—the "inner sanctuary" of the home. Of course, when the house plans include a separate reception-room, the hall may appropriately be of more modest dimensions, as the general custom is to place the reception-room as near as possible to the main entrance.

The hall that is to function neither as reception-room nor living-room may, with perfect propriety, expand, if part of a large house, into an apartment of generous proportions. In a small house, however, the hall dimensions should be so scaled, that there will be no usurpation of floor space which might, if otherwise employed, perform greater service. Of available architectural types for such a hall, none is more endowed with charm, none more susceptible to embellishment, than the central hall, running the full depth of the house and glass-doored at each end, which we owe to Colonial tradition: unless it be, possibly, the long hall lying parallel with the length of a house and lighted by groups of casement windows, as in its English prototype.

In either of the foregoing types of hall, the most important architectural feature is the staircase: but unfortunately, that very feature is often the most disappointing, because the details of its design are not in harmony with the general treatment of the room. Indeed, in many a modern hall, otherwise eye-satisfying, the diagonally-rising line of the staircase, emphasized by a dark handrail and occasionally by a trivial wainscoting, is only a disturbing element. Better far, then, when there are not funds available to encompass a creditable feature, that the staircase be placed in a hall entirely separate from the entrance-hall—better on the score of

(Continued on Page 26)



THE LONG HALL

The long hall, lighted by casement windows as in its English prototype, is always full of charm. Here, as a foil to the dark-stained woodwork, the walls of sandfloat plaster are tinted a yellowish-gray. Apart from the bas-relief plaster cast that hangs above the antique chest, the walls are devoid of applied decoration but colorful variation is imparted by the dark-hued Oriental rugs and the gold gauze casement-curtains.

a sure foundation for pleasant future relationships. Upon the first room of the home, it is, therefore, but fitting that meticulous attention should be bestowed, in order that all who enter may be agreeably impressed.

Of course, it must be admitted that the correct habilitation of a hall is not the easiest thing in the world to achieve: for, in the appropriate treatment of the room, there must be a fusion of two apparently radically unrelated qualities—restraint and welcome. Welcome is essential, that the hall may be expressive of the owner's personal feeling toward intimate friends: yet restraint is no less necessary, that the room may just as

with this, or any other, home problem.

In the planning of the average home, economy of arrangement, comfort and convenience are the underlying factors—or, at least, they are assumed to be—in the apportioning of space to the various rooms. The function of each room and the relation of one room to the others must, therefore be exhaustively studied at the very outset. How, then, shall the hall be planned? That question can be answered Socratically by another: how is the room to be utilized? Is it to be used as a reception room, an adjunct to the living-room,



A HALL OF ARTISTIC CHARM

Above the paneled wainscoting of ivory-painted wood, the walls of this hall are hung with an interesting paper of quaint block pattern in faint gray and ivory. In the Oriental rugs, as in the printed linen window-hangings, dull old reds, blues and yellows are beautifully blended; and the same rich colorings are combined in the nose-gays applied by decalcomania to the tall, ladder-back, mahogany chairs which flank the drop-leaf table. With the mahogany furniture, the mahogany handrail and treads of the ivory-painted staircase are especially appropriate.



WITH a sigh of exasperation Professor Fawcett closed his notebook, put away his fountain pen, and leaned back in his chair. He did not know whether it was the effect of the wonderful air, or the scenery, or merely mental laziness, but the fact remained that he was not getting on with his book. The book was about the early migrations of the Scandinavian races, and the professor hoped that it would bring him fame and perhaps money; he owned frankly that he was more interested in the latter. Absent-mindedly he lit a cigarette. In the denominational college where he taught mediaeval history the use of tobacco in any form was frowned upon, so these vacation cigarettes had an especial charm.

It was Mrs. Mahala Craig, with pail and scrubbing-brush, who drove him from his happy contemplation of sea and coastline. There was never a day, Mrs. Craig often boasted, that the most fussy man might not have eaten his dinner off the floor of any room in her house. Guests ousted from comfortable positions by their landlady's passion for the mop and the scrubbing-brush sometimes thought that a little dirt and disorder would be preferable. Once an elderly bachelor had ventured to put this feeling into words.

"And if it's dirt you're wanting, why not go across the bay to Lige Card's place?" Mrs. Craig demanded. "There's aplenty of it there, from all accounts. But while I have my health and strength, every floor in this house gets washed twice a week."

The professor fled. He decided to stroll down to the shore and see how Blake's painting was coming on. It was too early in the day for social calls, but if Miss Hilda should happen to be working in the orchard when he passed the Swanson place, there would be no harm in offering to help her. But luck was against him this morning, for a stout, flannel-clad man, somewhat precariously perched on a ladder, was dropping handfuls of cherries into the basket which a girl held for them. So engrossed were they in their work, or in each other, that they did not observe the professor. He was feeling decidedly at odds with the world as he scrambled down a steep path leading to the beach.

In a sheltered spot, Peter Blake had set up his easel, and was doing his best to transfer to canvas the likeness of Stern Point which, across the bay lifted its grey bulk from the Atlantic.

"I'll say you have some picture this time, Peter," the professor remarked, after a scrutiny of his friend's work. In vacation time his vocabulary sometimes relaxed from its usual stiff primness.

The artist gave a shrug of dissatisfaction. "Not bad for a sentimental fair weather view. I would like to paint it in late autumn, with a black sky overhead, breakers hurling spray high into the air, and a close-reefed schooner scudding for shelter."

"I've been thinking we might go over and explore the cape," the professor remarked. "Although this is the first time I've ever been here,

the Point seems vaguely familiar. I should like to see it at closer range."

"Be a good place for a day's outing, I should think," Blake rejoined. "There's a big cave, which would be a romantic place to eat our lunch."

"A cave?" exclaimed the professor. "Why, now I remember—that is, I remember hearing Mrs. Craig say there was a cave. The entrance is covered at high water."

"Never heard that. We might go over to-morrow, if it is fine. I have an idea I might find material for several pictures on that side of the bay. We will ask Miss Swanson and her mother, of course. Suppose you go along now and propose the picnic to them. I must finish this picture to-day, and I can't paint with you mooning about. Go help Miss Hilda to pick cherries."

"When I passed just now, she seemed to have all the assistance necessary," said the professor stiffly.

"I suppose you mean that Homer Mason was there. That fellow is likely to break his neck if he doesn't watch out. He is much too old and stout to climb cherry trees."

"Mason isn't one to take chances," replied the professor. "He was perched on a safety ladder—warranted neither to break, collapse, nor tip sideways—one of his presents to Miss Swanson."

"Well, run along and spoil his game," Blake advised. "I guess you can still climb a tree without the help of a safety ladder. Clear out and give me a chance to work. And look here—you needn't invite Mason to our picnic. I'm about fed up with his patronising way of promising to praise my work to some of his millionaire friends, and his unsolicited advice to paint pictures of a more popular type. I suppose his idea of a fine picture is a chromo-lithograph of a chorus girl."

"I have no intention whatever of asking Mr. Mason to join our little party," said the professor stiffly.

Blake shook his head as he watched his friend stride up the steep path from the beach. How did they get like that, he wondered? Why fret and worry over one particular girl, in a world full of girls, all much alike? Hilda Swanson was pretty and well educated, though Blake did not care for that ash-blond type; but Fawcett, he knew, could not afford to marry on his small salary, and it might be years before he got a full professorship. With another shake of the head Blake went back to his work. If this picture, and others which he meant to paint that summer, sold to advantage, it would mean a year's study in Paris, which meant more to him than any girl in the world.

The professor found Mrs. Swanson, whom he did not like, on her verandah. Her conversation bored him, being chiefly of the days when "the captain,"—by this term her little world understood that she meant her deceased husband—had been master and owner of a large barque, taking his wife and daughter with him on most of his voyages.

"I never had to lift my hand to anything," she would remark, with a sigh. "We always had a stewardess, of course, as well as a nursemaid for Hilda when she was little. Later the captain hired an English governess for her, so I never was tied, like some mothers. In port I used to get just tucked out, what with shopping and theatres and visiting the captain's ladies on other ships, but land's sake, once we got to sea again I had nothing to do but rest up."

Mrs. Swanson greeted the professor warmly; far more warmly than she would have done had she known of his interest in her daughter. Homer Mason being reputedly wealthy, was her favorite candidate for a son-in-law. Moreover, Mrs. Swanson always welcomed gladly anybody who would listen to her patiently. The professor asked if Miss Hilda was at home.

"Hilda? She's in the orchard. She promised to let Mrs. Craig have a lot of cherries, seems like, so she's picking them now. I'm glad the captain didn't live to see the day when we would have to sell fruit. When we were in the West Indies, or any of those South American ports, we always had a bunch of bananas hanging aft, besides a big basket of mixed fruits—pineapples and such like—fresh every morning. In those days I wouldn't have looked at a cherry, and little dreamed that sometime I would have to peddle them." Taking out her handkerchief, she prepared to weep.

"I think I will go out and help Miss Hilda," said the professor hastily.

"Well, now, that's real kind of you. Mr. Mason was helping for awhile but he had to write some letters to go out on this mail. If you're a good picker, she can get through in time to go for a sail this afternoon; Mr. Mason asked her to go but she was afraid she couldn't manage it."

Rather grimly the professor took the basket Mrs. Swanson found, and made his way to the orchard.

"Your mother sent me to help so that you might have time to go sailing with Homer Mason," he told Hilda. "I came because I love—picking cherries," he added, as he took off his coat and swung himself into a tree.

"And I love to go sailing," Hilda smiled. "But I do not think I shall go to-day. Those clouds seem to promise a thunder-storm, and Mr. Mason does not know much about managing a boat."

"Can you swim?"

"Like a fish. But I should not care for the responsibility of rescuing Mr. Mason," Hilda laughed. "He looks like a man who would lose his head in an emergency."

"I learned to sail a boat before I was in my teens," the professor said. "We lived in Newfoundland then. My mother was a Norwegian; perhaps that is why I love the sea so much, though now I can only be near it in vacation time."

"Mr. Blake says you are writing a book," Hilda remarked.

"Yes, I hope to finish it this summer, but there seem to be so many

distractions—such as Mrs. Craig's passion for cleaning the house inside and out," the professor said. Just now his book seemed unimportant.

IN response to Hilda's questions, he outlined the scope of his book. "I need not tell you that the Scandinavians were the first white people to reach this coast," he said.

"Oh, are you not mistaken? All this coast was originally settled by the French, but most of them moved away when the English-speaking settlers began to come in and take up land. We are still a fairly mixed community, though. My grandfather was shipwrecked on this coast when a young man. He married and settled down on a farm, but his only son, my father, went back to sea."

"I was thinking of the voyages made by Lief Ericson and others," the professor explained. "Two years ago, when making some researches in Christiana, I came across an account of an adventure of a certain Harold Einarsen and his companions. Harold was a ship-master who had been engaged by one Nils Svensen to convey him and his bride to Norway. Nils had married, against her uncle's wishes, a rich Saxon heiress, and the lady carried with her a treasure of jewels and gold, the only part of her fortune which she had been able to secure. Taking the route around Ireland, to avoid the perils of the narrow seas, Harold was blown out of his course by a storm which lasted over a week; he finally managed to bring his ship into a harbor which one of his men remembered having visited some years before, when with Lief Ericson. The place was well wooded, and the first thought of the adventurers was to build temporary shelters, where they could live while making the necessary repairs to their ship. But being attacked by natives, whom they called Skrellings, they took refuge in a cave, which ran back from the base of a high cape. After many discouragements they did succeed in mending their ship and again setting sail, but meantime the Saxon lady, unused to such hardships, had died. The superstitious sailors, who looked upon this lady as the cause of all their misfortunes, forced Harold to leave behind the gold and jewels which she had brought with her. He buried them at the back of the cave, and there, the quaint narrative ends, 'do they remain even unto this day.' This story, which may have been intended merely as a romance, interested me because my grandfather's name was Harold Einarsen."

"But my grandfather was called Nils Svensen," Hilda exclaimed. "He anglicised his name when he married. And the cave—what if it should be the one at the foot of Stern Point? But even if a treasure had once been buried there, over a thousand years ago, it would not be likely to be there now. Probably Harold or Nils later came back for this one."

"But the queer thing is that for the past few nights I've been dreaming that I was Harold Einarsen," the pro-

(Continued on page 7)

fessor went on. "The dream is always the same, and breaks off just as we have decided to bury the treasure. I suppose it is the effect of thinking too much about my book. Hello, it is going to rain."

They had not noticed the approach of a thunder storm. Now, seizing their baskets, they raced for the house, which they reached just as the storm broke. Mrs. Swanson insisted upon having all the doors and windows closed.

"Hilda always argues that nobody around here was ever killed by lightning, but there has to be a first time," she said. "Take that rocker, professor; it has a feather pillow, and they say that feathers don't draw lightning. I always set on this sofa in the corner when there is a thunder storm, because lightning once tore away all this corner of the house, and folks say it never strikes twice in the same place."

The professor said that he must be getting back; Mrs. Craig disliked her boarders to be late for meals, and he had work to do that afternoon.

"Mr. Blake was thinking that if it is fine to-morrow we might sail across to Stern Point for an outing," he added. "We will take our lunch, and picnic in a cave which I understand is there. We hope that you and Miss Hilda will join us."

"Why, I'd just love to," Mrs. Swanson exclaimed. "Seems like I never get to go anywhere these days. After travelling all over the world with the captain, it is pretty dull to be tied down here. But seems to me that a cave will be a damp sort of place to picnic. Not but what some caves are all right inside; I remember once we had a picnic in the Caves of Elephanta, at Bombay, and a better fixed-up place you wouldn't want to see, though I believe not originally made for that purpose."

The professor said that though the local cave could hardly rival in interest those of Elephanta, it would be interesting to explore it; and if it proved damp they could eat their lunch on the beach. So finally he made his escape, clad in an oil-coat and sou' wester of the deceased captain's which Mrs. Swanson had insisted upon his wearing.

"They've been hanging up in the woodshed so long that they're pretty well cracked, but even if they do let in the water here and there, they'll keep off the lightning," she said. "Folks say rubber is as good as feathers to keep it off, and that you couldn't get struck even if you went out in a thunderstorm with no more than a pair of rubbers on."

As the professor hastened homeward he felt himself wondering if it were possible that Hilda would ever become as foolishly loquacious as her mother, but he put the disloyal thought from him. He decided that Hilda had inherited her mental traits from her father, who had been, according to Mrs. Craig, a very able man.

"Not that he didn't make a fool of himself when he married that talkative Milly Davidson, but when it comes to marriage most people are fools," his landlady had ended caustically. She was perhaps thinking of her own case, for the late Craig had been what the neighbors called "a poor provider."

The late captain's raincoat leaked like a sieve, and the professor got thoroughly wet. He had just time to change before the bell rang for lunch. He had the table to himself, neither Blake nor Mason, the only other boarders, being in.

"Mr. Mason got one of them yellow tellygrafts, saying for him to come right back to the city," Mrs. Craig explained. "Seems like he didn't want to go, as he got Jake Card to drive him over to Caxton, so as he could tellygraft to the city himself and find out what all the fuss was about. And Mr. Blake—sometimes

I think that man is just plumb crazy. In he ran, that picture of his under his arm, but in half a wink I seen him tearing down to the shore again. Forgot something, most like; but boarders needn't expect me to keep meals waiting to all hours. I've got my afternoon work to do up."

Blake, dripping wet, ran up the steps in time to hear the last words.

"You beat the little busy bee," he laughed, "for it improves only the shining hours, while you keep at it during the rainy ones too."

"And little wonder, with gentlemen who ought to know better tracking up my clean floors with their muddy shoes," replied the landlady severely. "Next you'll be having pneumonia, and nobody hates sickness in a house more than me."

Blake ran laughing upstairs, saying he would change in a jiffy, and that he hoped Mrs. Craig had kept some mackerel warm for him.

"And so I did, like a fool," she confessed, "though well he knows that it's a rule of this house that them as is late eats cold grub."

long past persists, and last night I had a vivid and rather unpleasant dream about the cave."

"Result of too much lobster for supper," said Peter unfeelingly.

The tide necessitated an early start next morning, and at six o'clock Peter set out to escort Hilda and her mother to the shore, where the professor would have the boat ready. When they arrived, the lunch baskets, camera, and other picnic necessities had been stored away, and the professor was ready to push off. It was not until they were half across the bay that Peter stumbled over the pick-axe and spade, hidden under a spare sail.

"For goodness sake, professor, why didn't you clear the boat out?" he cried. "What does old Wills want with a pick-axe? New way to dig clams, maybe."

"It was I who included those tools in our impedimenta," said the professor stiffly.

"What a thing it is to have an education," exclaimed Blake with mock admiration. "What's the great idea?"

Peter stared. "You would eat that lobster again last night, though you know what it does to you," he said. "May I ask, Miss Hilda, if you also had lobster for supper?"

Before Hilda could speak her mother said, "No, we had macaroni and cheese. But there Hilda is like her father's folks. They all had queer dreams. I've known the captain to wake up yelling like an Indian, because he had dreamed that a kraaken had grabbed his boat, though what a kraaken was he never seemed rightly to know. I'm no hand at dreaming, I'm glad to say. From the time my head touches the pillow I know no more until the alarm clock goes off."

There was a worried frown on Peter's face, as he regarded the professor and Hilda, talking together in low tones in the stern of the boat. If they began to have identical dreams, he feared his friend's fate was sealed.

* * *

THERE was but a light breeze, and it took them two hours to cross the bay. When they had landed the



"For the land's sakes! What you got there?"

When Blake had dulled the first edge of his hunger he began to rave about the sketches of Stern Point which he had made during the storm. "There was the sky black as ink overhead, and the sea, suddenly turned black too, sulking at its foot. I sat under a big spruce and sketched away. The spruce was so thick that I hardly knew that it was raining; didn't get really wet until I started for home."

"You are old enough to know better than to sit under trees in a thunder storm," his friend rejoined.

"Piffle! You talk like Mrs. Swanson. By the way, now about that picnic? I met old Peter Mills on the way up, and he said we could have his boat if you sailed her. He has to go to town himself and doesn't seem to have much confidence in my seamanship."

The professor said that Mrs. Swanson had accepted his invitation, and that he would speak to Mrs. Craig about making some sandwiches. "I must confess that I am anxious to get a close view of the cape. That feeling of having seen it at some time

The professor flushed and hesitated. Hilda asked softly if he had dreamed again about the cave. He nodded silently.

"I dreamed about it too," she said. "Such a dreadful dream. It seems confused now, but there was fighting—a few big men fighting a host of squat savages. One tall man had a gold bracelet on his left arm which was too big for him. In the fight the bracelet fell off, and as the man stooped to recover it one of the savages hit him on the head and I woke up with a scream."

"That was Harold Einarsen," said the professor. "My dream was much the same as yours, except that it went further. The Norsemen drove the Skrellings out of the cave, and the incoming tide cut off their retreat around the cape, so that all who were not killed in the fight were drowned. Then the Norsemen buried the treasure, and put to sea hastily, before other Skrellings should come to avenge their friends."

His right hand strayed mechanically to his left arm, with a motion as if pushing something back into its place.

professor proposed that Peter and the others should walk along the beach to see if they could find a spring of fresh water, while he explored the cave.

"There might be snakes there, or even a bear," he explained.

"You mean that you want to dig for something you dreamed about, and don't want us around to laugh at you," Peter said bluntly.

"Of course we shall all help Professor Fawcett to look for the Norsemen's treasure," declared Hilda.

"Land's sakes, Hilda, are you crazy?" demanded her mother, peering into the cave. "What would anybody want to bury things in there for? And that place is damp, just like I said it would be. You young folks can do as you like, but I'm going to make a fire out on the beach here with some driftwood and make me a good cup of tea."

Peter gallantly volunteered to make the fire, but when it was blazing, and a kettle suspended over it, he slipped back to the others. The cave, he noted, sloped sharply up-

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THE Linvilles' dining room certainly looked cosy in the morning light. A fire crackled sociably in the grate, trying to outshine the gay little sunbeams that came boldly in and stationed themselves on the soft browns and blues of the rug, whose Oriental pattern was such a delight to Haidee. Dainty china displayed in the cabinet, the new sideboard aglitter with silver, and the round table at which two people were breakfasting, all the fresh appointments, tattled: "Bride and groom."

The clock on the mantel struck eight. Garf Linville, wholesomely handsome, cleared his throat.

"The new cook's a failure, Haidee. Better discharge her at once. Try for one who knows enough to put salt in the porridge and boil the eggs instead of the tea." He looked ruefully at the nearly raw mixture oozing from the shell in his egg cup.

"I told Mamie to coddle the eggs, Garf. It's a more hygienic way than to boil them," apologized his wife, "but I suppose I failed to make the method clear to her."

"Don't exert yourself to explain." His tone was crusty.

Happening to see the expression of her husband's face exaggerated in the shining brass water kettle, Haidee could not help laughing. Though she showed delicious dimples when she smiled and Garf adored dimples, just then they didn't appeal to him. He felt he'd like to say something to punish her. Abruptly pushing back his chair he got up and flung out a taunt:

"Though I love company, and we never have any, it is a fortunate thing to-day that this rule obtains in the house. Had I brought Jennings with me last night as I was tempted to do when he missed the local to Hartwell, I should have felt disgraced to have a meal like this served to him. You might at least see that the greenhorns you employ understand your orders. I won't come to lunch. I'll make sure that I get one digestible meal to-day." Then he strode out of the room and his wife heard the front door bang.

Her dimples were not visible now. For a minute she sat very still. Then the hurt look on her face changed. "If 'the worm will turn,' I'll follow its example," vowed she.

Running across the hall into the living room, she opened a drawer in her writing table and took out a small notebook. She made an entry, then counted aloud here and there as she turned the pages. Silently she consoled with herself:

"We have been married three months and Garf has made that hateful 'I-love-company-but-we-never-have-any' speech exactly fifteen times. That means he's been angry with me just that often for he always says it when he loses his temper. He has said it this morning for the last time. He forgets about the days he has brought men unexpectedly to lunch. Yes, and there's the surprise dinner I had for him on his birthday, I invited four of his particular friends on that occasion. And what about the two weeks his mother spent with us and the week-end visits of his sisters? Garf seems entirely unconscious of his exaggeration habit," she sighed.

After a little, all lugubriousness left her. Quick to think and act, she declared war and at once planned her military operations. The first step was to make an alphabetical list of all their friends. Something made her laugh several times while doing it. This done, she went out to the kitchen where the maid was scrubbing the floor.

"Mamie," she began, "I have decided that you are too young and inexperienced to suit me. I need a cook who knows how to go ahead with her work. I'm sorry I can't keep you until you get in somewhere else, but I'll give you two weeks' extra pay instead of the usual notice. As I want to put some one in your

An Alphabetical Cure

By Daisy M. Wright

ILLUSTRATED BY MARION LONG

place to-day you may go up to your room now and pack."

The girl did not appear affronted but answered politely:

"I feel myself, ma'am, that I don't know enough to get on well in a place like this, but I wish I did, for you're a real lady—you always speak so kind to me. No notice don't make no difference. It's not as if I had no home to go to." She dried her hands leisurely, put coal on the fire, adjusted the draughts and disappeared up the backstairs.

Mrs. Linville consulted the Telephone Directory and was soon in communication with a Domestic Service Bureau.

While eating his solitary lunch at the Whip Cafe Garf's thoughts turned homeward.

"Poor little girl! I was a thing to speak to her as I did. Why in thunder didn't she cry? She always did before. Perhaps there'll be a shower to-night. I'll make it up to her, by jove! I'll take one of the new books home with me and read it aloud after dinner. She's a darling. She never says nasty things that she has to eat afterwards."

With a smile of approval at his meritorious intentions he visited a bookstore when the going-home hour arrived, and on reaching his own door half an hour later, let himself in with his latchkey. He listened a minute. Surely that was Atherton's voice that he heard. What was the duffer saying to amuse his wife? He never noticed before how prettily she laughed. Evidently she hadn't spent the day in tears. He felt slightly aggrieved. As he hung his hat on the hat-tree and threw off his coat, Austin's bass roar reached him, followed by a feminine squeal:

"Horrible! Perfectly horrible!" How the r's rolled.

"Miss Adderley, confound it!" ran his thoughts. Mentally he saw her large beaked nose, dimmish blue eyes, and bobbing artificial curls.

"What's going on? What's Haidee up to now?" he muttered.

The young husband's suspense was brief. As he entered their "homish" drawing-room his wife came forward, charming in the gown he liked best.

"So you have come, Garf! See what a surprise I have for you. I've persuaded these good-natured people to dine with us."

"The deuce!" was his answering thought, and he was astonished to find how disappointed he felt. It was quite clear that there would be no cosy read with Haidee that evening. He had told her at breakfast that he loved company. Well, here was company—why was he feeling so blue about it?

"Oh, Mr. Linville, what a paradise of a home you have!" gushed Miss Adderley, as they sat down to dinner. "Really now, you and Mrs. Linville are a modern Adam and Eve, only much more humane than the ancient ones. How tiresome it was of them to bring such misery into this lovely world all through so trifling a thing as an apple. Horrible! Perfectly horrible! was it not?" Again the r's rolled.

"Oh—ah—yes. Quite so, quite so. You are right, as usual, Miss Adderley," responded the host, but his thoughts were: "The silly thing! I detest an old maid who doesn't know she is one."

The non-mind-reader looked coyly at him. "Oh, Mr. Linville, you are so complimentary!" she simpered.

Although the dinner was a gem, and there was company to help eat it, if Linville was enjoying himself he wasn't conscious of the fact.

When the evening had worn away, he scarcely waited till their guests were on the other side of the front door before ejaculating:

"Haidee, what possessed you to invite such a ill-assorted trio to dinner and—where did you get the new cook?"

Haidee's eyes danced as she replied: "Well, you see, dear, their names begin with A and—"

"Eh?"

"And," continued she, provokingly ignoring his curiosity, "the Domestic Service Bureau sent me Suzette as soon as I telephoned them this morning. She was waiting to step into the first attractive place that offered—situation, she termed it, and arranged with me for a salary, not wages."

Garf reflected. "I think I understand," he observed.

"You'll credit me now with having company once, won't you, you inappreciative man?" teased Haidee.

"The less said the better," sagely remarked her husband. "But if you encourage Miss Adderley to come here, she'll be harder to shake off than a dog's hairs from a coat." He knew how vigorously he had to brush his own clothes to remove Togo's hairy souvenirs from them.

"I brought something to read to you this evening," he went on, "but we'll reserve it for to-morrow night." He yawned as though utterly tired out. Thinking he detected a sparkle of mischief in Haidee's pretty eyes, he watched her reflection in the mirror as she stood braiding the wavy masses of her red-brown hair.

"I rather enjoyed our little dinner party. I think Miss Adderley would be in a book if Dickens—" Haidee's thoughts became indefinite as she settled into the sleep of one who has made the enemy wince.

...

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THE next night Garf actually ran up the front steps, slammed the door after him and called out boyishly:

"I say, Haidee, let's hurry through dinner and get at our book."

His wife peeped out of the dining room and held up a warning finger. "Sh-h-h, some folks are in there," indicating the drawing-room.

He kissed her without sound. "To dinner?" he whispered.

"Yes," she whispered back. "I asked Mr. Bell and Mr. Ball to come in sociably."

Garf looked blank. "Thun—that is, how jolly! Awfully thoughtful of you, little girl," and he slowly went to do his duty.

Mr. Bell, pudgy and red, and Mr. Ball, gawky and pale—both in the late fifties—caused no disquietude when apart, but when brought together they were suggestive of a chemical fuse.

Unthinkingly Linville started he table conversation on politics.

"I tell you," thundered Mr. Bell, giving the table a blow that sent his spoon ringing against his glass, "that every man of them in office should be taken out and shot!"

"The government's all right!" pounded Mr. Bell in return. "Everybody knows that when your party was in power the graft was beyond

the telling. Only a bullheaded ignoramus would attempt to deny it!"

Mr. Bell's face purpled. That's an insult, sir, a clear insult! No man shall call me a bullheaded ignoramus! We'll settle—"

A merciful choking ended the controversy, but during the remainder of their stay there were ominous threats of a renewal which made Linville squirm on his chair. He envied Haidee, she did not appear at all nervous.

"I think company is very diverting," commented she demurely when the bellicose gentlemen had left.

"Certainly," agreed Garf; "but I'm curious to know how you happened to hit on that combination."

"Why, they're B's," she informed him.

His perplexed expression made her so merry that he turned sulky and went off to bed.

A sound night's sleep brought back the lover Garf. He was ready to approve of anything his wife might do. On arriving home at dinner time he fancied he was glad to find Mr. and Mrs. Chester and two little Chesters the guests for that evening.

But he was still a man. When the tornado-like children tore through the house leaving mischief behind them and their parents talked on, unmoved, Linville wanted to shake the small torments till their bones rattled. "Haidee's some hostess, all right," he silently complimented, after glancing at her unclouded face.

At length a statuette fell with a crash and lay headless on the hardwood floor. The children clapped their hands.

"Serves the naughty lady right. She should 'a had her clothes on," said the girl. "Mamma won't let me go in the parlor without my dress."

Mr. and Mrs. Chester laughed at this speech—they thought it so cute—even while expressing regret to their hostess.

"No more of that, Haidee!" exploded Garf when they were alone again.

"Why, Garf," reminded his wife slyly, "I asked the Chesters for your sake."

Entangling threatening, Garf's tone suddenly became bland. "Of course I like company. I intended to say 'don't invite any more youngsters,'" he answered.

"Oh!" said Haidee.

Garf looked at her sharply, but her face was expressionless.

CONSCIENTIOUSLY Haidee carried on her campaign. The D's, the E's and the F's were in turn asked to dine, and after they gave out she varied the warfare by having a few tables of G's and H's in for cards.

Linville began to wish six p.m. would not come so soon. He never knew what new torture he would have to undergo on reaching home. It had come to that now. He truly detested the word company and the sight of visitors in his house. He suffered the more because he tried to conceal this fact from his wife. He called himself all kinds of names for having made the speeches that had brought this avalanche of guests upon him. Besides, financing the thing was reducing his bank account alarmingly. The cook's wages (salary be hanged!) were abominably high. It became really fatiguing to dissemble, but he goaded himself on. He wondered despondently how long Haidee could keep the show moving. The worst of it was she seemed to have gradually gained a liking for this sort of life.

One night on opening the front door he sniffed deliverance.

"Aromatic spirits of ammonia, by Jingol!" he exclaimed.

A guilty hope animated him. His wife always used this remedy when

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suffering with a sick headache. If she had one now there would be no company that evening. He would shut himself up in the living room with his pipe and newspaper and enjoy himself. It was time he brushed up a little on current events. He was sorry for Haidee to be in pain—but really he—

"Garf," came faintly from upstairs.

"Yes, darling, coming," he called, hope rising with each step he climbed. Smilingly he entered her room.

"Garf, I'm so sorry I can't entertain this evening. I'm feeling awfully sick, but—"

"I'm glad of it!" he interrupted. "I mean I'm glad there won't be company—"

But he suddenly remembered that he loved company. "That is, dear, I'll try to be happy without it tonight, since—"

Haidee broke in:

"Oh, but, Garf, you shan't be disappointed! Suzette telephoned mother and she is in the house now getting things ready for Mr. Jennings. You are so fond of him I'm glad he happened to be a J."

"Is Haidee's mind wandering?" thought her husband, and he looked at her closely to see if she appeared feverish. There was no color in her cheeks. As he could think of nothing to say he gave her hand some sympathetic pats.

Then the door bell sounded.

"There he is," said Haidee, putting up her lips for a farewell kiss.

Linville went disconsolately out of the room. It was true he and Jennings had always been chums, but he wished him at the North Pole just then.

Haidee was as active as ever the next day, and when Garf came home she asked, after kissing him, "Do you mind if we are quite alone this evening, Garf?"

Did he mind!

"Sweetheart, if you knew how I long to be a—"

He forgot for a minute.

"I mean to say, how I long for you to stop wearing yourself out in my behalf. It must be very tiring to entertain as you've been doing."

"It doesn't tire me at all, I like having company. I often wonder how I lived with so little of it when we were first married. It is not surprising that you rebelled at our quiet life."

Away down deep inside of himself Garf said something.

Haidee continued naively: "I was going to tell you that I've set my heart on giving a Dickens Party—did you speak, dear?—on the fourteenth, and I want you to personate Mr. Mantalini. You can study the character a little every night so you'll be able to do your part perfectly."

She looked so adorable that Linville felt he would promise her anything. Consequently he victimized himself and spent the intervening

time making Mr. Mantalini's acquaintance.

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WHEN the Dickens night arrived all the remaining people on the alphabetical list flocked to the Linville's house that twinkled invitingly.

Unfortunately some of the K's had quarrelled with the L's and M's, and quite a few of the N's, O's and P's looked down on the Q's, R's and S's, regarding themselves as too aristocratic to associate with the latter, whom they considered plebeians. Happily, those who finished out the list were sensible, peace-loving souls.

Linville had been made to read the entire volume in which Mr. Mantalini lives, and had found some parts dry

At the first opportunity the minister drew his wife aside and confided:

"Really, my dear, I'm forced to conclude that there must be a decided inclination to profanity in our host! Personating Mantalini can not justify the—the—excessive warmth with which he utters those very objectionable words which you know without my quoting them."

"Oh, my dear Hector, who would have thought it! How very sad!" exclaimed the lady, who considered her husband's opinions infallible. "I pity his little wife."

Withdrawing from contaminating contact with their antagonists, while disposing of their ices, a group of guests took possession of the hall cosy corner.



"Where did you get the cook?"

reading. But as he moved about among the guests he felt "demmit" and said "demmit" with great relish. It was some compensation for all he had suffered during the past weeks. This compensation was augmented when he observed the pompous Mr. Bumble, the beadle, alias Mr. Yale, pastor of the church he and Haidee attended. He recalled the long sermons he had sat through while politely suppressing yawns that were painfully insistent. He was sure too that some unwelcome truths had been armed covertly at him. Here was a chance to even things a little.

Cornering the unsuspecting divine, he let fly "demd-demnition-demmit" missiles that stunned the Dickens-like beadle. Noting with keen satisfaction the effect of his rendition, Linville turned away to exercise his elocutionary gifts on others.

"What an uncomfortable affair this has been!" complained a peevish K.

"Couldn't be worse," supplemented a supercilious M.

"To think of jumbling us up with Rosses and Salters," sneered a suddenly-rich N.

"It shows how little Mrs. Linville knows about successful entertaining."

The others looked admiringly at the aristocratic O who had made this declaration.

These remarks overheard by Linville set him thinking. "It is singular that Haidee left out the Andersons, Dudleys and Barretts—they are charming people—and invited a set I don't care a hang for. Good," he said under his breath, "they're moving!" Then he went to help Haidee.

A portly V lingered a minute. "What a very unusual function, my dear Mrs. Linville," he remarked with an oily smile. "A great success, I assure you," and he bowed low.

"Not a bad sort," thought Linville, as the Pecksniffian figure passed out.

"What did you think of the party, Mr. Mantalini?" asked Haidee sweetly when the buzz of the evening had ceased.

"Demmit! Demmit!" answered Garf.

They both laughed.

"I've used up all the letters, and will have to begin with A again," she said, a meditative wrinkle showing in her forehead.

"Eh?" queried he.

"You dear old stupid, don't you see you've been subjected to an alphabetical cure?" demanded Haidee, moving nearer to him.

Garf looked dazed for a minute, then an understanding of the whole scheme came to him, and he laughed till his cheeks were wet.

"Well," said he, wiping the tears from his face, "I'm cured, darling, entirely cured. I simply loathe company. Let the letters stay where they belong, for I won't live if you go through the thing again!"

"You poor boy!" sympathized triumphant Haidee. "What a pity, for your sake, that the cure has had quite the opposite effect on me."

"I'd throw myself across my knee if I could and give myself the thrashing I deserve," responded Garf gloomily. "Haidee," wistfully, "you used to say I was the only company you wanted."

"Yes, once I felt that way," she acknowledged, "but at one time I didn't like olives and now I can't get enough of them."

"You mean," pursued her husband, "that in your affections olives and company are synonymous words?"

She nodded assent.

"Then," exclaimed he, "'the demd total' is that I've been a goat!"

Haidee looked at him with shining eyes. "Are you really sorry for all those 'I-love-company-but-we-never-have-any' speeches, Garf?" she asked softly.

"I am more than sorry. I hate myself for all the tears I made you shed over them." His mournful expression satisfied her.

"Then, dear, we'll call a cessation of hospitality, for," here she hid her face on his shoulder, "I was only teasing you. I don't like an overdose of company either, and it has been an awful punishment to me as well as to you to entertain all those letters of the alphabet."

"Truelove, I robbed the stage when I made you Mrs. Linville," declared Garf, hiding Haidee in his strong arms.



Robbing Peter

By Margaret Wise

(ILLUSTRATED BY MAUDE MACLAREN)

FRANCES Wakefield had not been in charge of the Library more than a few months when she first noticed Paul. He was standing, hands deep in the pockets of his shabby little trousers, legs wide apart, gazing at the sign which read.

"DON'T BREAK THE COVERS OF BOOKS;

DON'T TURN DOWN THE CORNERS OF THE LEAVES;

DON'T SCRIBBLE ON THEM;

FOR BOOKS ARE YOUR BEST FRIENDS;

TREAT THEM AS YOU WOULD SOMEBODY YOU LOVE."

"Gee!" Paul exclaimed at length, "I never thought of that!"

Frances had left her desk and crossed the big room till she stood just behind him.

"Do you like to read?" she asked, watching his intense face.

Paul glanced up and smiled in a half-shy way. "I guess I do—when I can get books to read."

"Is this the first time you've been here?"

"No. Once—oh, a long time ago—I sneaked in one day on my way to school. I wanted to see what was inside."

"Didn't you like it after you found out?"

Paul shifted his feet uneasily. "Y—yes. I wanted to come and stay forever and ever. But Ma—"

He paused, and in a flash Frances understood, and finished for him.

"She thought you had enough reading at school, didn't she?"

"Yes"—Paul looked surprised—"how did you know?"

Frances laughed sympathetically. "Oh, I know. I had a mother once, and when I was a little girl I wanted to read all the time, when I should have been helping her."

"And wouldn't she let you?" Paul was becoming interested.

"Just a little bit every day. So you see I always had something to look forward to while I was doing things I didn't much want to."

There was a pause, and then Paul pointed to the sign, which hung with a number of others, on the wall in front of him.

"Ma would laugh at that," he remarked. "She says there's no sense in books, anyway, except to learn out of."

"Well," said Frances, slowly, "even school-books feel hurt when you throw them on the floor, or tear their pages. Did you ever think of that?"

"No—not till now. I—I put a big blot on my grammar yesterday. And—and I drew some pictures of Mr. Hardy to-day in my 'rithmetic book. I'll remember not to do it ever again."

Frances did not reply; she felt he was indeed a pitiful little being. He followed her into the children's section. There were little low tables with small sturdy chairs around them, and on every side rows and rows of books up to the ceiling. It was very late in the afternoon, and the room was deserted. Paul ran his hand along the backs of the books on the nearest shelf.

"Oh!" he gasped, and his face was alight with joy, "here's 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Around the World in Eighty Days.' I've read them. I got them for Christmas once."

It was as if he had found two boon companions in a strange country. Frances reached high above his head and pulled out "Thirty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."

"How would you like to read another book by the man who wrote 'Around the World in Eighty Days?'" she asked.

"Gee! I guess I would!" Then he looked slowly around the room, standing on tiptoe in an effort to read the titles on the top shelves.

"I wasn't in here before," he announced, finally. "Can I read every single book in this room?"

Frances laughed, and her laughter was akin to tears. "Every single, solitary one. You can begin at the door and work around. See, there's a ladder for you to push around and climb up on for the high ones."

Paul held out his hand for "Thirty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea".

"I think I'll begin now. Ma's away for a little while."

Frances smiled a little smile, all to herself, and put him into one of the small sturdy chairs at a little low table with the afternoon light streaming in through a big window behind him. Then she left him, and she sat in the next room where she could see him through the open door. He was a handsome little fellow, well-built, with a face tanned to that bronze colour one sees among the dwellers in the North country. He had a shock of black hair, and Indian ancestry manifested itself in his high cheek-bones, thin nose, and the keen look which often came into his black eyes. Frances watched him, as he devoured page after page, and wondered—

After a long while she went back and spoke to Paul. He was thirty thousand leagues under the sea, and, for the time being, the world of human beings and supper-time and hum-drum things did not exist for him.

"Do you know what time it is?" Frances asked. There was no answer, so she repeated the question. Paul stirred and looked up. In his eyes was the far-away look of dwellers in wide spaces; the Indian blood in him was very strong.

"Is it late?"

"It's your supper-time, and mine, too."

"Paul glanced longingly at the book. 'I'd rather not have any supper,' he objected.

"But you see I have to close this place now, while I'm at my supper. See, we'll arrange it so that you shall take the book away with you and bring it back as soon as you've read it—"

"No, no," Paul interrupted, hurriedly, "Ma'll be back 'most any time, and I'd never get a chance to finish it if I took it home. She—she'd be awful mad if she found it lying 'round. She'd find it even if it was hid. 'N' she'd give me more chores to do, 'cause she'd say I didn't have enough to keep me busy."

"I see," said Frances. "Never mind. You run home and get your supper now. I'll keep the book here safely for you, and we'll see what we can do."

That was the beginning of the friendship between Frances Wakefield and Paul, the little, eager half-breed of the North country.

THERE is a great, golden river that flows across the continent, from the wide yellow wheat-fields of the West. In the North country it meets the steel-blue waters of the greatest of those five inland seas. Frances Wakefield and Paul, and a few thousand other people lived at this point. And this is how Peter comes in.

Peter's daily bread, which was quite well-buttered, was made out of wheat in more senses than one. He was interested in the flowing of that great golden river. It has to continue smoothly year after year; otherwise there is hardship. A bumper crop always filled Peter with boundless enthusiasm and, it kept him very busy.

Peter had been to town any number of times before it occurred to him to go to the Library. He might not have gone even then, if he had

not happened to want some information about wheat in a dry-as-dust book. As it happened, Paul chose to go to the Library for his daily treat at exactly the same time, and they ascended the wide stone steps and went in side by side. It was half-past twelve, and the girl at the desk told Peter that Miss Wakefield would know about the wheat-book he wanted, and she wasn't back from lunch. So Peter declared his intention of waiting. The girl went back to the book she was reading, and Peter looked around him.

It was very quiet, and the mid-day sun peeped in between the delicate green leaves of English ivy which grew in pots and was trained over the windows and along wires strung high up across the room. It was refreshingly cool, and Peter wandered about contentedly. Eventually he reached the children's section, and found Paul, sitting in his accustomed spot, with his elbows on the table. His black eyes skimming down the pages of the book in front of him. There were three or four other children scattered around the room, deeply absorbed, but Peter noticed only the one little person. He stood watching Paul for a few moments, and then exclaimed,

"Jove! But you do read fast!"

All the little heads looked up in surprise, and Paul, with his finger to his lips, got up and came to the door. Once outside, he explained solemnly.

"You ain't allowed to talk in there. It's against the rules. I s'pose you didn't see that sign, there, that tells you not to."

"No," Peter admitted, "I missed it. It was very careless of me."

Paul walked past him and pointed to the wall near the entrance. "Did you ever think about that?" he inquired, with such a solemn face that Peter could scarcely repress a smile.

"Don't break the covers of books—" Peter read the five lines aloud. "Yes—that's true enough."

"Miss Wakefield thought of that," Paul informed him.

"Who is Miss Wakefield?"

Paul gazed at him a moment—astounded at such ignorance.

"She—why, she runs this place. She knows what's in every book. And there are thousands and thousands She—"

"That's so. I know now. I'm waiting for her."

Paul made his mouth round in a silent "Oh" and went back to his reading without more ado. In a few minutes Frances Wakefield arrived, disappeared for a moment, and came back with her hat off, smiling in a friendly way at Peter.

"I am told," Peter began, "by a young man who seems to be quite at home here, that you know what is in every one of these books."

Frances laughed. "That's Paul. He has a very high opinion of this Library."

She was very pretty. Her hair was soft and reddish-gold; and her eyes seemed to change colour as she moved in light and shadow—sometimes grey, from that to hazel, and at other times a deep blue. She was small and slim, and when she smiled Peter almost forgot about wheat and the dry-as-dust book. He stood for several moments saying nothing at all. His manners for the moment were really atrocious. Finally he realized that he was being asked a question.

"Oh, what I wanted. Oh, yes. It was Billings' 'Wheat Trade in the West'. You have it?"

Frances disappeared behind some towering bookcases and came back in a minute with Billings.

"You will be quiet over on that side," she remarked, "if you want to make notes."

Peter thanked her, and sought a secluded corner. As he was taking the book back to the desk Paul departed, saying something to Frances as he went out.

"He looks a bright fellow," was Peter's comment.

Frances's face was at once alive with interest. "Paul is going to have a wonderful future, I think. He is my own particular charge. I've grown very fond of him."

"It's quite mutual," Peter said, smiling.

"Perhaps. But it's so pitiful. He was just starving for books—real boy books of adventure—pirates and Red Indians and hairbreadth escapes. You know the kind."

Peter nodded, and waited for her to continue.

"His mother is a hard-worked woman with a big family to look after. I found that out when I went to beg her to let Paul spend an hour here at noon every day—reading. She nearly died at first—at the mere idea. Really, if I hadn't been so in earnest, I know I'd have laughed at the horrified way she objected."

She paused and glanced at Peter as if she were afraid he was bored.

"Please go on," he urged, but it must be admitted that his interest did not lie wholly in the misfortunes of Paul.

"Well, I succeeded, finally, with the help of Paul's father. He is a big, good-looking Indian down from the North-West. I think he is secretly proud of the way Paul gets on at school, and he said that an hour off at noon wouldn't hurt, if he helped at home other times."

"So that settled it?"

"Yes. In the winter he eats his dinner in no time—I hope it won't ruin his digestion—and he manages to have nearly an hour before it's time for school in the afternoon. If he spends more than an hour in the summer, he forfeits the next day's treat. Poor little fellow!" She broke off suddenly, and Peter said,

"By Jove! And I made him lose several precious minutes to-day. I committed the sin of speaking in the children's reading room, and he had to instruct me in the way I should go."

Frances smiled. "This is a dreadfully strict place."

"Sometimes there are compensations for restriction," Peter replied, gazing impersonally at a row of big ferns and flowering plants on the top of one of the bookcases. Then he took himself off quickly, lest he should entirely lose sight of the fact that his real business in the North Country was wheat, and not watching reddish-gold hair, and eyes that were never twice the same colour.

BEFORE the end of the summer it became evident that Paul had a rival, who ran him a close second in attendance at the Library. Officially, their objects were the same. Peter, by September, had looked at every book remotely touching on the subject of wheat which the Library possessed. He could not have told you, however, what was in any of them. Paul, on the other hand, took a keen interest in hunting for treasures in the South Sea Islands, and he pursued big game in Africa, sailed the high seas, and followed many thrilling adventures as the weeks went by.

One day in September, when the fields were full of golden-rod and the first tang of Autumn was in the air, Peter stopped at Frances' desk, as usual, for a few minutes.

"Did you find what you wanted?" she asked pleasantly.

"Er—no, not exactly. I was looking for something about Number One Hard."

She sighed. "You seem to have to be very careful not to get different kinds of wheat mixed up. It would look all alike to me."

(Continued on page 11)

"Oh, so you haven't always lived near the wheat country?"

"No," her voice was a little wistful. "I lived down by the sea until a while ago. Now I am by myself, and I am learning to like the North-country. Paul has taught me to like it. We go on hikes, and he teaches me the ways of the Indians. He is a wonderful child."

Then Peter had an inspiration.

"Have you been in one of the big grain elevators?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"To-morrow is Saturday. So I'll arrange to take you into the big Holton-Breen one in the afternoon. Will you go?"

That is how, on the following afternoon, Frances Wakefield happened to go down to the busy, crowded waterfront, and up to the top of one of the great concrete buildings that look, at a distance, for all the world like Greek temples with massive pillars. The air inside was filled with the fine white dust from the wheat, and everything was coated an inch thick with it. They reached the top in a little cage, and Peter felt that now he was on his own ground. He showed her the great round bins, and one that was being emptied, in which you looked down and down into black space. Afterwards, they opened one of the dusty little windows and looked out. Beneath them lay the panorama of the shipping, with the thin encircling arms of the breakwater enclosing it. A big passenger steamer was coming in the entrance to the harbour, leaving a trail of black smoke far behind her. It was a glorious bright day, and the distant outer water was blue as a flashing sapphire, with saucy little whitecaps dancing upon it.

"It's beautiful, isn't it?" The sunlight was reflected in Frances' eyes. "Look at the way those gulls over there flash in the sun."

"Yes," Peter replied, but he was not looking at the gulls.

They leaned farther out and saw, directly below them, a big freighter being loaded with wheat. Her hatches were wide open, and two "legs" from the elevator were pouring golden streams of the grain into her hold, raising a cloud of white dust, which drifted slowly away.

"Now that," explained Peter, "is Number One Hard. See how red it is. Mighty fine grain, that!"

The crew of the freighter, gathered in little groups on the deck, were smoking and joking, amusing themselves while the elevator hands regulated the flow of the grain into the yawning hatches. Snatches of their good-natured banter floated up, even through the steady noise of the pouring grain.

"A lot goes into a loaf of bread, doesn't it?" Frances looked at Peter and smiled. "It's a wonderfully interesting life you have—this business of wheat."

Peter drew his head in, and said, very quietly,

"I want you to share it—because I love you and love you and love you—and, somehow—it doesn't seem worth while without you. Will you marry me, Frances?"

She was very still, and he could see that her lower lip was trembling ever so little. He waited, and his heart sounded far louder to him than the swishing of the grain outside. Then he noticed that she was watching something below.

"I—I can't," she said at last—it was almost a whisper—"I—couldn't go away from here—just now—Mr.—"

"I thought you knew my name was Peter," he broke in.

She smiled a little, trembly smile. "I'll show you the reason—Peter." She pointed below, and Peter put his head out and looked down.

On the concrete wharf, with his hands in his pockets, intently watching the falling grain, stood Paul.

DURING the winter, Paul graduated from stories of wild Indians and treasure trove, and began to take a great interest in reading about the

engineering feats of the world. He had a retentive memory, and he used to ask Frances, at odd times, if she knew that the Forth Bridge in Scotland was over five thousand feet long, or that this and that marvellous thing existed. He was filled with the wonder of the world that lay beyond the horizon that he knew. Frances noticed a dawning restlessness in him, and she wondered—

She used to write long letters to Peter about Paul. She was a very foolish little person, and she did not realize that Paul was the last person Peter wanted to hear about. She did not know that he groaned aloud when her letters reached him, many hundreds of miles away, and that he gave thanks for the small mercy of hearing from, though not about her.

So they went, and Peter ordered the most expensive lunch the town could give them, and, since they were both in a foolish frame of mind, they pretended they were in the Ritz-Carlton instead of the Superior Restaurant, and enjoyed themselves immensely. Afterwards they went for a little walk, and Peter asked suddenly,

"Do you know why I came up this time?"

"No. Unless it was to remind the town that it's time to tidy up and look pretty, because Spring's on the way, and the wheat 'll be coming through here by and by."

"Please don't joke. I came to see if you'd changed your mind. It means—it means a good deal to me."



She went back and spoke to Paul. He was thirty thousand leagues under the sea.

Then one day, when the ice was breaking up in the harbour, and the snow was almost gone on the surrounding hills, Peter came into the Library. Frances would probably not have admitted that there was a happy feeling all of a sudden around her heart—but there was, nevertheless.

Peter held out his hand, and looked around to make sure that they were alone. "How is Our Lady of the Snows?"

"Preparing to thaw out and blossom with the flowers in a little while."

Peter mumbled something about the blossom being everlasting.

"You didn't mention in your last letter that you were coming up."

"No," smiled Peter, "I just came. How's Paul?" It took a deal of effort to bring out that question, but Frances was delighted to answer it.

"Oh, he's simply eating up every book I can find for him on bridges and tunnels and steam engines and so on. Maybe he'll turn out to be a great engineer."

"Perhaps he will," agreed Peter. "It's time for lunch. I'd suggest that you dig up that assistant of yours and leave her here in her glory, while you come and have lunch with me."

The laughter died out of her eyes, and she dared not look at him.

"I—I don't know," she stumbled over her words, "there's Paul, still."

Peter stood still, and exclaimed, "Damn Paul! At least—I—I beg your pardon. Jove! I didn't mean to hurt you—dear heart."

Frances had gasped suddenly and then bit her lip, and her face was very white.

"I know you didn't," she said, when they walked on, "but I don't think you realize what Paul means to me. What he has meant to me in this—this sort-of-lonely place."

"And I mean nothing to you." Peter's mouth was very grim.

"I—I like you very, very much—"

"But you like Paul better. Well, he's a lucky little devil; I like him, too, but I must admit I'd be fonder of him if he were in Timbuctoo."

There was a long, strained silence. When the assistant at the Library looked up from the short-story magazine she was buried in, it was to see a very serious Frances Wakefield come in, with a tired look about her eyes and a sad little droop to her mouth. And the assistant, who had not been taken in by Peter's endless demand for books on wheat the previous summer, and who had not

missed the look in his eyes as he and Frances had gone off together that very day, drew her own conclusions.

"She must have turned him down. Lordy, what fools some people are! Wasting her affections on the little Indian youngster like that!"

The boats began to go to and from the North-country once again; the grass grew green and juicy; and from the top of every budding tree birds sang joyfully to each other. But, as far as Frances was concerned, there was something lacking. She looked forward, more than she cared to own, to Peter's letters. There was something very dear about Peter, she thought. But there was Paul—

Paul was becoming inordinately interested in shipping. He began to spend a great deal of time down on the waterfront. Sometimes he did not appear at the Library for four or five days at a time. Then he would rush in, full of enthusiasm over all he had seen, and tell Frances about it.

"I saw a great big new boat today—bigger than any of the others that come up here. And she's going down to the sea in two pieces. And she'll be put together there and go across to England. Gee! I'd like to be on her. I'm going to own lots of boats when I'm bigger."

"How old are you now, Paul?"

"I'm fourteen, 'n' I'll soon be fifteen."

Frances uttered a little sigh. "Let's see. You were twelve when you first began coming here, weren't you?"

"Yes. I was just little then."

"Don't you like reading any more, Paul?"

"You bet. Only there's lots of other things to do too." The far-away look came into his eyes, and Frances knew, with a little jealous pang, that this restlessness would take him for ever out of her sight before he had grown much taller.

"Does your mother like you to spend so much time down by the harbour?" she asked.

"Not much. But Pa says it'll soon be time for me to start out for myself, and that it won't hurt."

Suddenly, Frances felt very lonely. Unconsciously, she had imagined that Paul would always be the little boy in the shabby short trousers, eager to read about the great world that lay a this door. She had not thought about the days that would follow, when Paul would obey the instinct of his ancestors and go out into the world to see things for himself and to blaze his own trail. But Paul was happy; his life was becoming very full, and he was anxious to see more and yet more. So Frances hid her own little hurt, and rejoiced with Paul and tried not to think of Peter very much. As to the latter she found it the harder of the two—

Spring wore into Summer, and the great wheat-fields of the West grew and grew until the golden river began to flow—and Peter became very busy. His letters came less frequently, and there was no sign of him at the Library. One day, Frances was walking down the main street past the Grain Exchange Building. Two men were standing in the entrance talking, and as she passed, one said,

"McIntosh's scheme is no good. I tell you it's robbing Peter to pay Paul."

That was all she heard—but it stayed in her mind. "Robbing Peter to pay Paul—Poor Peter—It never occurred to me—like that." She was almost in tears by the time she got home. Then she gave herself a mental shake, and sat down to think things over. She might have realized it in the beginning—and saved all this heartache—Unhappiness for Peter, too—And Paul—She might have known that Paul would not always be her charge, would not always be on hand to keep her from being lonely in the big North-country—Peter was hers—just as she was

(Continued on page 48)

Home By The Panama

By Ursula Welsh

TO live in anticipation of an event is said to double either its terrors or its delights.

If this be so, there is no better preparation for seeing the Panama Canal than the idle, dreamy days of the three weeks' voyage in wide South Pacific latitudes on one of the home-ward-bound liners making Balboa its first port of call. After many days at sea even the most commonplace shore objects become of absorbing interest and dominant conversation. The enthusiasm may then be imagined which greets the faint blue line of the Cordilleras rising far away in the North and East, the first landmarks of that romantic Isthmus, that traditional "narrow place between two seas" which Columbus and Magellan mis-interpreting as a hidden channel leading Westwards to Asia, sought for vainly over four hundred years ago.

By a whimsical trick of destiny, the Gulf of San Miguel, so long beloved by buccaneers as a happy hunting ground of piratical enterprise and the scene of many daring raids upon richly laden frigates beating cautiously up the coast from Peru, is now the thoroughfare to the gate exacting legitimate toll from vessels passing "on their lawful occasions" only. Shipping from the four corners of the earth congregates in Balboa harbour at the cross-roads of the world's traffic. There are social grades among ships as among men and there are ocean going snobs too, for ships have personality—but nowhere, except perhaps along the Epsom Road on Derby Day, could a more varied, democratic crowd be seen jostling one another towards the same objective. A salt-encrusted tramp smelling of Singapore and Hong Kong, who since leaving Liverpool has already taken the Suez short cut and is waiting her turn here, lies drowsily at anchor like a tired-out man in oily overalls resting momentarily on a bench. Dowdy, squat tugs puff in wearily with their burdens from outlying points up the coast for trans-shipment.

Numerous harbour launches, the bustling, local busybodies, dart feverishly about on official errands. Cheek by jowl with a grimy collier from the Argentine, a graceful dazzlingly spick and span liner, that most aristocratic of all deep-water workers, waits haughtily for her Clearance papers while a flotilla of native cayucos, each manned by a grinning, ebony-faced boatman in fluttering blue cotton garments and a big flat straw hat, peddles bananas up and down the lines at six cents a dozen.

The present port of Balboa, entirely the outgrowth of the Canal, might be any up-to-date American settlement with its wide boulevards and paved streets and is a convincing example of what modern science has accomplished in the way of turning the foremost pest hole of the earth almost into a health resort. The palatial Tivoli Hotel, overlooking the water, and, according to the guide-book, the most magnificently equipped on the American continent (but what Hotel is not thus represented?), whose elegant crowds could vie with those of Monte Carlo, seems to insist almost defiantly upon the potentialities of the Isthmus as a health resort. Yet, over on Ancon Hill, the white buildings of the immense tropical Hospital taken over from the French and completed by the Americans are an ever-present reminder of the spectre that stalks by night. Between the hotel and the hospital, as if with due appreciation of the merits in each, is the white settlement for Canal officials and their families. Their houses have been designed specially for the Canal Zone. Each consists of a comparatively small wooden centre part or

house proper surrounded by wide verandahs which are completely screened in with wire netting giving the house a fantastic bird-cage appearance. From the road one got glimpses through the netting of people dining; another side of the verandah had beds in it. These dark green bird-cage dwellings set among bright green lawns, waving coconut palms and gay tropical flower beds make the whole settlement look

employees Only." The "gold" are the American employees in the Canal service, mostly clerical workers and skilled artisans, who are paid in United States or "gold" currency. The "silver" employees, unskilled labourers drawn from Central and South America and negroes from the British West Indies, are paid in "silver" or Panamanian money. The silver dollar is just half the value of the American dollar and

The negro employees live in tenements in a special quarter allotted to them. No screened windows here: the mosquito does not attack black skins. Through open doorways one got enchanting vistas of dusky mothers in bright print dresses and turbans asleep in rocking-chairs cuddling little black pot bellied babies. Outside everyone was munching water-melons or singing to accordions or punctuating some story with gusts of laughter like a pack of overgrown, good-natured school-children.

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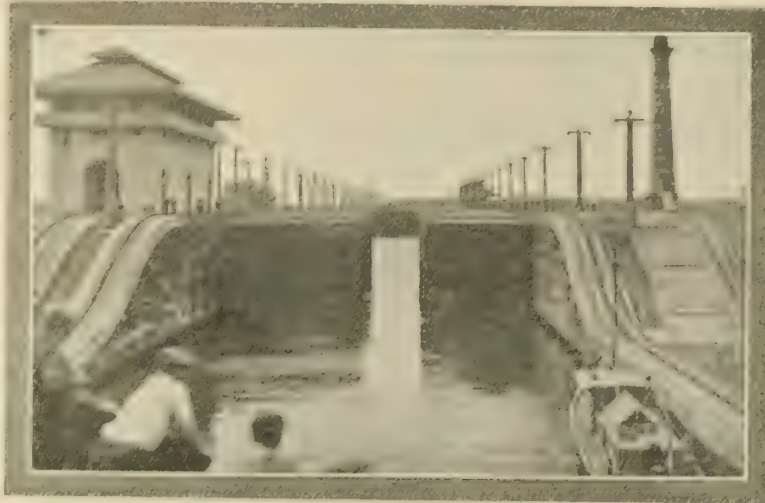
A STREET-CAR takes one out to the city of Panama the capital of the Republic. Geographically within the five mile limit of the Canal Zone, it retains nominal political independence excepting as regards its sanitation and water supply. Relying under its own Urban Council solely upon huge flocks of buzzards circling overhead as scavengers. Panama under American control has become the best-paved, best-watered and best-sewered city in Central America. The few miles in the street car seem to transport one as many centuries in point of time, for in the Spanish-Moorish architecture of its churches, in the barred windows along its high-walled crooked streets and in its flowered piazzas are traces of the ancient Spanish dominion over the Isthmus. The ruins of the grey stone wall, part of the old fortifications sixty feet thick, seemed to remind mutely that the administrators of that vanished Empire were confronted more or less with our own Imperial problems and recalled the legend that in the heyday of Panama's prosperity Charles V. of Spain was seen shading his eyes with his hand and gazing intently from his palace windows at Madrid. "I am looking for the walls of Panama" he is reported to have said, presumably to ingratiate himself with the Delegates of an Anti-Waste Campaign, "for they have cost enough to be seen even from here."

From Panama one can take a seven mile drive between towering palms and vivid luxuriant vegetation to the site of Old Panama. Quick growing banana trees and creeping vines are fast covering all that is left of this once famous old city, for so long the clearing-house between the rich mines of Peru and the King's Treasury in Spain. A roughly paved track through pestilential jungle and morass, the "Gold Road" across the Isthmus to Puerto Bello, is still used by pack ponies. What strings of mule-caravans laden with bullion passed out of here in the days of Drake and Cortez and Morgan! Are any of the great ports ranking today among the foremost cities of the world similarly doomed centuries hence to ruin and oblivion? Not altogether an impossibility when one considers how the establishment of a great aerial commercial centre in, say the heart of the Sahara might dislocate the trade routes of the world.

The Panama Canal is more than a mere canal. It is an Epic in which the figures and deeds of living men compare worthily with those of shadowy heroes and demi-gods. No voracious monster of mythological fame devoured more men than the dreaded fever-monster of Panama slain by Colonel Gorgas of the U. S. Army Medical Corps: from the brain of Colonel Goethals, Chief Engineer, sprang, Minerva-like, the disciplined organized body of men who warred upon and subdued the forces of Nature from coast to coast.

The first eight miles of the Canal on the Pacific side is a narrow channel

(Continued on page 37)



In Gatun Locks, Panama Canal

like a gigantic aviary. Thanks to these vigilant precautions yellow fever has been unknown for years although formerly more men were lying dead of it in the cemeteries than live men were walking the Isthmus.

Notices were posted up outside different entrances to offices and stores—"Gold Employees Only" or "Silver Em-

ployees Only." The "gold" are the American employees in the Canal service, mostly clerical workers and skilled artisans, who are paid in United States or "gold" currency. The "silver" employees, unskilled labourers drawn from Central and South America and negroes from the British West Indies, are paid in "silver" or Panamanian money. The silver dollar is just half the value of the American dollar and



This avenue shows the Spanish influence in Panama



An Old Portrait

By Marjorie Pickthall

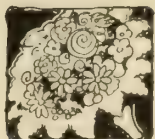
(Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore)

*She was earth before earth gave
Me a heart to miss her;
Stars and summers were her grave,
Any rains might kiss her;
Wild sweet ways love would not cross
Curbed in sorrels and green moss.*

*She's been dust a hundred springs.
Still her face comes glancing
Out of glimmering water-rings
When the gnats are dancing.
Loosed is she in lilac flowers,
Lost in bird-songs and still hours.*

*If I'd lived when kings were great,—
Greater I than any,—
I'd have sold my olden state
For a silver penny,
Just to find her, just to keep,
Just to kiss her eyes asleep.*

Dinsmore



IT was at exactly half-past three in the afternoon of a hot June day that Mrs. Theodore Banks became smitten with the idea. Mrs. Banks often said afterwards she did not know how she came to be thinking about the Convention of the Arts and Crafts at all, although she is the Secretary. The idea was so compelling that Mrs. Banks rushed down town to tell Mr. Banks—she felt she could not depend on the telephone.

"Ted," she cried, when she opened the door of the office, "I have an idea!"

Theodore raised his eyelids. Mrs. Banks was flushed and excited and looked well. Mrs. Banks was a handsome woman any time, and today her vivacity was quite genuine.

"You know the Convention of the Arts and Crafts, which begins on the twentieth?"

"I've heard of it, somewhere."

"Well, it just came to me, Teddy, what a perfectly heavenly thing it would be to invite that little Mrs. Dawson, who writes reviews for one of the papers here. You remember I told you about her. She is awfully clever and artistic and good looking, and lives away off from every place, and her husband is not her equal at all, perfectly illiterate, I heard—uncultured, anyway. What a perfect joy it would be to her to have her come, and meet with people who are her equals. She's an Ottawa girl originally, I believe, and she does write the most perfectly sweet and darling things—you remember, I've read them to you. Of course, she is probably very shabby and out of date in her clothes by this time, but it doesn't really matter what one wears, if one has heaps of brains. It is only dull women, really, who have to be so terribly careful about what they wear, and spend so much money that way!"

"Dull women!" Theodore murmured. "Oh! is that why? I never really knew."

She laughed at his look of enlightened surprise. When Mrs. Banks laughed there were three dimples plainly showing, which did not entirely discourage her merriment.

"And you know, Teddy, there is such a mystery about her marriage, she will really be quite an acquisition, and we'll have her on the programme."

"What mystery?" Mr. Banks asked. "Oh, well, not mystery maybe, but we all suppose she's not happy—how could she be with so few of the real pleasures of life, and still she stays with it, and actually goes places with her husband, and seems to be keeping it up, and you know, Ted, she has either three or four children!"

"Is it as bad as that?" he asked solemnly.

"O Ted! you know well enough what I mean, don't be such an owl! Just think of how tied down and horrible it must be for her out there in that desolate Alberta, with no neighbors at all for miles, and then only impossible people. I should think it would drive her mad. I must try to get her on the programme, too. She will at least be interesting, on account of her personality. Most of our speakers are horribly prosy—at least to me, but of course I never listen. I just look to see what they've on and then go straight back to my own thinking. I just thought I'd ask your advice, Teddy dear, before I asked the committee and so now I'll go to see Mrs. Trenton, the President. So glad you approve, dear. And really, there will be a touch of romance in it, Ted, for Bruce Edwards knew her when she lived in Ottawa—it was he who told me so much about her. He simply raved about her to me. It seems he was quite mad about her once, and probably it was a lovers quarrel or something that drove

You Never Can Tell

By Nellie McClung

Republished by courtesy of Saturday Night

her away to the West to forget, and now think of her meeting Bruce again! Isn't that a thriller?"

"If I thought Bruce Edwards had brains enough to care for any woman, I'd say it was not right to bring her here," said Mr. Banks; "but he hasn't!"

"Oh, of course," Mrs. Banks agreed, "he is quite over it now, no doubt. Things like that never last; but he'll be awfully nice to her, and give her a good time, and take her around. You know what Bruce is like—he's so romantic and cynical and such a perfect darling in his manners, always ready to open doors or pick up handkerchiefs!"

"I'm sure he would, if he needed the handkerchiefs," Theodore put in quietly.

"O, Ted! you're a funny bunny. You've never liked Bruce—and I know why—and it's perfectly horrid of you, just because he has always been particularly nice to me. He really can't help being dreamy and devoted to any woman he is with, if she's not a positive fright."

* *

MRS. Trenton, the President of the Arts and Crafts, received Mrs. Banks' suggestion cautiously. Mrs. Trenton always asked, "Is it right?" "Is it wise?" "Is it expedient?" It was Mrs. Trenton's extreme cautiousness that had brought her the proud distinction of being the first President of the Arts and Crafts; where it was considered necessary to temper the impetuosity of the younger members, and besides, Mrs. Trenton never carried her doubts and fears too far. She raised all possible objections, mentioned all possible contingencies, but in the end allowed the younger members to carry the day, which they did, with a clear and shriven conscience, feeling that they had been very discreet and careful and deliberate.

Mrs. Banks introduced her subject by telling Mrs. Trenton that she had come to ask her advice, whereupon Mrs. Trenton laid aside the work she was doing, and signified her gracious willingness to be asked for counsel. When Mrs. Banks had carefully laid the matter before Mrs. Trenton, dwelling on the utter loneliness of the prairie woman's life, Mrs. Trenton called the Vice-President, Miss Hastings, who was an oil painter by profession, and a lady of large experience in matters of the heart. Mrs. Trenton asked Mrs. Banks to outline her plan again.

When she had finished, Mrs. Trenton asked, "Is it wise—is it kind? She has chosen her life, why bring her back? It will only fill her heart with vain repinings. This man, illiterate though he may be, is her lawful husband. She owes him a duty. Are we just to him?"

"Maybe she is perfectly happy," Miss Hastings said. "There is no accounting for love, and its vagaries. Perhaps to her, he is clothed in the rosy glow of romance, and all the inconveniences of her life are forgotten. I have read of it," she added in explanation when she noticed Mrs. Trenton's look of incredulity.

Mrs. Trenton sighed, a long sigh that undulated the black lace on her capacious bosom.

"It has been written—it will continue to be written, but today marriage needs to be aided, by modern—" She hesitated, and looked at Mrs. Banks for the word.

"Methods," Mrs. Banks supplied promptly. "Housemaids, cooks, autos, theatres, jewelry, and chocolates."

"You put it so aptly, my dear," Mrs. Trenton smiled, as she patted her pearl bracelet, Mr. Trenton's last offering on the hymeneal altar. "It requires—" She paused again. Mrs. Trenton's pauses were a very important asset in her conversation. "It requires—"

"Collateral," said Mrs. Banks.

Miss Hastings shook her head.

"I believe in marriage, all the same," she said heroically.

"Now how shall we do it?" Mrs. Banks was anxious to get the preliminaries over. "You have decided to invite her, of course?"

Mrs. Trenton nodded. "I feel we have no choice in the matter," she said slowly. "She is certainly a woman of artistic temperament; she must be, or she would succumb to the dreary prairie level. I have followed her career with interest, and predict great things for her. Have I not, Miss Hastings? We should not blame her, if in a moment of girlish romance she turned her back on the life which now is. We, as officers of the Arts and Crafts, must extend our fellowship to all who are worthy. This joining of our ranks may show her what she has lost by her girlish folly, but it is better for her to know life, and even feel regrets, than never to know."

"Better have a scarlet thread run through the dull gray pattern of life, even if it makes the gray all the duller," said Miss Hastings, who worked in oils.

And so it came about that an invitation was sent to Mrs. James Dawson, Auburn, Alberta, and in due time an acceptance was received.

From the time she alighted from the Pacific Express, a slight young woman in a very smart linen suit, she was a constant surprise to the Arts and Crafts. The principal cause of their surprise was that she seemed perfectly happy. There was not a shadow of regret in her clear gray eyes, nor any trace of drooping melancholy in her quick, business-like walk.

Naturally, the Arts and Crafts had made quite a feature of the Alberta author and poet who would attend the Convention. Several of the enthusiastic members, anxious to advertise effectively, had interviewed the newspaper reporters on the subject, with the result that long articles were published in the woman's section of the city dailies, dealing principally with the loneliness of the life on an Alberta ranch. Kate Dawson was credited with a heroic spirit, that would have made her blush had she seen the flattering allusions. Robinson Crusoe on his lonely isle, before the advent of Friday, was not more isolated than she on her lonely Alberta ranch, according to the advance notices. Luckily, she had not seen any of these, nor ever dreamed she was the centre of so much attention, and so it was a very self-possessed and unconscious young woman in a simple white gown who came before the Arts and Crafts.

It was the first open night of the Convention, and the auditorium was crowded. The air was heavy with the perfume of many flowers, and pulsed with dreamy music. Mrs. Trenton, in billows of black lace, and glinting jet, presided with her usual graciousness. She introduced Mrs. Dawson, briefly.

Whatever the attitude of the audience was at first, they soon followed

her with eager interest, as she told them, in her easy way, simple stories of the people she knew so well, and so lovingly understood. There was no art in the telling, only a sweet naturalness, and an apparent honesty—the honesty of purpose that comes to people in lonely places. Her stories were all of that class that magazine editors call "homely, heart-interest stuff," not deep or clever, or problematical, the commonplace doings of common people, but it found an entrance into the hearts of men and women. They found themselves looking with her at broad sunlit spaces, where struggling hearts work out noble destinies, without any thought of heroism. They saw the moonlight, and its drifting shadows on the wheat, and smelled again the ripening grain at dawn. They heard the whirr of prairie chickens' wings, among the golden stubble, on the hillside, and the glamor of some old forgotten afternoon stole over them. Men and women, country-born, who had forgotten the voices of their youth, heard them calling now across the years, and heard them, too, with opened hearts and sudden tears. There was one pathetic story. She told them of the lonely prairie woman—the woman who wished she was back, the woman to whom the broad outlook and far horizon were terrible and full of fear. She told them how, at night, this lonely woman drew down the blinds and pinned them close to keep out the great white outside that stared at her through every chink with wide, pitiless eyes; the mocking voices that she heard behind her everywhere, day and night, whispering, mocking, plotting; and the awful shadows, black and terrible, that crouched behind her, just out of sight—never coming out in the open.

It was a weird and gloomy picture, but she did not leave it so. She told of the new neighbor who came to live near the lonely woman; the human companionship which drove the mocking voices away forever; the coming of the spring, when the world awoke from its white sleep, and the thousand joyous living things that came into being at the touch of the good old sun!

At the reception after the programme many crowded around her, expressing their sincere appreciation of her work. Bruce Edwards fully enjoyed the distinction which his former acquaintance with her gave him, and it was with quite an air of proprietorship that he introduced to her his friends.

Mrs. Trenton, Mrs. Banks, and other members of the Arts and Crafts, at a distance discussed her with pride. She had made their open night a wonderful success—the papers would be full of it to-morrow.

"You can see how fitted she is for a life of culture," said Miss Hastings, the oil painter. "Her shapely white hands were made for silver spoons, and not for handling butter ladies. What a perfect joy it must be for her to associate with people who are her equals!"

"I wonder," said Mrs. Banks, "what her rancher would say if he saw his handsome wife now. So much admiration from an old lover is not good for the peace of mind of even a serious minded author, and such a fascinating man as Bruce. Look how well they look together! I wonder if she is mentally comparing her big sunburned cattle man with Bruce, and thinking of what a different life she would have led if she had married him!"

"Do you suppose," said Mrs. Trenton, "that that was her own story that she told us? I think she must have felt it herself to be able to tell it so."

Just at that moment, Bruce Edwards was asking her the same question.

(Continued on page 47)



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MADE IN CANADA



New Ways of Cooking Winter Vegetables

By Mary M. Neil

The variety of ways of serving vegetables offer a large scope to the cook with an initiative, but in the ordinary household the vegetables appear time after time on the table, served in exactly the same way with a monotony which does not encourage a desire to eat them. Now vegetables are really a very great factor in the question of health, and it would repay the housewife to cook them in various different ways so that they will be appreciated when sent to the table.

It is worth remembering that the more water used in boiling cabbages, greens, etc., the less objectionable will be the smell given out by them during the cooking, while a piece of bread tied up in a muslin bag, and boiled with the cabbage is also held to mitigate the smell. This crust should, however, be removed after fifteen minutes boiling and burnt.

To have vegetables in perfection they should be cooked very soon after they are taken from the ground, also they should be served as soon as possible after the cooking is completed, as many of them spoil if they have to be kept warm.

Baked Tomatoes. Choose large tomatoes of equal size. Wipe them and remove the stalks, then cut them in halves and lay skin side down on a buttered dish. Put a piece of butter on the top of each tomato, sprinkle with salt, pepper and paprika and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. Then lift out six pieces of tomato very carefully on to a hot dish and keep them warm. Bruise down the remainder in the baking tin and stir in one tablespoonful of flour, add one cupful of milk, stir and cook for five minutes, and strain over tomatoes. Garnish with small pieces of toast and serve hot as a luncheon or supper dish.

Onions Stuffed With Nuts. Take good sized onions and cook for one hour in boiling salted water, drain, cool and cut out a piece about two inches across the root end leaving a shell of onion. Chop two thirds of cupful of nut meats, add one cupful of nut meats, add one cupful of the cooked onion, two thirds cupful of bread crumbs, four tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one saltspoonful each of pepper and paprika, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley and one beaten egg. Lightly sprinkle the onion space with salt and then fill with the mixture, rounding over the top of each. Set the prepared onions in fireproof dishes, pour in each dish one-half cupful of water mixed with one tablespoonful of melted drippings and cook in a moderate oven for thirty minutes, basting very often. Serve in the dishes they were cooked in and pass round a good cream sauce.

Parsnip Cutlets. Scrape and boil until tender parsnips, then slice lengthwise, rub with pepper, salt and paprika and fry for one minute in hot fat, then dip in the following batter, beat up one egg, add one-half cupful of milk, one cupful of flour, a pinch of salt and one tablespoonful of salad oil, then mix until smooth and glossy. Allow to stand in a cool place for one hour, and add one tablespoonful of baking powder. Fry until brown in plenty of smoking hot fat, drain on paper and serve hot. These cutlets go well with any kind of roast meat, especially roast pork, and are a good way to vary the usual cooking of parsnips.

Stuffed Peppers. Cut the tops from four red or green peppers, remove the seeds, cover with boiling water and allow to stand for eight minutes. Then drain, cut into halves and fill with the following rice stuffing, cook one-half cupful of rice in boiling salted water until tender, drain, add one chopped onion, two tablespoonfuls of chopped red or

green pepper, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, salt, pepper and paprika to taste and moisten with a little hot water.

Carrot Fritters. Beat to a pulp three carrots which have been scraped and boiled until tender. Add three beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of flour, sugar to slightly sweeten, and one tablespoonful of milk or cream. Mix well, then fry by spoonfuls in smoking hot fat, and when done either serve plain, or squeeze a little lemon juice over and sprinkle with powdered sugar. These fritters are excellent with roast mutton.

Fried Beets. There is one vegetable which deserves more recognition than it gets, and that is the beet. Select medium sized beets, wash and

Stewed Mushrooms. This is a splendid breakfast dish, and easily prepared. Take the smaller mushrooms, discarding the stems and any broken caps. After washing these leave them for forty minutes in cold water flavored with vinegar or lemon juice. For each four cupfuls of mushrooms put two tablespoonfuls of butter into a saucepan and allow it to melt on the stove, then add the mushrooms and salt and pepper to taste. Shake the pan to prevent sticking and keep shaking the pan until the mushrooms are browned, which will probably be in eight minutes. Then pour over sufficient cream to come one-half inch below the surface, then cook again for fifteen minutes and serve hot. Do not thicken the cream.

as for stewing, then rub it through a sieve, add the beaten yolks of eggs, cream and seasonings, then add the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Divide the mixture into buttered fireproof dishes, sprinkle over a few browned bread crumbs on top of each, dot with butter and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. Serve hot.

Vegetable Gateau. It is sometimes valuable to know how to use up odd pieces of cold cooked vegetables, but though I mention four kinds in this recipe, do not fancy that it is of no use to you because you have no variety on hand. A delicious mixture can be made with any two varieties mentioned, or even with quite a different selection. One cupful of cooked carrots, one cupful of cooked cabbage, two cupfuls of cooked potatoes, one large cooked onion, salt, pepper and four tablespoonfuls of drippings. Chop the carrots, cabbage and onion and mash the potatoes. Mix all together and season with salt and pepper. Heat the drippings in a frying pan, put in the vegetables, spread them evenly over the pan and fry the cake for eight minutes, or until browned underneath, then turn it. Fry the second side, adding a little more drippings. Cut it across in four, and arrange the pieces on a hot serving dish.

Corn Pudding. To two cupfuls of canned corn, add one and one-half cupfuls of cracker or bread crumbs, four beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of paprika, and one cupful of milk. Mix together, and bake in a buttered baking dish in a hot oven until nicely browned. Serve hot.

Creamed Celery. Three heads of celery two onions, one bunch of parsley, milk, two tablespoonfuls of cream, a little lemon juice, salt, pepper and paprika, one tablespoonful of flour to one cupful of milk. Take the best parts of the celery, trim and wash very carefully. Put the celery in a saucepan of cold water, bring it to boiling point and boil for eight minutes, then throw away the water and add instead enough milk to cover the celery. Put in the sliced onions and the parsley, and allow to simmer until the celery is tender, if necessary adding more milk as it reduces. Lift out the celery, cut them into thin strips, and roll each up in a neat roll. Have ready rounds of fried bread and place a roll of celery on each. Mix the flour smoothly with a little cold milk and add it to the milk in the pan, adding more milk if there is not sufficient in it. Stir until it boils, add the seasoning, lemon juice and cream, and stir and cook for five minutes, then pour over the celery, sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve hot. Many people will enjoy celery cooked in this way who cannot eat it raw.

Potato Croquettes. Mash two pounds of cooked potatoes add one tablespoonful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt a little pepper, a dash of red pepper, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and one beaten egg and mix thoroughly. Flour the fingers and a baking board, form the potatoes into neat croquettes, brush over with beaten egg, toss in fine bread crumbs and fry in smoking hot fat. Drain on soft paper and serve at once.

Egg Plant Croustades. Cut a large egg plant in one inch thick slices, press between two plates for one and one-half hours, remove the centres with a cookie cutter. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, add one chopped onion, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, the remaining egg plant chopped fine, salt, pepper and paprika to season, and fill the croustades. Cover the tops with bread crumbs, dot with butter and bake for thirty minutes. Serve hot with hot tomato sauce.



Onions stuffed with nuts

boil until tender in boiling salted water, drain, peel, slice and fry a golden brown in hot drippings. Season with salt, pepper and paprika and serve hot. These are delicious.

Cabbage With Cheese. Boil one firm cabbage in the usual way, drain well, press out all the water, and chop it up. Make a sauce with two tablespoonfuls of butter, four tablespoonfuls of flour, and one cupful of milk, seasoning it with salt, pepper and a dust of red pepper. Have ready a buttered fireproof dish, spread a layer of the cabbage at the bottom of the dish, cover it with some of the sauce, sprinkle rather thickly with grated cheese, and make a second layer in the same way, cover with bread crumbs, dot small pieces of butter over the surface, and place in the oven until nicely browned, then serve hot in the dish it was cooked in.

Beans, Spanish Style. Put one-half pound of soaked beans on to boil in water containing one-fourth teaspoonful of baking soda and boil for ten minutes, then drain off the water and cover with fresh cold water, to which add one teaspoonful of dry mustard, then cook until tender. At this point add four small onions peeled and sliced and cook until the onions are tender. Add one tablespoonful of flour, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter or cooked bacon, two pimientos cut in slices, and seasoning of salt, pepper and paprika. Serve hot.

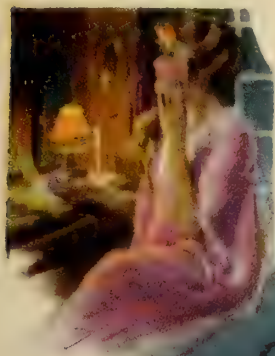
Spinach Souffle. This is a very dainty method of serving spinach as an ordinary vegetable. One pound of stewed spinach, three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, a dust of salt and pepper, a few browned bread crumbs, and one tablespoonful of butter. Prepare the spinach



Stuffed Peppers

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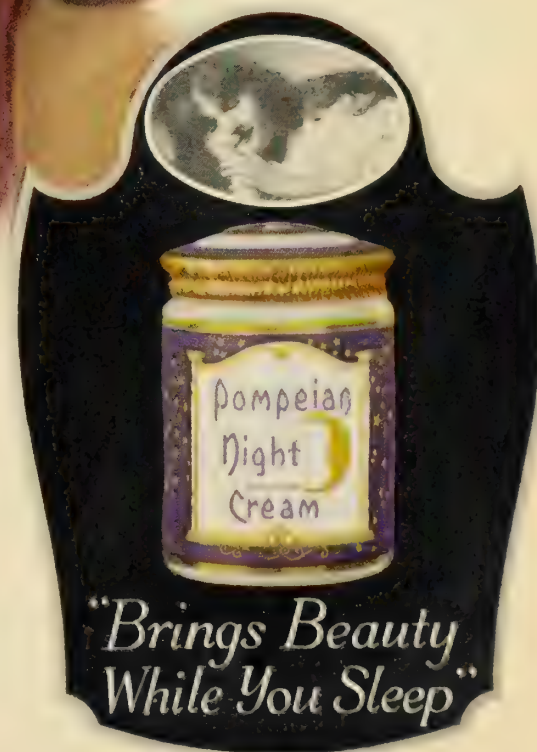
Next, wring out a cloth or towel in warm water and lay it on the face. Pat it gently—do not rub. Now, rinse the face in cool—not cold—water. Dry without rubbing.

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The Ontario Convention

THE Twentieth Annual Convention of the Women's Institutes of Ontario was held in Foresters' Hall, Toronto, on November 15th., 16th., and 17th., 1921. The convention was held under the joint auspices of the Institute Branch of the Department of Agriculture, and the Federated Women's Institutes of Ontario.

In the morning on Tuesday there was held a meeting of the Board of Directors of Provincial Federation. After the work of registration in the afternoon of this opening day, there was an inspiring interchange of messages of welcome and replies to the local authorities who were glad to recognize in the Women's Institutes an organization which was and is working for "Home and Country." Lady Falconer gave the address of welcome in which she emphasized the importance of preserving the old ideals of home life and service, in a day when so much that is of merely passing interest or pleasure is absorbing the attention of the young. There must be the spirit of joy in work and strength which comes from self-discipline, if our civilization is to keep a high standard. To judge from the standard of the finest and not to be blinded by merely material claims should be the aim of the Canadian woman.

Mrs. William Todd of Orillia, retiring president of the Federation, is one of the most efficient workers in the Institutes and was chosen last June as president of the Federated Women's Institutes of the Dominion. In an address of earnest and effective character, Mrs. Todd pointed out the great work that is being accomplished for child welfare by the Women's Institutes throughout the country;—and dwelt also upon the importance of the immigration question and colonization—or Canadianization. Mrs. Todd regretted retiring from the presidency, but urged the necessity for all Institutes members to carry the ideals of the organization into every part of the country.

There were reports from Eastern, Western and Northern Ontario which showed how varied and strenuous are the activities of the Institute. Mrs. Edwards spoke of the work in the West, Mrs. Willet and Mrs. Allan for the North, and Mrs. Yates for the East. Mrs. Allan of Fort William emphasized the need of a detention home in that community, where the feeble-minded, the aged and the insane had to be housed in a jail—the only available refuge—while waiting for accommodation in the East. Mrs. Charles Macoun dealt with the Dominion Federation Convention at Edmonton last June, reporting the general desire for affiliation with the British Women's Institutes. There had been a strong approval of the establishment of a women's division in the Department of Agriculture. Other matters which had been approved of by the Dominion Convention were the provision for uniform good roads throughout the country, the securing of competent teachers, the encouragement of music and art in the schools, school gardens, enterprise by the woman in various industries, such as poultry-raising and fruit-growing and the establishment of market centres. The soldiers were assured that their in-

terests were safe in an appeal to the members of Women's Institutes.

Mr. George A. Putnam, superintendent for the Province, gave a most comprehensive address on the origin, activities and future opportunities of the work of the Institute. The importance of working together without participation, as an organization, in any merely political activities was duly impressed upon the members. The extent of this organization was realized when the statement was made that there are nine-hundred-and-thirty branches of the Institute in Ontario;—and more than six thousand girls are being reached by its operations.

Mr. W. J. Dunlop, Director of the Extension on Service of the University of Toronto, explained in a delightfully lucid and inspiring fashion the plans which are being made for the extension work throughout the Province of Ontario. The response shown in attendance and enthusiasm in the course already provided opened the way for a development of educational resources in the cities,

the Junior Women's Institutes and the Junior Farmers' Institutes.

A most enjoyable talk was given by Miss Lillian Smith, head of the Children's Department, Toronto Public Library. Children, said Miss Smith, need direction in reading, just as in other things. No normal boy could be expected to put aside pie and candy and piously ask for whole wheat. In the case of books, too, it was necessary that there be guidance, in order that a taste for good reading be developed.

Miss Smith quoted an authority as stating: "The books a boy or girl reads for pleasure before the age of sixteen do more to form his or her ideals and mould character than all the text-books in the schools."

Miss Vida Coatsworth of the Toronto Conservatory of Music gave a highly interesting address on "Music for Country Homes and Communities," and pointed out the many fine facilities which now existed to develop the study and practice of music. Community singing teachers could be secured, and, through the use of the

their way in a new country. Just write to the Department at the Capital and say that you want them. Dr. MacMurchy, as every good Canadian knows, is at the head of the Child Welfare Bureau in the Department of Health and is, not only an excellent official, but a most effective speaker. Hence her utterances on the subject of public health bear all the weight of authority. Dr. MacMurchy is essentially an optimist, but she does not minimize the gravity of some situations with which the community must deal, if public health is to be preserved and improved.

A case of leprosy had been found in Canada, many victims of drugs had been discovered, patent medicines containing narcotics had been banned for children, an analysis of foods was being made, attention was being given to proper housing conditions also to prevention of venereal diseases and especial attention was ever directed to all questions affecting Child Welfare. The Home Series of books published made their appeal to the men, as well as to the women. In 1920 there had been 247,219 births registered in Canada, and a card was sent to each mother at the time of registration, telling her of the welfare books for the home.

From one of the Indian reserves came an interesting report given by Mrs. Hill, showing the development of home nursing, first aid and medical inspection. There were twenty-nine members in the Institute and three hundred returned Indians in the reserve. The Institute intended to assist in building a memorial hall for the veterans.

Mrs. Walker gave a graphic story of the Stoney Creek Institute, the first of them all, which was organized in 1897. Next June it is intended to hold a great picnic to celebrate the silver jubilee of this historic Institute. Evidently this organization had the best of aims from the commencement of its activities, as the members at the first meeting decided to promote hygiene, sanitation, care of children and public health and to open each session by repeating the Lord's Prayer.

Mrs. Stocking of East Simcoe gave an account of the extension work. Mrs. Moffat told of the Sunday School which was supported by the Women's Institute in North Grey. Mrs. Lindsay of Shelburne spoke of the rest room which had been opened with the co-operation of the council. The rest room in Brantford was the theme of Mrs. A. B. Rose and Mrs. Mainprize told of the library work. Mrs. Gardiner, Grey County, also told of the rest room for the women who had to spend a few days in town.

Miss Yates in her address on rural beautifications and improvements, admitted a difficulty in introducing the glory of color into home surroundings in the country and suggested that in the garden this could best be done by the use of bulbs against a background of trees and shrubs. It would be wise to ask the Government to organize supplies of vegetables, annual and perennial flower seeds.

The names of the new directors were announced:

Mrs. C. A. Bleecker, Marmora; Mrs. E. W. Jennings, Lindsay; Mrs. S. B.

(Continued on Page 34)

A NEW DEPARTMENT

Mrs. Alfred Watt, M.B.E., so well-known in Canada for her constructive work in connection with the Women's Institutes and also in work overseas, is to write for us each month a department on Women's Institute Methods, which, we are sure, will prove of great value to all members. Mrs. Watt will conduct a Question Drawer for the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL exclusively.

towns and rural districts of the province. The chief aim of the extension work is service. In commercial, social, industrial;—in every sphere of activity, the institution which would give the best service would have the greatest success. The first course opened for men and women of the farms last February had proved a surprise to the department. There were 279 who registered for the course, including grandmothers and grandfathers, girls and boys in their early teens, and many young men and women, ranging in age from twenty to thirty. Later courses had been opened in Hamilton, the university professors conducting evening classes. At Brampton and Cheltenham classes were opened. The demand for English literature as a subject for study was the most frequent. It was the aim of the university to provide courses when the request was received from an interested group, not to seek students. The next course for the farm students would include optional subjects of psychology, engineering, public speaking, the study of insects and various other topics, with economics and English literature as compulsory subjects. The courses were proving a boon to the members of

player piano and phonographs, a love for the best music could be cultivated. It was the belief of the speaker that any community could be educated to appreciate the best music.

Discussion of Mr. Putnam's scheme by which the province would be divided into workable areas, co-operating closely with the larger federation, took up much of the time on the second day of the convention and resulted in the expression of many suggestive views. Organization in eastern and western Ontario has already been completed and is going on in northern Ontario. Central Ontario is not yet fully organized. The Province of Ontario, the birthplace of the Women's Institutes, has still the leadership in numbers and a division into sections is absolutely necessary if the work is to be carried out efficiently.

Miss Mary Yates gave an interesting address on "Outside the Country Home" and Dr. Helen MacMurchy dealt with the latest developments in the Child Welfare movement. The "Little Blue Books", recently sent out by the Department of Health in Ottawa, are invaluable to the newcomer, and will prove books of blessing to those who have not yet found



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Through the Looking Glass

by VAIN JANE



"WOMEN," declared Theo impressively, "Are rapidly developing a sense of individualism. Every day they are becoming less the sheep-like human beings that they have ever been, talking alike, thinking alike and looking alike."

"Have you by any chance, been in New York recently?" enquired Marietta mildly.

"What on earth has that to do with the question?" demanded Theo.

"Only that it is the centre where we on this continent find women in the greatest mass, and where, if there are individuals, we would be most likely to observe them. Now, I have just come from there....."

"And from observations, you don't agree with me?"

"My dear, nine out of every ten women you meet there will talk to you of psycho-analysis and ask you if you don't find Freud fascinating; proving that the majority talk alike. Eight out of eleven are stricken with ego-mania; proving that they largely think alike, while at least seven out of twelve wear queer little cap-like hats pulled down about their ears, enveloping wraps of gorgeous fur and pale gold stockings and sandal shoes,

proving that on the average they also dress alike. No, I am afraid I cannot agree with you; I believe that women on the whole still have the characteristics of sheep."

"Foolish arguments!" scorned Theo, "but do tell me more about the gold stockings—are they really new and smart?"

Theo is always intrigued by the fashions and in this manner may be led away from any tiresome argument.

"Personally I think they are out of place with a street costume, and as for the sandals, I do not believe any one with good taste would wear them out of the drawing-room or off the stage. But one sees hundreds of feet so shod, in all sorts of queer short-vamped and be-strapped combinations, tripping down the avenue at all times of the day and night."

"Tell me more about the fashions" requested Theo, warming to the subject.

"Well, let me see. To begin at the top, hats are either all black or very gay in coloring. Henna, tomato, tan, silver cloth, robins egg blue or grey—grey is especially popular at the moment. Many are satin, a few duvetyn, some felt and a very few velvet. For trimmings some are shaded with many-colored stones, others are swathed in uncurled ostrich feathers and many are trimmed with fur. As for wraps, they are very luxurious and even on the streets you pass countless coats of mole, or mink or seal or squirrel. Mostly they are sleeveless with deep cape collars and narrowing about the ankles. Cloth wraps have collar and cuffs of fox or possum or grey squirrel and quite the smartest are trimmed with grey lamb, which is continuing a wide vogue this season."

"And what about frocks?" inquired Theo interestedly.

"Mostly of silk crepes for the day time, (cloth dresses are passe) lace and chiffon or lace and crepe for dinner wear, and brocaded or plain velvet or wonderfully colored sequin

creations with softening side sashes of tulle for evening. As for their hem line, it may be as irregular as the New York sky line, and still be smart—straight hems are out of style. Even in the day dresses a jog is given the even hem by dropping flowing panels below it. It is really quite effective and more graceful than you might imagine. As for the straight silhouette, I think its day is nearly over. The costumers have been experimenting with the tight bodice and full skirt with some success, and I saw several lovely cream velvet evening frocks of this order only the other day. There is a strong tendency too, to widen the hips and much whalebone is being used as a side foundation over which to drape soft chiffon or pliable taffeta."

"You make me hunger for a shopping tour" sighed Theo.

"Spend your money at home" advised Marietta, "its more patriotic and you save ten per cent. Besides we have all the best fashions here, even if New York does set them. But I had forgotten;—your vast admiration for the individualistic woman will

naturally prevent your desiring to follow any recognized style, wouldn't it?"

"Nasty wretch," said Theo, smiling good naturedly, "one may admire in theory, mayn't one? At any rate I am going to have a cream velvet gown even if they are being worn in New York, so don't you give me away."

"And don't you talk to me about women not being sheep," laughed Marietta.

THE LETTER BOX

H. A. S. My dear, I am afraid I am not a bearer of good tidings when I say to you that electrolysis is the only permanent method. Unfortunately all other devices are but temporary, and leave the roots of the hair in the skin, to produce an ever-increasing growth. But why not electrolysis? There are now specialists in this treatment in most Canadian cities, and think of the comfort of finding a permanent cure! I must warn you however, not to be discouraged if some hairs return even after this method is used; the best operators declare that a percentage will always come back and that one must go through a second treatment to wipe them out completely. Cheer up, my friend; as long as there is a cure you must not be discouraged.

OLIVE:—You nice child, to come away to the back of the book here to say "how do" to us before you turn to the other pages. Now let me see what we can do to stay those falling fair locks. If you are not discouraged by the failure of so many tonics, suppose you try one composed of:—

Salicylic Acid 1 dr.

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Remove the film---see how they glisten then

There is now a new way to beautify the teeth. This offers you a pleasant ten-day test. It is based on modern research, endorsed by modern authorities. Leading dentists now advise it almost the world over.

Without it, teeth are almost always coated more or less by film, and that coat is dingy. With it, millions of teeth are given beauty which is priceless to a woman.

Film clouds the teeth

Film when fresh is a viscous coat. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Later it becomes dingy, sometimes greatly stained. Film is the basis of tartar.

Film is what discolors, not the teeth. Thin coats of film may cloud the whitest surface. Then that dim coat seems to be the natural tooth color.

Film is the great tooth enemy. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Very few escape them. Despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

A difficult problem

Film has been a difficult problem. The tooth brush used in old ways does not end it. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it.

So dental science has for years sought ways to fight that film. Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have subjected them to many careful tests. Now it is evident that these new methods mean a new dental era.

A new-day tooth paste has been created, based on modern research. And these two methods are embodied in it. The name of the tooth paste is Pepsodent. It enables everyone to daily combat film-coats wherever they appear.

Other new effects

Modern science has also learned how to combat starch deposits. They gum the teeth, get between the teeth, and often ferment and form acids.

It has learned how to neutralize mouth acids—the cause of tooth decay.

These new discoveries are embodied in Pepsodent.

sodent. Thus every use brings these desired effects. It multiplies the salivary flow. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits before they cause attacks.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids as they form.

Pepsodent gives these natural agents multiplied effect. It does this twice a day. Starch and acids are thus constantly combated.

Now in world wide use

Authorities the world over now advocate these methods. Dentists everywhere advise them. As a result, careful people of some 40 races are now using Pepsodent.

To millions it is bringing whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. You see the results in glistening teeth wherever you look today. To countless children it brings new protection which will have life-long effects.

That is the product we urge you to try. Make this ten-day test. Then decide your future course by what you see and feel.

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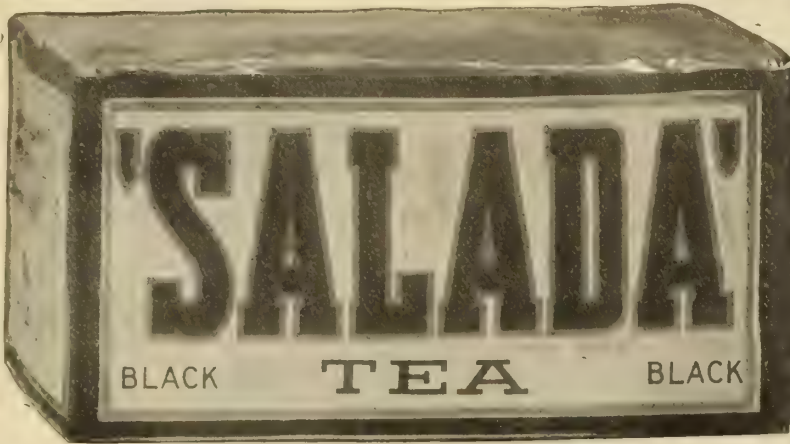
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A PERSON of Irish descent announced the other day: "I've resolved to make no more resolutions."

"But you are making one now," said a friend gayly.

"Then I'll make that the final resolution," said the Daughter of Erin. "I had an old nurse—Irish too—who told us that so long as we kept our resolutions to ourselves we were safe. As soon as they were spoken or written, the Evil One knew and at once set about tempting us to break them. Satan, according to Bridget, could hear our words and observe our deeds, but was not aware of our thoughts. So, it seems as if it were wise not to say too much about what we are going to do—just make a mental mark of it."

"Have you ever noticed," asked a serious-eyed matron, "that successful men do not talk about what they are going to do? And they don't say much about their work after."

"In other words," said a young girl gayly, "silence and success go together. I think, however, that I'd rather be a talkative failure."

"I don't think there's any rule about success and failure," said the Irish person in favor of "no resolutions." Then she added reflectively. "But it is so hard to know when you are really successful. Sometimes, when you get what you've longed for or do what you've tried for years to accomplish, you realize that you are not so very fortunate, after all."

"Perhaps Mrs. Browning has the answer," said the matron, who has good old-fashioned taste in poetry and abominates the free verse of Edgar Lee Masters. "She wrote, I remember, at the end of a poem: 'What's the best thing in the world?—Something out of it, I think.'"

CANADIANS are apt to be resentful of the Englishman who comes out to this country and expects to find wolves in Montreal and bears in the suburbs of Toronto. We forget that much of the fiction written by Canadians or about Canada has, for a background, the great wild places which are naturally of interest to the stranger or the newcomer. After all, this is a new country and it is not a far cry from the city to the

wilderness. We must admit that some of the mistakes show that it is difficult for the newcomer to grasp the facts of our "magnificent distances." Not long ago an Englishman met a man from Hamilton in Montreal and asked him, on learning that Hamilton is several hundred miles west of Canada's largest city: "Do you often go out for a walk on the prairies?" The reply of the Hamiltonian is not recorded.

Then there was that unfortunate mistake made by Mrs. Humphry Ward in a chapter based on a trip through the Dominion:—when she sent a charming girl to a farm near Hamilton where the orchard stretched down to the shores of Lake Superior. However, we are not sure that Canadians are on firm ground when it comes to the facts regarding other lands, and it is altogether becoming to us to remember that a new country of nine provinces is quite a task to study.

IT is good to hear that the carnival is to be more popular than ever this winter. Skating is one of the finest pastimes in the world. Perhaps I should call it an art, for, when you see it at its best, it is the most exhilarating sport that can be seen. A hockey match is a spectacle to make even the Governor-General hold his breath:—and Ottawa can show the finest games of hockey on the continent. If you would see skating at its best, however, you must watch the waltzing and gliding of the girls who win the prizes at our skating contests. Feats of dexterity and swiftness which seem more like flying than skating, wherein the skater becomes a swallow or a lark or a dainty Ariel who "drinks the air" make us realize what the skater can do at her best. Is it not a pity that most of us give up skating as the years go by and leave it to the younger folk? France is wiser in its day and generation and is encouraging skating by citizens of all ages, whereas, in the realm of dancing, it is no new thing in France to see the great-grandfather "frisk beneath the burden of fourscore." Skating is good for us all:—and, if you are afraid of Father Time's advances, get your skates on and defy him.

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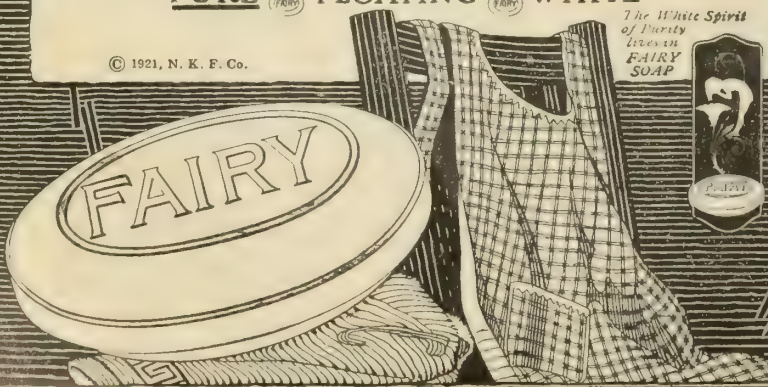
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AN INTERESTING GROUP

This shows the I.O.D.E. Armistice Day ceremonies at the Vancouver Court House. The Mayor, Mr. R. H. Gale, Bishop De Pencier, Colonel George Fallis, Rev. Dr. D. E. McLaren, and the members of the Executive of the Municipal Chapter I.O.D.E. are photographed.

How We Solved the Clothes Problem In Our Family

By Irene Stevenson

EVER since I can remember I have longed to have distinctive, becoming clothes. Every girl does, I think. But most girls find it difficult to look their best in these days of high prices. Yet a year ago I found the way, not only to have pretty, attractive dresses and other things for myself, but also a way to solve the clothes problem in our family.

What is more, I have found the way to make more money than I ever expected to earn. Altogether my discovery has meant so much to our happiness and success that I am sure other women and girls will be interested in hearing about it.

Soon after leaving school, I started to work as a clerk in an office downtown. There were four of us, Ted, my ten-year-old brother; "Sister," just six; mother and myself. We had practically nothing but my meagre wage, and this, with the small income father had left us, provided funds enough to just about pay for our rent and food. There was never any money left for clothes. We wore our old ones as long as they would stand it and then called upon the village dressmaker to make us just the simplest kind of clothes, so her bill would be as small as possible.

Well, one night after the children were in bed, mother and I had a serious discussion of our finances. We decided that I could help by learning to make my own clothes. Neither of us knew anything to speak of about sewing. I remember my first attempt was on a little summer dress for myself. Just the other night, I was looking at a picture of myself in that dress. Well—the clothes I make now are different.

At the time, though, I felt pleased and mother and I were convinced that we could save quite a little if I became the family dressmaker. So I tried—evenings after I had finished my day's work. But soon my troubles began! I became so discouraged by my mistakes and the ludicrous garments I made that I told mother I would surely have to take at least a few lessons. But when we canvassed the possibilities for getting the necessary help and instruction, the outlook was gloomy indeed.

I couldn't possibly give up my position and leave home to learn how to make our clothes—we could scarcely get along as it was. We simply had to have the little money I was bringing home each week. And there seemed to be no other way.

Then just when I was most discouraged, something happened—it seems to me that it was the only thing that could have happened to change the situation and make possible more happiness and success and independence than I had dared even to dream for.

Like most girls interested in dress, I read several fashion magazines. And in one of them, I found the solution of my problem. The picture first caught my attention. And the story was about a girl just like myself who had been unable to take her rightful place because her clothes were not like those of other girls she knew. But she had quickly learned right in her own home, during spare time, through an institute of domestic arts and sciences, how to make for herself just the kind of stylish,

becoming dresses and hats she had always wanted.

It was so true to life, so much like my own case, that I read every word, and mother agreed with me that it was surely worth finding out about, at least.

So I wrote the Woman's Institute and asked how I could learn to make our clothes.

The information I received was a revelation to me. The Institute offered just the opportunity I needed, so I joined at once and took up dressmaking.

I could scarcely wait until my first lesson came, and when I found it on the table at home a few nights later, I carried it upstairs and read it as eagerly as if it had been a love-letter.

Nothing could be more practical and interesting and complete than this wonderful course. There are more than 2,000 illustrations, making every step perfectly plain, and the language is so simple and direct that a child could understand every word of it.

Almost at once I began making actual garments—that's another delightful thing about the course. Why, I made a beautiful waist for mother after my third lesson! And in just a little while I was making all our clothes with no difficulty whatever.

Of course, as a member I had an opportunity to learn a great deal about the Institute and its work. It's perfectly wonderful what this great school is doing for women and girls all over the world! You see, it makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the work as you wish, and just whenever it is convenient. This has made it possible for women of all ages and in all circumstances to take the Institute's courses.

Among the members are housewives, mothers, business women, school teachers, girls at home and in school, and girls in stores, shops and offices—all learning dressmaking or millinery right in their own homes just as successfully as if they were together in a classroom.

I soon learned to copy models I saw in the shop windows, on the street, and in fashion magazines. Every step was so clearly explained that the things I had always thought only a professional dressmaker could do were perfectly easy for me!

For through the Woman's Institute I had learned how to make all stitches and seams; design patterns; use tissue-paper patterns; judge, select, buy and use materials; make simple, practical waists, skirts and dresses, perfect-fitting underwear and lingerie, dainty infants', children's and misses' clothing, afternoon coats, suits and dresses, evening gowns and wraps, tailored coats, skirts and complete suits; renovate, dye and make over garments; how to embroider, etc.

But the biggest thing my Woman's Institute training taught me was the secret of distinctive dress—what colors and fabrics are most appropriate for different types of women, how to develop style and add those little touches that make clothes distinctively becoming.



Well, when I found I was getting along so splendidly, I decided to do more than make just my own clothes. I saw that I could turn my study to further profit.

It wasn't long before my dresses attracted the attention of the best-dressed people. I called on several women who for years had gone to expensive city shops for their clothes. They welcomed my suggestion that I could create the kind of clothes they wanted and save them money besides.

The very first afternoon one woman gave me an order. I worked like mad on that dress! When it was finished she was so delighted she gave me two more orders—one for a tailored suit. From that time on, it was easy.

In less than six months from the night I first read about the Woman's Institute, I had given up my position at the office and had more dressmaking than I could possibly do alone. Mother, who had been deeply interested from the start, learned a great deal and helped me. But I had to get first one, then two, women to do the plain sewing. Now I am planning to move my shop from home to a business block in town.

Of course, our own clothes problems are a thing of the past. The dresses mother and I wear are always admired, the children have an abundance of attractive clothes and there is no more worrying about money. My income is large enough to make us very comfortable indeed.

To any woman who wants to make her own clothes or take up dressmaking as a profession, my advice is: Write the Woman's Institute and ask about its work. More than 125,000 delighted members have proved that you can easily and quickly learn at home, in

spare time, to make all your own and your children's clothes and hats, or prepare for success in dressmaking or millinery as a profession.

Remember that every claim made by the Woman's Institute is borne out by its six years of experience in successfully teaching dressmaking, millinery and cookery in the home. The Institute is now the largest woman's school in the world. Its growth has been made possible only because it has rendered a service worth many times its small cost to every student. Many women's colleges grant credits for work done with the Institute, showing their high regard for the quality of its instruction.

The Institute is ready to help you, no matter where you live or what your circumstances or your needs. And it costs you absolutely nothing to find out what it can do for you. Just send a letter, post card or the convenient coupon below to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 31-A, Scranton, Pa., and you will receive, without obligation, the full story of this great school that is bringing to women and girls all over the world, the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes and hats, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business.

— — — — — TEAR OUT HERE — — — — —

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE

Dept. 31-A, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, send me one of your booklets, and tell me how I can learn the subject marked below:

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Street.....
Address.....

City.....Province.....



From a Kodak Negative.

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"When was it made?" That's the inevitable question that a picture of a child provokes. You know the answer now, perhaps, but later—

Through the Autographic feature, an integral part of the Kodak, each negative may be dated and titled at the time of exposure.

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FOR RAPIDLY REDUCING SUPERFLUOUS FLESH

Clarks' Salts used every second day in the bath are a splendid tonic for the skin, making it soft and velvety to the touch and wonderfully healthy in appearance. 60c for sample box (for one bath), 12 for \$6.00.

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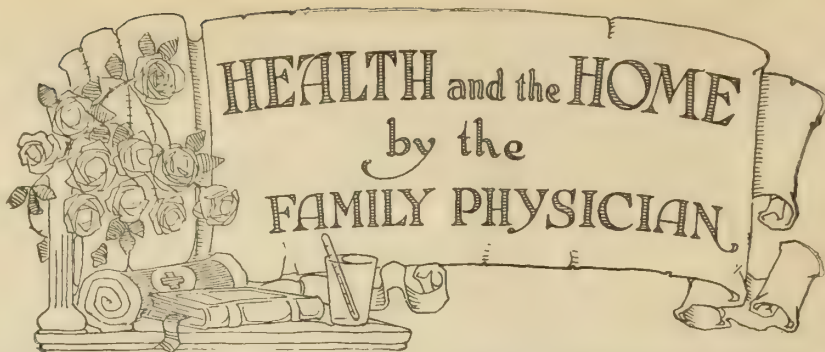
Dept. C.

Montreal

I really think I ought to try CLARKS' Reducing Salts, of which I have heard so much praise.

The Family Physician

Come to the consulting room and read what the Family Physician has to say about Health and the Home. The best of advice from one of Canada's most eminent women physicians is at our readers' service.



Questions about Health, Sanitary Subjects and the prevention of disease will be answered in this column from time to time, subject to reasonable limitations. If requested, replies will be sent direct to the correspondent if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed, but no diagnosis or prescription can be given. This coupon should be enclosed with inquiry.

A BALANCED RATION

ONE of our esteemed readers writes to say that she is keeping all the Rules of Health to the best of her ability. Daily Exercise, proper Breathing and tonic baths, she attends to carefully but she says she is at a loss as to "A Balanced Ration"—and that she would "very much appreciate any assistance" the Family Physician can give her.

Madam, you shall have it.

You ask—"How many calories shall I eat every day?"

"What is considered A Good Balanced Meal?"

"Is there any book you can recommend which will give me reliable information?"

Well Madam, now to answer your questions—and I am sorry you have had to wait for your turn so long.

Once a Month

YOU see when I have only one talk with you in the month, and when so many of our readers do us the honour and pleasure of writing to consult us, it sometimes means delay in answering. This reader weighs one-hundred-and-twenty-three pounds and stands five feet eight inches. Of course that is rather underweight. A physician examining her for Life Insurance would make a much more careful examination than if she weighed one-hundred-and-forty-three pounds. But that does not mean at all that he would reject her. Her family may be inclined towards the minimum weight instead of towards the maximum weight and, as a rule, that is all the better for the family.

A spare habit, provided always that health and vigour are satisfactory, is no disadvantage.

The Best Book

About the book. I have nine of them in a row before me—and they are only the little ones. Thompson and my other big authorities look down on me from the shelves. Perhaps the one you would like best would be this one:—

"The Cost of Food. A Study in Diets," by Ellen H. Richards, late of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. A great woman was Mrs. Richards. Be sure you ask for the third edition, revised under the direction of Prof. J. F. Norton.

The book is published by Chapman and Hall, London, England, and by John Wiley and Sons, New York City, and may of course be obtained from your own bookseller.

Now about the balanced ration or the balanced meal, which is very much the same thing.

Five Food Groups

As Mrs. Richards points out, following Atwater and Hunt, there are five main groups of ordinary foods, as follows:—

Group I—Foods depended on for mineral matters, vegetable acids, and body-regulating substances.

Fruits: Apples, pears, etc. Bananas, Berries, Melons, Oranges, Lemons, etc.

Vegetables; Salads—lettuce, celery, etc. Potherbs, or "greens", Potatoes and root vegetables, Green peas, beans, etc. Tomatoes, squash, etc.

Group II—Foods depended on for protein.

Milk, skim milk, cheese, etc. Eggs, Meat, Poultry.

Fish, Dried peas, beans, etc. Nuts.

Group III—Foods depended on for starch.

Cereal, grains, meals, flours, etc. Cereal breakfast foods, Bread, Crackers, Macaroni and other pastes.

Cakes, cookies, starchy pudding etc. Potatoes and other starchy vegetables.

Group IV—Foods depended on for sugar.

Sugar, Molasses, Syrups, Honey.

Candies, Fruits preserved in sugar, Jellies and dried fruits, Sweet cakes and desserts.

Group V—Foods depended on for fat.

Butter and cream, Lard, suet, and other cooking fats.

Salt pork and bacon, Table and salad oils.

One or more out of each of these five groups should be on the table at each meal and then the safest rule in diet is to eat some of everything that is set before us.

But you, Madam, as you are rather underweight, should eat most of Group five; then Group four; then Group three; and then Group one.

Take meat once a day. That is often enough for anybody.

Eat Slowly

Another thing you should try to do, Madam, is to MASTICATE SLOWLY.

Thin spare people often bolt their food and it is rather more likely than not that you do. No, I know you do not think so, but my honest opinion is that you do! Try and see. Time yourself. You should take about half an hour to eat your breakfast and your lunch, or supper, and about forty minutes to eat your dinner.

Those who wish to reduce weight should eat less. They should consume at each meal a smaller quantity of food, and should especially reduce the quantity they eat of groups three, four and five.

The Balanced Meal

The balanced meal, then, is one that has all five groups represented in it, or at least, all five groups should be well represented in the three meals of each day taken as a whole.

The "Calorie"

The Calorie is a convenient way of measuring food—or rather of expressing the amount of nourishment in food. But what does it mean? A calorie is a measure of the energy, or strength, or heat, that we get out of a certain portion of food. The usual definition is this:—"A Calorie is the amount of heat required to raise one kilogram of water one degree centigrade in temperature."

(Continued on Page 48)

How My Wife and I Turn Spare Hours at Home Into Dollars

The remarkable way in which Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Monaghan solved their extra money problem. Every wife, self-supporting girl, and father of a family can now use spare time to make money at home—in the same way they did.

By P. J. MONAGHAN

THE years 1916 and '17 were lean years for the working man in our part of the country, especially if he happened to be the sole support of a large family.

I kept hoping for some way to increase my income, and finally I had an idea. At this time the Red Cross and the St. John's Ambulance Society were appealing for aid in knitting socks for our Canadian Forces Overseas.

I had seen a hand-knitting machine advertised, and I thought that if I could get one I could help the Red Cross by knitting socks, and at the same time use the machine to increase my small salary and keep the wolf from the door.

With this idea in mind, I found the address of the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company in our local paper and finally sent for an Auto Knitter.

When the machine arrived my wife and I turned to the instruction book, and therein found the answer to all our questions. I was soon able to make splendid socks. I became more and more delighted with myself and the machine.

How I Started Making Money

I now volunteered to knit socks for the soldiers. The St. John's Ambulance Society furnished me with yarn. I knit several pairs of plain socks and was complimented on my work. I felt very gratified, for I was requested to knit more and was to receive 20 cents a pair for the work.

I began to make and sell socks to private customers as well as knitting for the Ambulance Society. In a comparatively short time I had my machine paid for. I was now making \$15.00 a week in my spare time. My wife was able to buy clothing and shoes for herself and the children.

This story would be incomplete and convey a very wrong idea if I did not make it plain that I could not have accomplished all I have without the valuable help of my better half, Mrs. Monaghan.

\$125 Earned in Spare Time

In about eighteen months from the time I started knitting I had a surplus bank account of \$125.00.

Our house at this time consisted of a two-roomed shack on a rented lot. I decided now to buy a lot on which to move my shack. I selected a beautiful locality and arranged easy terms of payment, the price being \$475.00—\$100 cash and the balance \$10.00 a month. I kept on using the Auto Knitter steadily in my spare time to add to my income, and in less than a year my property was paid for.

When the overseas demand for socks declined, I noticed that the quality of wool socks sold in the local stores was very inferior. I saw that there would be a good demand for a better article, and I knew I could supply it with my Auto Knitter.

So I bought some of the best wool in the city, manufactured it into socks and exhibited my goods to James Ramsey, Ltd. (one of the largest departmental stores in our city).

They gave me a trial order for three dozen pairs. Within a few hours after delivery I had a telephone call from the hosiery department of Ramsey's store, asking me to bring them fifty dozen pairs more! It wasn't possible for me to do this, but the James Ramsey Company took all I could supply them up to the year 1919.

Turned Poverty Into Independence

1920 was my banner year. I now of



This is the Monaghans' New Home, Which the Auto Knitter Helped to Make Possible



P. J. Monaghan, Alberta.

course had a little capital. Also I knew the demand for a good article. I purchased the best yarn obtainable, getting a substantial discount on a quantity purchase. I worked all summer, knitting this on the Auto Knitter in my spare time, but sold none until October, 1920.

Then I advertised my goods, also stating that I would make socks to order. Many people brought their own wool. I had to work hard to fill all the orders, even with the supply I had on hand. People from all over the city, including the Mayor and the Attorney General of the Province, came to purchase my socks. My advertising brought in orders from Calgary, Red Deer, Wetaskinwin, and Fort Saskatchewan.

I made, one evening after work that winter, \$7.50 on the Auto Knitter, but you may infer that I did not retire very early.

After all the thousands of pairs of socks we have made, our Auto Knitter is as good as the day we received it, and it has never cost one cent for repairs.

Made New Home Possible

Last February we purchased a beautiful nine room house, as shown in the photograph, and had it moved to our lot. In our new house we arranged a work room where we can use the Auto Knitter. This house and lot, which is a real home, is now worth about five thousand dollars. What part the Auto Knitter has played in this splendid evolution it is difficult to figure precisely, as separate accounts were not kept.

This much I can vouch for, however. During the months of October, November and December, 1920, my bank account increased \$700.00, and many

days my wife took in \$45.00 for socks sold. Of course this was covering the previous summer's work.

The Auto Knitter was kept going every spare moment I had. I verily believe that if we had not had it, we would have had to appeal to the Sunshine Society or other charitable organizations for help when times were the hardest with us. I am also sure that, but for the Auto Knitter, we should be tenants of a two-roomed shack on a rented lot.

I wish that I might be able to place an Auto Knitter in every home, especially where there is a large family. I believe that the gap between poverty and independence would be bridged in every case where there is industry and good management.

The man or woman who is ambitious, and wishes to improve his or her circumstances, can in no way employ their spare time better than in knitting socks on an Auto Knitter, either under the Company's Work Contract or for their own local trade. It will bring comfort and even luxury to the home and be the means of bringing joy and happiness to the family.

P. J. Monaghan, Alberta.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Monaghan have been very enterprising and energetic in using their machine to advance themselves and improve their circumstances. Mr. Monaghan was fortunate in being able to find a good local market for all the socks he could turn out, so he preferred not to take advantage of the Work Contract we sign with every purchaser of an Auto Knitter.

A Market for Every Salable Sock Guaranteed

This contract obligates us to accept and pay for every pair of socks sent us by an Auto Knitter owner—when made according to our standard directions. Hundreds and hundreds of Auto Knitter workers take advantage of this guaranteed market, and send us their entire output without trying to sell socks to local customers—although they are in no way bound to do so.

They simply send us the socks they knit and we send them back checks in payment for their work, at a guaranteed, fixed rate per pair. We also replace each time the amount of yarn used in the socks received.

The Auto Knitter comes to you with a sock already started in it, a supply of yarn, and a complete instruction book that makes everything plain.

Write Today for Our Offer

If you can use extra money—and most women can in these times—you will want to know all about the machine that has meant so much to Mrs. Monaghan's home and thousands of others all over Canada, England, and the United States. Send right away for the company's free literature and read the experience of some of the thousands of other Auto Knitter workers. Find out what substantial amounts even a small number of your spare hours will earn for you. Remember that experience is unnecessary, that you do not need to know how to knit.

Send your name and address now and find out all the good things that are possible for you. The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd., Dept. 431 Davenport Road, West Toronto, Canada.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd.
Dept. 431, 1870 Davenport Road, West Toronto, Canada.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 3 cents postage to cover cost of mailing literature, etc. It is understood this does not obligate me in any way.

Name

Address

City Prov.

Can. Home Journal 1-22

The Welcoming Hall

(Continued from Page 5)

additional privacy and greater economy, as well as improved architectural character.

THERE are several incidentals to comfortable and convenient living which should not be overlooked in the planning of a hall. The first in

to avoid any inharmonious relationship between the hall and the rooms that adjoin.

Nevertheless, the neutrality of effect need not be provocative of either coldness or monotony; for there is a wealth of variety in the so-called neutral tints. Tan, fawn, ecru, camel,

faintly-outlined block patterns. Nevertheless, for the amateur decorator, the choice most likely to insure satisfactory results is the unpatterned wall finish, whether plaster, paint, paper or fabric be decided upon.

To maintain architectural consistency, the use is almost imperative, in certain types of hall, of dark-stained woodwork, occasionally even carried ceiling-high in paneling; but, for other than a large or an exceptionally well-lighted hall, light-painted woodwork is infinitely better—Ivory white, cream, putty or French gray being especially suitable. This lighter finish fits in admirably with the present vogue for harmonizing walls and woodwork and tends to increase the apparent size of any room wherein it is employed. In one hall, a complete metamorphosis was recently wrought without the slightest structural alteration. The walls were stripped of their dark green and gold-flowered paper and hung with a straw-colored Japanese grasscloth: the nondescript brown woodwork scraped and painted to exactly match the walls. Presto! The cramped darkness had yielded its sceptre to expansive cheerfulness!

Although wood, tile, stone, slate, brick and cement are all available materials for the hall floor, the first-named is the only one suitable for a hall that is to be used as a living-room or a reception-room. For the floor of a hall which is only intended for an entrance or a passage red quarry tile is, however, preferable to wood, as it is not only easier to keep clean, but far less likely to show marks of wear at an early stage. Of course, tile is relatively expensive at the outset—but, whether in building or decoration, it is only fair to judge costs by their eventual rather than their initial phase.

Quite irrespective of the floor constructive material, the floor-covering

in the hall should be in the form of rugs or long runners, rather than all-over carpets—in any event, on the score of cleanliness. Especially if in all other details the hall be neutral, there is in the selection of the rugs an opportunity to strike a telling decorative note by introducing into the hall the colors that predominate in the adjoining rooms. Thus, if mulberry be the dominating hue in the living-room, blue in the dining-room and taupe in the library, the three colors may be combined in the hall rugs to effect a pleasantly harmonious ensemble.

FOR a hall that is pronouncedly Colonial in its architectural treatment, the rag rugs, either hooked, woven or braided, which now enjoy a widespread popularity, are ideal: particularly for summer use. They are light in weight, easy to clean and of infinite variety in coloring and combination. For richness of effect, Oriental rugs, of course, remain supreme; although many of our domestic rugs, notably those in which motifs of the Far East govern the designs, warrant commendation, on account of their beauty of coloring and excellence of weave. The attractive blues and yellows of the Chinese rugs are also interesting for hall use, provided the same colors are to be employed in any adjoining rooms.

Restraint and welcome! Our stage is now set for the play of these qualities, save for the choosing and arranging of the necessary furniture. Just here it is well to stress that word *necessary*. Many halls lack restraint, lack dignity, even their power to welcome, simply by reason of the unnecessary furniture and fittings which they harbor. If homemakers could but realize how very little furniture is actually required

(Continued on Page 40)



A PICTURESQUE LIVING-HALL

Unadorned, the oyster-white plastered walls of this attractive living-hall rise to the second-floor ceiling-height, except at one end, where the wall is paneled in wood to a shallow landing. The woodwork is stained to a warm brown that harmonizes with the oak and walnut furniture chosen for the room. The chair-coverings range in coloring from claret to fuchsia and dull gilt galoon adds still further richness. Especially decorative is the tall candelabra of wrought iron with its seven golden candles.

importance of these adjuncts is a coat-closet to serve as a proper repository for outdoor garments. Preferably, the coat-closet should be located near the main entrance and either communicating with or adjacent to a lavatory. A small telephone-room—if possible against an outside wall, that light and air may be freely admitted, and equipped with a counter for the telephone, a low stool and a self-closing door—is another feature too valuable to be omitted.

By what mediums can we now proceed to rear, upon the foundation laid by the architectural development of the hall, a superstructure which shall be thoroughly indicative as much of restraint as of welcome? First, perhaps, among the conciliatory mediums, we should place color, although very closely behind should be ranked furniture and its placement. In the judicious employment of these lies the great secret of successful hall treatment.

So long as restraint remains an essential quality, it is obvious that in the general coloring of a hall there can be no hilarious hues, no futuristic flights, permitted to dominate, although neither need be excluded, in so far as the minor accessories are concerned. The preferable basic coloring is, instead, neutral in effect—not alone to denote restraint, but

café-au-lait, putty, yellowish gray—each of these is warm-toned, yet sufficiently neutral to suitably clothe the hall-walls and to form an agreeable background for any more glowing colors to be introduced in furniture or fitment.

Golden yellow—"bottled sunshine," as it has been aptly described—really deserves a separate paragraph for, although it is the antithesis of neutral, golden yellow not only lends itself well to combination with almost all colors, but marvelously brightens any room whose wall it covers. As halls are, as a rule, anything but brilliantly lighted, golden yellow holds a unique and very special place in the realm of hall decoration.

In itself, an absence of pattern implies restraint. For that reason, a patternless wall is excellent in any hall. Occasionally, however—especially in the hall that must serve both as reception-room and passage—an air of real distinction and interest can be imparted by the use of a patterned wall-covering. A continuous pictorial subject, after the manner of the quaint scenic wallpapers loved by our forefathers, is always decorative, whether developed in naturalistic or neutral colorings. Almost equally effective are the soft-toned, blurred foliage designs, so reminiscent of ancient tapestries, and some of the



A HALL OF SIMPLE CHARM

The blurred foliage paper used in this simple little hall shows a pleasant blending of warm-toned grays and taupe, that is thoroughly in accord with the woodwork finish of French gray and mahogany. In the rugs, which are of domestic weave, the pattern is developed in taupe, gray and terra cotta on a dark blue background; and the mahogany furniture is upholstered in a fabric that carries the same distinctive combination.

Ford



Coupe

PRICE \$890
F. O. B. FORD, ONTARIO
EQUIPPED WITH STARTER
AND ELECTRIC LIGHTING

Graceful Gowns for Afternoon Wear

9787—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch printed Georgette crepe—¾ yard 40-inch plain Georgette—¾ yard 36-inch satin for binding and girdle—1 yard picot trimming. Flowing sleeves and the

Florentine neck-line are smart new features of this good-looking afternoon frock, the blouse of which is slashed at left side-front and is held together at the neck-line with link buttons. The skirt, too, may be slashed at the left side-front in which case a separate underskirt should be worn.

9808—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch Poiré twill—¼ yard 18-inch vesting—1½ yard pendent trimming. The uneven hemline so much in vogue is achieved in this frock by panels that drop below the skirt and are trimmed with ball fringe.

Dress 9787, 35c.
Dress 9808, 35c.
Blouse 9784, 35c.
Skirt 9793, 35c.
Beading 12574, blue or yellow, 75c.
Dress 9792, 35c.



Dress 9787



Dress 9808



Blouse 9784
Skirt 9793
Beading 12574



Dress 9792

Blouse 9719
Skirt 9788
Embroidery 12607

9784—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 9793—Ladies' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5 yards 40-inch Canton crepe—¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crepe for sleeves. Embroidery in design 12574 is applied to the wide bracelet sleeves. It takes the form of floral motifs and straight lines, to be worked out in running stitch and French knots or in small beads and bugles. The blouse itself closes at center-front and the overblouse closes on the left shoulder. In this attractive gown a wide panel is applied across the back of the one-piece gathered skirt and the side edges of the panel fall in jabot-like drapery descending in points below the skirt to give the fashionable uneven hem-line. The drapery may be faced with contrasting material or picoté.

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City. Prices 20c to 35c.

9792—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch pique-tine—¼ yard 36-inch white silk crepe for collar and cuffs. Like many of the new street frocks, this is simple and straight of line and slips on over the head. It is slashed at the center-front from the neck to the bust-line and the waist-line is held in loosely with a tie belt. From the shoulder to the slashed pockets straight rows of stitching may be applied to the dress worked in chenille, or heavy silk floss. The dress is gathered at the neck, front and back, and is finished with one of the new bateau collars. Elastic may be inserted through a casing at the waist-line.



The Winter Girl Finds These Gowns Delightful and Practical



Dress 9808
Embroidery 12509

Dress 9771

Cape Dress
9806

Dress 9743

Dress 9791

Dress 9783

Dress 9786
Braiding 12319

9806—Misses' Cape Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—¾ yard 54-inch check cheyot for collars and pocket trimming.

9808—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch Canton crepe—¾ yard 40-inch contrasting Canton crepe for vestee and cuffs—1 yard pointed trimming. Embroidery in design 12509 outlines the neck, the slash on blouse, and pockets. It may be worked out in raised satin stitch in silk floss, or beads may be substituted.

9771—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch Canton crepe—¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crepe for sleeve sections. This dress like many other models of the season slips on over the head, and it is slashed diagonally each side in front. Side panels that drop below the skirt at the sides give the fashionable uneven hem-line and these are gathered at the top and attached to the narrow string belt. This may be of the dress material or it may be of the new ciré ribbon.

9743—Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch Poirer twill—¼ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs.

9791—Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—¼ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs. The dress slips on over the head, and is slashed at the center-front where the closing is arranged. It is gathered at the neck, front and back, giving a soft fullness that is very becoming to girlish figures. Elastic is run through a casing adjusted on the underside of the dress at the waist-line, and this draws the dress into the figure and permits of its blousing over the girdle. The collar is a new variation of the bateau collar, and is distinctly smart.

9783—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch Canton crepe—1¼ yard 40-inch jacquard crepe—4¾ yards braid.

9786—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch satin crepe—2¾ yards satin ribbon. Braiding in design 12319 trims this dress effectively. It may be worked out in soutache braid. The dress is slashed at the side showing the contrasting underskirt.

Cape Dress 9806, 35c.

Dress 9771, 35c.

Dress 9808, 35c.

Embroidery 12509, blue or yellow, 20c.

Dress 9743, 35c.

Dress 9791, 35c.

Dress 9783, 35c.

Dress 9786, 35c.

Braiding 12319, blue or yellow, 25c.

Frocks for the Younger Set for Tea and Party

9809—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch taffeta—6 yards 10-inch lace flouncing— $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards lace banding for trimming—bands— $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

9814—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch crepe satin — $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 40-inch figured Georgette crepe — $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

9816—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch Canton crepe— $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 40-inch contrasting Canton crepe for collar, cuffs, vestee, and inserts in sleeves— $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

9781—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch Moroccan crepe — 5 yards ribbon. The dress is beaded in design 12599 to be carried out in opalescent, steel, or jet beads. This design would also be effective embroidered in French knots, darning, outline, or chain stitch in silk floss. Or braiding may be used.

9778—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 16 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch crepe de Chine — $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

9775—Misses' Evening Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch velvet— $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. An allover beading design, 12612, is applied to blouse and also to the points on the skirt. The beading may be in jet, steel, or iridescent beads or if preferred braiding may be used carried out in soutache braid in self-color or silver.

9802—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch satin crepe. The dress is a one-piece slip-on model in the modish drop-shoulder style, and with the fastenings arranged on the shoulders. The uneven hem-line so much in vogue is gained by narrow panels at the sides which fall in graceful jabot-like drapery ending in points below the hem of the skirt. The model is adapted to any of the soft silks and crepes of the season.

Dress 9809, 35c.

Dress 9814, 35c.

Dress 9816, 35c.

Dress 9781, 35c.

Beading 12599, blue or yellow, 40c.

Dress 9778, 35c.

Dress 9775, 35c.

Beading 12612, blue or yellow, 75c.

Dress 9802, 35c.

Dress 9809

Dress 9814

Dress 9816

Dress
9781
Beading
12599

Dress 9778

Dress 9775
Beading 12612

Dress 9802

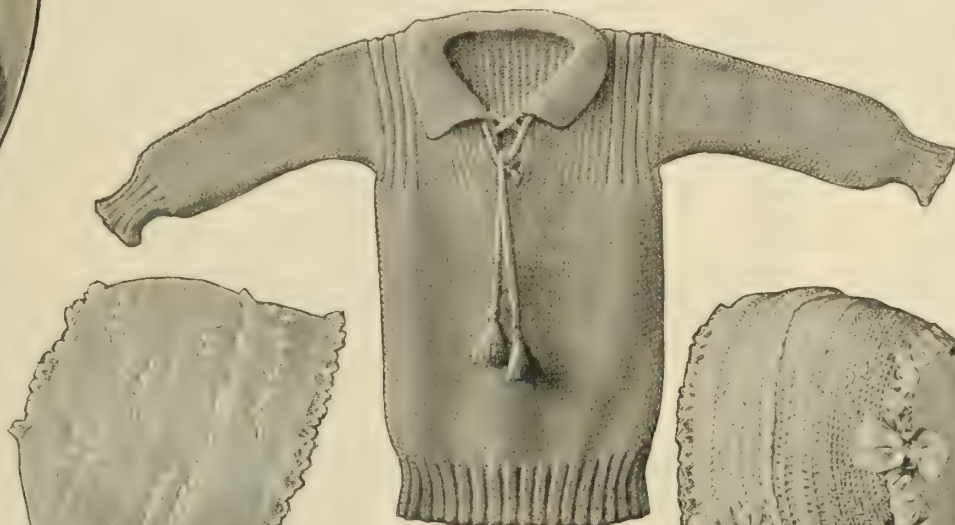
Knitted and Crocheted Garments Always Popular



Nos. 576 and 578—A Knitted Sweater and Cap for the Little Boy

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions Nos. 576 and 578, 15 cents (9d). The first number, 576, is a knitted sweater, just the thing for the small boy for skating. No. 578 is a knitted cap which may be pulled down over the ears. Any boy would appreciate such a gift.

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 564, 15 cents (9d). Below is shown a knitted coat-sweater for the ten-year-old girl. The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 154, 20 cents (1/-).



No. 584—A Cute Slip-over Sweater for Baby

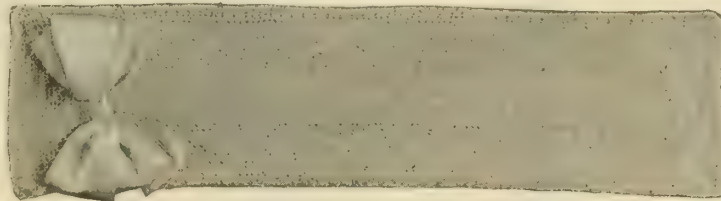
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12643, blue, 20 cents (1/-). Illustrated at the left is an adorable cap of handkerchief linen. The shape as well as the design is furnished.

The Pictorial Review Crochet Directions Nos. 158 and 162, 15 cents (9d). At the right is a dainty crochet bonnet of white Saxony wool, matching the crochet sack that is illustrated at the top of the page, center. Directions for the cap and sack are included in the one price, 15 cents (9d).

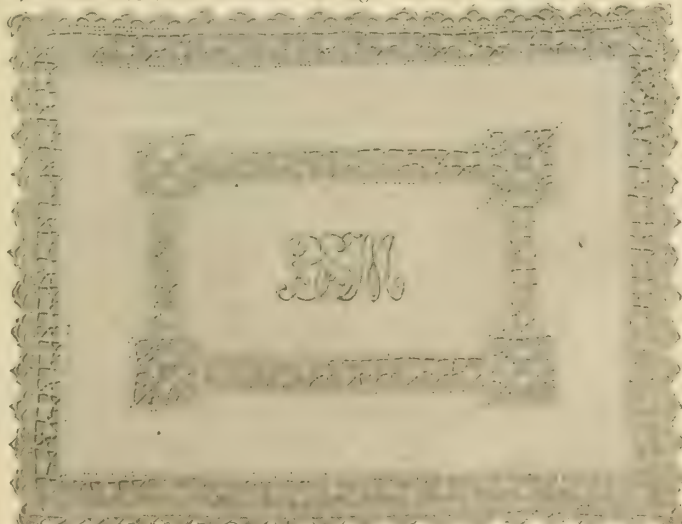


No. 162—A Crochet Bonnet Matching Sack No. 158

No. 12643 Dainty Embroidery for Baby's Cap



The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions Nos. 161 and 163, 20 cents (1/-). These directions include a carriage robe and the strap illustrated above.



No. 536—Any Housekeeper Would Appreciate This Monogrammed Tray-cloth



No. 608—An Ideal Gift for the School Boy

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 608, 15 cents (9d).

The Pictorial Review Company's Monogram No. 536, 3 inches high, 40 cents (2/-). This monogram BSM gives a charming decorative touch to the tray-cloth of white linen shown at the foot of the page, center.

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions Nos. 575 and 577, 15 cents (9d). A good-looking sweater and toque are shown below, made in any preferred color with contrasting color worked in the brim of the toque. The sweater is belted at the waist-line which makes it set better.

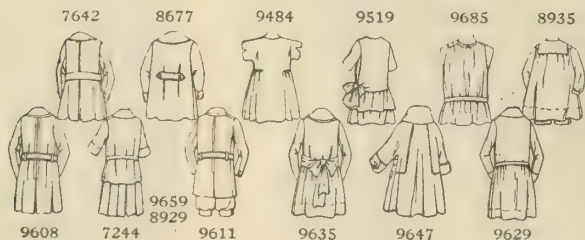


Nos. 575 and 577—Knitted Toque and Sweater for the Young Girl

Nos. 564 and 154—Girl's Knitted Coat Sweater and Crocheted Tam

These are Pictorial Review Patterns. If your dealer cannot supply them, send direct to Pictorial Review Co., 263-267 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

New Frocks and Smart Little Coats



9608—Boy's Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54-inch tweed— $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch sateen to line.

8935—Child's Pantalet Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 4 yards 27-inch chambray— $\frac{1}{4}$ 36-inch linen for collar and pockets— $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards braid to trim.

9659—Girls' and Juniors' Jumper

Blouse. Designed for 8 to 17 years. No. 7244—Girls' and Juniors' Skirt. Designed for 6 to 14 years. The jumper and skirt in size 10 require 2 yards 54-inch serge— $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards braid to trim. No. 8929—Girls' and Juniors' Blouse. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch dimity—2 yards plaiting. The collar and cuffs are embroidered in

white cotton floss in design 11339.

9611—Boys' Suit. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard 54-inch tweed— $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch lining.

9635—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard 54-inch serge—1 yard 36-inch satin for collar and sash—7 yards braid.

Coat, 9608, price 35 cents. Pantalet Dress, 8935, price 25 cents.

Sleeveless Overblouse, 9659, price 35 cents.

Skirt, 7244, price 25 cents.

Blouse, 8929, price 35 cents.

Embroidery, 11339, price 20 cents. blue or yellow.

Suit, 9611, price 35 cents.

Dress, 9635, price 30 cents.

Coat, 9647, price 35 cents.

Dress, 9629, price 30 cents.

Glistening Gowns and Lovely Fal-de-Rals

By Charlotte M. Storey

GAY colors will illuminate many a gladsome occasion between now and the beginning of Lent, for bright colors and light tints predominate in evening dresses and dance frocks. Black gowns there will be, but as the sombre cluster of spruce, that in the autumn, makes a foil for the flaming maple in the foreground. And, as if all this brilliancy were not sufficient, our friend Dame Fashion has had her handmaidens embroidering net flouncings and tunics with rhinestones and sequins, till they almost dazzle our beholding eyes.

Even the fabrics glisten. Chiffon velvets have a sheen like polished steel; shot taffetas toss back their glints of light and satins glow like moonlight.

who took dove grey Georgette crepe and almost covered it with porcelain bead embroidery in wisteria shades and then girdled it with jade moire ribbon.

Young and old are wearing velvet and also lace. There are some very pretty dancy frocks made of cherry-colored velvet, sapphire, jade, etc., with panel fronts hanging straight from neck to hem, the top being cut straight across, meeting the back panel on the shoulders, thus forming what is called the boat neck. This is cut rather high, especially across the front and one must confess that it is not always as becoming as some other styles that one finds in these youthful frocks.

The décolletage is not nearly so

One of the big dress questions of the day concerns the length of the skirt. You have all heard that gay Parisians have let their skirts down to the floor, or at least to the ankle—we have seen pictures that prove the report to be no idle rumor, but what of us here in Canada—shall we do likewise?

Dressmakers say "No." But one rather thinks we shall see a few concessions and a gradual letting down of the hem when spring comes. In the meantime, the couturier is compromising with a soft uneven line around the bottom of the skirt, frequently referred to as the "uneven hem." But, friends, it is not an uneven hem. It is drapery and sashes that are allowed to drop down below the hem and now that we are accustomed to it, we think it is quite the prettiest fashion that has obtained for many a day. Can't you recall the anguish of mind you have at times when you felt that your skirt did not hang even and how many anxious moments you spent before the glass trying to convince yourself that it was even, because you couldn't help yourself if it wasn't?

The vogue of wider skirts has materialized only for young girls. Some of their party frocks have full skirts—indeed many of them have hoops on the sides extending down as far as the knees, and if a pretty tight bodice tops the skirt, all the better for her who can wear it. These are in both taffeta and velvet, but particularly the former.

WITH so many parties on the tapis, one sees a great many new evening cloaks in the city, and velvet is the favored material—brocaded, if possible; if not, then the plain velvet may be embroidered and it is lined with gorgeously-colored printed silk. There is of course a fur collar—a very generous one of kolinsky, sable, Canadian beaver, mole, lynx or squirrel. Brown, taupe, peacock and crimson are some of the shades used for these sumptuous evening cloaks. Fur must also be taken into consideration when the subject is an evening wrap for a Canadian winter. Exquisite kolinsky, moleskin, squirrel, beaver, Hudson seal, to say nothing of ermine, wraps, are to be found in the exclusive furrier's. They are wraps and no mistake—full length garments with loose sleeves and "rests" inside where the hands may snuggle while they hold the fronts together, keeping out the cold, and then great deep collars which are almost a garment, every one of them.

There is little said about muffs which we used to carry with so much pride and satisfaction, but a cable from England the other day brought the news that the Princess Mary had been seen carrying one while out with her fiancé a few days before, so they may be coming back into fashion once again.

FASHION is very exacting about footwear for frolicking feet this season. Light shoes and hosiery are essential for gowns of palest tints, but for the stronger shades black patent strap pumps with hosiery the shade of the frock are quite permissible. Plain chiffon silk hosiery or with lace inserts are what is being worn.

Scarves of every kind, but especially lace are what every woman needs who goes out of an evening. We at once recognize the Spanish influence on fashion with the introduction of Spanish lace scarves, than which there is nothing more beautiful and useful. The real Spanish scarves are to be had in black and white and an imitation in the pastel tints—blue, pink and gray. The cob-webby Shetland wool shawls and scarves are with us again after an absence of several seasons due to the war.

(Continued on Page 48)



A Charming Evening Gown.

—Photograph by Feder.

Radium laces in large open mesh have their lustre too, so you see that whatever you elect to wear on festive occasions, you must perforce scintillate.

For the debutante there is nothing much prettier than a white net tunic embroidered with brilliants and made up over a foundation of silver cloth. The tunic really makes the gown and no other trimming is required. Naturally, silver shoes and stockings go with it; a string of pearls for the neck and pretty bandeau of some kind for the hair, and lo! the debutante is ready for her debut.

But tunics are not the exclusive property of the young and fair. There are beautiful black ones made glorious with jet or colored sequins which matrons and dowagers delight to wear, and one does not hesitate to recommend them, for the best dressmakers are using them for their most fastidious patrons.

An artistic combination of color was achieved by a French designer

conspicuously low as it was last year, and in many of the frocks for the younger set, there are short, quaint little puffs at the shoulders, which in our grandmother's day were thought quite worthy the name of a sleeve, even for street clothes. There are still many gowns with only straps over the shoulders but they are much more reliable-looking than the average of last year. We really are getting quite modest, even in our most festive raiment.

The back and front of the evening dresses are quite plain, but unless one's figure actually forbids, there are draperies on the sides and this is where even with velvet, lace comes in very handy. Some of the handsomest models have lace sleeves, mere draperies, or in some cases, long and wide, blending with cascading down the side of the skirt, all of lace. Radium lace is dyed in bright shades such as flame, jade, cardinal, pink and blue, as well as black and brown.



Horrockses
For Lovely
Whitewear

Are you proud of your lingerie, or do you sometimes wish it was different?

You can have the kind you most admire. HORROCKSES' "DIAPHALENE" was created with just one purpose in view—to make it possible for a girl to make the kind of "undies" she craves, and at moderate cost.

"DIAPHALENE" is a soft, clinging cotton with a permanent silky finish, and comes in white, pink, mauve and all the soft art shades.

Look for the name Horrockses on the selvedge

For name of nearest store procurable, write

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Horrockses, Crewdson & Co. Limited

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Manchester, England

61

1000 Eggs in Every Hen

New System of Poultry Keeping—Get
Dollar A Dozen Eggs—Famous
Poultryman

TELLS HOW

"The great trouble with the poultry business has always been that the laying life of a hen was too short says Henry Trafford, International Poultry Expert and Breeder, for nearly eighteen years Editor of Poultry Success.

The average pullet lays 150 eggs. If kept the second year she may lay 100 more. Then she goes to market. Yet, it has been scientifically established that every pullet is born or hatched with over one thousand minute egg germs in her system—and will lay them on a highly profitable basis over a period of four to six years' time if given proper care.

How to work to get 1,000 eggs from every hen; how to get pullets laying early; how to make the old hens lay like pullets; how to keep up heavy laying production all through cold winter months when eggs are highest; triple egg production; make slacker hens hustle; \$5.00 profit from every hen in six winter months. These and many other money making poultry secrets are contained in Mr. Trafford's "1,000 EGG HEN" system of poultry raising, one copy of which will be sent absolutely free to any reader of this paper who keeps six hens or more. Eggs should go to a dollar or more a dozen this winter. This means big profit to the poultry keeper who gets the eggs. Mr. Trafford tells how, if you keep chickens and want them to make money for you, cut out this ad and send it with your name and address to Henry Trafford, Suite 342F Court Bldg., Birmingham, N.Y., and a free copy of "THE 1,000 EGG HEN" will be sent by return mail.



Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from Page 19)

Johnson, Islington; Mrs. Gardiner, Owen Sound; Mrs. F. Wilson, Mount Forest; Mrs. McDonnough, Cope-town; Mrs. A. B. Rose, Echo Place; Mrs. A. A. Watt, Bracebridge; while the remaining members are: Mrs. A. H. Robertson, Maxville; Mrs. Dummer, Carleton Place; Mrs. Charles Yates, Athens; Mrs. Edwards, Komoka; Mrs. Bruner, Olinda; Mrs. Kerstine, Matheson; Mrs. W. J. Nixon, Sault Ste. Marie; and Mrs. A. McTaggart, Fort Francis. The directors later elected the officers.

The Hon. Manning Doherty, Minister of Agriculture, gave an excellent evening address, emphasizing the work being accomplished by the Women's Institutes in the upbuilding of community and national life.

While there was a rapid development of the work in many districts, there were still thousands of centres which might be established for community work, where short courses could be taken in the winter months, and where child welfare could receive the necessary attention. It was of the utmost importance to save the rising generation and educate them for complete citizenship. Mr. Doherty congratulated the institutes upon the number of community halls being built. There was a great work which could be done by the women in welcoming the new settlers who had emigrated from overseas. They could stretch out the hand of friendship and advise the newcomers in many ways, giving practical assistance in meeting the new conditions. A campaign was now being carried on in rural Britain to induce the best type of agricultural workers to come to the Canadian farms. It would be unwise to allow all classes of people to flock in indiscriminately. They should possess a British sense of justice and British ideals, and must be law-abiding. There must be co-operative effort in production and marketing, and the standard of Canadian products must be such as to inspire confidence. Mr. Doherty expressed his opinion that all organizations should retain their initiative, and not be controlled by the Government.

Dr. Annie Rose of Guelph spoke on "Recreation in the Community". The speaker dwelt on the fact that

play is a character-building factor, children learning from their earliest games an idea of fair play and an ability to be cheerful losers. A description was given of the use of amateur plays in the community work, and the pleasure afforded to the young people in the drama.

Dr. A. E. Marty, Public School Inspector, Toronto, gave a stimulating address, pointing out the need for education on broad and general lines, not merely emphasizing agriculture in the case of the farm boy or girl, or the technical side, in the case of the boy or girl from the city. Education was not only a question of book learning. It had become vitalized by the introduction of dramatics, gymnasium work, handicrafts, household science, etc. The Adolescent School Act, which had now come into force, making education compulsory up to a higher age, had necessarily abolished fees in the case of High Schools, and this was also an advance. Dr. Marty emphasized the importance of extending the Consolidated Schools.

Miss K. F. McIntosh, Department of Agriculture, Brampton, gave a fine address, showing where the Institutes might co-operate in the matter of education and better schools.

Mrs. Pankhurst dealt briefly and effectively with several matters concerning public health, and Miss O. Cruickshank of the Ontario Agricultural Staff, Guelph, explained that the college stands ready to help the members of the institutes and to co-operate with them in short courses and demonstrations.

Dr. J. J. Middleton, Department of Health, Toronto, gave an address on the work of the Provincial Board of Health, showing how progressive is the modern campaign, and Dr. Margaret Patterson gave a practical and graphic talk on "Available Helps on Health Lines", and illustrated a talk on "Foot Follies", showing the necessity of wearing sensible boots. She emphasized the need for nourishing foods. There must be a strong reverence for God taught to the children and a respect for life itself. Her book, "Conserving Our Best", was written with a view to answering health questions for the home.

Miss W. I. Brodie of the Department of Agriculture, gave an instructive address on "The Value of Business Methods." The announcement by the President that the Women's Institutes of Ontario would remain associated with the Department of Agriculture was greeted with applause.

The retiring President, Mrs. William Todd, paid tribute to the untiring, unselfish, whole-hearted service of the members of the board of directors of the Federated Women's Institutes of Ontario. The amount of work which she herself had put into the federation, declared the retiring president, was a slight thing compared with the wealth of experience which had come out of it.

"The institute in its federation has a great future," said Mrs. Todd, quoting the prophet of old, who had said, "Where there is no vision the people perish."

"We have in our institutes," went on the speaker, "the finest units in the land in our individual branch members; but the vision our federation presents to you is a mighty massing of these units 'for home and country'—in better schools, in better health measures, in better agriculture, in better home-making, in better laws; with all these as our united aims our whole rural life will be dignified; it will be known as the way of life, most truly blessed."

Mrs. Todd was presented with a leather attache case and a hand bag. Mrs. Hewson of West Simcoe and Mrs. A. A. Watt of South Muskoka making the presentation. There were also presentations of flowers to Mrs. Sutherland Ross and Mrs. Macoun.

Officers elected for the ensuing year were: Honorary President, Mr. Putnam; President, Mrs. George Edwards; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Charles Yates, Athens; Mrs. Nixon, Sault Ste. Marie; Mrs. Gardiner, Owen Sound; Recording Secretary, Miss W. Brodie; Corresponding Secretary Mrs. Macoun, Campbellford; Publicity Convenor, Miss Chapman; Legislative, Dr. Downing; Health, Dr. Patterson; Agriculture, Mrs. Leggett; Home Economics, Miss Cruickshank; Education and Better Schools, Mrs. McIntosh; Immigration, Mrs. Meade. Mrs. J. O. Allan, of Fort William, was elected as an additional director and was presented with a bouquet of flowers. A vote of thanks was passed

to Miss Coatsworth and to Miss Beardmore for the community singing which had proved such a splendid feature of the convention.

Discussion of resolutions took up considerable time this afternoon at the closing session of the Women's Institute convention. The following were included in those brought in:

Whereas we, the women of the Women's Institute of Ontario, view with apprehension the military activities of the world;

And whereas, our country, with others, has suffered the privations of war;

And whereas, we believe that such activities may precipitate another war;

Be it resolved, that we ask our Federal Government to use its influence with other nations to restrict or cease such activities.

Such was one of the resolutions passed at the annual convention.

Another resolution, dealing with Indian affairs, asked, first, that the Government establish at least one camp in every province to which tuberculous Indians may be sent; and secondly, that training be provided in hospitals for Indian girls, who will be expected to return as nurses, especially for tubercular patients among their own people.

Other resolutions were:

That applicants for marriage licenses secure a medical certificate of health, and that medical examination be made by the medical health officer; and that women be given a place in the Senate, in order that moral issues may receive just consideration; that suitable provision for the feeble-minded be taken up more aggressively by the Provincial Government; that the Women's Institutes place themselves on record as being opposed to capital punishment; that the right of married women to take out citizenship papers in her own right be provided for; that the establishment of supervised playgrounds, swimming pools, and gymnasiums be encouraged, and wherever public dancing is allowed, a qualified supervisor be in attendance. A resolution was also passed approving of moving-pictures that are uplifting and amusing, but decidedly opposing pictures of a criminal or sensational nature, and urging that no child under twelve years be

(Continued on Page 49)



Gowns made by the girls in a Domestic Department of a Western School.

How young
will you be
at fifty?

Free We'll send 100
Luscious Raisin
Recipes in a *free* book to any-
one who mails coupon below.

Had Your
Iron Today?



A Vital Attraction

that some women overlook

—the proper use of foods frequently determines youth or age. Note what a famous sanitarium prescribes

There's a reason for stewed raisins—a dainty breakfast dish—that transcends their unique attraction for the palate.

That reason is *food-iron*. Raisins are rich in it.

Food-iron is the basis of a rare vitality and magnetism that are woman's greatest charms.

Some women overlook these *real* attractions, thinking mainly of trim features and rosy lips and cheeks. Yet iron promotes true *beauty*, too, by producing *natural* color that cosmetics cannot imitate. There's no beauty that is so beautiful as the *good looks of good health*.

Not youth's sole rights

These attractions don't belong to youth alone. Women of forty-five and fifty may preserve them and enhance them. And certain foods—the “iron-foods” like raisins—are prime aids.

You need but a small bit of iron daily, yet that need *is vital*.

That dish of luscious stewed raisins enjoyed regularly each morning is a safeguard to proper iron supply.

At Battle Creek

Stewed raisins is a part of “the treatment” in the famous sanitarium at Battle Creek for pale-cheeked, listless women who are old before their time.

Physicians thus attest the power of raisins as a regular breakfast dish.

Take their advice and try it for yourself.

It's good food if you're well, to *retain* those vital powers and that natural beauty if you have them. Begin tomorrow to make a two weeks' test. If you feel under par or are a little pale, this dish may “re-make” you in just the way you wish.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

We make Sun-Maid Raisins from finest California table grapes—kinds too delicate to ship fresh long distances. The grapes are juicy, tender, thin-skinned, and so are the raisins. Try them stewed. There never was a daintier breakfast dish.

Seeded, blue package (seeds removed), best for pie and bread; Seedless, red package (grown without seeds), best for stewing; Clusters (on the stem)—a luscious, quick dessert. All dealers sell them. Insist on Sun-Maid brand.

Raisins are cheaper by 30% than formerly—see that you get plenty in your foods.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.

Membership 13,000 Growers

Dept. C-501, Fresno, California

MOTHERS—Please Note!

We've done something new—in raisins!

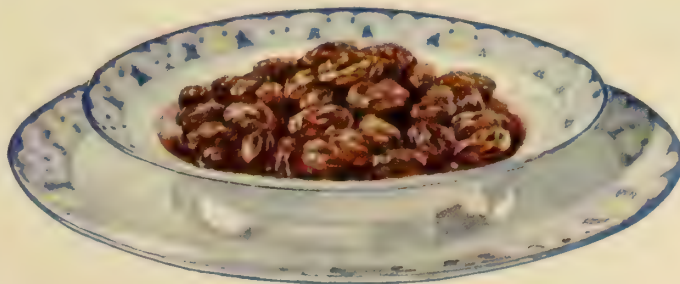
Put up little 5c packages of *Nature's own confections for the children* and for you. Wholesome little nibbles to satisfy a normal craving for healthful sweets.

Also rich in *food iron* which brings the natural bloom of youth.

At drug, grocery, candy stores, news stands, etc.

5¢

The Iron Food for Vitality



100 Recipes
Sent FREE

We've compiled 100 tested recipes in a valuable *free* book which we'll send to any woman on request. They suggest the most attractive ways to serve these fine fruit-meats. Simply mail coupon and get them by first mail.

Stewed Raisins

Cover Sun-Maid Raisins with cold water and add a slice of lemon or orange. Place on fire, bring to a boil and allow to simmer for one hour. Sugar may be added, but is not necessary, as Sun-Maid Raisins contain 75% natural fruit sugar.

Red package, Seedless Raisins, best for stewing.



CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT

California Associated Raisin Co.
Dept. C-501, Fresno, Calif.

Please send me copy of your free book, “Sun-Maid Recipes”.

Name

Street

City.....Province.....

SUN-MAID RAISINS

LINOLEUM RUGS



Attractive Rooms at Small Cost

Your floor covering merchant will gladly show you Dominion Linoleums and Linoleum Rugs. They are made in Canada, and meet with favor everywhere. Look for the strong canvas back when buying.

Colored samples show four popular designs of Linoleum, which you can purchase by the yard.

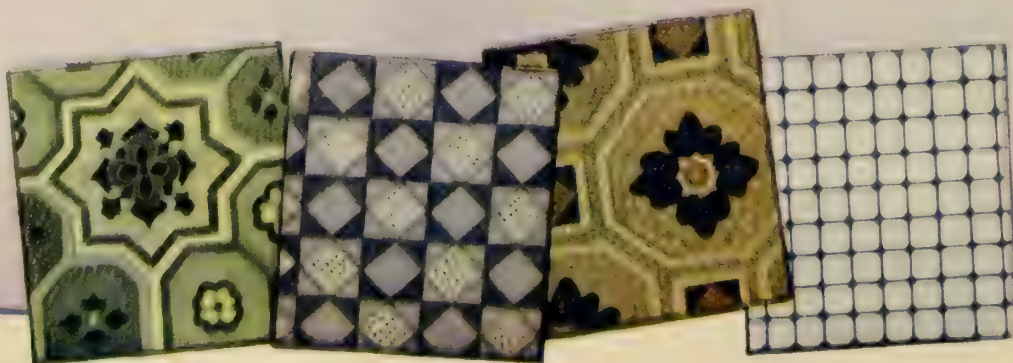
Linoleum Rugs may be had in many delightful designs in so wide a variety of colors that room treatments may be quickly and economically developed.

You will be surprised at the moderate cost of Linoleum Rugs—even large sizes cost but a few dollars. Linoleum Rugs have all the advantages of Linoleum—they need no tacking—lie perfectly flat—are easily moved about from room to room.

Illustration above shows decorative possibilities of Linoleum Rugs used with Appropriate Rug Surround.

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Home By The Panama

(Continued from page 12)

between level green banks, just like any quite undistinguished canal. Then one comes to the first of the world-renowned locks, the Miraflores. Attainment, particularly when heralded by those excellent press-agents Rumour and Supposition, is apt to bring a chill of disappointment. In this case, however, even the most hardened traveller can only exclaim with the ungrudging admiration of the Queen of Sheba "and, lo, the half was not told me!" It would be useless for the mere lay mind to pretend to have grasped the workings of these wonderful locks, even after having them laboriously explained, with diagrams, by one member of the ship's crew after another: still more useless to attempt a technical description. One need be no technical expert, however, to see in imagination something of the extraordinary engineering difficulties encountered in a task of such unparalleled magnitude and to appreciate the indomitable perseverance and high degree of skill necessary to overcome them. Beyond this, the ordinary observer can only marvel at the exceeding size and strength of the great steel gates swinging open with exact precision at the touch of a lever: at the gentleness with which this vast volume of water lifts the mighty vessel as easily as a cockleshell craft: at the "many inventions" of man in making terms with Nature and harnessing this irresistible force to work for him. Leaving out the strength and solidarity of the locks the whole scene looks as if it had been transplanted from an Exhibition City. Everything is of dazzling white concrete and there are rows and rows of arc lamps making the passage of the canal as easy and safe by night as by day. The locks are built in pairs and a huge illuminated arrow points to the side the incoming vessel has to take. The lock chambers are one thousand feet long, but supplementary gates divide each into two compartments of six hundred and four hundred feet. As ninety per cent of the vessels at present using the canal will fit into one or other of these compartments their use means a great saving of time, labour and water, but with the snobbery only a really big boat knows we rejoiced in taking up the entire length of the locks! To ward against any possibility of accident, vessels are not allowed to enter or go through the locks under their own steam, but are towed by little electric engines working from tracks laid on top of the lock walls—four engines to a boat, two forward and two aft.

The Miraflores Locks raised the boat fifty feet by a series of two locks into a small lake two miles long. At the end of this lake the Pedro Miguel Lock raised it another thirty-five feet right into the Culebra Cut. Perhaps this part of the canal will always be the most spectacular and convincing to the ordinary ship's passenger. One can see plainly what has been done. Nine miles of mountain have been removed, not by faith only but by dynamite and steam shovels, by truck and barge loads, and the "big ditch" flowing sluggishly between grim, perpendicular walls divides the rocky backbone running through North and South America. This spine of hills has been dissected at its lowest point. Gold Hill, the highest peak in the Cut, is about four hundred feet high. A ragged, sloping bank of earth and rock on the right reaching far back into the hills marks the devastating progress of the great Cucuracha Slide which slid over the Cut like a glacier. One could see that if the Cut had been all through solid rock they would not have had such trouble with slides as it would simply

have been a matter of blasting a way through and no worse than a railway tunnel: being of volcanic origin, a mixture of soft earth and rock, the hills are continually giving. Steam dredges were at work on both sides of the Cut sucking up the constantly slipping mud into barges to be towed away and emptied well out of the canal's course.

THE Culebra Cut leads straight into Gatun Lake, and now what miracle was this. A great ocean-going liner steaming at full speed over a freshwater lake twenty miles inland and eighty-five feet above the level of the sea! It is difficult to realize that this lake is man-made and that the many wooded islands dotting the twenty-four mile course were mountain tops only a few years ago. The lake fits so perfectly into the encircling arms of the hills that even the long, low, verdure-clad ridge of Gatun Dam which, by damming the torrential Chagres river flooded its valley and created the lake, seems to melt imperceptibly into and form part of the hills themselves. The discovery of the unwanted luxury of fresh water baths caused a regular rush on the bathrooms, and apropos of fresh water, this run through the lake is quite a financial consideration as an off-set to canal dues: the expense of drydocking vessels to scrape off the barnacles is saved as the fresh water kills them all off. There is an immense hydro-electric station at the head of the lake: water from the spillway of the dam supplies the power for operating and hauling vessels through the locks and for lighting the entire canal.

The Gatun locks lower the vessel by a series of three locks the 85 feet risen from the Pacific side. It takes an hour and a half to drop to sea-level on the Atlantic and about ten hours altogether to go through the canal. These last locks are the most impressive of all, their walls are continuations upwards of the rock on which they stand, as immovable, as indestructible. In beauty of line they might worthily represent some Temple erected to the Dignity and Nobility of Labour. To quote the reluctant tribute of a Scotch engineer, "Whoever may have won the war, the Yanks have done something here really worth bragging about." Cracked stone and sand for the construction of these locks was brought from Puerto Bello where Sir Francis Drake sleeps his long sleep at the bottom of the bay. "So long as you are let lie undisturbed in your grave" was predicted to him concerning his discovery of the passage around Cape Horn, "the road you have opened from East to West no man shall shut. If not, then iron ships shall sail over dry land." So strangely and literally to be fulfilled in every detail, this prophecy seemed something more than mere meaningless patter of a mediaeval soothsayer even to the most sceptical who had that day "sailed over dry land." With the echoes of the modern blasting machinery set up in Puerto Bello reverberating to the very depths of the harbour has come the gradual abandonment of the old trade route round the Horn.

They point out an unfinished channel bearing off to the left shortly after leaving Gatun Locks. This was the beginning of de Lesseps' attempted sea-level canal: the rest of it, winding through the Chagres valley, lies submerged beneath Gatun Lake. Covered with a kindly mantle of creeping vine, leaf and flower were rows of abandoned excavating machinery. Effect-

(Continued on page 45)



Rose Tinted Cheeks

Oh! How you have longed to bring that Rose-tinted glow of healthy Beauty to your cheeks. How impossible and inadequate have rouges, powders and paints, with their only too apparent glamor proven to be. For years our laboratory has worked to make your desire possible and now we feel that in

Gouraud's (Pink) Oriental Cream

we have placed your desire within your reach. It renders to your cheeks a delicate, refined Rose-Tint, so natural and subtle in effect that the use of a Toilet Preparation cannot be detected. All of the qualities of Gouraud's Oriental Cream have been retained in our new product. That soft, velvety skin, its soothing and antiseptic effect are but a few of the many virtues it renders to your skin and complexion. Try it to-day and see the new door to Beauty it opens.

Try These Three Gouraud's Preparations

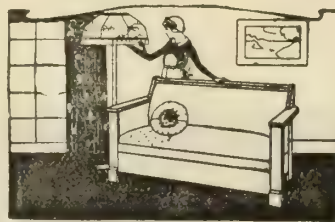
Just send us 25c. and your dealer's name and we will send you a bottle of Gouraud's Oriental Cream (pink or white), a large cake of Gouraud's Medicated Soap and a tube of Gouraud's Cold Cream. They beautify, purify and cleanse the skin and complexion.

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A fruit cake for festive occasions

Cakes For The Holidays

By Mary M. Neil

Apple Shortcake. For apple shortcake make a dough with two cupfuls of sifted flour, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of butter into the flour, then add baking powder, salt and milk. Divide into three equal parts and roll, handling as little as possible. Lay one of the sheets on a buttered round tin, lightly grease it with melted butter, place on another sheet, grease it and lay on the third. Bake in a hot oven until ready. Separate the sheets, and spread between the warm apple sauce, seasoned with sugar, butter, ginger and a pinch of salt. Serve hot.

Jelly Roll. Beat three eggs until very light, add three-fourths cupful of sugar gradually, then beat well together, then add one-half tablespoonful of milk, one cupful of flour sifted with one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-saltspoonful of salt. When well blended add one-half teaspoonful of orange extract and one tablespoonful of melted butter. Line the bottom of a dripping pan with paper, then butter the paper and the sides of the pan and pour the mixture into it and spread it out evenly. Bake for twenty minutes in a moderate oven and turn out on to a paper which has been sprinkled over with powdered sugar. Quickly remove the paper from the bottom of the cake and spread with jam, jelly or marmalade, or marsh-

mallow filling, then roll. After the cake has been rolled, roll it in waxed paper so that it will keep its shape. For the marshmallow filling, mix three-fourths of a cupful of sugar with one-fourth cupful of milk in a saucepan and bring to boiling point slowly, without stirring and then boil for six minutes. Break one-fourth pound of marshmallows into pieces and melt in top of a double boiler, then add twelve tablespoonfuls of boiling water and cook until the mixture is smooth, then add the hot syrup stirring all the time. Beat until cool enough to spread, adding one-half teaspoonful of orange extract.

Old Fashioned Gingerbread. Put one cupful of molasses into a bowl, add one-half cupful of butter, one-half cupful of brown sugar and one cupful of boiling water, stir well and then allow to cool. Then add one-half cupful each of chopped nut meats and cocoanut, one-half cupful each of seeded and seedless raisins, one-fourth of shredded candied citron peel, three cupfuls of flour sifted with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-fourth teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful each of powdered ginger, nutmeg, allspice, mace and cinnamon, then add three beaten eggs. Pour into a buttered and floured cake tin and bake in a moderate oven for one hour. Turn out and when cold cut into neat squares.

(Continued on page 43)

Try it



For the sake of those who drink with you.

CHASE & SANBORN, Montreal.



Cup Cakes for the Holidays.



Journal Juniors' Page

Conducted by Bertha E. Green

To my Journal Junior Friends.

I've taken all good wishes that the Old Year brought to me,

And placed them 'round about us, like a summer primrose-ring.

And with them woven my wish for the New Year that's to be—

A wish for all the happiness twelve months could ever bring.

The Wish-Garden of Father Time

MOST people think Old Father Time is just a thin, tall, old, long-bearded man, with a scythe on his shoulder, and an hour-glass in his hand. They think of him as a very

to be seen. This was the reason that the old man was not nearly so cheery as usual, and he shook his head slowly and said aloud to himself:

"Not a blossom, not even a plant—just flower-pots. Why, it's not a week since Christmas, and all the good wishes of that merry time that blossomed in my garden have gone. Of course they were given away, but it leaves me with all my pots without even one wish-plant to tend."

A door opened, and through it came another old man, not so old as Father Time but gray-bearded and stooped. This new-comer's eyes had a merry twinkle in them, and when he saw the glum, discouraged look on

"The wish of Father Time," read Nineteen Twenty One when he had finished.

Then Father Time began:

"A last wish for the old year,
A first wish for the new,
May fairer bloom unfold here,
Than e'er Time's garden grew.
To wishers of the old year,
To wishers of the new,
Who wish for those they hold dear,
I wish your wish comes true."

"That's the idea," said Old Nineteen Twenty One, "Look! Your wish is growing already."

Sure enough, above the rim of the pot marked "the wish of Father Time," appeared a sprout of green. It rose slowly until the slender shoot branched in long, narrow leaves.

Old Father Time watched his wish-plant growing so fast, and he said to himself:

"I wonder if it will blossom. I'm sure it will. Oh, there is nothing like watching a wish-plant grow, for one never knows what kind of flower it will bear."

"This one will surprise you," chuckled Old Nineteen Twenty One.

"Why, do you know what kind of a flower it is going to be?" asked Father Time.

"Wait and see," was the reply. "A wish-plant won't flower at all unless you watch it, you know."

The wish-plant grew, its narrow leaves lengthened their bending tips, and, as the plant grew, the pot that held it grew, too, and all the smaller pots made way for it.

A sturdy flower-stem appeared, growing and growing until its tip showed the first traces of a folded flower.

"It's the biggest one I ever had in my wish-garden," said Old Father Time.

"Keep watching," reminded Old Nineteen Twenty-One.

The flower grew its green paling as it budded. Old Father Time had never seen its like before, as it unfolded petal after petal of snowy white.

Then as the wish-flower opened to a full, shallow bell, with mouth up-turned above its petaled rim appeared a golden, curly head, a smiling, boyish face, and a bare-armed, bare-legged, little figure.

"Did you ever see the like!" exclaimed Old Father Time, turning, as he spoke, to where Old Nineteen Twenty One had been standing. But Old Nineteen Twenty One had vanished, and, as Father Time looked toward the wish-plant again, the little stranger in the flower-bell sang joyously:

"Come to the New Year, bringing
Your wishes great and small;
'Tis Time's new gardener singing
Of promised joy to all:
Of love and goodness taking,
Of longing, too, a part,
With tender wishes making
A garden of your heart."

While he had been singing, the flower-stem curved downward, and the New Year stepped down among the tabled row of flowerless pots, and said:

"I am your new helper, Father Time, now that Old Nineteen Twenty One has left you."

Then Father Time noticed that each of the pots had a growing wish-plant in it. "The New Year must have brought those Wishes here himself," thought Father Time.

Some of the wishes blossomed almost at once, while others grew so

(Continued on page 46)



In The Good Old Winter Time

solemn fellow who journeys through the world, always in a bit of a hurry, and they think, too, he has no home and never rests at all.

Most people think this because they have never seen Old Father Time, and have never been told of his snug house in the land of "Just-Around-The-Corner."

It was just six days after Christmas, and an old man was sitting on a stool in his green-house, looking at his flower-pots. His eyes were kindly, and the wrinkles at their outer corners told that he smiled a great deal. Just now, however, the old man's face bore a serious, almost worried look as he sat there in his long, gray robe, with a hand on either knee.

It was Old Father Time in his Wish-Garden. Lighted lamps hung from the glass roof, showing in their mellow light long-tabled rows of little, round, brick-red pots. It was a splendid indoor garden, excepting that there was not a single flower

Father Time's face, he laughed, and said cheerily:

"I can see what the matter is—your garden has no plants in it."

"Yes," said Old Father Time a bit grumpily "it's partly your fault, too. For just twelve months you have helped me tend my wish-plants, and now you are leaving me on the last day, with no flower to tend myself."

The newcomer laughed again:

"I've been your helper for twelve months," said he, "and you would have had a hard time to find a better one than Old Nineteen Twenty One. If it's wishes you want, Father Time, why don't you make one yourself?"

"I never thought of doing that," said Old Father Time, stroking his long beard thoughtfully.

"This is the very pot for it to grow in," said Old Nineteen Twenty One, picking up a pot, and with a piece of chalk he printed some letters around the outside.



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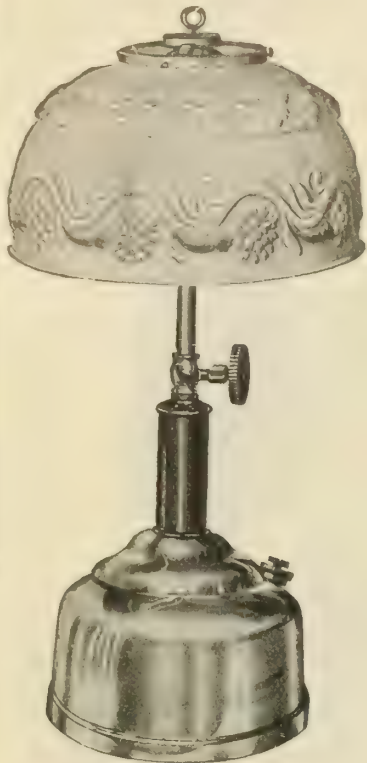
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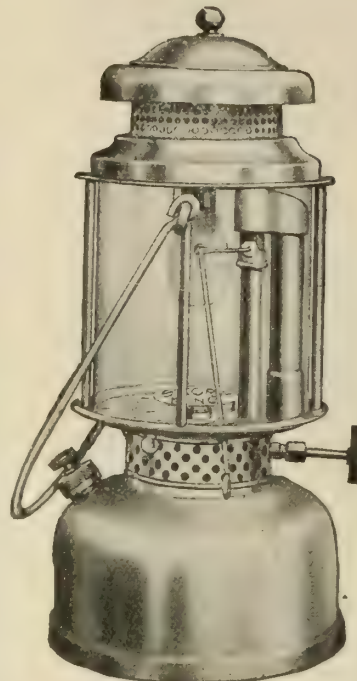
It has no globe, and therefore, saves a bill of expense which is attached to most all other lamps.

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I enclose \$.....to cover cost of Lamp or Lantern, special price quoted in Canadian Home Journal.

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for a few hours

Are there hours in your day — afternoon or evening hours—that bring you no cash return?

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BEAUTIFUL tone that improves with age—that is the secret which Owain Martin wrested from the ancient violins of Antonio Stradivari and embodied in the Martin-Orme Piano. In the "Violiform" (reg'd) plan of Sounding Board construction as used exclusively in the Martin-Orme, no flattening of those scientifically correct curves is possible. Consequently the tone instead of deteriorating, becomes more beautiful as the wood mellowes with age.

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The Welcoming Hall

(Continued from page 26)

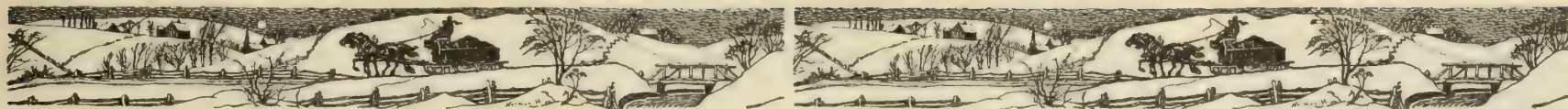
in a hall, how wonderfully our houses would gain in charm!

Welcome is expressed in the very fact of any furniture being used in the hall—for does not furniture invite use? How, then, can the element of restraint be introduced to modify that welcome? Is not a formality in the type of furniture and a proportionate formality in its placement the one logical answer? Here, of course, we are considering the hall that is neither living-room nor reception-room, but which is merely an entrance to the house proper: as the use to which any room is to be put can alone dictate its proper furnishing. In the living-hall, therefore, a rigid formality of furnishing is neither necessary nor desirable, just as in the conventional hall it is virtually essential.

Formality, nevertheless, does not involve a lessening of decorative interest: instead, it may tend to an augmentation of that very quality through the accompanying elimination of banalities and through the concentration of the few essential pieces of furniture into well-balanced groups. Even to furniture of rather mediocre design, a certain distinction can be lent by a grouping that has been properly studied. A table—large enough to hold a card-salver, a flower bowl, possibly a pair of brass candle-sticks or some other interesting bits of old metal—with a chair at each end, is usually all that is actually required in a small hall: but, to add a touch of pure decoration, above the table may appropriately be hung a mirror, a piece of old tapestry, brocade or embroidery, or even one picture, flanked either by modern lighting fixtures of good design, or, better still, by antique brass sconces. Surely such a grouping is not difficult to achieve—yet it is never commonplace.

Chests, chairs and cabinets, highboys, lowboys and settles are all suited to the hall, because they may be ranged along the walls, thereby maintaining the formality becoming to the nature of the room. Properly speaking, except in a very large hall, there should be a marked paucity of pictures. On the other hand, if suitably framed and carefully disposed, mirrors will be found attractive, not alone as wall decorations, but as a means of increasing the apparent size of the hall. Each mirror should, however, be used as a unit in a grouping of furniture, rather than as an isolated object, that there may be an obvious reason for its employment.

Restraint? By all means—but a restraint so tempered by a subtle touch of gentle welcome, that, even in the hall, there may be present an indication of the genial hospitality ruling beyond. Imbued, thus, with both welcome and restraint, ever coupled with a gracious dignity, the hall assumes entity as a fitting portal to the intimacy and pleasure to be found within the inner circle of the home. And does not a hall invariably serve as an index to the personality of those who make up the home circle? If it does—that alone would surely appear to be reason sufficient for an especial regard for the proper appointment of any entrance hall, whether great or small.



The Romance of a Canadian Prima Donna

The Unique Career of Bertha Crawford, Who Spent Seven Years in War Areas in Poland and Russia

By Hector Charlesworth

A FEW years before the beginning of the great war a girl in her teens came to Toronto from a small Ontario village determined to secure a musical education and develop the sweet and appealing voice which from childhood had been the delight of relatives and neighbors. Scores of such girls come to Toronto and the other musical education centres of North America in the course of an ordinary year, but the careers of most of them are uneventful. Even those who have really fine voices usually marry and settle down after a few years of effort teach them that the great prizes of the singing profession are for the very few. But destiny had strange adventures in store for this particular girl; things undreamed of in her most ambitious moments. How could she or anybody know that her singularly sweet and silvery voice was to draw her into the very vortex of an unanticipated world war, into the very part of Europe which is still unhallowed by peace; that within a decade her name should become much more famous in Russia and Poland than in Canada itself? Yet that was what fate had in store for Bertha Crawford when she came to Toronto to study music,—a long sojourn in strange cities and among strange peoples, an exile in troubled lands.

Miss Crawford went for instruction to Mr. E. W. Shuch, a veteran teacher of singing, who at once discerned that she had that very rare thing a true coloratura voice;—that is to say a voice so light, flexible and resonant that it could compass the very difficult ornamentations of old-fashioned music,—the runs, and trills and roulades which only a few are able to master,—the kind of music which has the lightness of bird-song, and is to that extent hardly human, but on which the fame of the great singers like Jenny Lind and Adelina Patti and the later Amelita Galli-Curci is based. For a beginner there was little market for that kind of singing in a country which had no permanent opera; and where the natural field for a girl who had to earn money with her voice was the church choir. She first secured a small engagement at Erskine Presbyterian Church, Toronto, a once famous place of worship, which has been almost submerged by the tide of foreign immigration. From thence she graduated to the Sherbourne St. Methodist Church, which is supported by several of the leading public men of Canada, and finally attained one of the prizes of the field of choir singing, that of soprano soloist at the Metropolitan Methodist Church, which has been noted for its music for half a century. At the same time she was building up a considerable reputation as a local concert singer. Her engagement at the Metropolitan Church had a definite influence on her future career. One or two wealthy members of the congregation decided that in Miss Crawford Canada had a real song-bird worthy of European training; and provided the funds to send her abroad.

When she left Toronto in 1911 it was with the hope that in two or three years time she would be back in America as a singer in concert and perhaps in grand opera,—but, as has been said, fate had decreed otherwise. So far, the unique and silvery beauty of her voice had been a pass-

port to her everywhere, and thus it was when she got to London. She did not have to wait for an interminable period for recognition as have many aspirants. She was placed under a teacher of considerable ability and influence, Madame Nevosky; and within a year had made successful public appearances in the two leading concert auditoriums of London, Queen's Hall and Albert Hall. Her appearance in these vast edifices, demonstrated one fact that has had much to do with her subsequent success. They proved that though her voice seemed light and bird-like it had wonderful resonance and carrying power, which enabled her to fill a large auditorium with ease. It became apparent that she was well

in which her chief aria was the lovely and familiar melody "Caro Nome". This was in 1912 and her success was immediate. It led to appearances in other Italian cities. When she returned to Milan an engagement awaited her at the Teatro Dal Verme, an opera house second only to La Scala in international fame. There she built up a repertoire comprising many of the famous coloratura roles; Violetta in "Traviata", with her great aria, "Ah Fors e lui"; "Lucia di Lammermoor" with the famous "Mad scene" the chief role in Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette" with its charming waltz song; Marguerite in "Faust" with the "Jewel Song"; Rosina in "The Barber of Seville" with "Una Voce Poco Fa"

there for two or three months and then returning to Milan where she had built up a circle of friends, among the many English speaking residents of that cosmopolitan city. But the outbreak of the great war in the summer of 1914, found her still at Warsaw. She became so popular with the Polish people that engagements both for opera and concert, not only in Warsaw but all the lesser Polish centres made it profitable for her to remain. In passing it may be said that she still remains an idol of the Polish people, and that Warsaw still remains in a sense her home; for many of her belongings are still there including a veritable kennel of pet dogs, a special fad of hers.

In illustration of her position a curious incident which occurred in Massey Hall, Toronto, on October 31st of this year (1921) may be cited. On that evening, Paul Kochanski, the Polish violinist, and one of the greatest of living virtuosos, was playing there. Apparently he was entirely oblivious of the existence of his audience, but his eyes were open, for after his first group of numbers, he said excitedly to his manager "There is a lady in that audience whom I know. I am sure I played at a concert with her in Warsaw seven or eight years ago. It is strange to see her so far from home." He was asked for her name; "I cannot remember. It was a strange, foreign name. But she had something beautiful in here (indicating his throat). Oh, very, very beautiful indeed!" He described her appearance and where she was sitting. Miss Crawford was sent for and there was a happy reunion. Kochanski at time when they had appeared on the same platform was a beginner like herself whose future fame was unanticipated.



Miss Bertha Crawford

qualified to essay coloratura roles in grand opera of the type with which the name of Adelina Patti had been especially identified.

...

AS yet however Miss Crawford had had no experience which qualified for stage appearances which required acting as well as singing and she therefore decided to go to the greatest existing centre for operatic training, Milan, Italy. She placed herself under a noted coach, Madame Corsi and had been in Italy for but a few months when she was engaged for an appearance in the Venice, Opera. It was therefore in the old city of palaces and canals that she made her actual debut as a prima donna, singing the role of the childlike Gilda in Verdi's "Rigoletto"

and other parts, the music of which has been made familiar to the wider public through phonograph records.

Another turning point of her life came quite unexpectedly in 1913. In that year the director of the Grand Opera at Warsaw, Poland came to Milan looking for fresh talent for that institution. Poland was at that time a Russian province and it was one of the virtues of the late Czarist regime, that it lavishly supported music, and every considerable city of the Russian Empire had its opera houses and conservatories, supported out of public funds. The popularity of this system was so well-established that the Bolsheviks, who have abolished many other things have done their best to maintain it. When Miss Crawford left for Warsaw it was with the intention of singing

THOUGH it is hard to realize it, music boomed in Poland all through the early stages of the war, just as it did in all European countries, where the authorities encouraged it as a relief to the anxieties of the situation. But early in 1915 the great German advance against Warsaw began. There came conflicting reports, tidings of Russian victories, but all the while the foe was steadily advancing. At last there came a day when panic spread. The Prussians would be in Warsaw in twenty-four hours, without a doubt, and it would hard with Miss Crawford a British subject; and so with other singers of foreign birth she packed a hand-bag hurriedly and fled to Petrograd. It was the last she was to see of Warsaw for more than three years; and in time her exile was to cut her off completely from the outside world. But luck in a professional sense did not desert her. She at once obtained an engagement at the "Narodnydom" or People's Theatre of Petrograd. The Czar was still ruler but admission to the Imperial Opera was denied to all singers unless they could speak Russian. The People's Theatre was however more catholic in its scope and here Miss Crawford had an invaluable experience, singing in an auditorium that seated eight thousand people and in company with celebrated artists like the great basso, Chaliapin. The Russian capital in the early years of the war was a gay place, despite Russian reverses,

(Continued on page 45)

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Over the Brow of the Hill

By Marie Louise Goetchius

THERE was the big white bed, and on it lay the tired little child, who had been tired for a very long while. Sitting beside the child there was the Mother.

The twilight hour spilled shadow pools over the big pink room. Light from the fading rose sun, drifted petal by petal in through the shaded window and fell upon the un-played-with toys in the corner. The old clock ticked and stopped to listen and ticked and stopped to listen.

The child's hair lay tangled upon the pillow. It seemed to be trying to crawl away in thin curved golden strands from the white blue-veined little forehead.

The Mother held the child's small elusive hand and the Mother's eyes were black with unshed pain. But the child's eyes were wide and wondering and the child asked questions in a whisper voice that barely stirred the words.

"Mother, shall I stay here long?"

"No, my Little."

"When can I play again, Mother?"

"Soon, my Little."

"But I don't want to play now. When shall I want to play?"

"Soon, my Little."

"Mother, why do you look so sad?"

"Mother's not—sad, child."

"You come and lie down and I'll sit there. Oh, I can't raise my head, Mother. It's a mean feeling. Please take it away—I'm frightened."

"It won't be long, child dear. The feeling will soon steal away."

"Why, Mother, you're crying—I'm frightened."

"There's nothing to be frightened of, love child."

"Yes, there is. It's all so strange. It isn't as if it were just bedtime. It always seems bedtime now. Give me my doll. She might lie here with me."

The Mother brought the doll—the child cuddled it close to her. "Mother, it's cold."

The Mother drew a pink comforter over the white bed. The child began picking at its tufts.

And the Mother's heart wept—"Dear God—any hour now. How can I keep her from knowing and being afraid?"

"Mother, something queer's happening. You always tell me everything. Why can't I sleep tonight?"

And the Mother's heart wept—"How can I keep my lamb from being afraid—at the last?"

"You always used to explain things to me in stories, Mother. Put me to sleep with a wonderful story. Make me feel warm with a story, and take away the dark 'fraid feeling."

"If I can lead her gently to the Sleep, She will never have known fear," cried the anguished heart of the Mother. "If I should see fear in my darling's eyes—it would haunt my own death. She must smile, and let go of my hand smiling. Of me—nothing now."

So she sat on the lonely edge of the twilight, and it was as if the big soft bed were a white ocean, rocking her Only One, her frail child away from her—on into a Blue Beyond—while her voice from the Beaches, as the child sailed palely out of reach, became fainter to hear and fainter to hear—telling the Wonderful Story.

"There was once"—she began—"a dear baby girl who lived in a very beautiful garden, and all the flowers that grew about her—"

"What kind of flowers, Mother?"

"Roses and mignonette and jonquils and violets, and every other kind of flower which smells sweet, my Little.

And all the birds who sang in the trees—"

"What kind of birds, Mother?"

"Thrushes and nightingales, dear. And the blue sky, and the brook that laughed and tossed its silver hair—all these things loved my Little—loved the baby girl. Nothing but the beautiful was known to her."

"Did she have dolls and candy and a mother—Mother?"

"Yes, dear, she had dolls and candy and a—mother. There was the Spirit of the Garden too. This Spirit showed the baby girl how to play, and kept her from harm."

"What did the Spirit look like, Mother?"

"It looked like early morning and spring and it had little children's eyes and wings as white as apple blossoms, and it spoke like the voice of water before it reaches the sea—and it had the heart of all things untouched."

"I don't understand, Mother, but I like the Spirit."

"The garden was shut away from the world by a big thick wall of pearl. The child ran and sang and played with balls that flashed like rainbows in the sun. Sometimes, too, she went wading in the brook."

"Oh, I'd like to go, Mother."

"She went wading, and chased tiny silver fish that she never quite caught. Then she would sleep under the trees, and the happy sun would climb down through the leaves and kiss her."

"Where was the mother?"

"The mother was sitting by, in the shadows, dear—watching her baby girl—"

"Go on, Mother."

"But the baby girl could not stay in the garden forever—"

"Why couldn't she, Mother?—Oh, you hurt my hand—you are holding it so tightly, so tightly."

"No, my Little, I am not hurting you. Because the child grew tired of the garden—she had played with everything there. She pressed her eager little face now against the white bars of the garden gate, and she looked and looked at the country beyond—until the Spirit knew that the child must pass through the garden gate. Then the mother wept, for she had been in the country beyond, and had seen many dangers and terrible things there. She wept so hard at the thought of the child meeting these dangers, that the Spirit took great pity on her—"

"What kind of dangers, Mother?"

"Storms and blackness and rain that breaks delicate things, and hands that wring desolately, and voices that cry, and eyes that weep, dear."

"I'd hate the black, Mother."

"So the Spirit took pity on the wisdom in the mother, which dreaded the passing of her child beyond the gates—and it said to her as she stood loving her child—"There is another way. There is a road that leads off over the brow of the hill, but you can only walk half that road now with the child. Later you may meet her by going the other way. But this road is so white that only tiny light feet may touch it—the feet which leave no print. Yours would darken this road, for you have wandered much and dipped your feet in the shadows which stain." The mother could not decide at once, so the Spirit decided for her. The child should go by the white road. "You may guide her"—it said to the mother—"to the brow of the hill, since you love

her so much—but over the brow of the hill, the child shall go alone and she will find such a beautiful land there, that she will always be happy, and she will never know such sorrow as you—"

"Mother, why can't anyone go over the brow of the hill?"

"Because,—oh my baby child, my little child—it is only a road for tiny light feet. See, we are going to walk together—just so far. Then—for you have been very good, and you may go over this road—you shall follow it to its promise."

"I'm cold, Mother. It blurs my throat when I talk. Can you hear me? Are you going away? You look far away. Touch me."

"Be still, my Little—we are walking down the white road."

"I felt something hot and wet fall on my hand—what was it, Mother?"

"It was a kiss, dear baby. See how clear and smooth the road is. The light shines through white rose bushes, and the air is very soft."

"But over the brow of the hill, Mother—can't you come—can't you, just this once?"

"No, my Little. You will find—let me see what you will find—a palace of white—"

"Sea-shells, Mother."

"Of white sea-shells, on the border of an ocean that rocks my baby to sleep—and there will be lots of other little boys and girls there to keep her company. She will find them waiting for her. That's right,—smile, my Little. You will love them dearly—You can speak of the garden to them—You see Mother told you that it was beautiful. But you will think of her, sometimes—she will come sailing to you over the Ocean, very soon—and my Little—Have we reached the brow of the hill?—My child—my child—the story is not finished—Wait until I finish it—"

The soul of the Mother uncovered its face and looked once at the vanishing soul of the child, over the brow of the hill—then it fell to its knees and mourned, and the air about it shivered with pain. For the Mother stood alone—and the story was not finished.

FOR many days and nights, the Mother knelt where the child had left her—the unfinished story trembling in her grieving heart. It was her dear secret—this unfinished story—and she hugged it close to her, for she felt strangely afraid to finish it by herself.

As time passed, many little friend children came to her, who called her sweet names, but never the sweetest of all. Still they stood at her knee as she told them stories—not the wonderful story—and their faces were like torches which lit her lonely dreams back over the white road to the garden. There lay echoes and bird songs which spoke of the little one who had gone—there lay the hush of the silent playtime of tiny light feet.

Yet she loved these other children. She saw many of them pressing their faces against the garden gate, and she knew then that the Spirit was going to send them out among the dangers. So she tried to help them arm themselves against these dangers, and she became loved and revered for her gentle wisdom. Often she wondered if Peace of a mystic kind did not after all wait for her at the end of the won-

(Continued on page 51)



Cakes for the Holidays

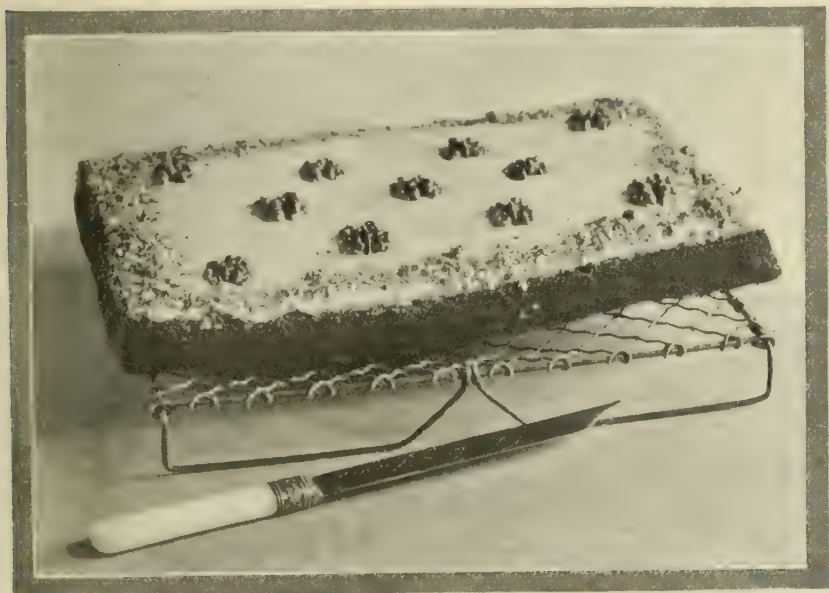
(Continued from page 38)

Pork Cake. Pour two cupfuls of boiling water over one pound of chopped salt pork and allow it to stand until nearly cold, then add one-half teaspoonful of baking soda, one cupful of molasses, two cupfuls of brown sugar, one pound each of currants, seedless raisins, seeded raisins, chopped candied mixed peels and nut meats, one teaspoonful each of powdered mace, nutmeg, ginger, allspice and cinnamon, one teaspoonful of baking powder and enough sifted flour to make it very stiff. Pour into a buttered and papered cake tin and bake in a moderate oven for two hours. No eggs in this cake. When cold cover with the following frosting, to the grated rind and strained juice of one orange add one teaspoonful of vanilla extract and one-half teaspoon-

juice of one orange and one-half cupful of cream and mix well together. Fill into pie shells and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. Remove from the oven and top with meringue made from the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, adding two tablespoonfuls of sugar and beat until smooth. Return to the oven to slightly brown and serve.

Cocoanut and Lemon Tarts. Line gem pans with rich pastry. Beat up two eggs, then gradually beat into them one cupful of sugar, the grated rind and strained juice of one lemon, two and one-half cupfuls of chopped cocoanut, and one-fourth cupful of melted butter. Divide into the prepared tins and bake in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes. Serve hot.

Chocolate Layer Cake. Beat three tablespoonfuls of butter with three-



The ever-popular walnut cake

ful of lemon juice. Let it stand for twenty minutes, then add slowly the yolk of one egg and enough sifted confectioners' sugar to make thick enough to spread.

Almond Cake. Beat one cupful of butter with one cupful of sugar until creamy, then add six beaten eggs and beat again, then add one cupful of flour, one-half cupful of chopped candied citron peel, one cupful of ground almonds, one-half cupful each of currants and seedless raisins, then add one more cupful of flour sifted with one teaspoonful of salt, then add one tablespoonful of fruit juice and mix well. Pour into a cake tin lined with buttered paper and bake in a moderate oven for two and one-half hours. When cold cover with the following almond icing, mix one cupful of sugar with one cupful of ground almonds, add one white of egg and one-half teaspoonful of almond extract. If not stiff enough add a little confectioners' sugar.

Jam Tarts. Roll pie crust out thin and cut into four-inch squares. Brush each square with the white of one egg, then fold over the corners to meet in the middle. Slightly press together, brush with white of egg, sprinkle over with sugar and bake in a hot oven for fifteen minutes. When done make a little hole in the middle and fill with jam, jelly or marmalade.

Custard Pies. Cream one-third of a cupful of butter with one-third of a cupful of sugar, then beat in one at a time the yolks of three eggs, beat well, add the grated rind and strained

fourths cupful of brown sugar, add two beaten eggs and beat again, then add one-half cupful of water, one cupful of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a pinch of salt, add two tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Mix well and divide into two buttered and floured layer cake tins, and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. Turn out and cool. For the filling, put two cupfuls of grated maple sugar into a saucepan, add two squares of chocolate, one cupful of milk and a pinch of cream of tartar and cook until it forms a soft ball when tested in cold water, add one tablespoonful of butter and mix well. Remove from the fire, stir in one tablespoonful of cream and one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, beat until thick enough to spread between the layers. For icing the top, dissolve one-fourth cake of chocolate in one cupful of boiling water add one cupful of sugar mixed with two teaspoonfuls of flour, add one teaspoonful of butter and cook till thick, stirring all the time, cool and spread on top of cake.

Pound Cake. Cream two cupfuls of butter with two cupfuls of sugar, then add twelve well beaten eggs and beat again for twenty minutes, add four cupfuls of flour sifted with one-half teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful of powdered mace, then add one and one-half teaspoonfuls of lemon extract and beat for eight minutes. Turn into a buttered and papered tin and bake in a slow oven for one and one-half hours.

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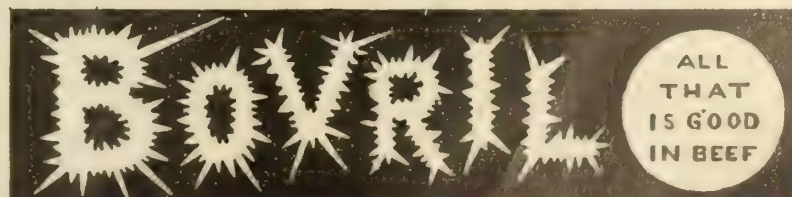
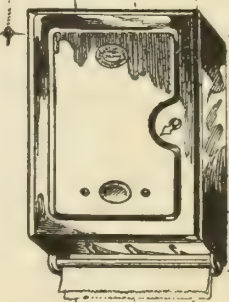
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A STORY of the West with a wild and woolly touch is "The Quest of Alistair" by Robert Allison Hood, who has already given "The Chivalry of Keith Leicester" to a novel-reading world. The hero, Alistair Kilgour, is a Scotchman—but we must admit that we wish his name were spelled in the old way "Alastair." This young man leaves a home near Selkirk, in Scotland to investigate a ranch in British Columbia on which his father had owned a mortgage. There has been failure, if not worse, on the De Roche ranch, and Alistair comes to Canada in a critical mood. There are two desperate villains in the story who almost compass the hero's downfall, but this noble youth finally emerges triumphant, with the prospect of marriage with a charming girl, who began by indulging a violent hatred for the intruding Scot. This is an entertaining and wholesome story, told in a fashion to encourage one to read more of Mr. Hood's romances. (Published by McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, Price \$2.00).

* * *

One of the books beloved of childhood and still read by those grown-ups who are fortunate enough not to have forgotten the pass word to fairyland is "Alice in Wonderland" by Lewis Carroll. This delectable story, with "Through the Looking Glass," has been published once more by the Macmillan Company, Toronto (price, \$2.00) and you have ninety-two illustrations by John Tenniel, who "did" Alice and her friends in a fashion that no other illustrator has equalled. Here they are, the Mad Hatter, the Dormouse, the Gryphon, the Mock Turtle and the rest of them, as lively and entertaining as they were when first we met them. We have but one regret after reading this story for the forty-eleventh time:—that the story and the pictures did not come before Christmas—or, rather, in time for notice in the December issue. However, "Alice in Wonderland" is for all seasons, and there is always a birthday for which this will prove the most welcome gift. You may say that there are little girls who will not appreciate Alice. If any such child exists, then must we resort to the language of the Queen in the story and say "Off with her head!"

* * *

The advertisements of books are usually rather misleading and overdone. However, the statement on the "jacket" of "Wings of the Spirit," by Evelyn L. Weller—"A most unusual story of delightful people" is partly true. The story is unusual, but the characters are not invariably delightful. The reader discovers, before he has gone far in the story, that the writer is a theosophist—or a sympathizer with the followers of theosophical teaching—and, indeed, part of the story resolves itself into a tract on that belief.

The heroine, Vashti Templeton, is a nurse, a being of marvellous beauty, and she is so unfortunate as to fall in love with a clergyman who has already provided himself with a wife. The attachment remains spiritual (for that circumstance, considering the muddiness of many modern novels the reader is grateful) and Stephen, the hero, becomes a martyr to his work in the poorest of neighborhoods. Vancouver and Victoria are the background of the story, although the last scene whisks us to Colorado.

The theology of the chief characters is said to be one of the rarest spirituality; but we wonder what a genuine "sermon-taster" would think of this description of a discourse by the hero:—

"Golden-voiced, the younger man brought to his audience gems of deep thought and knowledge—sometimes the cool, yet deep, color of an emerald then the rich glowing color of the ruby flashed before them in a pas-



sionate utterance; again the warm blue shining of a sapphire entered into the enthusiasm of his voice or the shimmering warmth, yet austerity of a pearl, etc., etc." Some readers may consider this "fine writing," others will find it intolerable gush.

The descriptions of the physical charms of various characters remind us of Bertha Clay of precious memory—dear to the school-girl heart. The heroine has "gray eyes—brimming with lights, that from the illumination within her soul shone through the velvety curtains that restrained and controlled the radiance that poured forth from her being." The hero had sea-blue eyes, hair of red gold—and his clerical collar encircled "a fine bronzed throat." This book will probably be called "perfectly lovely" by the young person who is addicted to the movies. (Published by the Musson Book Company, Ltd., Toronto, Price, \$2.00)

* * *

Mrs. MacKay of Vancouver (formerly of Woodstock, Ontario) is a Canadian writer whose work has charm and versatility. Her poems are still her best work in the estimation of many of her readers, who, nevertheless, admit that her novels have a graphic interest all their own. "Up The Hill and Over" was a story of a Canadian community which was un-

usually vivid; "Mist of the Morning" was an exhilarating tale, which was uncommon in characterization and plot; but Mrs. MacKay's latest work of fiction, "The Window-Gazer," surpasses her other productions in dramatic force and interest. Indeed, we should not be surprised if Mrs. MacKay were written among the dramatists. Professor Benis Hamilton Spence, a bookworm who, nevertheless, went to the war, finds himself in a remote part of British Columbia, lured thither by the craft of a most uncanny old villain, Dr. Herbert Farr. There is a daughter, of course, a Miranda-like person called "Desire" who says: "I never went into any of the stores. The things I wanted were inside and for sale—but I could not buy them. I was just a window-gazer. That's what I am still. Life is for sale somewhere. But I cannot buy it." Desire is a thoroughly enchanting young person—romantic without being tiresomely sentimental—and when she becomes the "wife in name only" of Benis Hamilton Spence, the reader is certain that the honeymoon will end in a love story. This is a highly engrossing tale, with just enough of horror in the old scoundrel of the Island to make a true "thriller." And you will surely be glad to meet Aunt Caroline. She is worthy of a place in any galaxy of intrepid spinsters. (Published by McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, Price, \$2.00).



Madame Pantazzi

It seems ever so long ago, that we read Miss Corelli's "Romance of Two Worlds." In fact, it was two wars ago, as Canada counts, for it was written before the Boer War of 1899. In that early and highly popular tale, Miss Corelli seemed to consider electric force as the secret power of the universe. Her theory was ingeniously and dramatically developed. The world of scientific discovery and invention has travelled far and fast, since the early "nineties," and we now find that Miss Corelli, in her latest novel, "The Secret Power," has returned to the subject of a ruling force, spiritual and physical, which is marvellous beyond all former experience, in its ability to construct or to destroy. Morgana Royal is an extraordinary young woman, with wealth "beyond the dreams of avarice," who is also a discoverer in scientific realms. Morgana uses her discovery to further the flight of a tremendous aeroplane which she names the "White Eagle," and incidentally acquires a wonderful palace in the Island of Sicily. There is a half-savage young person of brunette loveliness in the State of California, who makes deliberate and unashamed love to that disagreeable professor, Roger Seaton, who also is an explorer of "the secret power." This girl, Manella, is a decidedly animal type who becomes less unpleasing as tragedy befalls the man on whom she has set her stormy affections. The story is out-of-the-way, even in a world of strange tales, but if Miss Corelli possessed a sense of artistic or literary restraint, her imaginative efforts would be much more impressive. (The Ryerson Press, Toronto, Price, \$2.00).

* * *

Madame Pantazzi belongs to Toronto, Canada, by right of birth, and was well-known as Miss Ethel Greening. Her marriage, some years ago, to Commander Basile Pantazzi of the Roumanian Navy, removed her to a country which was destined to play a dramatic part in the Great War. Madame Pantazzi, during a recent visit to her native land, wrote an account of her adopted country, "Roumania in Light and Shadow," (published by the Ryerson Press, Toronto, Price, \$5.00), which is an excellent and picturesque portrayal of that Balkan State. Two chapters of this work were published in advance by The Canadian Home Journal:—so, our readers already have some idea of the writer's graphic and graceful style. The book has a narrative charm and yet gives the reader a vivid impression of national scenes and political events, as well as those more intimate details of personal experience which make for unusual appeal. We really visit Bucharest and learn something of that picturesque capital and are also brought into sympathy with the peasantry of the country. Canadians can understand the feeling reference in conclusion to the million citizens of Roumania who perished in the great struggle.

"But they have not died in vain! It was right about the 'star,' after all! 'Roumania Mare'—Greater Roumania—the national dream of centuries has by their heroic sacrifices become a living reality!"

This Canadian writer has written a dignified and memorable record of this land with a heroic past and a hopeful future.

* * *

Constantinople in 1067 A.D.—just about a year after William the Conqueror began to break up the happy Saxon homes of England—must have been a lively capital, with the factions of Blues and Greens fighting for the ascendancy, and the Saracen already beginning to threaten the

(Continued on page 45)



The Romance of a Canadian Prima Donna

(Continued from page 41)

and so were the minor Russian cities, where Miss Crawford's services were presently in demand. In 1916 she sang a long engagement in Moscow and was praised in ecstatic terms by the critics as she had been in Petrograd.

Gradually Russia was so closely invested by Germany, and telegraphic communications so congested, that it became practically impossible for private individuals to communicate with the outside world. For nearly three years in all, Miss Crawford's friends and relatives in Canada could not get in touch with her and for a time believed her dead, though all the while she was filling engagements. Later she was to learn that messages she had sent had never been despatched, and communications to her had never been delivered. Such was the turmoil of Russia in war time. The first Russian revolution, that of the Intelligentsia in March 1917, found her at Helsingfors in Finland, and here she did get a message through to Canada to say that she was safe. She did not return to Petrograd until after the collapse of the Kerensky regime there in the autumn of 1917, when risings in Finland made it advisable to get away from there. When she got to the Russian capital it was to find the Whites and the Reds in conflict and the Bolsheviks in power. It was a distressing period of which she does not care to talk; but in Russia she was obliged to remain throughout the ensuing twelvemonth while the war with Germany was being fought to a finish on the Western front.

Miss Crawford has this to say for the Bolsheviks that they let singers and theatrical artists alone, so long as they abstained from interfering in politics; and as she was never able to fathom the mysteries of Russian politics they had nothing to fear from her. They even encouraged public entertainments with a view to keeping the people from becoming restive; but their rule made it very difficult for people even of large earnings to get anything to eat. In 1918 Miss Crawford sang in many distant parts of Russia. She was in the large cities of the Crimea and the Caucasus and even got as far East as Vladivostok in Siberia. There she and her companions in her concert party had hoped to take ship and get away to Japan. But before they could do so, the Bolsheviks obtained control of the local government and put a ban on such departures.

When the armistice was signed on Nov. 11, 1918 she was back in Petrograd again, and for a time Lenin and Trotsky relaxed their ukase against departures, and so she got back to Warsaw from which she had fled before the German advance three and half years previously. The Poles are a very musical people and in their elation over the withdrawal of the hated Prussians they were enthusiastic for opera, and so Miss Crawford found it profitable to remain there until July of the present year. When she came back there after the peace she had hoped to be free of wars, and the joy of the people at regaining their lost nationality made the old capital a pleasant place for one accustomed to it. But in the summer of 1920 came the Bolshevik-Polish conflict, and ere long another enemy was at the gates of Warsaw. Once again Miss Crawford had her trunks packed to flee, this time to Danzig. But as most readers will recall, the tide was turned in the nick of time by the French auxiliaries un-

der General Weigand; and so Warsaw was saved the catastrophe of looting by Chinese mercenary troops which was to have been its fate. Again there was rejoicing but the pressure of want was bearing heavily on Poland and early last summer Miss Crawford decided that she had had enough of Eastern Europe. A longing to see Canada once more became irresistible, and she made her way to London by the Baltic route. In August, her parents received a welcome cable that after ten years absence she was at last coming back to the home land. Her public appearances since her return have more than justified the enthusiastic regard in which she was held in Russia and Poland, and no doubt many Canadians will in future hear her sing very celebrated arias. But there is one simple song which has special significance in her case. The other day I heard her render "Home, Sweet Home" before an audience of Toronto women, and never have I heard it sung with more heartfelt emotion.

Home by the Panama

(Continued from page 37)

ive for the soft earth and sand of Suez, it was powerless against the heavy clayey soil and rock of Panama. Ill-fated de Lesseps! Do you know his statue at Port Said where he stands proudly triumphant at the head of his successfully completed canal while the great ships pass by going East and West? What a contrast, that commanding confident attitude of victory and this pitiful little meandering channel which the great ships pass heedlessly by going East and West through another's engineering.

After a level stretch of seven miles the canal reaches deep water on the Atlantic side, opening into Limon Bay, into the very waters sailed by Columbus in his fruitless search for the "hidden strait." After four centuries his vision has become a reality: vessels mightier than any he could picture are daily taking a fifty mile water-way created by the hand of man, which, by severing a continent, had linked two hemispheres.

The Book Corner

(Continued from page 44)

Christendom of Eastern Europe. A story of this city of marvellous color and unlimited intrigue is told in "Eudocia," by Eden Phillpotts. This writer seems to have forsaken his pastoral stories of Devonshire for scenes which lend themselves to melodrama. "Eudocia" is called by the author a "comedy royal" and it richly deserves the sub-title. The Empress Eudocia is a regal heroine who might have stepped out of a fairy tale, her lover, Romanus, is all that a Prince Charming should be; but the core of the comedy, the dominating figure, is Nicephorus, who plays the ancient game of politics in a fashion to break or make an empire and incidentally to unite hearts. It is a most interesting tale, told by one who is master of his craft. (Macmillan and Company, Toronto. Price, \$2.00).



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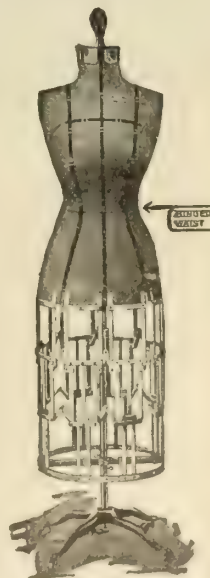
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Journal's Junior Page

(Continued from page 39)

slowly that it would be months before even a bud would show. Amongst them all, the New Year gardener, 1922, worked busily, a pot of comfort here, a sprinkle of hope there, a helping, loving hand for each growing wish.

The lights that hung from the glass roof had grown dim, but they were not needed, for in their place now shone the bright sunbeams of the morning. Then Father Time rose from his seat, smiled at his busy gardener, the New Year, and stepped out into the crisp morning. There was a glad smile on his face, and you might have heard him singing: "Within my garden growing I leave my wish-flowers there Unto the New Year, knowing They'll have the tend'rest care. Wishes to those I'm taking Who think day-dreams outgrown; I'll help them in the making Wish-gardens of their own."

Bertha E. Green.

IN THE PINES

The man who paddles the canoe for me in the summer had slipped on a mackinaw, and as he reached for cap and mitts he asked:

"Aren't you coming calling with me this morning?"

"Of course," I replied, "where to?" "To call on Piney," answered the man in the mackinaw, "I have an idea that we will find him very much at home."

There was little wind, but the cold brought red cheeks and the somewhat heavy walking through the snow was a pleasure. I followed my guide across fields and over three rail fences. At the far side of the third fence I jumped short and had to be pulled out of my landing place, a snow-filled ditch.

Right ahead of us was the Littlest Woods, a grove only mostly of small evergreens. We had left it uncleared, a sort of outdoor summer-house and I was now to find it a winter pleasure too.

We approached the trees silently, although I did want to ask who Piney was. Just at the edge of the grove the man in the mackinaw stopped, pointed to a small pine near by and said in a low voice:

"Allow me to introduce Master Piney Grosbeak."

A bird somewhat smaller than a robin was perching on a branch but a few feet from us. Its feathers were of a rosy hue with darker notched tail and white-lined dark wing feathers. Its bill was short and strong like a sparrow's, and the eyes were set well toward the front of the head.

Master Piney looked us over carefully and then gave us an exhibition of taking seeds from pine-cones that was well worth watching. After this the grosbeak whistled again and again and presently he was joined by another bird much like himself in appearance excepting that the new-comer's feathered suit was dull yellow and greyish brown.

Mistress Piney Grosbeak was somewhat shy and though she treated us to a sweetly warbled song she did not stay long in the pine tree. Master Piney followed her and my guide and I followed them both. They flew across the fields in the direction of the house and as we walked homeward I learned that the grove was the home of the grosbeaks, winter and summer, that they nested in the pine trees and hatched out a little family of three or four from bluish green eggs prettily spotted with mauve and brown.

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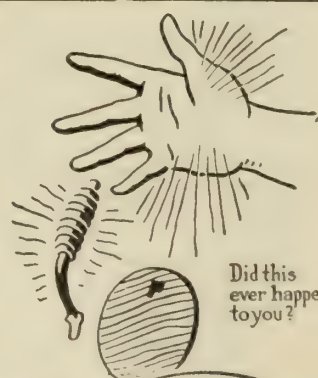
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You Never Can Tell

(Continued from page 14)

"Oh, no," she answered quickly, while an interested group drew near. "People never write their own sorrows; the broken heart does not sing, that's the sadness of it. If one can talk of their sorrows, they soon cease to be. It's because I have not had any sorrows of my own that I have seen and been able to tell of the tragedies of life."

"Isn't she the jolly best bluffer you ever heard?" one of the men remarked to another. "Just think of that beautiful creature, born for admiration, living ten miles from anywhere, on an Albertan ranch of all places, and saying she is happy. She could be a top notcher in any society in Canada. Why, Great Scott! any of us would have married that girl, and been glad to do it," and under the glow of this generous declaration Mr. Stanley Carruthers lit his cigarette and watched her with unconcealed admiration.

...

AS the Arts and Crafts had predicted, the newspapers gave considerable space to their open meeting, and the Alberta author came in for a large share of the reporters' finest spasms. It was the chance of a lifetime—here was local color, human interest, romance, thrills! Good old phrases, clover scented, and rosy hued that had lain in cold storage for years, were brought out and used with conscious pride.

There was one paper which boldly hinted at what it called her "mesalliance" and drew a lurid picture of her domestic unhappiness "so bravely borne." All the gossip of the Convention was in it, intensified and exaggerated; conjectures set down as known truth; the idle chatter of idle women crystallized in print!

And, of this paper, a copy was sent by some unknown person to James Dawson, Auburn, Alberta.

The rain was falling at Auburn, Alberta, with the dreary insistence of unwelcome harvest rain. Just a quiet drizzle—plenty more where this came from; no haste; no waste. It soaked the fields, keeping green the grain which should be ripening in a clear sun. Kate Dawson had been gone a week, and it would still be a week before she came back. Just a week—seven days—Jim Dawson went over them in his mind as he drove the ten miles over the rain-soaked roads to Auburn to get his daily letter.

Every day she had written to him long letters, full of vital interest to him. He read them over and over again.

"Nobody really knows how well Kate can write, who has not seen her letters to me," he thought proudly. Absence had not made him fonder of his wife—for every day he lived was lived in devotion to her. The marvel of it all never left him—that such a woman as Kate Marks, who had spent her life in a city surrounded by cultured friends should be contented to live the lonely life of a rancher's wife.

He got his first disappointment when there was no letter for him. He told himself it was some unavoidable delay in the mails. Kate had written all right—there would be

two letters for him to-morrow. Then he noticed the paper addressed to him in a strange hand. He opened it eagerly. A wavy ink line caught his eye.

"Western author delights large audience!"

Jim Dawson's face glowed with pride. "My girl," he murmured happily. "I knew it!" He wanted to be alone when he read it and folding it hastily, put it in his pocket, and did not look at it again until he was on the way home.

The rain still fell drearily and spattered the page as he read. His heart beat fast with pride as he read the flattering words. His girl had made good, you bet.

Suddenly he started, almost crushing the paper in his hands, and every bit of color went from his face. What's this—"unhappily married," "borne with heroic cheerfulness." He read it through to the end.

He stopped his horses and looked around. He did not know himself what thought was in his mind. Jim Dawson had always been able to settle his disputes, without difficulty, or delay. There was something to be done now.... The muscles swelled in his arms.... Surely something could be done....

Then the wanton cruelty, the utter brutality of the printed page came home to him.... there was no way.... no answer. Strange to say, he felt no resentment for himself—even the paragraph about the old lover, with its hidden and sinister meaning, angered him only in its relation to her. Why shouldn't the man admire her, if he was an old lover? Kate must have had dozens of men in love with her—why shouldn't any man admire her?

So he talked and reasoned with himself, trying to keep the cruel hint of the words out of his heart.

Everyone in his household was asleep when he reached home. He stabled his team with the help of his lantern, and then, going into the comfortable kitchen, he found the lunch the housekeeper had left for him. He thought of the many, merry meals he and Kate had had on this same kitchen table, but now it seemed a poor, cold thing to sit down and eat alone, and in silence.

With his customary thoughtfulness, he cleared away the lunch before going to his room. Then, lamp in hand, he went, as he and Kate had always done, to the children's room, and looked long and lovingly at his boy and girl asleep in their cots—the boy so like himself with his broad forehead and brown curls. He bent over him and kissed him tenderly—Kate's boy.

Then he turned to the little girl, so like her mother, with her tangle of red curls on the pillow. Picking her up in his arms, he carried her to his room, and put her in his own bed.

"Mother isn't putting up a bluff on us, is she, dearie?" he whispered as he kissed the soft little cheek beside his own. "Mother loves us, surely.... it is pretty rough on us if she doesn't.... and it's rougher still on mother...."

The child stirred in her sleep, and her arms tightened around his neck.

"I love my mother—and my daddy," she murmured drowsily.

All night long, Jim Dawson lay wide-eyed, staring into the darkness, with his little sleeping girl in his arms, not doubting his wife for a moment, but wondering.... all night long.... wondering!

The next evening Jim did not go for his mail, but one of the neighbors driving by volunteered to get it for him.

It was nearly midnight when the sound of wheels roused him from his reverie. He opened the door, and in the square of light, the horses stopped.

"Hello, Jim! Is that you?" called the neighbor. "I've got something for you."

Jim came out bareheaded. He tried to thank the neighbor for his kindness, but his throat was dry with suppressed excitement. Kate had written!

The buggy was still in the shadow, and he could not see its occupants.

"I have a letter for you, Jim," said his friend, with a suspicious twinkle in his voice; "a big one, registered, and special delivery—a right nice letter, I should say."

Then her voice rang out from the darkness: "Come, Jim, and help me out." Commonplace words, too but to Jim Dawson they were sweeter than the chiming of silver bells....

An hour later, they still sat over their late supper on the kitchen table. She had told him many things.

"I just got lonely, Jim; plain straight homesick for you and the children. I could not stay out the week. The people were kind to me, and said nice things about my work. I was glad to hear and see things, of course. Bruce Edwards was there—you know I've told you about Bruce. He took me around quite a bit, and was nice enough, only I couldn't lose him—you know that kind, Jim, always saying tiresome, platy sort of things. He thinks that women like to be fussed over all the time. The women I met dress beautifully and all talk the same, and at once. Everything is 'perfectly sweet and darling' to them—they are clever women, all right, and were kind to me, and all that, but oh, Jim, they are not for mine; and the men I met while I was away all looked small and poor and trifling to me, because I have been looking for the last ten years at one who is big and brown and useful. I compared them all with you, and they measured up badly, Jim. Do you know what it would feel like to live on pop corn and chocolates for two weeks, and try to make a meal of them—what do you think you would be hungry for?"

Jim Dawson watched his wife, his eyes aglow with love and pride. Not until she repeated her question did he answer her.

"I think perhaps, a slice of brown bread would be what was wanted," he answered, smiling. The glamor of her presence was upon him.

Then she came over to him and drew his face close to hers. "Please pass the brown bread!" she said.



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Robbing Peter

(Continued from page 11)

Peter's—and she should have recognized that fact at first—instead of—but Paul had been such a pathetically eager little boy—it had been such a pleasure to watch over him for a while, and lead him into his Land of Heart's Desire—

It was the last day of July that Peter appeared at the Library. It was late in the afternoon, and Frances was picking out a novel for an elderly woman who did not want a very exciting one, because she said her nerves were bad. Peter sat down and waited until the woman had gone. Then he went over and stood in front of Frances, while she made a great pretence of tidying her desk.

"I'm sorry to disturb you," he began, "I know you'd just as soon I didn't bother you—"

"You know that isn't true," Frances broke in, in a low voice.

"But I have a message for you—so that's why I'm here." He paused. "It's from Paul. He's gone away."

"I'm not surprised. Tell me about it."

Peter's eyebrows went up in astonishment. "Can you get away from this place now and come for a walk? I'd be—rather glad if you would."

"I can't till about half an hour from now."

"I'll come back then," said Peter, and he did.

It had been a hot day, and the leaves hung lifeless on the trees above the dusty streets. They walked out to the edge of the town and down to the water.

"Well," Peter threw a tiny pebble out into the water, "we've been talking about everything under the sun—and I haven't yet given you the message."

"Tell me about Paul," Frances' eyes were on the faint horizon, and she was very still.

"He's gone on the freighter 'Manitou' for the rest of the season—till school starts, that is. The captain happened to mention that he needed a boy on board, and before you could turn around, Paul was off like a shot to collect a few clothes to go aboard."

"The 'Manitou' was due to leave in forty minutes, but Paul was back before that, running like a hare. I take off my hat to the little beggar. It was fine!"

"You said once you'd like him better in Timbuctoo"—Frances was smiling a little lop-sided smile.

"Which should prove to you," Peter replied grimly, "that I always mean exactly what I say. Paul and I had a short conversation aboard just before the 'Manitou' cast off. I gathered that he had explained to his mother and rushed off leaving her gaping."

"I know just how overcome she would be, poor soul! It isn't the first time Paul has astonished her."

"It seems he is determined to work on these freighters every summer until he's through High School. He told me he wants to earn enough money to go to the city—any city—and work his way through University. He wants to be an engineer and build things."

"You haven't given me Paul's message yet."

"He told me," Peter said soberly, "that I was to tell you that he would write lots of letters to you, since he didn't have time to go and say goodbye."

"I'd realized that little boys grow into big boys and then they go away. Once, I thought—"

She stopped abruptly, and Peter leaned towards her and took her hand in his two big brown ones.

"Some big boys come back, again and yet again. And some big boys wait and wait—"

"Ages and ages. Yes. I know, Peter. It was—dear—of you."

"I kept on hoping, Frances, that sometime Paul would let me have a tiny foothold—where I'd like to be. Has—is there a little bit of room for me now?"

She turned to him, and her eyes were very soft—

"Peter, dear—there has been all along—only—Paul was such a precious, lively little boy—that—that I didn't quite realize at first—"

There was an interruption here—an interruption without words—and after a while, in the gathering dusk, the lighthouse on a tiny island far across the water began to blink its yellow eyes. And it seemed to say just what was in the hearts of two happy people who sat on in the peaceful darkness—

"I—love—you—I—love—you."

Health and the Home

(Continued from page 24)

Perhaps it would be a little plainer if we said—"A Calorie is the amount of heat required to raise two quarts of water one degree Fahrenheit."

If you rise from your chair, walk eight feet, turn, walk back and sit down again, you have used up about one calorie of heat.

The average number of calories used up on his day's work by an ordinary man is from 2500 to 3000. But anyone doing very hard work may use up about twice as much.

The average number of calories used up by an ordinary woman is perhaps from 2200 to 2800, according to her occupation.

Replacing Calories

Therefore we should eat at our three meals, food which will give us the same number of calories as we use up in our daily work. An average helping of any one article at the table is about 100 calories.

Each of the following is a "Hundred Calories Portion":—

- 2 slices of white bread $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick by $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches square.
- 1 cubic inch of butter.
- A Medium sized ripe banana.
- A large boiled egg.
- $3\frac{1}{2}$ lumps of sugar.
- $\frac{5}{8}$ cup of milk (whole).
- $1\frac{1}{8}$ cup of milk (skim).
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of baked custard.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup scalloped potatoes.
- 2 medium-sized chocolate creams.
- 1 cup of oatmeal (cooked).
- 1 large apple.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ large apple baked with two tablespoonfuls of sugar.
- 2 cooked prunes with two tablespoonfuls of prune juice.
- 1 large orange.
- 1 medium-sized potato.

Glistening Gowns and Lovely Fal-de-rals

(Continued from page 33)

They are very useful to wear inside the wrap and are very dainty.

If one has the means to be really fashionable, there are some exquisite Chinese shawls and scarves of heavy crepe embroidered as only the Oriental can, and finished around the edge with deep, tied fringe. These shawls are not ephemeral as some modern toggeries, but will last for centuries and are quite well worth while as heirlooms, if one wishes to be gratefully remembered by coming generations.

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Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from page 34)

admitted to a theatre unless accompanied by an adult.

WOMEN'S INSTITUTES' METHODS

By Mrs. Alfred Watt, M.B.E.

THIS page will be conducted in the interests of Women's Institutes' methods of work. It will consist for the most part of explanations and descriptions of how Institute features are managed and their activities carried out, and of answers to questions. Any member of an Institute is at liberty to ask questions or request a description of any phase of the work. The page has been instituted at the wish of the Federated W.I.s of Canada and is in the personal charge of a committee appointed for that purpose. In their desire to give this service to the Institutes of Canada, the committee has been met with whole hearted co-operation on the part of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

It is the sole wish of all concerned to be of use to the Institutes; but, for this service to be of value, there must be two consenting parties, those who are arranging for this exchange of information and experience and those who are receiving the benefit. Naturally, it is not expected to reach the perfectly self-satisfied. It is the common experience of all Institute workers that those who ask least for help, need it the most. But it is hoped that those who feel a need, who want their own Institute to be the best in the Institute world who have the good of the whole movement at heart will give of their best to us and let us give of our best to them.

The international character of the movement will be emphasized. There are now kindred women's rural societies in the United States, Ireland, Belgium, England, Wales, Scotland, France, New Zealand, and other countries. Accounts of how their work is carried on will be given as space permits, and it is hoped through this page to spread abroad descriptions of our work here.

We are living in the midst of trying but wonderful times. A whole world is being reborn. We must see to it, that, we Women's Institute members, who have been pioneers in the work for rural women and have won an honored place in the rural community continue as leaders and do not fall back into the ranks of those who also ran. To march with the times there must be new life and new growth. "The year of 1920 was the year of re-organization, 1921 the year of re-adjustment" and the year of 1922 should be the year of re-inspiration. We did re-organize our Institute forces as Provinces and as a Dominion. We did try to readjust our organization to the changing conditions. It is now up to us to re-inspire every member and every part of our movement. We are perfectly free, self governing, independent, organizations, with a tremendous backing in our government assistance and sympathy. We have only ourselves to blame if we do not measure up to the standards of the times.

This month's page will give an illustration of the arrangements made for the sharing of our experience and problems. The Question Drawer contains answers to questions asked at meetings or received in letters. A report is given of an English W.I. to show the sort of report which an official organ or a district or group

conference would like to receive. Later it is hoped to show the model newspaper, and other reports exhibited by Miss MacIsaac at the Alberta Convention. A short Agricultural Course as given at a Welsh W.I. is given to show how our agricultural aims may be carried out. An outline is sketched of a possible paper by a member on "How Women's Institutes are adapted to every country," which it is hoped some enterprising member may prepare for her own Institute and which later may find its way into print for the benefit of other Institutes. Next month a description of a Women's Institute market will be given and a talk on how Discussions, so important a part of Institute meetings, should be conducted in order to make the most of them.

So now we're off, with high hopes, but cheerfully ready for correction criticism and suggestion, so long as we are all going the same way, the way of Institute activity and success.

WHAT WE HAVE

It is not generally known even among our members, what a wealth of Institute material we have, nor is it realized what we miss by not having a national Headquarters where all our splendid material may be made available.

To give only a hurried summary:—

There are Institute Song Sheets, Official Journals, Diaries, Calendars, Badges, Songs, Plays, Poems, Uniforms, Medals, Certificates, Books, Programmes, Stationery, Sets of books for minutes, records etc., Colors, Ribbons, Gavel, Membership Cards, Photos, Lantern slides, Films, Prize Cards, Banners, Pamphlets, Posters, Leaflets, Baby cards, Presentation Shields and Pins,—now what do you think of that?

This list is written from memory and it will be interesting to see how much can be added if members tell us of other material.

Besides this, it is amazing our wealth of human material. The two first women judges in Canada were W.I. members and well known workers, Mrs. Murphy and Mrs. McGill; nearly all the women members of Parliament we have are W.I. members, including the two latest, our own Mrs. McClung and Mrs. Wintringham, the only British-born woman to sit in the British House of Commons. Our Mrs. Todd was President of the First Social Welfare Council of Canada and the only member of the Order of the British Empire who is a native-born Canadian received it because of her Institute work. The two women to be given important charges under the Dominion Government, Mrs. Robson and Dr. MacMurchy, are both W.I. members. The first woman School Inspector Dr. Marty, is one of our Conveners. Many Nurses who won War Decorations belong to us. Her Majesty, Queen Mary, is the President of Sandringham W.I. and the Princess Louise, of Challey W.I. The first woman member of a Cabinet Mrs. Smith of British Columbia, is also a W.I. member. But the list is legion. Some day there will be a "Who's Who" of the Institutes and we will simply swell with pride over the great and good women who are with us For Home and Country.

OUTLINE OF PAPER ON THE ADAPTABILITY OF WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

In presenting this outline for a talk or paper on this subject it is hoped

that papers may be prepared by some members for a meeting. If members like the idea, other outlines will be given on other phases of our methods of work and in this way a real interest in the organization of our movement which, believe me, is a fascinating study, will be aroused.

1. W. I.'s STARTED IN CANADA, THE LAND OF HUGE RANCHES.
 2. IDEA ADOPTED IN BELGIUM, THE LAND OF SMALL HOLDERS.
 3. SUCCESSFUL EVEN IN IRELAND, THE LAND OF MISFORTUNE.
 4. THE FIRST W.I. IN THE BRITISH ISLES STARTED IN WALES, LAND OF MUSIC AND POETRY.
 5. ENGLAND THE MOTHER COUNTRY HAS NOW ABOUT 2500 and 150,000 MEMBERS.
 6. SCOTLAND WITH ITS ISOLATED HAMLETS HAS MOST FLOURISHING W.I.s.
 7. FRANCE THE OLD, HAS STARTED THE MOVEMENT.
 8. NEW ZEALAND THE NEW, HAS BEGUN IN A SMALL WAY.
- CONCLUSION The idea is suitable for all lands where there is a willingness to co-operate.

THE QUESTION DRAWER

Question. Do you recommend a Programme sub-committee?

Answer. Yes.

Question. How long should a Programme be, and how many items?

Answer. Two hours is the usual time allotted to the Programme. Many Institutes open the doors and have room, with Notice Board, Library, and etc., going at 2 o'clock, begin programme at 2.30 and end at 4.30 for tea.

The number of items depends, of course, on the length of time allowed for each. A good Chair-woman always makes the programme go briskly, gives a time allowance to speakers, plans time for discussions and questions and sticks to time allotted. I prefer a number of short items to one or two lengthy addresses and long-drawn-out business.

Question. In a printed programme is it well to have quotations and W.I. colors and Motto?

Answer. Yes. A reproduction of the W.I. Badge also adds distinction.

Question. Should the financial or annual Report, if brief, be printed on programmes of next year?

Answer. It is not usual, but it has been done both in Canada and abroad. There is no objection if funds permit.

Question. How can an Institute get on well if the Directors are no good?

Answer. Tut, tut. We have regular elections and we can all vote by secret ballot. We will get just the Directors we deserve. And we will get on just as well and just as badly as we deserve. Suppose the question were put differently. How shall we get a good and representative Board of Directors or Executive Committee? Here are a few hints:—

See that the election is conducted, not only in order, but with due preparation and in an intelligible manner, that is:—

Nominate in writing to Secretary in December if election is in January;

Nominate only those whom you honestly believe will be faithful and capable, having first got their consent;

See that the Secretary prepares ballot papers before the election, with names of those nominated in alphabetical order;

Attend Annual Meeting. Vote correctly for those whom you consider will make best Committee members and officers.

Before election is held, insist on records of attendances at last year's meetings being read, if any of last year's Directors are up for re-election.

(To be Continued)



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Friday for Losses

By Mabel F. A. Thibaudeau

I was walking lately with a friend (not Claudia for a wonder,) when a chance remark led to the subject of superstitions. Elgiva had just affirmed with much emphasis that "no person with a grain of common sense could be superstitious, that a belief in signs and omens was a relic of barbarism, etc., etc." when our progress was stopped by a quantity of material strewn in front of a building in course of erection. With considerable strategy I endeavoured to find a pathway through the debris, when my friend suddenly grasped my arm and deliberately piloted me into the middle of the road which recent rains had left in a condition the reverse of pleasant. In answer to my look of dismay as I surveyed my mud-bespattered skirt, Elgiva demanded in an incredulous tone, "were you really going to walk under that ladder?"

The inconsistency of this with her previous remark anent "her non-belief in signs and omens" was aggravating in the extreme, more especially as in deference to her expressed opinion I had left undisturbed only a minute before a pin which lay in my pathway with the head invitingly towards me, and which if I did not pick up would only entail, so I firmly believed, a series of ills for the remainder of that day. Elgiva's action on this occasion leads me not to the subject of feminine inconsistency but to the superstitions indulged in by different classes and creeds in this mad world of ours.

Let us take just one little superstition but common to many nations. The sixth day of the week for instance. The ill-luck ascribed to Friday has been an almost universal belief from earliest times. This ominous day even in this prosaic age is regarded by many — who might in other respects agree with Elgiva's opinion of superstitious observances being "relics of barbarism"—as a day to be avoided for embarking on any important undertaking.

Tradition states that the ill-fate imputed to Friday had its source in the fact that the Sacrifice on the Cross was offered upon that day, thus giving a Christian import to a superstition which has existed among the Indian Brahmins from immemorial ages.

The Talmud asserts that Adam was created, transgressed and exiled from Eden on a Friday. A widely prevailing tenet in the ill-fortune attributed to this especial day, is one of the many superstitions governing the daily life of the Rumanians. No business of consequence is transacted, neither bread made, or a needle or pair of scissors handled by them on Friday, while it is interesting to note that Wednesday also is saddled with all the evil reputation associated with Friday. As a variant, the Italians couple Tuesday with Friday, and a well known proverb proclaims that no self respecting citizens must dare tempt the fates by marrying or setting out upon a journey on either the third or sixth day of the week. This phase of the subject associating an unfortunate termination to all journeys undertaken on a Friday prevails in other countries of Europe, and during the early years of the last century this belief was so strongly held that a person setting out upon his travels on this unpropitious day was deemed a most fool-hardy or an extraordinarily brave individual.

According to Welsh, Irish, and Scotch folk-lore we learn that the fairy-folk are permitted to play all

sorts of pranks upon mankind on a Friday, and it is asserted and believed that upon this day of days the "little people" assume the forms of hideous imaginary animals which they retain until the following Monday.

The ill-luck of all the Fridays in the year appears to be concentrated in Good Friday. Among many Christian races until a comparatively recent date few people had the temerity even to drive a nail on this sanctified day. More especially is this the case in the North of England where a Yorkshire housewife — clinging to the traditions of an older era—would in no circumstances permit clothes to be washed on Good Friday, and in respect of household tasks as few performed as possible. The washing of clothes is especially regarded as grievously unlucky and great misfortune is bound to follow any one sufficiently courageous to engage in that necessary and commendable employment upon that most questionable day. The genesis of this latter superstition dates from an ancient legend which recounts that when the Saviour was on His way to Calvary, a woman washing clothes in a wayside pool, in derision shook the wet garments before the Lord's face and henceforth articles washed on the recurring anniversary of that tragic day, would bear forever spots of blood.

Not only are we forbidden to marry or enter into any important engagements upon any Friday of the year but we must refrain from cutting our tresses or manicuring our nails in obedience to the old couplet which declares,—

"Friday cut, and Friday shorn
Better never had been born."

Again if we sing on Friday assuredly we shall weep on Sunday.

While this is only a brief category of some of the various ill omens associated with the sixth day of the week, we fortunately have sufficient data to warrant the assumption that the exception proves the rule to the embarrassment of those persons who do not recognize this perplexing day as wholly symbolic of misfortune. Charles Dickens, for example, it is well known, insisted that Friday was his day of good fortune, for his most melted butter. Mix well together successful undertakings were planned, or completed, so he has told us, on that superstitiously contradictory day. Also the people of the Scandinavian peninsula consider Friday the luckiest day of all the week, while in Scotland and many parts of Germany this is the day held as the most favourable from nuptial ceremonies. The Mohammedans also hold Friday in greatest veneration from the fact of it being the Moslem Sabbath. The people of the United States, it is well known, regard Friday as essentially a fortunate day in the sense that they perpetuate the anniversaries of certain Fridays with acclaim, for many historic events of profound import for them as a nation occurred on a Friday. On Friday this hemisphere was first sighted by Columbus. On Friday the Pilgrim Fathers disembarked from the Mayflower in Plymouth Bay. These are only a few of the many outstanding episodes which are red-lettered upon the calendar of this sometime doubtful day of fate.

As an afterthought I am reminded that it was only the other day that Taurus the "dominant" was heard to declare that Friday was a singularly "lucky" day, as it suggested soured salmon, or planked whitefish!



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The Torque of Harold Einarsen

(Continued from page 7)

ward, so that the back part was never invaded by the tide, and was quite dry. The walls were formed of solid rock, and as the only light came from the entrance, the interior was gloomy. The professor was digging in one corner; he desisted as Peter approached him.

"No use going any deeper here," he said. "They had only a broken oar to dig with, so the hole they made could not be deep, I'll try further along. Peter, take the pick-axe, and start in that other corner, working this way."

Peter, murmuring that when he visited an asylum he always did as the inmates requested, took the tool and set to work. They were still digging when Mrs. Swanson came to announce that the kettle was boiling, and that, being famished, she refused to wait any longer for her lunch.

"If you want to hunt for Captain Kidd's money, you can do it just as well after you've all had a cup of tea," she said. "When I was a girl I remember an old man—Crazy Bill Mason we called him—who used to go out most every night to hunt for pirate gold. He always drew a circle, and put spells so that the evil spirits couldn't get inside it, for they do say that Kidd used to kill and bury two black sailors every time he hid money, so that their ghosts would frighten folks away. I remember the captain saying that the laws must have been dreadful lax in them days, and that he would probably lose his ticket, to say nothing of being hanged, if he tried such games with his crew. Well, as I said, Crazy Bill went out every night, so naturally he had to sleep in the daytime, which didn't leave him much time for his farm work, and they say he ended up in the poor-house."

"May his fate be a warning to all treasure hunters," said Blake solemnly. "Come on, folks! let's have our eats. We can resume our gentle exercise later."

The professor ate silently and thoughtfully. Sometimes he would stop and stare out to sea, as if he were trying to remember something just out of his memory. Then his right hand ran up his left arm with the same motion Peter had noticed in the boat. "I have it," he exclaimed, springing to his feet and rushing back to the cave.

Mrs. Swanson, comfortable under the shade of a big umbrella, placidly continued her meal, but Hilda and Blake followed the professor. They found him examining the walls of the cave with his pocket flashlight.

"It came back to me suddenly," he explained. "Harold was thin from loss of sleep and anxiety, and his gold torque used to keep slipping down. At last he took it off, and put it in a little niche high up in the rock wall, just over the spot where he was digging. He was a tall man, and—"

They all exclaimed, for the light had revealed a recess in the face of the rock. The professor rolled a stone forward, and balancing precariously upon it managed to reach in his hand. He drew out something that flashed in the torch light—a thick bracelet, engraved in Norse characters.

"The torque of Harold Einarsen," he said. "We will dig here."

Again they fell to work, but this time it was Peter who was excited.

The professor worked steadily and calmly, like a man who is certain of what the result of his toil will be. Soon his spade grated against what proved to be an iron chest, about two feet square and a foot deep. A blow of the pick-axe shattered the rusty lock, but Peter, who raised the lid, let it fall again with an exclamation of disappointment.

"It is less than half full of money," he said. "Those Norsemen must have had moderate ideas of wealth."

"They had, compared with our standards," agreed the professor, fingering the coins. "But I see that most of this money is gold of Byzantine coinage and very valuable from a collector's standpoint. I think Nils' treasure if properly disposed of, will fetch a very satisfactory sum."

"But what is in this corner?" asked Hilda, plunging her hands into the coffer. She brought out a little golden casket, beautifully worked. It was not locked, and when the cover was lifted a heap of jewels—diamonds, rubies, and emeralds—glowed and sparkled in the electric light.

Hilda gasped. "Oh, John, you are rich!" she exclaimed.

The professor was too excited to notice her use of his first name. "The treasure is yours," he said. "It was buried by Nils Svensen, and you are his descendent."

"But it was you who found it—who persisted in looking for it even when some of us were inclined to laugh at you," Hilda insisted. "It was you who—"

"For the land's sakes! What you got there?"

Mrs. Swanson's hearty, vulgar voice acted on the young folks like a dash of cold water, bringing them back suddenly from a past a thousand years distant. Peter was the first to recover his self-possession.

"We've found something," he explained, superfluously enough.

"Bring it outside, where we can get a good look at it," directed the practical Mrs. Swanson.

Between them the two men carried the iron box down to the beach, where Mrs. Swanson methodically arranged the coins in piles on the tablecloth.

"Seventy-five, eighty, eighty-five, ninety, ninety-five, a hundred," she counted. "An even hundred of them, and each piece worth ten dollars, I suppose. Let's see—that's a thousand dollars. I suppose it's not bad for a morning's work, but I always heard those old pirates was real rich. Land's sakes—a man nowadays would put a thousand dollars in the bank, and not get excited about it. Even if Crazy Bill had found a treasure he would have been better off by sticking to his farm."

"You haven't seen these, mother," Hilda said, emptying the contents of the golden casket on the cloth.

"I declare to goodness," Mrs. Swanson exclaimed, staring at the jewels.

"When you joined us we were debating as to the ownership of this treasure," the professor told her. "I maintain—"

"Why there's nothing to argue about," interrupted Mrs. Swanson, "as you would know if you were a sailor instead of a professor. But there, no man can know everything, I suppose. I mind once the captain salvaged a brig in the Caribbean—loaded with logwood, she was—and the salvage money was divided among the officers and crew in equal shares, according to their rank. So being as we're all on an equal foot-

ing, so to speak, we'll just each take a quarter of this stuff."

"But mother," Hilda remonstrated, "You and I did nothing; it was the professor who had the idea of looking for the treasure, and he and Mr. Blake did the digging. I think—"

"Mrs. Swanson's decision is worthy of Solomon himself," interrupted the professor. "We will have our find valued and divided into four equal shares. You can go to Paris, Peter, whether your pictures sell or not."

"And you, John—and Miss Hilda? Will this treasure help you too to realize your heart's desire?"

Hilda flushed under Peter's laughing regard. He seated himself beside her mother.

"Let me help you count those things," he offered. "I am really tired after all that digging. But the professor is indefatigable, and I know he won't rest until he has shown Miss Hilda the bubbling spring on the other side of the cape. Peter Wills says that if two lovers drink from that spring, hand in hand, their future happiness is assured."

The gold had been put back in the chest, and the dishes washed and packed in the lunch basket, before the professor and Hilda were seen returning hand in hand.

"Poor Mason," said Peter softly.

"Oh, he was much too old for Hilda," rejoined Mrs. Swanson. "Of course if things had been different, I might have advised her—But that nice Mr. Mason would really be happier with some settled woman nearer his own age. Not," she concluded hastily, though with a speculating gleam in her eye, "that I would ever think of putting another man in the captain's place."

Over the Brow of the Hill

(Continued from page 42)

derful story—and pondering over this she grew very wistful.

At last, one night, she fell asleep and dreamed:

She stood on the place where the child had left her—when suddenly back over the brow of the hill came the child. Only now in its eyes shone a wisdom greater than any the Mother had ever known. The child's arms were outstretched. It went straight to the Mother and took her hand.

"Come"—it said—"It is time to finish the story."

"But there is only one way of finishing the story"—said the Mother, "and that I may not do. I can't follow you, my Little, over the brow of the hill. My feet are not tiny and light enough. I should leave sad dark prints to disfigure the beauty of the way. I must go by the Ocean which washes and washes out dyed shadows."

"No, no, little Mother. You shall finish the wonderful story this way. For don't you see that you have waited for me here so beautifully and bent over so many other little children, even when you were most lonely, that you have become as one of them. Come. You will find it all as you thought, only more beautiful."

The Mother humbly took the little child's hand—and together they travelled over the brow of the hill to the end of the story.



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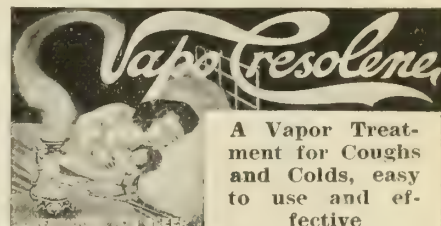
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CANADIAN

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The cause of blackheads, of pimples, of enlarged, coarsened pores, is easily removed, and the ways and means are simple. In a surprisingly short time the improvement will delight you.

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The first thing you must do is to find a soap mild enough for thorough cleansing. Clogging accumulations of oil, dirt and perspiration are the cause of most bad skins. Once a day they must be thoroughly removed and only soap will do it.

Cleansing lather must be massaged into the skin. Use your hands, gently patting and rubbing. Rinse thoroughly, still with your hands, for a wash cloth may roughen and irritate.

Do this before you go to bed and apply cold cream liberally, all your skin will absorb, and you are ready for real beauty sleep. You will wake to a new and becoming freshness which will increase each day.

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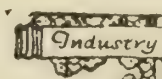
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Number Ten

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10 BOYD BLDG.



Editorial Chat

The various departments of especial interest to home-makers we have endeavored to keep up in the columns of this magazine, and have been able to secure from time to time articles of up-to-date interest. There will be published in our pages, during this year, a series of articles by Collier Stevenson on the various apartments of the house which will prove of practical and artistic value. In our January issue there was published the first of these, entitled "The Welcoming Hall," and a series of these excellently-written and illustrated contributions will appear throughout the year.

Born in Ontario, some thirty-odd years ago, Collier Stevenson, from his earliest days gave evidence of that innate love of the beautiful which urged him later on to the study of architecture and interior decorating.

One of his first and best-loved possessions was a box of paints—and no doubt the creations therefrom were fearfully and wonderfully futuristic. Later on, during school days, many a punishment was meted out by teachers who despaired of implanting the principles of algebra or the axioms of geometry in the head of a boy who infinitely preferred to be adorning his books with queer little sketches of houses or humans. Ultimately, however, came the end of tiresome mathematics and classics; and, leaving Albert College, Belleville, Mr. Stevenson began a course in architecture, water-colors and design at the Hamilton Art School.

From Hamilton, Mr. Stevenson went to Philadelphia, for further study, broadening his scope by extensive foreign travel. Shortly after, he served for three years as secretary of the architectural exhibitions then held annually at The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia—the oldest art institution on the American continent—by the T. Square Club, an organization of which he has long been a member. This was, of course, an experience of incalculable value.

Induced by all the study, travel and architectural association, there was a gradually growing desire to reach a larger public, to disseminate through the medium of magazines and newspapers information that would tend to stimulate general interest in the beauti-

fying of the home. When the opportunity presented itself, Mr. Stevenson, therefore, accepted the architectural editorship of "American Suburbs"; and, that he might make an intelligent analysis of contemporary architecture, made a six-months' tour of the larger cities of the United States, studying especially their domestic design. Later, he became architectural editor of the Philadelphia "Sunday Record," a position which he held for four years, while continuing his contributions to a circle of well-known magazines, such as "Country Life in America," "House and Garden," "The House Beautiful," "The Ladies' Home Journal," etc.

However, in the midst of the success which has come to him, Mr. Stevenson has never forgotten that his earliest literary recognition came from the Canadian Home Journal which, as early as 1909, published several architectural articles, written and illustrated by him. He has, therefore, a unique sentimental interest in the series of articles presented in this JOURNAL during 1922.

* * *

We received some interesting articles on the subject of "A Model Kitchen," and are publishing in this issue the prize-winning contribution with photographs. Mrs. E. Whiting of Sidney, British Columbia, is the fortunate prize-winner whom we congratulate on her success. The kitchen is pre-eminently the feminine kingdom and yet, for centuries, women have shown a strange lack of initiative in demanding or inventing the proper equipment for this principality of pots and pans. The kitchen, as described in this article, is anything but a scene suggestive of dreariness and drudgery.

For some years, Marion Harris Neil had been contributing our articles on cookery, and on her lamented death more than a year ago, her sister, Mary M. Neil continued the department. Miss Neil is now contemplating a return to her beloved Scotland, and after the month of March, her contributions to our columns will cease. We regret Miss Neil's departure and wish her every happiness and prosperity in the "Land o' Cakes." We hope to be able to announce in our next issue that we have secured the services of a writer who is acknowledged as a specialist in articles on culinary topics.



A WRITER ON ARCHITECTURE

Mr. Collier Stevenson, who is writing a series of articles on the various apartments of the house, is an architectural authority who has spent years of study and has had much practical experience in his chosen profession.

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FELS-NAPHTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPHTHA ODOR

A VARIETY OF COMMENT

THE approaching marriage of Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles is an absorbing topic of social interest in Britain in these early months of 1922, and the wedding, which is announced for the month of February, is being discussed in all those varied details which are joy to the feminine heart. British goods are to be used for the trousseau and British craftsmen are to be employed in its manufacture. Irish linen, Scottish wool, English silk and lace are all to figure in the trousseau of the only daughter of King George and Queen Mary.

The position of an only girl in a family where there are several brothers is usually an enviable one, and Princess Mary seems to have enjoyed the wholesome role of "chum" to the sons in the Royal Household. As this is an essentially democratic age, there is no disappointment expressed over the fact that Princess Mary is to be married to a nobleman of the non-royal ranks of Great Britain. Viscount Lascelles, the future son-in-law of King George and Queen Mary, is an attractive young man of considerable fortune who has had a varied career. He has seen diplomatic service—part of it in Canada as aide-de-camp to the Governor-General in Earl Grey's regime—and distinguished himself during the war. His family is an old one in Yorkshire, but the earldom of Harewood, to which he is the heir, was created only about one hundred years ago. It is by no means the first time that British princesses have married outside the reigning house. One of Queen Victoria's daughters married the late Duke of Argyll, and one of King Edward's daughters married the late Duke of Fife. The engagement of Princess Mary is popular in England, and there are a good many quiet hints that the marriage of the Prince of Wales to an Englishwoman would please the people even more. The prince has shown his usual tact and charm during his trip to India, and a good deal of courage too in refusing to permit himself to be too strictly guarded from the crowds he meets.

* * *

THERE is a persistent rumor that the Prince of Wales is to marry Lady Rachel Cavendish, the fourth daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. While the Duke was our Governor-General (1916-1921), three of his daughters were married. The eldest, Lady Maud Cavendish, was married in Ottawa in 1917 to Captain Angus Mackintosh, who died in Washington in the autumn of 1918. A little daughter was the only child and, of course, "Moy Hall," the ancestral home of "The Mackintosh" will go to a male heir. Lady Blanche Cavendish was married to Mr. John Cobbold and Lady Dorothy Cavendish to Captain Harold Macmillan—the weddings of the younger daughters taking place in England. There are two unmarried daughters left in the Devonshire household:—Lady Rachel and Lady Anne Cavendish. The persistent rumor regard-

ing Lady Rachel's romance is, to say the least of it, rather remarkable:—and Canadians will hope that the Prince, who won all hearts on his visit to the Dominion in the autumn of 1919, may be allowed to follow the dictates of his own choice and make something more than an "alliance." Lady Rachel was a bright accomplished girl, as Ottawa knew her, and, in true English fashion, distinguished herself in sports, winning a coveted prize in the Minto Club skating competitions.

In Queen Victoria, sovereign in her own right, the Empire had an admirable example of the domestic, as well as the executive virtues. It has become the fashion, among the would-be smart, to use the word, "Victorian," with a half sneer to indicate that the good Queen and the virtues of which she approved are behind these extremely advanced times. Those who indulge in such a sneer are surely ignorant of the British history of three-fifths of the Nineteenth Century and would do well to consider the era and the ideals which they dismiss so lightly.

Queen Alexandra, who is now in her seventy-eighth year, by her graciousness and womanly sweetness, won the hearts of the British people when she came as a bride to London, more than fifty-five years ago, and is affectionately regarded as "the Queen Mother." Queen Mary has been eminently admirable as Queen Consort and has shown in her home life, the virtues of industry and sympathy so linked with all that has made the present Royal Family of Britain held in high esteem. May the young Prince of Wales make as wise and happy a choice as did Edward VII, and George V.

* * *

HERE is an interesting story of "The Last Pow-Wow on the Kawarthas," by Miss Idell Emmerson of Toronto, who says:

"The facts were told me by a man who remembers seeing the fleets of canoes pass up the lake and years later heard the explanation of the breaking up of the pow-wow, as told by the superstitious Indians.

"Nested close to the southern shore of the inviting waters of a Kawartha

Lake lies a large island almost covered, seventy years ago, with deep maple and beech forests where the Indians roamed, hunted and built their camp-fires.

"In those far-off days, one evening when the sunset sky and its reflection in the lake's calm surface made the scene like fairy-land; a fleet of canoes, each holding many redmen, sitting erect and paddling noiselessly in perfect rhythm; glided up the silver path on the water and reached the shores of Sugnish Island. With each succeeding sunset, others came in greater and still greater numbers until on the sixth day many hundreds of canoes lay sunken or hidden along the island's shores.

"At night huge camp-fires sent their flames upward, brightening the bronzed faces of the Indians and making the scene similar to those of the days of Frontenac.

"Out on the water, about a mile away, white people in sail-boats and canoes watched and listened. They could distinguish the chiefs by their necklaces of bears' claws and the ermine skins fastened to the ends of their braided hair. They could see how intently all listened to each story-teller until their lithe bodies leaned towards the speaker in their eagerness but they enjoyed most hearing the sweet, soft songs of these children of the forest.

"Long after the chill midnight air had driven the last of the spectators home, they continued their festivities, increasing constantly in joy and fervour until the gray light of early dawn made them seek their blankets with the happy thought that for three glorious weeks this enjoyment and feasting would last.

"But on the twelfth night no fires were lighted, no stories told or songs sung and those out on the lake went home puzzled and disappointed. The next night the same thing occurred and on the succeeding evening the fires were lighted only to be suddenly smothered. Early the following morning as the sun was rising above the horizon the visiting tribes were seen to embark and vanish down the lake until, at sunset, only the native tribe remained.

"Greatly the white people wondered, but could get no information by any means from the Redmen and for years it remained a source of mystery and would have continued unsolved had not Big Wind, almost twenty years later, when excited by too much fire-water, told us the whole story.

"On the twelfth day of the pow-wow as they were preparing to build the camp-fire a strange warrior passed slowly around their chief's tee-pee and, when spoken to, replied not, but suddenly disappeared, leaving no imprint of his moccasined feet on the grass or ground anywhere. So, lest he should be an Iriquois spy, they ceased their merry-making for that evening. Next night he returned and



Her Royal Highness, Princess Mary

(Continued on page 59)



With Pond's Vanishing Cream as a base, the powder will stay on many times longer

Every normal skin needs two creams

One to protect it from wind and dust
Another to cleanse it thoroughly at night

Complexion flaws that require a daytime cream without oil

Chap, windburn, roughness. You can protect your skin from the devastating effects of the weather if before going out you apply regularly a softening, protective cream.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is specially made without oil for daytime use, so that it can never reappear in a shine. Rub it lightly over your face whenever you are going out of doors. It disappears at once. It counteracts the drying effect of wind and cold, keeping the skin free from chap or roughness.

Shiny Skin. The reason most women are troubled with shiny skin is that, though they are continually powdering, they do not powder properly. Each time before you powder, apply a little Pond's Vanishing Cream, the disappearing cream without oil. This acts as a base for the powder, giving the skin a soft, velvety surface to which the powder adheres smoothly and evenly. You will be amazed to see how long you can go without having your nose or forehead become shiny.

Dull, tired skin. Whenever you feel the need of freshening your skin instantly, you will find that rubbing the face lightly with Pond's Vanishing Cream brings renewed vigor and fresh color. The tired, tense muscles respond at once to the relaxing effect of this soothing cream.



Before retiring rub a little Pond's Cold Cream into the face

Complexion flaws that need a night cream made with oil

Blackheads. When dust and dirt have bored deep into the skin and have been allowed to remain, blackheads form. These can only be reached by a cleansing so thorough that it gets way under the surface of the skin.

At night wash your face with hot water and pure soap. Then rub Pond's Cold Cream well into the skin. This rich oil cream works its way into the pores, gathering up every particle of dirt. Do not omit this nightly cleansing. Though you may think your skin is clean, the dirt that comes off when you wipe off the cream will show you how necessary this more thorough cleansing is.

Wrinkles. Once wrinkles have fastened themselves on the skin, it is almost impossible to erase them. But you can forestall them, if you start while they are still only a suggestion of fine lines.

Rub Pond's Cold Cream into the skin, paying particular attention to those places where wrinkles start first—around the eyes and mouth, under the chin, at the base of the nose. This delicate cream contains the oil needed to lubricate the skin and keep it elastic. It is when the skin loses its elasticity that wrinkles start to form. If you use Pond's Cold Cream regularly, rubbing the face gently but persistently, you will do much to prevent little lines from getting a chance at your skin.



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THERE was a young man in the neighborhood who was unlike anyone else. Vanessa hadn't thought much about him so far; but she knew others had. He was different, and he wasn't going to stay. At least he said he wasn't and there was no reason why he should. It wasn't as if there had been any opportunity good enough for him to stay for, Mrs. Platt said. So far Vanessa had not really cared about him one way or the other. This was the summer of Herman and Bernice Simpson; who were not twins, but who might as well have been. They always thought the same about everything; one of the things they thought the same about was twisting Vanessa's curls. Herman would start at one shoulder and Bernice at the other. But by this time Vanessa could read deeply if anything outward disturbed her equilibrium. It is a great thing to make the acquaintance of someone sublime when one's curls are being twisted half off one's head. Naturally, however, Herman and Bernice had prevented Vanessa from noticing the artist for some time. The artist's name was Mr. Mahoney.

Here were Maud and Mr. Mahoney coming up the street. Where had they been?

Vanessa was not exactly sure that she had ever seen Maud looking precisely as she was looking when she and Mr. Mahoney came up the street at any previous moment in her existence. Mr. Mahoney was leading Maud by the hand. Maud being fourteen and Mr. Mahoney nearer thirty than twenty-five nothing dangerous is intended: personally Maud was not the kind of girl to let anyone think he could lead her round by the hand if he wanted to. But this was an exception. Maud was wearing a wreath of roses, red ones, in her hair; and that in itself would have been enough to startle anyone. The roses, or Mr. Mahoney, or the aspect of Maud, something about it anyway, made an idea occur to Vanessa. The idea was—that Maud was good looking, even pretty. Vanessa had a mortal conviction that otherwise Mr. Mahoney would not have thought it worth while leading her by the hand anywhere. Instantly Vanessa's mind had taken a great stride forward. It had never occurred to her before that an actual living Brown of the second generation could be pretty, or indeed good looking.

But where was Mr. Mahoney leading Maud? She would go at once to her mother and find out.

Her instant departure from the front garden, however, was hindered by the appearance of Maud's only best friend who came in at the gate, and, without saying anything, took a seat on the front steps. This was Bella White. She and Maud went to school together; and since each knew everything the other did, they obtained the same marks, and shared the same desk. Bella seemed to be feeling melancholy. She said nothing for some time, and when she spoke it was with an intense sigh.

"Do you think Maud is very pretty?"

A second before Vanessa had not been prepared to say what she thought, but now—

"Yes," answered Vanessa boldly.

"So do I," said Bella. There was a fatiguing silence.

Vanessa did not feel that she could discuss the subject with anyone else like Bella White, who didn't go up and down in value with the family whether she wanted to or not, until after she had spoken to Mrs. Brown.

At last Bella said: "Vanessa, wouldn't you have liked to have been Mary, Queen of Scots?"

"Um-m," said Vanessa. "I don't know. Why?"

"Oh-h," answered Bella with wailing emphasis, "to be so beautiful and to have every man who saw you falling in love with you."

"I would have liked it," said Vanessa. "But what's the good?"

"Wouldn't you rather be that than anything else?" pursued Bella.

The Happy Fair

By Marjory MacMurchy

ILLUSTRATED BY MARION LANG

No one can quite deny having thought about things; but it isn't necessary to say so if you have. It was necessary, however, to consider this suggestion of Bella's. There could be no doubt about it; the idea was fascinating.

"But what's the use of wanting to be what you can't be. It's not going to help any." This time it was Vanessa who wailed. There was indignation in her voice; not with Bella, but with the primary constitution of the idea.

Bella sighed deeply. "I'd rather be that," she said with an air of finality; "or as near to it as I could be."

Vanessa had been polite longer than she had thought possible. The

Mrs. Brown appeared to inquire from her youngest if she felt that she should have been consulted about Maud's portrait, and conveyed a bland suggestion at the same time that for a very little girl this was worse than usual.

Vanessa reflected. Of course Mrs. Brown wouldn't say anything about Maud's being pretty. But a further idea was beginning to exist vaguely in her mind. Mr. Mahoney might eventually become responsible for a good deal more than he had considered.

"But the roses, mother. Did he tell you about the roses?"

"For the picture?" Mrs. Brown asked calmly. "Oh certainly."

Vanessa began to doubt if after all



It was necessary, however, to consider the suggestion.

subject was too poignant to be discussed in the dark any longer.

"Just you wait here till I come back, Bella, will you? I want to speak to mother for a minute."

"No," said Bella, "I'm going anyway. I only wanted to see what someone else would think about it. You might tell Maud when she comes that I was here."

* * *

"MOTHER," inquired Vanessa, appearing with incredible suddenness at the dining room window which could be reached from the outside by means of a chair. "What's Mr. Mahoney going to do with Maud?"

Mrs. Brown was as placid as usual. She examined Vanessa's frock minutely to see if it fitted her before she replied.

"Mr. Mahoney spoke to your father and me about painting Maud's picture, and we agreed that he might. He said that our doing so would oblige him greatly."

her mother did think that Maud was pretty. If she did she couldn't ever have felt about it the way Bella White did about Mary, Queen of Scots.

At that moment Hector traversed the Brown garden swiftly from the rear. He hadn't seen it himself, but someone had told him. He had come to find out if the Browns were going to stand this kind of thing from Maud.

Vanessa stepped down from the chair. From her manner one could have felt sure that she had no idea what Hector had come for; but she looked back over her shoulder and remarked, "She knows," which meant that Mrs. Brown wasn't saying anything. Hector got up on the chair, but he said very little. There was nothing to be gained by continuing Vanessa's investigation.

The subject of Maud and Mr. Mahoney occupied Vanessa's mind for several days. She couldn't help feeling that there was more in it than

her mother seemed to think there was. Of course, Mary, Queen of Scots, was out of the question; but that scarcely exhausted what Bella had said. It was more convenient to speak of Bella.

The painting of Maud's picture was taking place in an arbor which was situated in the garden of the John Hutchisons. The John Hutchisons consisted of two unmarried ladies; and this was where Mr. Mahoney boarded. Vanessa had not gone to see the painting, but she had thought about going. With an idea in one's mind which needs to be determined, one naturally thinks of doing anything.

Mr. Mahoney in some way was a most particular man; he always came for Maud himself. The next time that Vanessa was present when the procession passed down the street she followed it. She cast down Herman and Bernice from her curls, and went after Maud and Mr. Mahoney.

She first considered the combination of Maud and the arbor, and then Maud by herself critically. As she did so, especially from the contemplation of Maud's nose, a joy flowed into Vanessa's soul. Mr. Mahoney was right. Intrinsically there was a reason why Maud should be painted. But she had known that Maud was pretty for some days. That wasn't what she had come to find out.

There were no roses this morning, but one could imagine them without any trouble. As Mr. Mahoney said, what he wanted to get was the idea. When he came to painting the roses he could have them again.

Vanessa had asked Maud privately if she liked being pretty, that is, in connection with having one's picture painted; and she had answered that she did. But when pressed further to say exactly how and why she liked it, she had said that Vanessa was a mean thing. Vanessa now had come to see for herself, and Maud regarded her with veiled apprehension; which was not creditable to Maud, for she ought to have known better, nor to Vanessa, for Maud wasn't the kind of person to think that you would do anything you shouldn't do unless you had done it once or twice before.

But it appeared that Mr. Mahoney was overjoyed to see Vanessa. Whether it was that he was tired of painting Maud's picture, or whether the sister of a picture is always of some importance to the artist—a fact which she had not before suspected—no one could tell. Mr. Mahoney, if anything, was too profuse. He offered to get a glass of milk from the Miss Hutchisons for Vanessa; and when she let him see that to offer milk to the wrong person, on account of age, may be regarded as an offence, he asked Maud pathetically what her sister would care for. It wasn't often, Mr. Mahoney said, that girls didn't like him. Maud said, Oh, no, Vanessa didn't mean that she didn't like him; that wasn't it. What Maud was struggling to express was that Vanessa was pre-occupied.

"Vanessa," said Mr. Mahoney, stretching out his legs until a very little more and they would have reached across the arbor, "If you want to talk to me half as much as I want to talk to you, you would never be able to maintain that chilly reserve of yours. All sorts of dear little thoughts would spread their wings and fly from you to me to tell me how much I would like them. Come here, my child, come closer, so that I may observe you."

If there was anything particularly disgusting to a Brown it was to hear a person talk like this. For one thing, there was no possibility of answering it with dignity; unless one was too dignified and that was just as bad. The Browns had been brought up to know that if an older person said anything decorative to them they didn't mean what they said; it was only their way of making fun of whichever Brown it was

(Continued on page 23)

GOING DOWN

By B. L. Smeeton

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. DINSMORE

THE man and the girl faced each other across the table, antagonism showing in every line of their set faces and tensely poised figures.

Out side, the rain swept down in torrents, trailing dripping fingers against the window panes. The wind blew bleakly, piercing the unfortunate wayfarer with the chill arrows of its driving onslaught. The falling leaves, storm tossed, rain soaked, swished soggly on the protecting glass as though seeking warmth and shelter.

But within, the two occupants of the room heard none of these sounds, so engrossed were they with themselves and their grievances.

And it wasn't the kind of room to quarrel in, for it was a cheerful homey place, as all good libraries should be. On two sides of the room were large windows, whose wide seats were softly lined and thickly piled with cushions, inviting the weary to stretch full length on their yielding depth and let the cares of the world slip by. Thick curtains of leaf brown shut out the dreary night and from an opposite side of the room, in which was set a huge fireplace, crackling logs flamed and roared. And on all sides were books. The walls were lined with them, rising clear to the ceiling. Old books, new books, classics and best sellers, deep and frivolous, stood cheek by jowl, jostling each other on the overflowing shelves. These were no stiff "sets" with uncut pages, but intimate friends, each one read many times and dearly loved. The flickering firelight played over them, here deepening the leather binding of some rare edition to russet brown or a deep wine color, and there picking out the gold lettering on the back of an old favourite and making it gleam anew.

Down the centre of the room ran a long narrow table, cheerfully littered with books and magazines, each one begging to be opened, deep soft chairs held out beckoning arms, and over the fireplace the ruby eye of a placid bronze Buddha stared unwinkingly, aloof from the passions and sorrows of life, detached, absorbed in contemplation of the joys of the infinite.

The girl standing on one side of the table was very slender, tall, her up-piled mass of dull black hair emphasized her height. A loose gown of a soft dark material threw into sharp contrast her cream-white arms and shoulders. Her head, proudly poised on a slender throat, was flung back in defiance, her eyes, usually blue as sapphires, were a stormy purple as a flush of anger burned against the clear pallor of her skin.

The man facing her was even taller, with a lithe almost wiry frame, his features were clean cut and just now set in stern uncompromising lines, his hair was dark brown and his eyes of the same shade were hard and unyielding. His lean, deeply-tanned hands were gripping the edge of the table, the knuckles showing strangely white against the dark, polished wood.

The two were almost glaring at each other, oblivious of their surroundings.

Presently the girl spoke, her words falling coldly, clearly, like icicles dropping on the frozen ground.

"This," she said, as she drew the diamond and platinum solitaire from the third finger of her left hand, "this is positively the last time."

"It certainly is," agreed the man grimly, carelessly pocketing the sparkling ring that had been put on with many protestations and renewed vows of faith only a week before.

"I'm sick and tired of this everlasting bickering and quarreling, this eternal jealousy and suspicion."

The girl smiled bitterly. "Jealousy!" she said scornfully. "My dear Bob, have you forgotten the old adage about people in glass houses? And may I ask what precipitated this vulgar quarrel but your wild unreasonable jealousy of poor little Dicky Forsyte?"

Bob snorted, no other word can attempt to express the sound which

he made, calculated to convey his utter disgust and contempt for the unfortunate Richard.

That lounge lizard!" he sneered. Jealous of him! I should say not, but I must say that a fellow doesn't like to see the girl he's engaged to running around to fast shows with a pink tea hound like—"

"Just one moment, Mr. Robert Ames," Betty's voice was dangerously quiet and the two bright pink spots on her cheeks boded ill for the object of her anger, "You seem to have forgotten that, after breaking an important engagement with me, on the plea of business (oh, the scornful disbelief she threw into the word) I saw you at that same 'fast show' you mentioned just now with another woman; some siren of the underworld I suppose."

"But, my God!" cried Bob wrathfully, "Haven't I been trying to tell you—"

"Please don't be profane," she was colder, if possible, than before. "There is no need to add that to your list of delinquencies. You surely didn't expect me to believe such a threadbare excuse. Oh," her voice broke, "I've tried and tried to believe you and keep on trusting in you, but this," she hardened, "is the last straw. I'll never believe another man as long as I live."

"It may console you to know that you've shattered any illusions I had with regard to women. I used to think that when a girl cared for a chap, she would go through thick and thin for him, would help him along, not try to hinder, never doubting, always faithful. What a fool I was. I know now that you're shallow, fickle, mercenary, ready to go with any man that has lots of money and time to spend on you."

Her face whitened and she turned away wearily.

"Let's not go all over it again," she begged, "I think we've said everything before."

"Very well," he agreed, "Then this is the end, the end of all our plans and hopes, our dreams. And I was idiot enough to think—"

She winced as though he had struck her at the sound of his laugh but she said nothing. There was silence then.

"Good-bye," said the man huskily, even then some sign from her, some word, might have melted him as often before, but the girl did not even look around.

"Good-bye," she said indifferently, and the man did not notice her tightly clasped hands, her strained attitude, if he would speak, if he would move— But she heard instead his retreating footsteps, heard him stalk into the hall, snatch up his hat and coat, heard the front door slam, and heard him descending the steps—out of her home—out of her life.

She drew a gasping breath and fled madly through the room, into the hall, up the stairs, and into her bedroom, where she flung herself face downwards upon the bed and sobbed and sobbed.

NOW there were two definite and distinct reasons for this unfortunate situation and the majority of Bob's and Betty's quarrels and disagreements might be clearly traced to them. The first was that Bob had too much to do and not enough time to do it in, and the second was that Betty had not enough to do and too much time to do it in.

This state of affairs had existed ever since Bob's return from overseas when he had first met Betty at the home of a mutual friend. It had been as the novelist says, "love at first

sight". There had been two weeks of unalloyed bliss and then had come the first cloud on the horizon, for Betty's father, on being informed of the engagement, had called to Bob's attention a fact which as the latter afterwards remarked, gave him "somewhat of a jolt". He said in effect that, while he liked and admired Bob very much and would rather see his daughter marry him than any other of the young cubs of her acquaintance, at the same time he was not aware that Bob's financial status was of the most affluent, and he was not prepared to hand over his only child until he was certain that her husband was able to support her in a reasonably comfortable manner as he did not wish to see her working out by the day in order to pay the rent.

Bob ruefully saw the wisdom of these remarks, and as a result he and Betty had a serious, and on her part a rather tearful, conference as to what was to be done. The outlook, it must be admitted, was far from hopeful. Bob was alone in the world as far as relations were concerned and, as he had been existing solely on the accumulated gratuity which a grateful Government had bestowed upon him at the conclusion of his four and one half years of war service, he would shortly be in that rather destitute condition known familiarly as "stony broke".

As a direct result of this momentous discussion Bob promptly banked the remainder of his capital and went job hunting. Contrary to expectations and by an extremely lucky opportunity which he was quick to seize he obtained a very good position in the large and growing firm of Bell and Hopwood, importers of rare and valuable timber, chiefly from the islands of the Hawaiian group.

With the winning of Betty as his aim, Bob set out to make himself invaluable to the firm of Bell and Hopwood. He was obtaining a fair salary for a single young man and by being careful was able to add a little each month to the afore-mentioned bank account. However, after an evening of close calculating and computing, Bob discovered to his horror that, at this rate, even allowing for the average annual increases, he would be exactly ninety-two years of age by the time his income had reached the minimum amount stipulated by Betty's father.

Obviously something must be done.

It was at this time that Bob learned through devious sources the fact that later altered the whole course of his life. It seemed that Mr. Bell having attained the span of years allotted to man was thinking of retiring and for the rest of his life doing nothing more strenuous than clipping Victory Bond coupons. In this event another partner would be taken into the business, and here was where Bob came in or at least fully intended to. When the name of Bell was erased from the company's letter head paper the name of Ames should replace it. And right then was where the trouble began. For Bob, after much cogitation and weighing of pros and cons decided that he would not tell Betty of his ambition, fearing to raise her hopes too high and then were he not to reach his goal that she in her disappointment would decide she could not wait for him and marry some other fellow with plenty of easy money. So he merely redoubled his efforts and when Betty questioned him as to the reason for this close application to work, he only said that the firm was doing a lot of business lately which called for late hours and special effort.

Gradually Bob became more and more familiar with the inner working of Bell and Hopwood. He had the firm's rates and prices at the tip of his tongue; he could quote statistics as involved as the income tax as glibly as the income tax investigator. Was anyone in doubt as to a certain order, ask Bob, he knew; was there an especially tough customer from whom an order must be extracted, Bob could get it; was there a mix up at the wharves as to shipping, Bob could untangle it; was there extra work to be done, Bob would come back at night and do it. And as a result of unceasing effort and vigilance Bob had the comfort of knowing that Messrs. Bell and Hopwood were aware of his value and depended on him to a greater extent than on any other of their numerous employees, and by certain hints thrown out from time to time Bob was reasonable sure that his eligibility for the partnership was being considered and tested.

But Betty could not understand why Bob had no more time to devote to her, why his evenings were filled with work and his occasional absences from the office with trips to different parts of the surrounding district, as Bob explained, "chasing the wily customer".

Many times did she charge Bob with unfaithfulness and waning ardour and, after two or three broken engagements which Bob had been unable to fulfil on account of an unexpected request from Mr. Hopwood to perform a special commission, her jealousy and suspicion grew. Three or four times was the diamond solitaire removed after a particularly stormy scene, and a corresponding number of times was it replaced with many tears and tender promises.

Just at this time Betty's mother and father were sailing for a trip to Honolulu and wished their daughter to accompany them, but, as a loving reconciliation with Bob had recently been effected after one of their ever more numerous quarrels, Betty elected to stay and thus prove to Bob her unswerving devotion and patience. So Betty was left alone in the big house and thus had more time than ever in which to think over her grievances and magnify Bob's neglect.

One night, just as Bob was leaving the office, he was called into the private sanctum of Mr. Hopwood, where he had a heart-to-heart talk with that gentleman which transformed him from a normal young man tramping the plebeian concrete into an all-conquering young god treading lightly on the slopes of Olympus. Mr. Hopwood had three things to say which he imparted at some length.

After having remarked that both he and Mr. Bell had been watching Bob for some time and had marked with growing pleasure and commendation his application to business, his mastering of the intricate details of the trade, his tact and success with customers, his willingness to attempt difficult jobs and, in short, his efficiency in general, Mr. Hopwood went on to say, firstly, that it had been decided to increase Bob's salary to an extent far beyond that gentleman's wildest dreams, secondly, that Bob was to be sent shortly on a trip of inspection to all the company's trading posts in the islands, which would involve an absence of some months, and thirdly that, as Bob was no doubt aware, his esteemed partner and friend, Mr. Bell, was seriously contemplating retirement, in which event someone would have to be found to fill his place, and, on Bob's return from the proposed tour, well, we should see. Here he chuckled jovially and slapping Bob heartily on the shoulder sent that dazed and jubilant person out of his office in a state dangerously bordering on delirium.

As in a dream from which he feared to waken, Bob descended to the

(Continued on page 7)

street and, all unconscious of the hurrying crowds about him, began to make plans for the future. Suddenly, as he was halfway across the street at one of the busiest corners in the city, he stopped short, with a laugh, cried, "By George, I wonder—."

An oncoming motor jammed down its brakes with a screech, stopping directly across the car tracks; two south-bound and three north-bound cars were held up; other motors pulled short; irascible drivers shouted forcible remarks to those ahead and numerous epithets of a more or less uncomplimentary nature were hurled broadcast. Finally a traffic cop, having penetrated to the heart of the melee, found a young man standing with rapt gaze lifted to the electric signs winking overhead, heedless of the surrounding chaos, who, when asked "what the blankety blazes did he mean, holdin' up the traffic that way", beamed on the officer with the utmost good nature and murmured, "Its all right, old top, don't mention it. Awful glad to have met you. So long," and then retracing his steps returned to the same side of the street from which he had come.

With a rush and a roar the cars and pedestrians moved on, traffic swirled back to its steady flow, and a wrathful traffic officer walked back to his stand muttering angrily. "The young devil, tellin' me not to mention it, it was all right. He musta been nuts, that's sure."

The unconscious cause of all this confusion walked swiftly along for several blocks, his heart filled with song and his head whirling with newly arisen hopes and fears. Presently he halted in front of a store window and, in an effort to think clearly and definitely, stared unseeingly at the display contained therein. Suddenly, however, he was restored to his normal calm with a swift transition from the sublime to the ridiculous when he became aware of two young girls who were standing at his elbow and whose smiles and giggles made it plain that he was the object of their mirth. He then for the first time noticed that he was facing a jeweler's window and that for the past two or three minutes, he had been gazing earnestly and frowningly at a sign which read "Marriage Licenses issued Here."

Blushing, Bob was about to turn away when the thought came to him. "Well, why not. Might as well try it anyway. I'll get a license and a ring, persuade Betty to marry me before I'm sent on this trip, she'll go with me, peach of a honeymoon, and when we meet father-in-law in Honolulu I'll have the news of the partnership to stun him with and after that he won't have a word to say. Jolly good idea."

So in he went and, very pink about the ears, obtained a marriage license, purchased the latest thing in wedding rings, and, thus armed, set off to break the news to Betty.

On second thoughts, he decided to telephone and if possible, arrange to take her out to dinner somewhere, then to a theatre, and at supper afterwards to tell the glad tidings and unfold his daring plan. Entering a public telephone booth and dropping a nickle in the slot, he soon heard the beloved voice coming over the wire.

"Oh, hello, Bob honey! Seems to me I haven't seen you for ages. You bad boy! What have you been doing with yourself?"

"That's what I want to tell you, darling. When can I see you? This evening?"

"Oh, Bob dear, I'm awfully sorry but I'm dining with the Armstrongs tonight. You know they're old friends of Mother's and Dad's and I couldn't possibly put them off. Tomorrow night perhaps?"

"Surest thing you know! I'll call for you early and we'll have dinner at the Empress, take in a show and afterwards have supper at that little place we discovered the other night, and then," he laughed happily, "then

I've something to tell you, young lady. Something that'll make you sit up and take notice."

"Bobby! How lovely! Is it a surprise?"

"I'll say it is, and a mighty nice one too."

"Oh, I can hardly wait. Do come early, won't you dear?"

"You bet I will. Have a good time to-night, sweetheart."

"Good-bye, darling."

"Good-bye."

Somehow Bob could not help wishing that he had told Betty his news, even over the 'phone. To-morrow was a darn long way off and a chap could never tell what would happen. But that was rubbish and with a lift of his shoulders Bob swung off boarding-housewards.

BUT on the morrow, during the latter part of the afternoon, Bob was called in by Mr. Hopwood who had a little job for him.

"You remember the firm of Ackroyd's Ltd., up in Lennoxville."

"Sure," replied Bob laconically.

"Well, they used to be one of our best customers. Used to do a lot of trade. They haven't done much lately, though. War sort of stopped their business, making valuable furniture, antiques, old mahogany. Unique rare woods used in their stuff. They've

a number of young men in my employ who would be glad to accept this commission, and also, no doubt, the trip of inspection. Mr. Bell and I could probably find another—"

Visions of a receding partnership swam before Bob's eyes. It would never do to lose the old boy's friendship. He could explain to Betty.

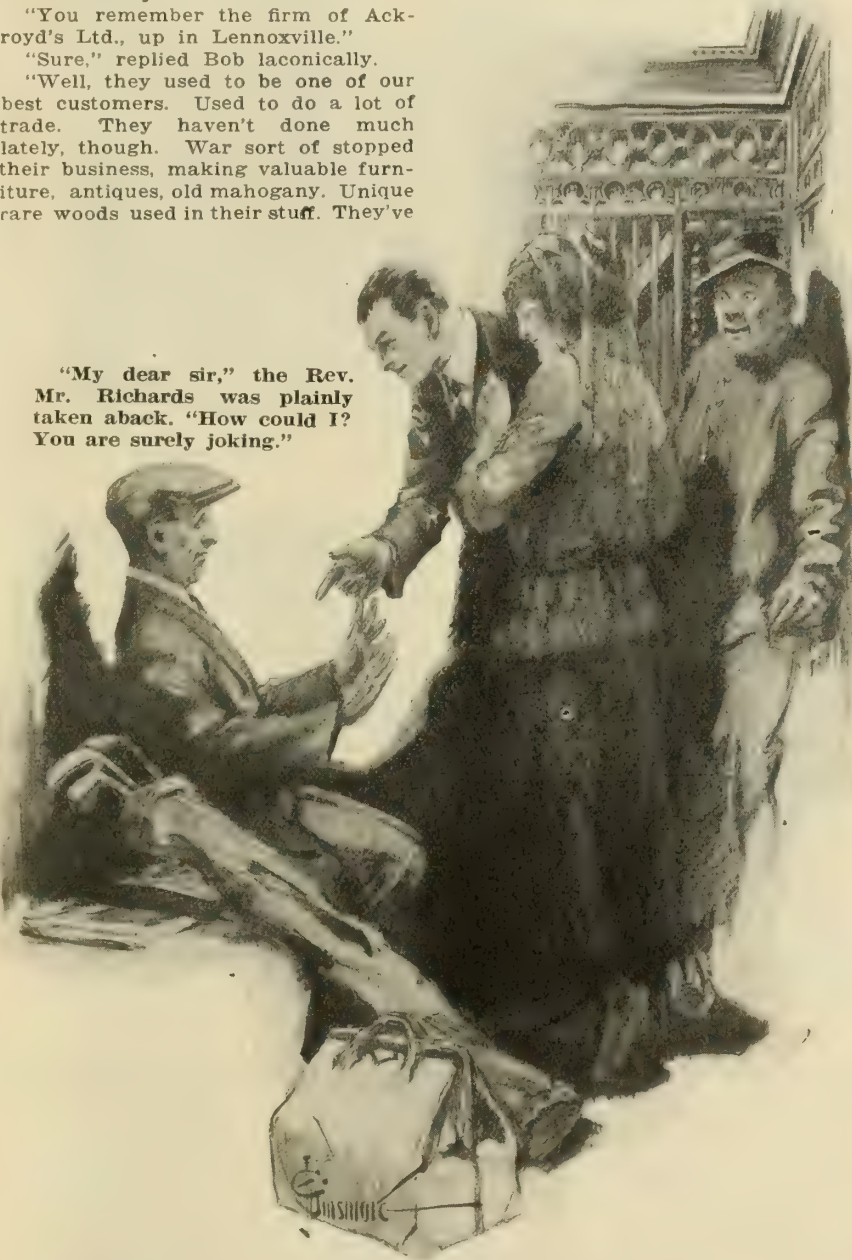
"Oh, very well, I'll do it," he said resignedly, "Where is this guy anyway."

"I knew we could rely on you, my dear boy," smiled Mr. Hopwood. "Just come this way."

He led the way into Mr. Bell's office, where they found that gentleman deep in conversation with an extremely pretty young lady.

"Let me introduce Mr. Robert Ames, Miss Ackroyd. Mr. Ames is one of our most promising young men. Mr. Bell and I think a great deal of him," and he beamed paternally on

"My dear sir," the Rev. Mr. Richards was plainly taken aback. "How could I? You are surely joking."



sent a representative to town who tells me that they're starting up again and are looking around for material. Now they've been getting prices at a couple of other firms but we've got to get their business, see? and that's where you come in."

"Uh-huh," Bob was noncommittal.

"I want you to show this party a good time. Dinner, theatre, supper, the usual thing, and land a big order."

"All right," agreed Bob. "Lead me to it."

"Very well, here's two tickets for 'The Wolf' and—"

"But see here, these are for to-night!"

"Well, when did you think they would be for? New Year's Eve?" with great sarcasm.

"No, but I can't—to-night—simply impossible!"

Mr. Hopwood's manner grew chilly. "Of course," he said stiffly, "if it's impossible, I have no doubt there are

Bob, well pleased with the result of his little surprise.

That unfortunate individual was almost too stunned to speak. Good night! Old Ackroyd's daughter. If he'd known it was a woman he would never have consented, but he couldn't back out now, to offend the boss' daughter would put the kibosh on any hope of an order. He must go through with it. So he gave her one of his most engaging smiles and murmured that he was delighted.

And that was why, half an hour later, Bob 'phoned up Betty and, in sackcloth and ashes, explained that he was frightfully sorry but he simply couldn't take her out that evening.

"Oh, Bob!" mourned Betty, "And why?"

"Business, darling."

"Oh, bosh!" said the voice of his adored, irritably. "I'm getting good and tired of hearing that. Couldn't you think up something else, for a change?"

"Why, Betty! You know, darling, that I wouldn't deceive you. I'm awfully disappointed myself, but it can't be helped. This is positively the last time it will occur."

"You always say that. And let me tell you, Bob Ames, that I'm not going to let you spoil my evening. I'm going to follow your example and have a good time too!"

With which parting shot, she closed off.

As a result of which conversation, Miss Ackroyd from Lennoxville found the young man from Bell and Hopwood's the glumest and dullest dinner companion she had ever had.

"Believe me," she thought, "I'm not going to give any orders to a firm that can only produce a dud like this one. Hope the show's more exciting."

Which it certainly was, being one to which Bob had refused to take Betty on account of its daring frankness and sensationalism. So I leave it to you to imagine his feelings, when, he and Miss Ackroyd having found their seats, he observed Betty, accompanied by a young man of whom Bob entirely disapproved, in a seat not far distant.

She saw him at the same moment and, betraying no surprise, gave him a knowing smile which seemed to say, "Just as I thought," and then, turning to her escort, said something which caused that young man much amusement.

There was a quality in that smile which sent the blood pounding through Bob's veins in a tide of anger. Very well! He'd show her! If she thought him capable of deceiving her and having an affair with another woman, he wouldn't disappoint her. If she cared for him so little as to go with a man whose reputation she well knew was not of the best to a play which even the critics declared to be too daring, he could follow her example he guessed.

And just then Miss Ackroyd got a surprise. For her companion was so attentive, so devoted, so gallant a cavalier, that she remembered for many a long day the young man from Bell and Hopwood's who had so suddenly been transformed from a "dud" to the most thrilling of escorts. (I may mention in passing that Bell and Hopwood subsequently received a large and lucrative order from Ackroyd's Ltd. of Lennoxville).

So, as I said some time ago, this was the reason for the irremediable quarrel between Betty and Bob, which brings us back to the point when Bob slammed the door and went down the steps positively for the last time, and Betty lay face downwards on the bed and wept.

EXACTLY a week later and at precisely twelve minutes past five in the afternoon Bob stood at the door of Mr. Hopwood's office taking leave of that official preparatory to sailing for Honolulu.

It had been a week of misery and remorse for Bob. His love and longing for Betty had battled with his anger and his pride. But he would not, no he would not, give in. It had been her fault, she had given him no chance to explain, the quarrel had been of her making, she had said she never wanted to see him again and he would inflict himself on no one. The empty years stretched ahead, Bettyless, but he was firm, let her come and ask his forgiveness. Hereafter, he had played the humble penitent, but hers must be the suppliant role this time.

And so he packed with a heavy heart, all the joy and zest gone out of his trip. It was merely a job to be done as quickly as possible and then he would return and plunge once more into business; hereafter women were to have no part in his life, he knew their ticks and their wiles.

"Well, good-bye, Bob," said Mr. Hopwood, "I'll be glad to see you back again. What time does the Mariana sail?"

How often we read in our Journals that the kitchen should be the most interesting room in the house, also that it should be bright and cheerful.

How often we find in reality that it is the general living room, where the mother does all her work, and at meal times hurriedly clears the table to lay the meal for her family. When she clears the table of dishes, or fruit jars, or sewing, or whatever she has been busy with, where does it go? Usually into the pantry. The pantry in so many houses is such a small compartment, and contains such a beggarly array of half empty and dirty bottles, jars, and tins, hiding behind one another, that the average housewife would sooner go to hospital than spring clean her pantry.

For a long time I had visions of altering my house, and I collected ideas from journals and illustrations which I thought might be useful. When it came to the time that the work was seriously considered my husband said, "Why not do away with the pantry altogether, take in the back veranda and build a new kitchen?" Here was an excellent idea which I had never thought of, and my opportunity to build a kitchen such as I had never seen, or even read about, but which was completed with the help of many useful suggestions from the carpenter who did the work.

The kitchen adjoins the dining room, a swing door being provided between the two rooms. It is ten feet by sixteen feet, and the kitchen door opens into a porch, which is shelved and is large enough to hold a washing machine, and all brushes and general household implements. A door from the porch opens on to the back steps which lead into the garden.

Now to describe the kitchen:—

The length of the kitchen is north and south with the windows on the west side. This is a great advantage in summer time because it is always so nice and cool during the morning, and all the work is finished before the hot sunshine reaches the windows in the afternoon. On the north side is the dining room swing door, and the cooking range, with a clothes dryer fixed to the wall near the stove, but high enough to be out of the way. On the west side, a table is fixed the whole sixteen feet, and covered with white linoleum.

On the table is fixed the sink and drain board. My experience of kitchen sinks has been that they are placed too low, and I instructed the carpenter just where I wanted this one placed. He said that would not be right as they were always placed at such a height, I knew that, I had had one placed at that height before, and it gave me a pain in the back every time I washed the dishes, so I was determined to have the new sink put just high enough for me to reach without any stooping, and it makes all the difference between pain and comfort in doing the work. A large drain board is on the left hand side of the sink and under the drain board is the knife, spoon, and fork drawer. There is just room for a

A Model Kitchen

By Mrs. E. Whiting

This article won the prize of fifty dollars offered for a contribution on this subject.

drawer large enough to place all the cutlery and it is a very new and novel idea. Over the sink is hot and cold water with silver plated shut-off taps. This sixteen feet of table, sink and drain board gives me all kinds of room for general work.

Above the table, starting at the north end there is a cupboard which holds all my cooking hardware, then there is a small window with a

is very pleasing, particularly with nice short curtains, it is out of the ordinary, and gives perfect lighting. A broad window sill gives room for several house plants. Next to the window is a cupboard, known as "the cakery." It is fitted with five loose shelves which slide completely out, so that when I am baking cakes I can take them out of the oven, place them on the shelves and slide them



This shows the house, with the veranda before it was taken in to make the kitchen



A view of the West Side

catch and casement adjuster. This window is very useful for opening when the kitchen gets over heated or steamy. Next the small window and over the sink is a cupboard which contains all washing materials such as soaps, soap powders, lux, blue, starch and Old Dutch, also all cooking spices. Then there is the main window, six feet long and two feet six inches high, opening the whole length. This arrangement of windows

into the cupboard. I can also take out a shelf containing a large cake, cut it for table use, and place the tray, containing the remainder back in the cupboard without any handling of the cake. Next to this and in the corner of the kitchen is "the cooler". This is a cupboard with three shelves and the bottom acts as another, it has a ventilation window at the bottom and one at the top.

both inserted in the outside wall and covered with fine wire gauze, set back six inches from the outside, so that it cannot get wet and rust. This "cooler" keeps milk, butter, meats etc. in perfect condition, even in the warm summer time. Over the windows and connecting the cooler and cakery at the one end of the kitchen, with the cupboard containing the cooking utensils at the other, is a plate rail, which will hold any pretty plates and vases which are in keeping with the rest of the kitchen.

Under the table, commencing at the north end, there is first an open space, designed to hold wood for the stove, then there is a shelf for a washing up bowl, and space under for the bread mixer. Then there is a narrow space, just large enough to hold two chopping boards. Then a cupboard, with shelves and hooks which holds all the pans, fry pan, porridge pan, stew pans etc. (In some parts it is customary to call these pots.) Adjoining this there are two bins which slide forward, one holds fifty pounds of flour and the other the same amount of sugar, and under the bins are two small lockers which are used for spare papers and the receipt file. Next to this is a cupboard which contains all bread and cake tins and dripping tins, and then at the end of the kitchen is the bread bin. This is lined with linoleum, so as to be cool, slides forward, and will hold a dozen loaves of bread if necessary.

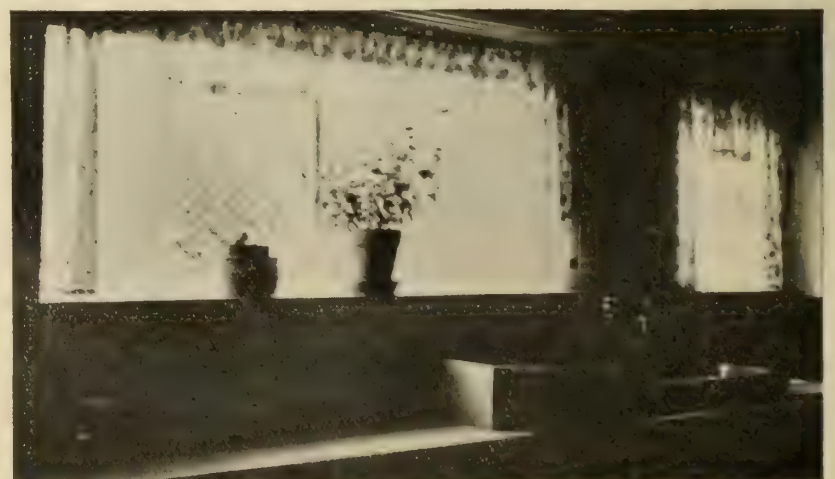
On the south end of the kitchen there is the door leading to the porch, and set in the wall, so as to be flush with the wall, is the cupboard containing the ironing board. The board is shaped, and hinged at the bottom of the cupboard and a leg is hinged to the board. It folds up to the back of the cupboard and when let down is ready for use. A wall plug and "on and off" switch are along side so that an electric iron can be used.

On the east side, commencing at the south end, is a bedroom door and then there is a fall fixture constructed. It is eight feet high and eight feet wide. The top is composed of four cupboards with five shelves in each, and can be used for all dishes and crockery, jams and bottled fruit; under the cupboards is a table top the whole length, but six inches wider than the cupboards; and under the table are three large and useful drawers, for house linen. Also a cupboard, shelved, and used for dry fruits and cereals etc. In the centre, between the drawers and the cupboard is left a space under the table just large enough to hold the sewing machine, and a rod and curtain screens the machine from view. A small corner shelf on a level with the table of this cabinet holds a carbon filter and provides wholesome drinking water all the year round. Close by this and just inside the swing door from the dining room is a switch which controls the electric light which hangs from the ceiling. This completes the built-in features and it will be noticed that there is

(Continued on page 57)



This shows the South Side of Kitchen



This shows the West Side of Kitchen

The Foolish Martha

By Sarah E. Welch

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY GRIER

WHEN I received a letter from Hugh reminding me that I had only paid him and Lucia one visit since their marriage I read between the lines, and packed my grip the next day.

Hugh was my favorite nephew, and, since his father's death at the time he was a motherless lad of fourteen, I had stood almost in the place of both parents to him. When he married one of the prettiest and sweetest girls in our little social circle, I did not feel that I had lost him, although a good appointment, offering itself immediately afterwards, took the young couple away from our home town into Toronto, sixty miles away.

I had spent a few weeks with them after they were settled in their new home on the outskirts of the city, and I came away convinced that theirs was one of the Heaven-made marriages. No two people seemed better suited, or more deeply in love with each other. Lucia was a splendid girl, healthy, beautiful, and generous; a capital little housewife, too, who kept their small house as fresh and neat as the proverbial new pin.

When Hugh's rather cryptic letter arrived I dismissed the momentary thought that one of them was sick and needed me, because he wrote, "Toronto and work seem to agree capitally with us both."

His letter was chatty; Hugh was always a good correspondent; but he did not rhapsodise over his matrimonial bliss as he had done on previous occasions.

I am not implying that Hugh wore his heart on his sleeve; there was nothing mawkishly sentimental about him. But he had brought me confidence since he was a lad, and, knowing what I thought of Lucia, he naturally felt no reluctance in talking to me about her. Therefore, I missed the happy note in his letter, although I could not think there was anything seriously wrong. Both Hugh and Lucia had been of a sensible age, and possessed of plenty of common-sense when they anchored on the safe rock of mutual love and trust.

Sometimes, however, cracks and fissures develop in the stoutest foundation after a time; and I did not forget that life in a large city might present problems and difficulties of which small-town dwellers had scarcely conception. Still, I might be making the traditional mountain out of a molehill.

Without sending them word I was coming, I timed my arrival for the supper-hour. Hugh, I knew, reached home shortly after six of the clock.

Their little house was a half hour's street-car ride from the Union Station. As I drew near, I noticed the dainty curtains at the front windows, flowers blooming on the sills; while the door knobs fairly glistened in the August sunshine. Lucia's housewifely activities were, undoubtedly, not of the "new broom" order. In these days of pleasure-loving wives it was refreshing to find a girl to whom the care of the home was of paramount importance.

She opened the door to my knock. She was as pretty as ever, but looked a trifle pale.

"Auntie! Well, this is a pleasant surprise! But why didn't you let us know when you were coming. Hugh would have met you at the train; he has just got in."

As I stepped across the threshold she shut the door behind me. "The dust is frightful" she said, "Just a second, Auntie!"

And, before I realised her intention, a whisk was flicked over my garments, removing a faint coating of grey caused by railway travelling.

I smiled.

"You neat child!" I remarked.

Lucia replaced the brush in a leather case affixed to the lintel of the front door.

"Dust is hard on furniture and things" she said.

Then, Hugh came on the scene, adding his welcome to hers.

He looked just the same as ever. Or—did he look the same? When the

smile of greeting faded I thought I detected an added gravity of expression, little lines on his forehead. There was, too, a sort of detachment in his gaze and tone.

"You will like a wash before supper, Auntie" said Lucia, leading the way upstairs.

The room I had previously occupied had a north-east aspect, particularly pleasant at this time of the year. I naturally paused at the familiar door.

"I have made a change of rooms" remarked Lucia, "Our bedroom draperies do not stand strong sunlight."

I followed her into the room which the young married couple had occupied when I last visited them. It was the best bedroom, with a fine view of the Lake from two big windows.

"This is such a lovely room" I murmured.

Lucia was drawing up the dark green shades.

"Yes" she agreed, "But everything fades so quickly here. That is why I have got rid of the chintz. Don't hurry, Auntie, but come downstairs when you're fixed up."

I made a change of garments although, to tell the truth, I should have kept on my cool taffeta travelling suit if I had not sensed her feelings on the subject. As I braided my hair in front of the mirror I caught sight of two little horizontal lines which had only just made their appearance on my forehead. What had brought them there? I liked neatness and order as much as most self-respecting persons; a dirty dwelling was, of course, anathema. But—

I glanced around me. The room was spotless. There might be traffic on the street, destroying sunlight through the windows, but neither disintegrating force was apparent. I could have slid a finger over every edge of floor and furniture and not removed a molecule of dust.

AS I went downstairs, I wondered wherein the little rift lay. It did

not have origin in a neglected home, an untidy wife. Yet there was a rift somewhere, and when I entered the dining room and saw Hugh facing the window, hands in pocket, and Lucia fixing something on the sideboard, the distance of the room between them I knew that my imagination had not gone astray this time. And I wanted badly to learn what the trouble was.

It was not money affairs, I felt sure. The state of Hugh's finances was on the ebb tide. When he touched on the business side of life, he was the enthusiastic and light-hearted boy as of old. But I noticed that his glance did not flash from me to his wife as in the past; and that Lucia took no apparent interest in our talk.

Yet there was nothing tangible to commit one to a feeling of apprehension; harmony prevailed. It was twice, however, during the meal that I detected a flicker of irritation on Hugh's face, a flicker of annoyance on Lucia's.

The first occasion was the reference made by Hugh to a business colleague of his whom he called Gordon. Gordon, as he explained to me, was the best of all-round sports; excelling in billiards, gold tennis, baseball.

"And—boxing" supplemented Lucia in a tone of palpable distaste.

The situation might have been tense but for the saving grace of Hugh's light laugh.

"The girlie's too tender-hearted. Auntie. She regards boxing as a brutal sport. I don't care for it, myself" he said.

And Lucia gave him one of her warm enveloping looks that made me feel all was right at bedrock.

Yet I saw that she did not like this Gordon, and I thought Hugh tactless when he said that he must ask Gordon round to meet me. Just as though a young man would want to be bothered talking with an old woman!

The second time this harmony was disturbed occurred when Lucia moved away from the table.

"I'll clear away the dishes presently" said Hugh, lighting his pipe.

Lucia's brows came closely together, but the sweep of long lashes hid the expression of her eyes.

"It will not take me a few minutes, Hugh" she said quietly, deftly packing up the crockery.

Hugh turned to me. "I want to get a maid in. I can afford it—"

"We have threshed out that subject already, dear" she said sweetly, as she went out of the room.

Hugh said no more; he puffed away at his pipe in moody silence, which I did not like to break. But a few minutes afterwards, he was his old self again, and nothing else happened, although I was conscious throughout of a tense atmosphere. For instance, Hugh's laugh was forced at times and Lucia kept up a run of irrelevant chatter which was unnecessary where we other two were concerned.

The following day, happened to be Saturday. At breakfast, Hugh smilingly announced that he should be home for the mid-day meal.

"We'll take Auntie out in the afternoon to see the sights" he said.

Lucia, fresh and dainty, looked up from the coffee tray. "Do you mind if you go alone with Hugh, Auntie?" she asked.

"Why don't you want to come, too?" queried my nephew somewhat sharply. The forehead creases were very much in evidence just then and he cracked an egg in a markedly irritable manner.

Lucia looked perfectly serene.

"I am sorry, but I started some work yesterday and must finish it" she said.

"What work?"

"The pantry—"

Hugh interrupted her with an explosive exclamation, and jumped up from his seat. Then, he gave an embarrassed laugh, suddenly aware of the presence of a third person.

"Please forgive me; I quite forgot myself. Well, if Lucia is busy to-day, suppose we postpone our jaunt?" he said.

He finished breakfast, and nothing more was said. But I could feel the dragging of chains.

After Lucia had performed her dutiful task of seeing him off, she came back to me.

"We are not making a stranger of you, you see. I am sorry I shall have to leave you to entertain your—"

(Continued on page 10)



I told her all the things that had been troubling me since I came on a visit to them

self this morning. There is a great deal of work" and she sighed gently, "in keeping even a small house clean."

I looked around me. The place was a shining example of housewifely skill. But I wondered if the Marthas fell short of what the Marys accomplished. I could hear the staccato crackling of an egg shell under a man's nervous fingers.

"You manage wonderfully!" I said. "Single-handed, dear?"

Lucia nodded.

"I began with a char-lady or two, but never again! The price they asked—and were such slatterns, in the bargain! To tell the honest truth, Aunt Minnie, I prefer to do my own housework. An incompetent little maid would drive me crazy. And for the present, we are not rich enough to pay the wages of a really good servant."

I did not see her again for two hours. She rejected my offer of help. But I heard her singing blithely over her task, the sound of her fresh young voice mingling with that of slushing water, vigorous brush strokes. She seemed quite content.

Then there was a 'phone call for her, and the next minute her cold little "Just as you please, of course, Hugh" reached me. She put up the receiver and came towards me, added colour in her cheeks.

"Hugh is going out to lunch with Mr. Gordon and to a ball game afterwards" she said.

"He will be out of the way while you are cleaning house, dear" I suggested.

She laughed. "Of course, there's something in that. Only—"

But she left the rest of her speech unuttered.

Then, to make matters worse there were two women callers later, and they stayed to afternoon tea. All the while, Lucia chatted to them her fingers were itching to go back to her interrupted tasks. So it happened that at supper time she was only just through, and she was flustered and snappy when Hugh returned.

"Gordon is coming round later" he said nonchalantly.

It was like putting a light to a fuse. Lucia said not a word, but her eyes flashed, and Hugh saw.

"Girlie, why do you dislike Gordon? Really, he is no end of a good chap. We have had a rattling good time together this afternoon."

"Apparently" said Lucia cuttingly.

"I asked you to come out with me, dear" Hugh gently reminded her.

I crept away. They could "kiss and be friends" better alone. But when I returned to the room only Hugh was there, and the moody expression was back on his face.

He got up and paced the room. "Lucia's the sweetest girl in the world" he said presently, "But she's all nerves. Oh! this confound—I beg your pardon, Aunt Minnie."

Then, he stopped by my chair, and putting his hands on my shoulder looked earnestly into my face.

"You must not misunderstand me. I'm crazy about my wife. But surely cleaning house is not the sum total of existence! She is tired and worn out at the end of the day."

He looked across at the prettily-arranged room, and gave a short laugh.

"What an old kisser you will think me! I guess I ought to thank my stars I haven't a slovenly wife."

Lucia's return to the room fortunately saved me the necessity of an answer.

Lucia's housewifely activities increased when the heat of this particularly torrid summer let up a little. There was canning, preserving, provision to be made against the exigencies of the coming winter. Frequently, Hugh returned from the office to find me presiding over the supper table, with a fatigued wife unable to leave a precious brew at a critical moment. He grew tired at length, and then he began to laud 'chickens' seen on Yonge Street. The girl who thought only of having a

good time, irrespective of others, was the right sort of girl according to him, in these irritating moments.

And Gordon, who was in the habit of dropping in for a game of cards after supper, backed up his friend's sentiments. In Lucia's hearing he called a girl of twenty-four—her age, mind!—a lemon. Could folly go further?

My visit was drawing to a close. I had arranged to leave directly after the Exhibition came to an end.

It was the following Saturday. Lucia palpably lost patience when the hands of the clock pointed to twenty after two and Hugh had not returned. He invariably was punctual for the half past one o'clock meal.

Just as she had decided not to wait any longer, he 'phoned through from the city. He was going out to play outfielder in a baseball game. Gordon had got up all in a hurry, and should not be home until evening.

I think if Lucia's anger had not been of the silent, white-heat kind we could have talked the matter out together. But she paled, bit her lip, looked like a stricken deer, and went out of the room. Half an hour later, she appeared, dressed in outdoor clothes, and carrying a grip.

"Auntie, I'm sorry to leave you" she said, "but as you are going back home on Monday, you will not mind spending the week-end alone with Hugh. I am going back to Mother. I am quite resolved" as I tried to protest, "the situation is intolerable—disastrous to my self-respect—the self-respect of any wife. When Hugh chose between me and his friend—"

"Lucia! Oh! surely, child!—"

But she would not listen, and the next minute the door banged behind her hurrying footsteps.

HUGH could not return until evening. Gordon would, doubtless, accompany him. I meant to take that young man into my confidence, and put his friendship to the test.

Therefore, when I opened the door to him, somewhere about six of the clock, I was so glad to see him that I did not perceive, for the moment, that he was alone.

"Is Mrs. Harvey at home?" he asked, as he stepped across the threshold.

I glimpsed trouble, then.

"Something has happened! To—Hugh?" I gasped.

He put a hand on my shoulder.

"Don't be alarmed. It is not—too bad" he said.

Then, he told me that Hugh had been struck by a ball, and been rushed to hospital. They feared concussion.

I could not tell him that Lucia had left Hugh. I could only stammer out the fact that she was away from home. I fancied he guessed the truth, for while I was waiting for an answer to my long distance call to Peterborough, he said quietly,

"Hugh and I are real chums. But a man's best friend is his wife"

"Yes" I agreed. I wished that Lucia had been present.

I got in touch with her mother, but Lucia was not with her. I told Mrs. Bruce what had happened to Hugh, and the rest had to be left to Fate. But I felt sure that the girl's heart was sound at core, and she would rush to her husband's bedside as soon as she could get back to Toronto.

Hugh was light headed when I reached the hospital. His ravings were all in one strain.

"Lucia, I did wipe my boots! Lucia, for the love of Mike, let the place rip!"

Then, "Of course, if you wish to ruin your health by staying indoors from one week to another" or "Hang the housework, I say. I'll go batching with old Gordon."

That was the crux of the whole matter. Lucia had, doubtless, jumped to the conclusion that Hugh was sick of marital responsibilities and would welcome the chance of a return to bachelor freedom. He had probably said to her the identical words he was now repeating in delirium.

I looked at my watch. The Peterborough train was about due. I gave her half an hour in which to get from the Union Station to the hospital.

Then, there was a long distance call for me, and from the other end of the line Mrs. Bruce said her daughter had not arrived; she had no knowledge of her movements.

I tried to keep calm, but I was torn between anxiety on Hugh's account and Lucia's disappearance. Where had the child gone?

I heard nothing more, and on the morrow Hugh was so much better that permission was given for him to leave the hospital in the course of a day or two if he continued to make improvement. I undertook to nurse him.

I dreaded to tell him that Lucia had left him. He was bitterly disappointed not to find her at his bedside, but he accepted my murmured explanation that she had gone on a short visit to her mother. And Gordon backed me up, went a step further in an unblushing statement that Mrs. Bruce had sent for her daughter.

"Mustn't send his temperature up again" he said.

It was decided that Hugh go home on the Tuesday, and I a day ahead of him in order to fix things, although I knew that that immaculate little house would show no signs of wear and tear if left unoccupied for weeks.

I had carefully locked up before I left. Judge, therefore, of my consternation when I saw the front door standing wide open, windows raised. I thought of officious neighbours,—burglars.

Then, Lucia confronted me, coming from the back of the house, wearing a porch apron and carrying a duster.

"How long have you been here?" I cried.

She reddened. "I did not go to Peterborough, after all. Took a show in, and a meal in town and came back—to find both you and Hugh gone—without a word. I guess I was a fool not to have stayed away."

She felt bitter, felt that she had been dealt an injustice. I could see that she was ignorant of what had actually happened. Lucia seldom read the newspapers—never the sporting news.

I had meant to break the tidings to her; now, I refrained. It was up to me to try to play the part of mentor, if plain speaking would help to straighten out this matrimonial tangle.

"So you don't know where your husband spent the week-end?" I hazarded.

"I can guess. I told you, Aunt Minnie, he preferred his friend to his wife."

"Not without reason" I answered. Here cheeks took flame. "You—think—this, Aunt Minnie?"

"Certainly" I said.

She tossed her adorable little head.

"One would think I was a bad wife; an untidy, neglectful—"

"If you were, Hugh might be happier."

"Aunt Minnie!"

She stared at me as though she thought I had suddenly lost my reason.

I was determined, however, to press my point home; and I told her all the things that had been troubling me since I came on a visit to them. I don't think I spared her in the least.

She listened with commendable patience, a little smile of derision on her lips. It would take more than an elderly maiden aunt to convince a headstrong young wife that she was in the wrong. I saw that she thought it was my viewpoint in error.

Then, I shot the bolt.

"Lucia, your husband is lying in hospital, recovering from the effects of a blow at baseball that might have terminated fatally."

She sprang to her feet.

"Hugh ill! And you have only just told me! Aunt Minnie, I'm going to him at once" she cried.

I caught her arm. "No. You are to stay here. Hugh must not be excited." And, forthwith, I repeated, word by word, the lad's ravings.

It sounds cruel on my part. But I had visioned the future. Now—Now only could she learn her lesson.

"You cannot keep me away from him. I am his wife" she cried.

"You will do him more harm than good" I answered stubbornly. "He is not strong enough yet to be reminded of domestic troubles."

"Aunt Minnie, who are you to order me as though I were a child? What authority—?"

"The doctors" I lied.

My resolution almost failed when I saw her go white. If I had not been honestly attached to her, anxious for her ultimate happiness, I should have weakened, and the end I had in view might not have been accomplished.

She was ready to defy me, but not the power vested in the doctors. Moreover, she loved Hugh, although hers had been a wrong way of loving. She would not do anything to retard his recovery when I made it plain to her that she must wait until the next day before she saw him. Of course, she did not guess that he would be returning home so soon.

At intervals, she was depressed and silent; barely vouchsafing me a word. I read her anguish as she watched the hands of the clock. Time, to her, halted, dragged, wore chains she could not move; and I know that during the night he stood still for her.

Then, she had periods of revolt, of storm. Once, she got as far as the front door, desperate to put authority at naught. After that outburst, she wept until she had no more tears to weep.

But, before we said good night, she tacitly admitted that she had been partly to blame for past misunderstandings; and this was a long way on the right trail.

When I awoke the next morning, I found Lucia absent. But a little folded note beside my plate told me that she had only gone for an early morning walk in High Park. This was a new departure indeed, and promised well for the future, especially as she had not waited to wash up her own breakfast dishes.

Then, before I expected him, Hugh came home.

Gordon had only just got the invalid into the house when I heard Lucia's returning footsteps. I wanted a great scene.

"Hide!" I cried to Hugh as I went to open the door to his wife. He took the cue.

Lucia had been walking fast; there was colour on her cheeks, she breathed hard. But I saw circles beneath her eyes, the tremulous droop of the mouth.

"I went for a long walk" she said. "I had no idea the early morning could be so lovely."

Then, a faint sound from the inner room arrested her attention, and her lips parted.

"Aunt Minnie, who's here? Oh! he's dead!" she cried. And, like any heroine in the Movies, she went down in a heap.

Hugh staggered in. He had been a sick man, but he was very fit and well now as he stooped and put his arms about her.

"Not dead, girlie. Very much alive, in fact. Why, sweetheart," as he turned her face to his, "what is the matter?"

She clung to him, but she looked at me. Aunt Minnie, did you—tell me the truth?"

"Not all" I answered. Her eyes went very round, but a radiant smile made her the Lucia of old.

"You dear old—beautiful—fraud!" she gurgled.

Then, I slipped away.

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DON'T let me catch you at this again!" warned Tom, slipping the harness from the panting pup, and stroking the trembling sides." He's only a little fellow, and you'll just ruin him if you hook him up too soon. Fair play, boy; don't you put a heavy load on a baby. That's what he is—a baby, eh, Bingo? Come on, Bingo, out of danger."

Tom made off towards the stable, with the pup ambling at his heels, while Charlie, in a very fury of anger, stamped his feet helplessly and impatiently. "Never mind, Smarty!" he screamed shrilly at his brother's departing back. "I'll get even with you for taking my dog away from me! You'll be sorry!"

"Oh, don't scare me!" mocked Tom, over his shoulder. "I won't sleep a wink to-night, worrying over your dire threats. But in the meantime, let Bingo alone. Time enough next winter for him to draw you in the sleigh. . . So remember!"

Charlie with a frown of anger upon his spoilt young face, stood moodily beside his handsleigh and the pile of dog harness. "I bet I'll make him sorry he meddled with me!" he vowed, giving a spiteful kick. "He's got a tender spot where I can always pinch him—Sylvia! Some way 'nother I'll pay him out, with Sylvia: He'll see—"

That was it—Sylvia. He pondered the idea deeply for days after Tom had forgotten it, so great are the grievances of childhood, and so little do we elders appreciate them. He counted that his brother's action in separating him from his beloved Bingo was not in the least overestimated when he planned to repay it by making trouble between Tom and Sylvia, whom he should more respectfully have named Miss Grey, his teacher. There really are children like this. They happen, with other accidents, in some of the best regulated families, where there is perhaps an older brother, like Tom, or worse still a sister or maiden aunt, who will systematically spoil the baby, and later on, urge strict but highly inconsistent discipline upon the saucy product of their thoughtlessness.

Charlie's resentment was kept aglow by the daily lack of his cherished playmate, for spoilt boy as he was, he knew enough to do what Tom told him. In particularly bad humor he burst into the living room one evening, and came upon Tom making elaborate flourishes and woven scrolls upon the big writing pad. Tom had been at Business College, and could produce wonderful curves and capitals, but he seldom indulged in idle amusement with them.

"Hullo!" said Charlie staring, and instantly suspicious as he saw signs of some confusion in his brother's face. "What's going on, now?"

"Oh—just practising a bit!" Tom hedged, sliding the writing pad over his work and proceeding to change the subject. "How is your home work to-night?"

"Fierce!" returned the youngster with bitter emphasis, while his watchful eyes observed that the suspicious-looking sheet of paper was about to slide to the floor. "I don't see any use in payin' teachers to teach, when they only make a fellow learn it all, himself, with home work. She ain't any good, anyway!" he flung out, for the simple joy of seeing the red rise in Tom's face.

"Sit down and get at it!" commanded the young man, pushing him into a chair with an energy which was sufficient to send the paper down below the table, when Charlie skillfully dropped his geography upon it. "Sit down—don't be a piker. Home work is good for you."

Charlie grumbled a bit, but presently went to work, and of course retrieved the paper at his earliest opportunity, and it made his eyes gleam. "Miss Sylvia Grey" was written in Tom's most elaborate hand. Oh joy! What a find! He laid it away carefully, in his most secret hidie-hole, until opportunity should come for its use.

It Never Did Run Smooth

By Nina Moore Jamieson

ILLUSTRATED BY EILEEN WEDD

Next day Tom, driving down the school, caught up with Miss Grey on her way home.

"Won't you have a ride?" he asked her, hopefully and Sylvia, with a shy smile, accepted the invitation, and presently found herself warmly tucked under the heavy robe. By the way, it was somewhat remarkable that Tom never used that robe except on occasions when there was a chance that this same young lady might be induced to share it with him. Infer what you please from that.

They talked lightly, in spite of some constraint which rose partly from the girl's self-defensiveness against mankind, and partly from the young man's dread of being overbold too soon. But nothing could constrain the

led questioning eyes met his in surprise.

"I want you to go to it—with me," said Tom rather huskily.

Her hand slid out from his, into the security of her muff, and a flush that was wholly adorable flamed over her face.

"Think it over" he said hurriedly, afraid lest she was about to decline.

"I'll see you again in a day or so, and you can let me know what you think about it."

Drawing back the robe, he helped her carefully down from the buggy, still uncertain whether he had offended her, or whether he had let her understand how very much he cared!

"Thank you," she said in a low tone, and left him like a drifting



Well back from the window, she watched him driving down the road.

worshipping light in his eyes which spoke to the wild rose flush in her cheeks! At last, as they neared her boarding place, he halted the horse and jumped down to help her from the buggy.

"There is a concert at Gower's Corners on St. Valentine's night," he said, holding the lines in one hand while the other lay upon the red robe, reluctant to let her out.

"I heard about it," she murmured with lowered eyes. The warm breath hurried from her parted lips, and she laid a small gloved hand upon the edge of the robe as if to indicate that she was but slightly interested in the subject—was in fact, much more concerned about descending from the buggy to the scant snow of the road-side.

For an instant of daring, his swift hand covered hers, so that her start-

shadow. She sped into the house and upstairs to her cold little room where, well back from the window, she watched him driving on down the road. "How kind he is to me!" she thought wistfully. "I—I wonder if I might go! I would like to—indeed I would!"

SHE looked down at the hand which his own had covered, and sighed a little. Teaching in the country is sometimes a lonely business—and she was one who made few friends anyway, being sensitive and timid, and miserably conscious of every petty shaft of gossip and criticism aimed in her direction.

The days went, but with no sign of Tom. He was, in fact, deeply occupied with the killing and marketing of two "bunches" of fat pigs, which seems a very commonplace excuse

for overlooking the claims of Dan Cupid, but it is not the purpose of this truthful narrative to offer any disguise for such matters.

At last came the day, and still Tom had not appeared to enquire further about Sylvia's wishes concerning the concert at Gower's Corners. Even the least observant scholar knew, before five minutes after nine, that something was amiss with the teacher. Her swiftly altering color, her hasty breathing, and a certain mistiness about her eyes indicated distress of some sort. Yet she had been her usual quiet self when she entered the school and hung up her wraps; had been composed and severe when she sat down at her desk. Then—

Charlie, watching keenly, had seen the lovely color flood her face as she spied the writing on the paper wrapper of the small flat parcel. How did she know the writing so well? He made a mental note of the point, even as he exulted inwardly over the stricken look that curtained her eyes when she removed the outer covering and comprehended the monstrosity within. Her gaze went back to verify the identity of the address upon the wrapper. No mistake. She knew who had written it, as certainly as if she had seen him do it. . . Charlie hugged himself in satisfaction.

No doubt the day was difficult for the pupils—it was one long strain to the teacher. Wearily she dismissed the school at four o'clock, and stood in the doorway listening until the last chattering footfall had ceased to hammer upon the heavy frost-bound silence, and the last shout was swallowed up in the enveloping cedars. Then she closed the door and went back to her desk.

From the drawer she took the cause of her misery—a Valentine crude, to the verge of vulgarity, it roused in her a feeling of hurt, a deep sense of affront. This was what he had seen fit to send her! A rush of hot resentment swept her almost to tears. How could he! How dared he! She had thought so well of him, had admired his manly sincerity and gentle courtesy—and yet he had been capable of this! Any man who could send a girl such a daub as this must indeed be low-bred and coarse. Faugh!

She pushed away the paper in which it had been wrapped. There was no mistaking his handwriting—she had seen it often in Charlie's books. Perhaps he had been pleased with himself as he made those intricate capitals and flowing letters—"Sylvia Grey"—perhaps he had laughed with amusement to think how easy it was to capture her fancy! The girl's head went down upon her arms, and a homesick, helpless sob rose in her throat—the hurt was very keen.

The door opened and closed briskly, and she raised her head, startled, to meet Tom's eager glance as he advanced towards her, towering above the empty desks.

"Sorry I couldn't manage to get a word with you before—" he was beginning, when the sight of her unhappy little face made him forget what he had started out to say. "Why—what's wrong? Are you sick?" he asked in genuine concern.

She turned away silently, twisting her small hands together, furious with herself for letting him see that he had hurt her.

"Sylvia!" he begged, coming close to the desk, and leaning across it to look into her averted face. She pointed to the door with trembling finger.

"Please—shut it after you—when you go out!" she asked in strangled tones.

"You're sick!" he declared, ignoring this. "Let me take you down to Mrs. Garry's in the sleigh—it's right here at the gate."

"No!" she cried out piteously. "Only go away and leave me alone!"

"Not until you tell me what's wrong," he declared, much perturbed. "Some one has been saying things—talking spitefully—"

(Continued on page 50)

Blaming It On The Movies

By Jean Graham

THERE is a comfort known to every Daughter of Eve or Son of Adam—and that is: "having someone to blame it on," when life goes wrong. Heredity is the usual excuse, and our grandfather's quick temper, our great-aunt Maria's rheumatism and wretched nervous system are resorted to, when we wish to account for our ailments and irritability. There has been much talk lately about waves of crime, and truly there has seemed to be more than the usual number of bandit attacks in these days of unemployment and general unrest. Such "waves" are decidedly awkward, both for individuals and the police force, and threaten to overwhelm the safety of the community. Then, those who consider it their business to account for everything arise to explain why there should be so many daylight robberies and motor bandits. The cause of this wave of crime, they say, is attendance at the movies.

About a quarter-of-a-century ago, when a boy stole from a till or committed a burglary, his crime was attributed to devotion to the dime novel. No allowance was made for individual perversity or human tendency to err. The dime novel and the writer thereof were all that was needed to make highwaymen, pirates and thugs of decently-bred youngsters.

In spite of this policy of "blaming it on the movies," the theatres where the stars of superlative loveliness are shining, where the heroes of superhuman strength are performing feats of daring, are crowded, afternoon and evening—and the game of watching the movies goes merrily on.

There is no question about it:—a bad movie does more harm than a bad book. The reason is that a "picture" leaves on imagination and memory an impression more vivid than the printed page can convey. The psychologist and the physician assure us of this—and the poet, Tennyson, puts the fact tersely in the line:—"Things seen are mightier than things heard."

The discussion recently going on in the United States, regarding the

morals of the movies, seems to take it for granted that the producers are determined to give the public what it wants—or what it thinks it wants. If we may judge from some of the productions, those who send them forth have a very low estimate of public taste and ethical standards. There are companies, however, that may be regarded as "almost authoritative" in the class and manner of their productions. These companies stand for clean and wholesome plays and mean, in the movie world, what certain manufacturers do in the realm of industry.

When the public professes to be shocked by any particular performance, there is one consistent action—and that is protest. Let the theatrical manager, the producer and everyone else concerned know that you do not demand mud pies in the movies. It is all very well to say with a shrug: "Who cares for a protest? They think the public want that kind of thing." This attitude is not in accordance with the facts, for most managers or producers would heed a host of protests from those who want clean diversion. Censorship has not, as yet, proved highly successful, but it is an attempt to eliminate what is generally deemed objectionable.

There is a great difficulty in the way of censorship, as revealed in the United States, where what is approved by one set of censors may be wholly condemned by another. In the course of this diversity and in the expedients which some censors have resorted to, in order to "moralize" scenes to which objection has been made, there has arisen enough absurdity to make a whole series of Gilbert-and-Sullivan operas. To quote Tennyson again, "the common-sense of most" will undoubtedly save the censor situation.

THIS fact must be remembered that we have just begun to realize what can be done with the moving picture. Twenty years from now, I believe, we shall look back on this year as a comparatively crude period in movie development. The appeal of the movie is great and irresistible. If we may be Irish and paradoxical, the movie has come to stay. It satisfies the human craving for entertainment;—and it remains for the public to say what kind of movie it wants.

In educational work it can be of incalculable value. Do you remember how dry-as-dust some of the old geography lessons were? I was fortunate enough to have for several years a teacher who had a great gift for making history and geography live. I remember we had a lesson one day on the coal areas and the teacher brought with him to the class-room some pictures he had colored himself, showing the work in the mines. It was an easy step (geologically) from coal to diamonds and we had a wonderful illustrated lesson on the scenes of diamond industry which I do not think any member of that class forgot. I do not say that the picture can take the place of the text-book, but it will hardly be questioned that the picture can enforce and illuminate the teaching which otherwise would be difficult to grasp and remember. There is no royal road to learning; but the way which is brightened by pictures is more easily trod and will be remembered longer than that which is unnecessarily stony. The use of the moving picture in the class-room has just begun. Its development will mean a saving of time and attention and an increased appreciation of certain subjects that should make for better-educated citizens. Some of those who think that school should

not be regarded as anything but a scene of discipline may see danger in making the lessons really attractive; but only those who are of the stern class described as those extreme Puritans who objected to bear-baiting, (not because it hurt the bear, but because it pleased the spectator) will be disposed to doubt the place of the movie in the classroom.

The movie has also been found acceptable in the Sunday School halls and in the church entertainment. It has familiarized the pupils, as no other agency could, with scenes in the Holy Land and in other Eastern realms. The East of to-day has changed little in some respects from the East of nineteen centuries ago. Hence the student may learn a great deal in picture of conditions which make plain many a parable. The picture play or exhibition cannot take the place of the teacher; but it can help pictorially in making the lesson real and appealing. The wise instructor will know how to use the movie or cinema element in the day's exercises and will not let it overshadow other features—for the Sunday School is something more than a movie show—or it has no reason for existence.

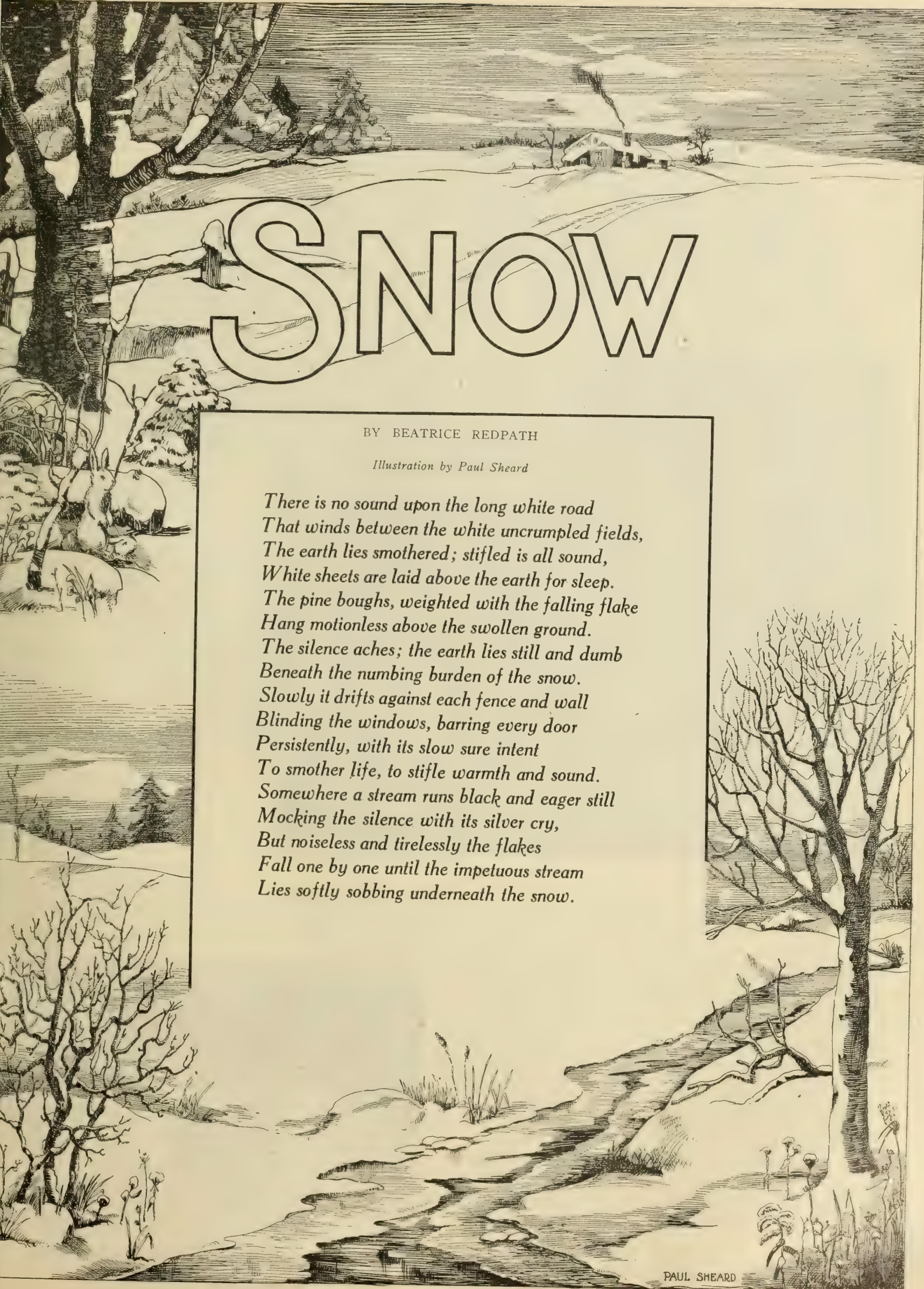
If the interest in the "pictures" has sometimes seemed excessive, let us remind ourselves that the cinema is, as yet, very young. It has made enormous strides already, by way of "growing up." In fact, there is no other modern alliance of art and industry that can show such rapid growth or such an increase in use of the finest means of attaining its ends. There is, to be sure, the "cheap and vulgar" movie—and, until the public shows a taste for better things, this class of production will be with us. However, there has always been the "cheap and vulgar" drama, and there has been the vulgar music, also. Wherefore, let not a nation that spends millions a year in chewing-gum have much to say about the third-rate movie. The

(Continued on page 56)



A CHARMING STAR

This shows Betty Compson in one of her most popular parts, that of 'Babbie' in Barrie's "The Little Minister." The scene from which this is taken is that where Babbie goes to warn the out-post: "If ye're lookin' for the red-coats, they're comin' now." The out-post does not believe her. She's only a gypsy.



SNOW

BY BEATRICE REDPATH

Illustration by Paul Sheard

*There is no sound upon the long white road
That winds between the white uncrumpled fields,
The earth lies smothered; stifled is all sound,
White sheets are laid above the earth for sleep.
The pine boughs, weighted with the falling flake
Hang motionless above the swollen ground.
The silence aches; the earth lies still and dumb
Beneath the numbing burden of the snow.
Slowly it drifts against each fence and wall
Blinding the windows, barring every door
Persistently, with its slow sure intent
To smother life, to stifle warmth and sound.
Somewhere a stream runs black and eager still
Mocking the silence with its silver cry,
But noiseless and tirelessly the flakes
Fall one by one until the impetuous stream
Lies softly sobbing underneath the snow.*

PAUL SHEARD

The Journal Juniors' Page

By Bertha M. Green

THE SHERWOOD FORESTER

SUMMER times were meant to wander through, summer hedges to rest beside, and the forest to be a summer playground. There was a clear sky over the English countryside, and a cool freshness here at the edge of the forest that once was "merry Sherwood."

Stretched out in the shade of a great beech lay a fair-haired boy of nine or ten, with hands clasped behind his head. A little girl sat near, with chestnut curls, but the same eyes of deep blue as those of her brother, to whom she was explaining:

"And, Hugh, their suits were all of Lincoln green; and Little John was the tallest, and Friar Tuck was the funniest of them all."

But here in Sherwood forest, The first gleam of the morn, Are heard the merry shouting, The call of hunting-horn.

Who fares abroad so early, Through leafy glade and glen? 'Tis Robin Hood of Sherwood, And all his merry men.

Beyond, and in front of the children was a space, clear of trees excepting one giant oak, near which was a camp fire. There were men about the fire, a dozen or more, and the one who had just been singing now rose and said:

"'Tis hard indeed, to have to be a stay-at-home, even though that home be under the greenwood-tree."

"You may as well be content,"

them. The arrow of Little John was forgotten, and, back under the great oak, time passed quickly for Ruth and Hugh. There were stories of the greenwood, of the deer, and best of all, tales of Robin Hood himself. The men of Sherwood sang their songs for the children, and they learned of the fairies who made their home in Sherwood, and the gnomes who lived beneath the great oak.

It drew near sunset, and Little John said that he would take the children back to the wood's edge, but first, here where it was safe, Hugh might blow his hunting-horn. A clear full note sounded through the forest, and to the surprise of all, there was an answer. Soon there was a shout, and the tall, bearded figure of Robin Hood himself appeared. It seemed

shining, and the branches of the beech-tree gently swaying above them. Little Ruth's blue eyes were still dreamy as she looked at her brother and said:

"And Little John is the tallest, and Friar Tuck is the merriest."

"And, listen, listen, Ruth," said Hugh, "it is the wind of the arrow."

And above them the wind of Sherwood sang:

I'll sing a song of Sherwood,
Of Robin and his men,
Of baron, king, and castle,
Of olden days again.

I'll sing a song of Sherwood,
Of brook, and branch, and breeze,
Of dancing forest-fairies,
At night amongst the trees.

I'll sing a song of Sherwood,
While leafy branches stir
To listen to the singer,
The Sherwood Forester.

GRIMMER GOES TO BED AGAIN.

THE snow was deep around the trunk of the old elm, gray clouds hung dense and low, and there was no wind. It was not the cheeriest of mornings, but a most important one for Grimmer the woodchuck.

The smooth surface of the snow-drift was broken, Grimmer's nose appeared, followed by the rest of him in his brown bristly coat. He sat up, stretched himself, and blinked sleepily, then, remembering what day it was, he put his nose up in the air and said to himself:

"Why it's Candlemas, and I had nearly forgotten about it. It's as cloudy as can be just now, and if the sun does not shine to-day so that I can see my shadow, I am supposed to go back to bed and sleep for another six weeks."

"But I'm not going to do it continued the woodchuck "I'm up and out of bed now, and I'm going to stay up whether the sun shines or not."

The sun did not shine this candlemas, the woodchuck did not see his shadow, but Grimmer did stay out of bed. For eleven days he wandered around sleepily, for the weather was cold and often stormy. That night the bristly fellow went to bed as determined as ever to pay no attention to the shadowless Candlemas.

Others of the woodland people had been watching the woodchuck, teasing him for his sleepiness, and joking among themselves. The next morning was that of Saint Valentines Day, and when Grimmer looked out of his doorway he found that the postman, Snuffler, the cottontail, had called and left him a fine lot of valentines. Grimmer was as pleased as could be to get them all, until he opened the last and largest valentine. Then Grimmer snorted, for on a broad, white sheet was a funny picture of himself, and underneath it these words:

(Continued on page 47)



The tall, bearded figure of Robin Hood himself appeared

"Oh, it must have been grand, Ruth, for Robin Hood and all his merry men to have the forest for their home."

Little Ruth moved over to the tree, resting against the crook of one of the gnarled roots. It had been quite a walk from the farm house that was their home, and here in the shade there was nothing to disturb the quiet save the soft singing of the breeze as it played amongst the leaves of Sherwood. So, there in the summer afternoon, from day-dreams Hugh and little Ruth fell asleep.

It may have been the land of dreams, but it was still Sherwood forest. Ruth and Hugh walked, hand in hand, beneath great oaks and along forest paths roofed over with leafy branches. Squirrels were everywhere about, the birds sang, and a doe, with a white-spotted fawn by her side, watched them, unafraid.

As they walked onward they could hear voices, then, as they came to the top of a little rise in the path, they heard the clear, deep voice of some one singing:

The king within his castle,
The baron in his keep,
The sheriff—he of Nottingham—
They still are fast asleep.

said a comrade "none may stir abroad to-day, for Robin Hood will have it so."

"Idleness ever brings grumbling," said the deep voice, that of a tall man, whom the children somehow knew to be Little John. "Listen," he continued, "he who can speed an arrow farthest shall have a journey to the border of the wood and back."

"There was a stringing of bows, and a choosing of arrows. Then came a twanging of bow-strings, the whistle of sped shafts, and shouts of surprise. Each arrow which had been shot had flown just the same distance as the others. It was the same three times; then Little John, who had not picked up his bow, laughed and said:

"Good bowmen all, and no one wins because none thought to wet a finger to the wind." So saying, Little John drew his long-bow, and pointing half-upward, let his arrow fly to where the wind was tossing the tree-tops. Here the breeze caught the feathered shaft, and carried it on and on, until, before it fell, it was beyond the sight of the archers.

There was a rush to see how far the arrow had flown, and so it was that the men of Sherwood found the children who had been watching

to Hugh and little Ruth that, long past sunset, Little John took them both, one on each arm, and journeyed back to the wood's edge.

Hugh awoke to find the sun still



Canadian Winter Woodland Scene



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For toilet, bath, nursery, shampoo, fine laundry. Can be divided in two for individual toilet use.



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PEOPLE of refinement have much the same ideas no matter where they live. It is not surprising, therefore, to find Ivory Soap all over this country in homes where good taste and good sense prevail—from the most luxurious households to the simplest.

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MADE IN CANADA



CHAFING DISH COOKERY

By Mary M. Neil

Table talks

By Mrs. Knox

If you're tired of the same old things

SOMEONE remarked to me at the tea table that she was tired of canned fruits and did not know how to give them an original touch. I was sure I could help her, and together we went through my booklet, "Dainty Desserts."

"Why, Mrs. Knox," she exclaimed, "I never knew there were so many different desserts in the world. I had no idea you could combine canned fruits with Knox Sparkling Gelatine in so many unusual ways—not only in desserts but in salads as well! I'm going to try this Cherry Sponge Dessert for dinner."

I learned afterwards that she and her family were so pleased with it that I am publishing the recipe here.

CHERRY SPONGE

$\frac{1}{2}$ Envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water. $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups canned cherries.
1 tablespoonful lemon juice $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar.
1 cup canned cherry juice Whites of 2 eggs

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in hot cherry juice. Add cherries, stoned and cut in halves, sugar, and lemon juice. When mixture begins to set, add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Garnish with whipped cream, sweetened, and flavored with vanilla, and chopped cherries.

Other canned, "put up" or dried fruits may be substituted for the cherries.

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You'll never get tired of the "same old thing" with a copy of my booklet "Dainty Desserts." Send for it. It is FREE. Just enclose four cents in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name. Address

KNOX

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Plain Sparkling Gelatine for general use



Contains Lemon Flavor in Separate Envelope

There is something very sociable about the chafing dish. It is to be recommended for those who live in rooms or elsewhere, where it is difficult to get tasty dishes. It is also invaluable for cooking special dishes for the sick and convalescent.

A chafing dish generally consists of four parts, the framework in which the lamp is set, the lamp, the hot water pan with side handles which rests on the framework, and the blazer in which the food is cooked. Cheap alcohol should not be used in the lamp, the best is none too good, for it will not smoke or smut.



For Onion Rarebit

The hot water pan must be always used where slow cooking is required for creams, sauces and rarebits. Fill the pan one-fourth full of hot water, if handy, otherwise with cold, covering closely until hot. For frying and broiling remove the hot water pan and place the pan near the blaze.

The chafing dish is generally used on the table on which the meal is served, and the food is helped directly from it. Garnishing has little or no part.

There is nearly always a certain amount of preparation required for chafing dish cookery. All the different ingredients should be measured and prepared as much as possible beforehand, then put into small cups or bowls in readiness.

Following are recipes which are adapted to different occasions.

Onion Rarebit. Boil two large onions in the hot water pan, drain and chop them, then put them in the blazer with one tablespoonful of butter, one-half cupful of milk, salt and paprika to taste, one teaspoonful of made mustard and one-half cupful of grated cheese. When creamy, pour it over thin crackers and serve.

Mushrooms With Bacon. Wash and peel fourteen mushrooms, and cut them in pieces, or use the canned product. Remove the rind from one-fourth pound of bacon, and cut it in small pieces. Heat the blazer of the chafing dish, put in the bacon and cook it for two minutes, then add seasoning of salt, pepper and paprika, one-half cupful of stock or water and one tablespoonful of flour, stir and cook until thick, then add the mushrooms, and cook for a few minutes longer. Another Method. Prepare one-half pound of mushrooms and cut them in pieces. Melt one-fourth pound of bacon cut in small dice in the chafing dish, put in the mushrooms, and pour over one-half cupful of boiling water, season with pepper, salt, and a pinch of powdered nutmeg, cover, and cook slowly for fifteen minutes. Then add one-half teaspoonful of lemon juice and one-half cupful more of boiling water, make thoroughly hot, and serve with croutons of fried bread, or fingers of toast.

Cold Meat Mince In Chafing Dish. Chop one cupful of cold meat, add two cupfuls of cold mashed potatoes, season to taste with salt and pepper

and add stock or milk to moisten. Make into neat balls with floured hands, brush over with beaten egg, toss in fine bread crumbs and fry in hot butter in the chafing dish. Drain and serve hot. Or, put one cupful of thick sauce into the blazer over the hot water pan, add one cupful of chopped cooked meat, season to taste, and then cover until all is thoroughly hot. Serve with fingers of toast.

Cheese Fondue. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in the blazer and add one-half pound of broken or grated cheese, and stir until melted,

serve them very hot, sprinkled with sugar and a few drops of orange or lemon juice.

Pass round sweet wafers with the bananas.

Omelette. Beat together four eggs, then add one cupful of milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter in the blazer, pour in the egg mixture and cook until set. To prevent it sticking slip a knife under the edge occasionally. Spread over with jam, or jelly, or marmalade and double it over carefully and serve hot.

Rechauffé Of Fish. Remove all the skin and bones from one pound of cooked or canned fish, and flake it into good sized pieces. Put these pieces on a plate, pour over them one tablespoonful of salad oil and one tablespoonful of vinegar or lemon juice, sprinkle over with one teaspoonful of chopped onion, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, and allow to stand for thirty minutes, turning occasionally. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in the chafing dish, add one-half cupful of tomato sauce bring to the boil, add the fish, and baste it with the liquid until thoroughly heated. Serve at once.

Chicken Livers on Toast. Wash and trim four chicken livers, dry them and cut them in small pieces, then toss them in flour, seasoning with pepper, salt and paprika. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in the blazer, put in the prepared liver, and cook it over the flame, stirring constantly until well browned. Then add one and one-half cupfuls of stock and mix well. Now place the blazer over the hot water pan, cover, and cook for fifteen minutes. Serve on toast or on croutons of fried bread. A few chopped olives may be added if desired.

Apple Rings. Choose four good cooking apples, peel, core and cut them in rings about one-third of an



Cold meat minced in chafing dish

inch in thickness. Lay these rings on a deep plate, sprinkle them with sugar and powdered ginger or nutmeg, pour over the strained juice of one lemon, and allow to stand for thirty or forty minutes. Then drain the apples, and coat each ring with sifted flour. Melt one-fourth cupful of butter in the blazer and when smoking hot put in the apple rings and fry them until browned on both sides. Sprinkle with sugar and serve at once.

Fried Bananas. Peel four bananas, split them lengthwise, and cut them across in four pieces. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in the blazer of the chafing dish, put in the bananas, and fry them over a gentle flame until sufficiently cooked. Then

Shrimp With Rice. Heat two tablespoonfuls of butter in the chafing dish, put in one tablespoonful of chopped onion and cook it for a few minutes, then add one cupful of can-

(Continued on page 54)



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The Origin, Activities, and Possibilities of Women's Institutes in Ontario

By George A. Putnam, Superintendent, Toronto.

IN addressing the World Disarmament Conference, President Harding's message to civilization was: "We are met for a service to mankind. In all simplicity, in all honesty and all honor, there may be written here the avowals of a world conscience refined by the consuming fires of war and made more sensitive by the anxious aftermath." These words will be classed among the most important historic utterances for all time to come; but let us consider for a moment what the leaders of the Nations met for,—to determine upon a policy of ceasing to destroy and ceasing to kill. The task which lies before the Women's Institutes, however, and which has been their objective for many years,—conservation of life and service to humanity, in the home, in the community, and in the Nation,—is a still more important responsibility. To cease to kill, and to determine not to destroy is but one step removed from barbarity, while the task of the Women's Institutes is the highest ideal of organized civilization.

In the "eighties," some few years after the Agricultural College and Experimental Farm had been established at Guelph, the Ontario Government were seeking a means whereby publicity could be given the excellent work undertaken at that Institution; so the officials made a generous offer to the farmers whereby lecturers would be sent to them to give information on farming. The organizations formed in the various countries to co-operate in carrying on this work were known as **Farmers' Institutes**. Our legislators and our educators did not offer a similar service to the women, for their duties consisted only in caring for human beings. The clothing, the housing, the feeding of the boys and girls, men and women, did not directly increase the monetary returns, therefore were not considered as a responsibility of the Government. The women were permitted to attend the meetings planned for the farmers, for they had been doing their bit and were desirous of getting information bearing upon butter-making, bee-keeping, poultry raising, small fruit growing, etc., work that women can do, and in the great majority of cases do so well.

Interest in some of the things considered at the Farmers' Institute meetings resulted in a group of women in **Saltfleet Township**, Wentworth County, asking themselves why they should not form an organization for the discussion of their own particular responsibilities and their own work. When the suggestion was made at a Farmers' Institute meeting held on February 19th, 1897, to which the women had been specially invited, there was no hesitation in organizing a Women's Institute, and the men were most anxious to assist in whatever way they could. The objects of Women's Institutes as set forth at that time were:—"The Dissemination of knowledge relating to domestic economy, including household architecture, with special attention to home sanitation; a better understanding of the economic and hygienic value of foods, clothing and fuels, a more scientific care and training of children with a view to raising the general standard of health and mor-

ale of our people." This was added to in later years, as follows:—"or the carrying on of any line of work, which has for its object the uplifting of the home, or the betterment of conditions surrounding community life." The Motto of Ontario Women's Institutes is "For Home and Country."

We cannot overestimate the importance of the fact that from the beginning The Women's Institute followed a most effective method,—the utilization of local talent and resources at nearly all of their meetings, and secured specialists through the Department of Agriculture and from other sources for occasional meetings. The system of giving assistance to those who make an honest effort to help themselves was a wise proviso on the part of the Government in offering assistance to the Women's Institutes.

those in close touch with their activities as a most forceful factor in the development of the individual, in making for home efficiency, introducing co-operative methods, establishing high standards for community activities and providing facilities for education, amusement and social intercourse.

In addition to our public and high schools and colleges for the rising generation, we have a school for adults, the Women's Institute, a very broad, a very elastic and very effective Institution, throughout rural Ontario, which is something more than a teacher of facts to girls and women. It is an organization through which recommended methods are given the test of practical application under varying conditions by those who have everyday responsibility in the home and in the community. It is some-

various departments of government service.

(2) Who are the **teachers**? The teachers consist of not only the members and other local talent, but also persons from outside who have had special training along lines of value to the Institute membership.

The discovery, utilization and development of local talent is one of the strongest features of the work.

In addition, the Department of Agriculture through the "Institutes Branch" furnishes lecturers and demonstrators on most liberal terms to instruct and direct in Domestic Science, in all its branches; Health; Agriculture; for Women, etc.

(3) Who are the **pupils** of this wonderful school? The first to be attracted are the women of responsibility in the home, and it is usually the efficient who are most anxious to gain additional knowledge. Then, we have the young women who are beginning to feel a sense of responsibility which will come to them in later years. Young girls, over fourteen, find that there is much that they can get and give in the Institute. One most pleasing feature and an evidence of the practicability of the programmes, is that the pupils never graduate. The longer one is identified with Women's Institute work, the wider the vision and the keener the interest, the greater the desire for knowledge and the opportunity for service.

(4) What is the course of **study**? While in the early days of the organization, food problems, clothing and the general welfare of the family in the home practically covered the field of activity, it was not long until the members recognized the fact that there was community housekeeping as well as the housekeeping and mothering in the individual home. So the programme of activity soon included a survey of local resources, needs and possibilities, embracing the schools, libraries, civic improvement, public health, social and recreational opportunities, local relief work, etc. No two branches necessarily follow the same programme; so the activities can be made very attractive and helpful, for there is elasticity sufficient to meet the needs, desires and ideals of any body of women.

The programme of activity extends from the minutest detail in women's work to grappling with the biggest community problems of the district. A programme to result in the greatest good must be adjusted to local resources, talents, needs and possibilities.

(5) What are the **text books**? The most important text book utilized by all the Institutes is that unwritten book of practical experience. Knowledge gained through practical experience by successful homemakers is much prized by the members. The Institutes, in their saneness make practical application of information and suggestions, whether in print, or by word of mouth, to the resources, capabilities and possibilities of the individual family and community. The printed textbooks consist of standard works of recognized worth along a variety of lines, including health, foods, methods of government, municipal, provincial and Dominion-



AN INTERESTING GROUP

These are prominent workers in Institute circles, who will readily be recognized. Top row, left to right, Mrs. D. M. Sutherland, Toronto; Superintendent for Ontario, Mr. G. A. Putnam, Toronto; Mrs. George Edwards, Komoka, the recently-elected President for Ontario. Second row, left to right, Mrs. Alfred Watt, M.B.E., organizer in England; Mrs. W. T. Meade, Blenheim; Miss Emily Guest, Toronto; and Mrs. William Todd, Orillia, President for the Dominion.

The Institute was purely a home-makers' organization, but it was not long before the women of vision and earnestness saw that they had a **community responsibility and opportunity** as well as that relating to their own homes. There was another branch of house-keeping, **community house-keeping**, which needed their attention. The readiness with which the practical, efficient, experienced women of Ontario deal with problems of common interest, with unnecessary frills eliminated, is an example of efficiency which I have not seen duplicated; and my observation, based upon eighteen years' experience in co-operation with men's and women's organizations, is that women have the greater capability for organizing the resources of a community,—planning work, and effectively carrying out the plans made.

We have in Ontario an organization embracing at the present time nine hundred and thirty branches, with about twenty-nine thousand members, which is recognized by

thing more than an academic and a technical school. It is a propagandist, an administrator, and a safeguard of saneness in community activities.

Let us ask and answer a few questions regarding this school for grown-ups:—

1. What is the governing body?
2. Who are the teachers?
3. Who are the pupils?
4. What is the curriculum?
5. What are the text books?
6. What are the methods of teaching?

(1) The governing body in the Institute consists of the officers, chosen by the members, who should be representative of all homes in the community. Each branch is in absolute control of its own activities, and the branches in a district, sometimes a whole county, sometimes part of a county, join forces for their mutual benefit, and to extend the work to new localities. Consolidation of the branches of a district, also facilitates their co-operation with the

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Modern Ballads and Old Folk Songs

The Movement to Arrive at More Sincere Ideals in Popular Music

By Hector Charlesworth

From time to time I have alluded to the deep interest all musical scholars have been taking in the ancient songs and dance tunes of the British Isles; and to the treasures that have been unearthed by investigators. These enthusiasts have gone to the remote parts of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, to discover and copy down the folk ballads that have been handed down by word of mouth by peasant singers from generation to generation, for hundreds of years back. The reason these discoveries attract so much attention is that they have a human touch which modern machine-made balladry lacks. Moreover they reveal a traditional musical science among the British peoples, the origin of which no one knows. The modes and intervals employed in many instances are so different from those that have been in use in sophisticated circles for three hundred years, as to indicate a very ancient origin. It has been surmised by some that they come from ancient Greece and gradually penetrated to what used to be known as "The Western World" before America was discovered.

These are questions for the musical antiquary. What makes the old folk songs of vital interest to the ordinary music-lover of to-day is the raciness, color and sincerity that they reveal, both in humor and pathos; as well as the wonderfully quaint fancies they embody. In this they furnish a unique contrast to modern songs whether of the polite, sentimental variety or of the more vulgar, jazzy type, in which the thought and the wording is of the most commonplace description. The output of songs from the presses of music publishers both in London and New York is literally enormous, but it is a sad commentary on the inspiration of their authors, that not more than one lyric in a thousand attains more than a few months popularity and most of them are still-born. But there are numerous songs which have clung to existence for several decades by virtue of their touching or inspiring melodies, the words of which are commonplace and stupid. "Ballad concerts" and "ballad collections" are still a feature of English musical life, but it is clear that the ludicrous and artificial side of some of the most popular and enduring pieces is getting hold of the public mind. The serious composer of to-day who wishes to establish fame and popularity for himself, strives to get hold of real poetry worthy of a musical setting. The type of sentimental "ballad" dear to our grandmothers seems to be doomed as serious entertainment.

I recently read an article by a well known English critic, Percy A. Scholes, on "How to Kill the 'Ballad'." He held that one way was by ridicule. Its absurdity of words and its cheap conventionality of music invite laughter. One trouble of popular musical life to-day, he argued, was that the comic songs were so often sad, and the sentimental songs so often comic. The average "ballad" that issues from the press to-day is usually a sentimental rubbish song. But conditions are no worse to-day than they were forty or fifty years ago;—probably better, because the modern public of the cultivated order is taking the art of song more seriously than did that of the

mid-nineteenth century. Our grandparents and great-grandparents had a few songs that are eternally beautiful, Beethoven's "Adelaide" and Mendelssohn's "On Wings of Song" for instance; but for one song like these, a thousand examples of trash passed current as good music; while the words, though intended to be taken seriously, look queer in cold type. Mr. Scholes, in the article I have referred to, mentioned an old popular ballad "The Pilot" which a good many readers must have heard. A nervous passenger is represented as breaking in on a pilot who is concerned with steering a ship through a storm. Most of us know what a real pilot would say to anyone who intruded upon the bridge under such circumstances but this was a very exceptional mariner, as the lines show:—

Oh, Pilot, 'tis a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep
I'll come and pace the deck with thee
I dare not go to sleep.
"Go down," the sailor said, "Go down;

This is no place for thee;
Fear not; but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be."
But the passenger became more importunate and apparently the Pilot decided to give him a real scare with these words:

"On such a night the sea engulfed
My father's lifeless form;
My only brother's boat went down
In just so wild a storm;
And such, perhaps, may be my fate
But still I say to thee
Fear not; but trust in Providence
Wherever thou may'st be."

The Pilot's assurances under the circumstances seem hardly logical; they seem to cast doubt on Providence as a guarantor of safety, but in days gone by this ballad used to be accepted at semi-sacred concerts as one of serious import.

A singular factor in the once-popular ballads of comparatively recent date was their constant allusion to tears. The word "tears" seemed to convey a superior claim to attention. Thus there is an old song with a really plaintive melody:

I cannot sing the old songs,
I sung long years ago
For heart and voice would fail me,
And foolish tears would flow.
But this sad lady went on to hope for a future time when she might venture upon them. Thus:
Perhaps when earthly fetters shall
Have set my spirit free
My voice may know the old songs
For all eternity

It was a pious wish; but it would make a gloomy place of the hereafter; a heaven where everyone was free to chant the old songs of the period alluded to would indeed be a dismal place, even though comic selections were permitted.

THIS curious deluge of sentimentalism came over British song in the nineteenth century and we have hardly as yet lived it down. The popular ditties of the preceding century had more character and vigor. "The Lass with the Delicate Air" is for instance, a charming sketch of a dainty and ravishing miss; and "Sally in Our Alley" if you read it in its entirety, is a complete picture of the life and hopes of a London

(Continued on page 21)

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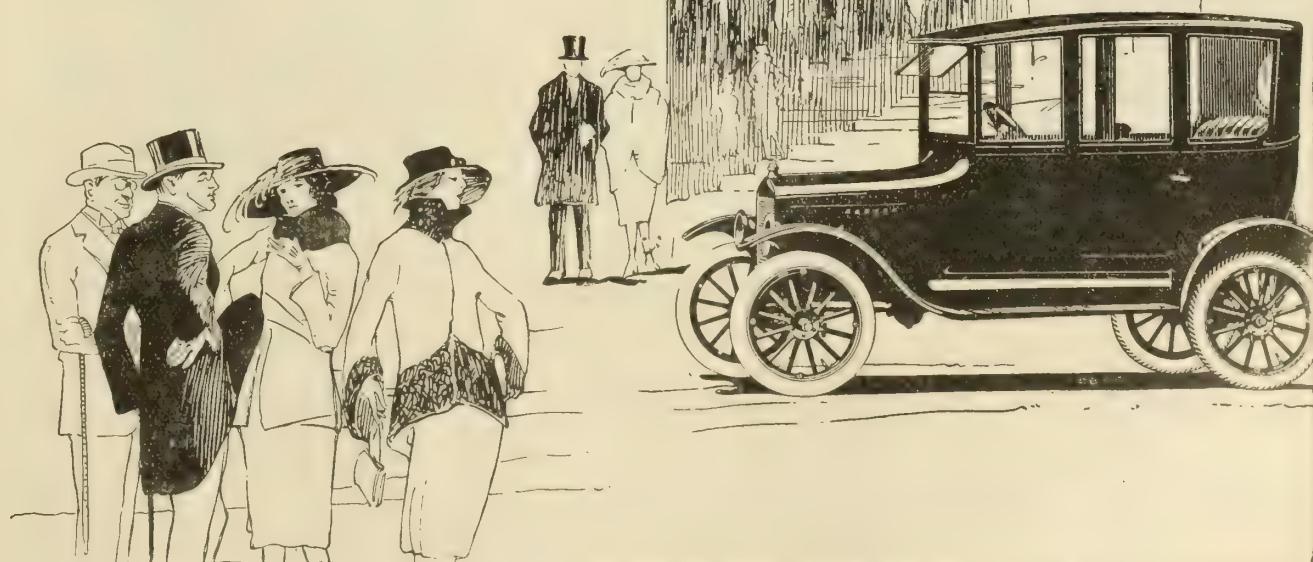
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Modern Ballads and Old Folk Songs

(Continued from page 20)

apprentice in 1750. Even a martial
song like "The British Grenadiers"
has no platitude or fustian, but is
a straightforward, unvarnished de-
scription of how the soldiers who
used the hand grenade went about
their work. To put it roundly, the
older ballads were real, not artificial,
and in touch with humanity, even
when they were excursions in quaint
fancy; and the farther back we go
the more of these warming qualities
we discover. That is why world fam-
ous foreign composers like Brahms,
Richard Strauss and Grieg evinced so
much interest in British folk-song.
The latter held that such wonderful

lyrics of Robert Burns were written
for long existing tunes.

In England a field of astonishing
richness was left untillied until the
forties when Rev. Walter Broadwood,
Rector of Lyne, Sussex, took down
the words and music of a number
of the songs that his parishioners
had inherited from their ancestors.
Since his day the work has been
carried on very systematically and it
has been found that nearly every
county in England and every section
of the other parts of the British
Isles has its own characteristic songs.
The variety of the English song is
greater, owing to the remarkable

clear that it was intended to voice
the grievances of the poor against
the oppressive rich, and their con-
fidence that the balance would be
altered in the hereafter. Lazarus is
not merely depicted as neglected by
the rich Dives or Diverus, but as
persecuted with dogs and whips.
Angels minister to Lazarus at his
death and bear him to heaven, and
serpents come to torture Diverus. It
must have been a favorite with Wat
Tyler's band. Songs of love and
courting were naturally very fre-
quent, and they are all rich in natural
touches that suggest reality. An old
Somersetshire ballad which has be-
come widely known of late years de-
scribes the wooing of "Young Her-
chard (Richard)." The inducements
he makes to Jeeun (Jean) are very
much on the plane of common sense.
I translate the last two verses from
the dialect form:

For I've a pig poked in a sty,
As'll come to us when Granny do die,
And if you'll content to marry me
now,
Why father he'll give us his fine fat
sow."

Dick's compliments were so polite
He won Miss Jean afore it was right
And when he'd no more for to say,
Why he gave her a kass and he
comed away.

It is impossible to convey the jol-
lity of this song as sung to the merry
jig tune for which it was written.
There is one other very notable song
from the same county "Hoein Tur-
mits" in which the unknown author
makes irresistible humor out of the
troubles of the farm boy trying to
keep the flies off the turnips. One
of the notable of old sentimental
songs is "A Bold Young Farmer,"
which seems to have gone through
many forms. In fact one verse of
it beginning "Go dig my grave both
wide and deep" is part of a song
which has been a favorite with cow-
boys in the West for fifty years, and
it must have been brought to Am-
erica by some wanderer who knew
nothing about the folk song revival.

STRANGE refrains both dramatic
and nonsensical are characteris-
tic of all the old folk ditties. Young
Richard's song for instance, has
"With my doombledum dollykin
doombledum day" at the end of each
verse. Very characteristic is the old
song "Robin-a-Thrush" of which the
first verse runs:

Robin he married a wife in the West
(Moppety, moppety, mono)

And she turned out to be none of the
best.

(With a high jig jiggety, tops and
petticoats.

Robin-a-thrush cries mono)

Mr. McInnes sings a very ancient
and tragic Scottish harper's song de-
scribing the case of a girl murdered
by her sister through jealousy and
it has a double refrain, a lamenting
wail "Edinbro, Edinbro" with the al-
ternative line "Bonny St. Johnston
stands on Tay." These refrains seem
to have been used for musical pause
and emphasis, to save resorting to
meaningless repetitions of narrative
lines.

The general characteristics of
Scottish folk songs are better known
than that of any other country, and

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MR. CAMPBELL MCINNES

songs could only emanate from a
very wonderful people.

In Eastern Canada of late the pub-
lic has been indebted to a renowned
British song-interpretater, J. Camp-
bell McInnes for efforts to stimulate
interest in the ancient songs of the
British peoples. Mr. McInnes is one
of many eminent musicians from
abroad who have come to America
since the war made things difficult
for their profession in a financial
sense, and in his earlier days was
very closely in touch with the move-
ment for the re-discovery of tradi-
tional song. During the past two
years and especially this autumn he
has given the public of Toronto and
other cities many examples from an
almost unlimited repertoire. The
movement for the recovery of an-
cient balladry began in the eigh-
teenth century with Rev. Dr. Percy,
editor of the famous "Reliques" and
Sir Walter Scott. The task of col-
lecting and putting down in modern
notation the tunes to which they
were sung is of later date; although
it should be said that the Scottish
people have always conserved their
national folk music and many of the

mixture of ancestry, due to Roman,
Danish, Saxon and Norman occupa-
tions. In one programme a few
months ago, Mr. McInnes gave a long
series of the old madrigals and ly-
rics of the time of Elizabeth and her
immediate successors when music
was a polite accomplishment, most
of which were written for accom-
paniment by the lute. They show-
ed much elegance and refined senti-
ment, and among the most interest-
ing was a dirgelike composition on
the subject of death said to have
been written and composed by Queen
Anne Boleyn, shortly before her ex-
ecution. There was also a rollick-
ing hunting song known to have been
the work of Henry VIII. This court-
ly music has certain characteristics
in common with the peasant songs:
—the aptness and sincerity and a
truly individual character, since it
resembles that of no European coun-
try of the time.

For real color the actual songs of
the people untouched by the refine-
ments of the court are remarkable.
There is one ballad, many hundred
years old which Mr. McInnes sings,
entitled "Lazarus" and it is quite



The Happy Fair

(Continued from page 5)

they were speaking to. This was a patented safety invention of Mrs. Brown's.

But in any case, Vanessa would have been able to understand Mr. Mahoney. He wasn't painting her picture. It was Maud's. People had often wanted to talk to her before. That wasn't anything; they did the talking.

Mr. Mahoney, and Maud in the arbor, hadn't made anything clear to Vanessa. She would have to go farther; but this time she was going to find out.

* * *

WHEN she reached home she was informed by Martha that Miss Jane had come to see her mother; and she sat down in the dining room to wait until Mrs. Brown should be quite disengaged. Vanessa was perfectly hardened to the passage of conversations through the air over her head. Sometimes they were interesting; and as a rule she remembered them a long time just because she couldn't understand the connection and she wanted to. If she waited long enough generally she did. Mrs. Brown wouldn't have minded Vanessa's coming to speak to Miss Jane; but Vanessa avoided that lady whenever it was possible. Her devotion to Vanessa was too excessive to be borne. And it was all because she was the youngest. Miss Jane had been the youngest of her own family. She said that the youngest had the worst time of anybody. Vanessa was quite satisfied to wait in the dining room; and this is what she heard:

"Miss Eliza Hutchison says that already there is the most striking likeness."

"Extremely kind of Miss Eliza to be interested. I hope that Maud hasn't been troublesome to Miss Eliza or her sister."

"Oh no indeed! To look at Maud is pleasure enough for me, and should be for anyone. Her profile in church—dear me, it's very touching."

Mrs. Brown didn't say anything. Probably she looked at Miss Jane and smiled. Mrs. Brown was very sympathetic when she smiled; she didn't need to say anything.

"And little Vanessa. I take the deepest interest in little Vanessa on account of her being the youngest. Have you ever wondered what little Vanessa will be like when she is grown up? She has a look sometimes that I have thought quite sweet; what one might almost call promising?"

There was a gentle rustle of silk. Mrs. Brown was rising to take Miss Jane's tea cup from her hand. "If Vanessa is a good girl," said Mrs. Brown, "her mother will always be satisfied with her." One could never tell how much Mrs. Brown saw on the other side of a door!

Yet there had been more in Mrs. Brown's voice than that. She was an excessively peaceable woman; but no one could be allowed to discuss her children as if they might have been better than they were. "Vanessa," said Mrs. Brown, almost severely, "may possibly please more people than her mother when she is grown up, if they have taste." Then recollecting suddenly how frail a point of view this was for a mother, she repeated with greater emphasis than before that if Vanessa was good it was all she would ask. Miss Jane ached from the decision with which Mrs. Brown had shown her where she

was wrong; but no one who was listening on the other side of the door could have told that.

"It's the only important thing, of course," said Miss Jane sadly, "but it does seem a little hard that the youngest should have to put up with just being good." So after all she did not need to ask her mother, and the listener wandered out into the garden to play a game with the waiting Benny's Pride.

Vanessa had found out. Oh my! Oh my! Maud was pretty, but she was the only one in the family. The matter would have to be dismissed from one's mind.

Modern Ballads and Old Folk Songs

(Continued from page 22)

the examples which have been unearthed by the investigators, though they enrich song literature, conform to the well known modes of the Scottish war song or the Scottish love song always touched by an inimitable note of sincerity. It is perhaps Ireland that has benefitted most by the folk song movement. To the average person thirty years ago an Irish song, save in the case of some patriotic lyrics comparatively modern in origin, was a deliberately "comic" affair of no real significance. But research by Sir Charles Stanford and others revealed much beautiful music sung by peasants in lonely places and marked by a lovely feeling for nature. The popular poets of ancient Ireland assuredly knew the language of love, and their musicians had learned to give longing its most exquisite form. They were also rich in the most quaint conceits. Certainly the queerest and also in a musical sense one of the most charming songs I ever listened to runs precisely as follows:

Monday,

Tuesday,

Monday, Tuesday,

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Nothing more; but attend to the legend that it illustrates. A little man with a hump on his back was passing through a wood and heard the fairies singing "Monday, Tuesday" in sweet faint voices. Emboldened he joined in with them and to improve the song taught them another word "Wednesday." The fairies were so delighted at the lesson that they took away his hump. That is the story and as rendered by Mr. McInnes you first hear the fairies, and then the stranger's voice coming in, and then the fairies picking up the final word. The melody is of the most delicately suggestive character.

Indeed it is the appropriateness of the music to the text in all these ancient ditties that constitutes their greatest charm; and it is there that they put the modern commercial composer with his mechanical effects of emotion, to shame. No one knows just where they came from, but an old Sussex bell-ringer, who had more than a thousand songs in his repertory, which he sang solely from memory, when asked that question said: "Oh, give us the words, and God Almighty sends the tunes."



The Strange Story of an Arab Merchant

There is a tale in the Arabian Nights of an Arab merchant who, returning from a pilgrimage, seats himself by a spring in the desert to eat dates, the stones of which he throws in the air.

It so happens that one of these stones kills the son of a genie, and when the poor merchant is charged with the crime, he is overwhelmed. He had not imagined one could do so much harm with a date stone. This story, weird as it is, illustrates an every-day truth.

How few of us give sufficient thought to the consequences of our acts.

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SEVERAL books of especial Christmas interest came to us too late for review mention in the December issue. Among these was "The Trail-Makers' Boys' Annual," (published by the Musson Book Company, Toronto, price \$2.50). This is an exclusively Canadian publication, of interest to any boy, at any season of the year. Wherefore, if you know of a boy whose birthday demands a book gift, you cannot do better than invest in this chronicle of sport, adventure and all such activities as the young citizen would find of interest.

There is a tale with a touch of mystery in "The Old Mine's Secret," by Edna Turpin. (Published by the Macmillan Company, Toronto.) This is a war-time story of young persons who do their "bit" in garden and Red Cross efforts during the great struggle. The scene of activity is The Village in Southern Virginia and the youngsters who play their adventurous parts are attractive sunnynatured little folk, who take a keen interest in the strife over seas. Of course, to the Canadian (whose country was in the war from August 1914) there is a note that jars in the occasional assumption that "America" did everything. When one considers the long tale of warfare from Mons to the close, the part of Belgium, France and the British forces would seem deserving of, at least, honorable mention. However, apart from this complacency, the story is highly enjoyable, and the reader is prepared to rejoice with Dick over the final discovery in the old mine.

Another tale of adventure is "Diantha's Quest," by Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe. (Published by the Macmillan Company, Toronto, price \$1.75.) This is a story of the Argonauts of '49 and is naturally liberally sprinkled with gold-dust. The account of the journey is highly entertaining and Diantha, herself, is a pleasing young heroine.

"Mary in New Mexico" is the title of an entertaining account of a young girl's experiences in a State which is full of historic and prehistoric attractions. The author, Constance Johnson, has a gift in writing about and for young people, and the present volume is another attractive picture of life in a rather unconventional course of travel, which includes an adventure with bandits and a golden reward. Mary and Dave are youngsters quite worth meeting. (Published by the Macmillan Company, Toronto, price \$1.75).

"Beggars' Gold," by Ernest Poole, (published by the Macmillan Company, Toronto, price, \$2.00,) is an unusual story of a young New Englander, Peter Wills, who is possessed by a desire to go to China. He betakes himself to New York, becomes a school teacher and marries a girl, Katherine Blake, who had been born in Peking. Peter is a plodder with a dream behind all his toiling, and again and again the vision of China comes to him. He and his wife had befriended long ago a wonderful little Chinese boy called Moon Chao, who had gone back to the Orient. Just as Peter's career as teacher has met with disaster, Moon Chao comes back and urges them to return with him to Peking. There is a new life waiting for Peter and Kate in the East and we hope that Peking will

fulfil their dreams. "Beggars' gold" is a piquant title,—and the moral of it may be found in the philosophy of William James or in an older teaching which says: "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

A book entitled "Sunny Ducrow," written about two years ago, became immediately popular, since the heroine was one of those persistently "glad" persons who are extremely stimulating—unless you are a reader who wearies of the perpetual smile. The author, Henry St. John Cooper, has written another book, "The Garden of Memories," (published by the Musson Book Company, Toronto, price \$2.00.) The garden is in Sussex, the magic county of England, where ghosts of garden-lovers may easily walk, without making one afraid. This story is a most pleasing tale, with a touch of the supernatural which does not become melodrama, and a group of varied characters which play their modern parts in the ancient garden. The narrative, itself, never lags in interest and the reader finds many an unexpected turn to the romance of Allan and Kathleen—not to mention Betty. There is a gruesome touch in the grim crazy creature, Abram Lestwick, which gives the due thrill of horror to the story. But, pervading all, is the glory of that old garden where "there was no sound save the steady 'clip, clip' of old Markabee's shears and the rustle of the falling glossy green leaves from the ivied wall."

Padraic Colum is known as a poet and a writer of fantastic tales, far removed from the scene of everyday doings. If you are tired of stories of "temperamental" heroes, of the fiction of New York and Chicago, then you may find relief and refreshment in "The King of Ireland's Son," (published by the Macmillan Company, Toronto, price, \$2.75.) This is a delightful book, beautifully illustrated and printed, with a befitting green cover. The narrative, which takes many a twist and turn, has, for its hero, a prince, who is the eldest son of King Connal of Ireland. Dear me, Ireland has fallen on evil days, when one considers her picturesque past and the kings who wore collars of gold. An Irish Free State sounds very dull, and that Spanish-American agitator, De Valera, is a poor thing, in comparison with King Connal and the land over which he ruled. Such adventures as befell the wayward Prince belongs to the realm of fabulous narration and are the source of infinite entertainment to all who have not lost the key which opens the ivory gate. Fedelma, the Enchanter's Daughter, is a delightful creature, the King of the Cats, is a fearsome ruler and what happens to Gilly of the Goatskin in the Town of Mischance is well worth learning. As for the wedding feast which closes the tale;—well, it is not every bride who has Greek honey, apples from Emain and venison from the Hunting Hill at the banquet. Also there is a charming book, by the same author, (published by the Macmillan Company, price, \$2.25), "The Golden Fleece—and the Heroes who Lived before Achilles." The style is simple and picturesque, and the great men of old, walk the earth again as we

(Continued on page 25)

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The Book Corner

(Continued from page 24)

read these tales which have lasted through the centuries. Those books are most sympathetically and artistically illustrated by a genius who bears the joyous name of Willy Pogany.

"A daughter of the Middle Border," by Hamlin Garland, is a personal account of how a family life developed in a happy rural home where were found the Fern Road, the Bubbling Spring and the Apple Tree Glen. The story of the author's pioneer parents had been told before, and, even in this later volume, the spirits of Rich-

a suggestion of orange-blossoms on the breeze. (Published by McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, price \$2.00.)

Hodder and Stoughton, Toronto, will publish this spring a novel, "The Bridge," by Marjorie Pickthall, which is the best work in fiction yet produced by this gifted writer. Miss Pickthall, who was born in England, has spent most of her years in Canada, and was educated in Toronto. Miss Pickthall is now a resident of



A QUARTETTE OF CANADIAN WRITERS

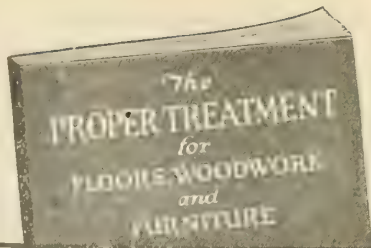
This snapshot shows a group of writers familiar to most of our readers. Standing are Mrs. Mackay, author of several novels and books of verse, whose recent production, "The Window Gazer," has been received with favor; also Mr. Robert Alison Hood, author of "The Chivalry of Keith Leicester." Seated are Miss Marjorie Pickthall, author of "Drift of Pinions," "Little Hearts," and "The Bridge." The latter, a remarkable story of the Great Lakes, will be published in the near future by Hodder and Stoughton; Mr. Robert Watson, author of "My Brave and Gallant Gentleman" and other novels.

ard Garland and Isabel, his wife, give a sturdy touch to the life of their descendants, (published by the Macmillan Company, Toronto, price, \$2.50.)

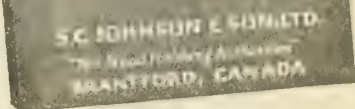
"Jess of the Rebel Trail," by H. A. Cody, is a story of many adventures, beginning with the familiar incident of the "exchanged babies." The love of Jess for the man of her choice survives much opposition—thrives on it, indeed—and, at last—Jess comes out of much wandering in the wilderness into the Promised Land with

Victoria, British Columbia, a city whose picturesque beauty makes it an ideal home for a writer." "The Bridge," is a memorable story of human failure, and struggle towards renewed happiness and honor. The wonderful life of the Great Lakes, so seldom found in the tale of to-day, is depicted here with a fidelity and imagination which will delight all who know the "rift and the drift of the blue." This book is a remarkable

(Continued on page 42)



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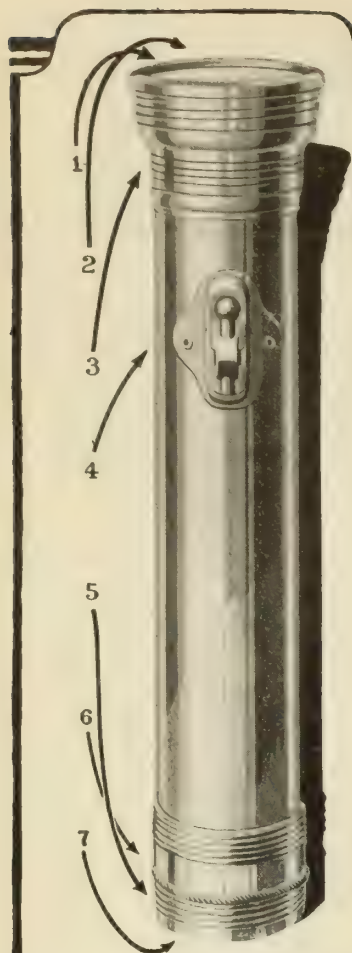
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The Prince, the Pauper and the Golden Mean

By Walter A. Dyer

ONCE upon a time there lived a Prince who was very fortunate and very unhappy. He was the son of a King who, when he himself was a king's son, had married a goose-girl after a romantic wooing, and the Prince inherited certain tastes and mental twists from his mother that proved to be most upsetting. The Prince was heir to a great kingdom and vast riches. One day he would don the ermine, grasp the sceptre and mount the golden throne, where he would sit in state, surrounded by his counsellors, and receive the homage of subjects and ambassadors. But he had a ploughboy's heart in his breast, and he was unhappy.

The Prince was young and strong and handsome. His people loved him. In prowess with arms and skill in horsemanship he surpassed all the young men of the realm. But he liked not the royal forest and the jousting field. He had a gypsy heart in him, and he longed for the open road and the wide world. The Prince was betrothed to a Princess of a neighboring kingdom. She was tall and fair as a lily, and her hair was like spun gold. She was so virtuous that the witch under the hill had never discovered a flaw in her character. The two Kings had arranged the match, and the Prince had no rival. But he had a troubadour's heart in him, and he was unhappy.

At length he became so dissatisfied with his lot that he determined to set forth alone to see the world. Saddling his white mare one night, he muffled her feet and stole from the city. When the morning sun struck the plume on his hat he was far from the gates, and the dew was glistening on strange fields.

As he rode along he heard singing, and soon he overtook a ragged Vagabond.

"Why do you sing?" asked the Prince.

"Why does the lark sing?" responded the Vagabond. "I have no care resting on my heart, and so the songs must needs come forth."

"How did you lose your care?" asked the Prince, dismounting from his white mare and walking by the Vagabond's side.

"I never had any," he replied. "I have no home, no wife, no money, no duties, no destiny. Nothing is expected of me. No one loves me, and no one hates me. I have no thought but for one day at a time, and all night I sleep because I am tired. What is care?"

"I don't know," replied the Prince, thoughtfully, "but I have it. You are wise, I see. How can I get rid of my care?"

"Change places with me," replied the Vagabond. "Give me your horse, and your plumed hat and your silken doublet and your well-filled purse, and take my shirt and staff and old shoes. Take my joy, and give me your care. I would like to know how it seems; I will make a rare adventure of it." And he laughed heartily.

So the Prince gave him his horse and sword and doublet and purse, and set out on the road afoot, seeking happiness.

When the Prince's absence was discovered at the palace, a great hue and cry were set up, but the Prince could not be found. The King ordered his royal charger, and with his trusted knights set out in search of his son, but to no avail. After forty days they gave him up for lost.

When a year had rolled by, the Prince returned, footsore and batter-

ed, a sorry-looking beggar, and applied for admission at the palace gates. They drove him away thrice, but he persisted. Then they brought the dogs to set them on him. But the Prince's faithful hound knew him, leaped joyfully upon him, licking his hands.

Then the Prince showed the old gatekeeper the birthmark on his left shoulder, just the size and shape and color of a ripe strawberry, and desired that the Queen be told of it. Doubtfully, the gatekeeper sent a messenger to tell the Queen mother, who came rushing out in all her purple robes and threw herself weeping on the Prince's neck.

So they made a great feast, for the Prince had come back to his own.

But soon the Prince was unhappy again, and one day he summoned his father's oldest and wisest counsellor.

"Why am I unhappy?" he asked. "I gave away my purse and my sword and my good white mare, but I got no joy in return. The stones hurt my feet, and the food I got sickened me. I met with dirty people who drove me from their low doors. And so I came back again. Now I am as I was before; why am I not happy?"

The wisacre thought a long time, and then he answered.

"You are half prince and half peasant," quoth he. "If you are very rich the peasant in you is unhappy; if you are very poor the prince in you suffers. You must seek a golden mean. Your father loves you, and will give you whatever you wish. Ask him for a hill and a valley in the outskirts of his kingdom. Ask him for flocks and herds, and honest peasants to tend them. Go there to live as the ruler of a little kingdom. Ask not for gold or for a court, only for those necessities which the royal part of you must have, and not for the things which a shepherd is happier without."

But the Prince scorned this advice. Such a life was too tame for his young blood. He was loath to give up again the luxuries to which he had been born. He did not know that they and care were the same. So, shaking his head sadly, he turned away.

LET us give heed to the parable.

Most of us either are princes or are trying to be. We are working to heap up for ourselves treasures on earth, and the labor of it is killing us. We become so entangled in the process that we even forget what we are working for. We think we are working for a future happiness; we believe we are climbing toward a heaven of joy and repose, and we are only piling an Ossa on a Pelion of care. Sooner or later we realize this, every one of us. To some the realization comes too late. We have grown too old, or have become too inalienably devoted to the false quest. We have formed a habit that we think we cannot break.

But for most of us it is never too late, if we will but think so. Don't you believe it? Have you despaired of ever finding release from the enthrallment that you have cast about yourself? Listen.

We must brush away the cobwebs and get down to first principles. In this world we must work to live. Even if we are born to the purple, we must work to live adequately. A workless life is a desecration. Nature abhors a drone.

Now, then, what are we living and working for? To gain happiness? To

(Continued on page 37)



IN the month of February, a certain pre-spring shabbiness comes over us. Unless we are so foolish as to try and rush the season, we are still wearing a winter hat and the velvet seems worn and the metallic lace sadly tarnished. The heavy suit begins to look rubbed and "used" and we do not approve of either gloves or shoes. Although the shortest, February is the most trying month of the year, save for the young and extra-strong who are fairly revelling in winter sports by the time St. Valentine sends his yearly card.

This general unkindness of the last month of winter extends to the face and the "tone" of the system. Before spring comes at all, we are ready to declare that we have the low fever which belongs to that season and are counting the weeks until the Easter holidays. We are willing to take a tonic and even regard dandelion tea—if we can get it—with favor. A doctor who was speaking the other day about the need in February for extra precautions against run-downness, said: "Our houses are not properly aired. Most Canadian women do not get enough out-door exercise in winter and, consequently, their faces are yellow or sallow before March comes."

The doctor was probably right about the lack of proper exercise for the Canadian woman. A woman who is a successful osteopath said the other day that she would lose many of her patients if they could be persuaded to take good walks. "Nevertheless," she remarked, "I continue to advise out-door exercise, even though I have little hope of the advice being followed."

This authority was of the opinion that most women are lazy in the matter of exercise and would prefer playing bridge for the afternoon to taking a good tramp over the snow. The country girl, on the contrary, is usually so busy that she does not get time for the winter out-doors that she should have. In this matter of exercise, the girl of the British Isles is far wiser than we in Canada, and that is one reason why freshness of color—a natural rose, too—lingers so much longer with the English, Irish or Scottish girl than with us. To this freshness of color, however, it must be remembered that the salt air contributes.

The woman who wishes to keep a "February face" which is not spoiled by the attention of Jack Frost needs to remember that, before going out into the cold air of out-doors, she should protect her skin, by a judicious touch of cream, from the tricks which the thermometer may be disposed to play. The woman who is indifferent as to whether she presents a weather-beaten aspect is hardly to be found these days. Woman may be dressing in more mannish style—especially for sports and out-door

life—but she is more assiduous than ever in the care she bestows upon her countenance. There is nothing more ageing to the skin than a touch of frost, unless it be a severe sun-burn. So, if we are going to wage war on the February forces which would destroy whatever of roseleaf complexion we have left, it would be well to keep the cream jar well-filled with whatever "first aid" suits us best. Don't use glycerine if you find it darkening to the skin. There are many women, however, who find that they get through the winter beautifully with the old-fashioned mixture of glycerine and rose water and a few drops of carbolic.

A busy housewife has written to ask if there is not some "simple little thing she can use after she has washed the dishes to keep one's hands from getting that shrunken look." The invaluable lemon may come in here, and have a bracing and astringent effect on the skin. Then there is plain, common vinegar, which may be kept in a bottle on the sink and which will give a reviving touch to the "dishy" hand.

THE LETTER BOX

An Easterner. So you wish to know what colors will suit you best. Of course, the most minute description—and even the photographs which you thoughtfully sent—are not quite the same as actual knowledge of the person who makes the inquiry. However, I should say that light grey, Belgian blue, a deep red or old gold would be becoming shades for you. The way in which you have your hair arranged in the "indoors" photograph should be becoming. You may wear it, if you wish, in the "bunches" over the ear which have been so popular in recent months. Do not draw the hair back tightly. You will discover that loosely-arranged hair is more becoming to your features. And, by the way, you should find white, or rather, cream color very becoming.

W. L. D. If the eruption is as distressing as you say, I think you need medical, rather than Vanity Box advice. Your description of the affliction makes me think that it may be traced to a disturbance of the digestion, rather than a skin "trouble." Care in the matter of diet is essential if you are going to be rid of such unpleasant spots. If they continue to be an annoyance, I should certainly have the advice of a physician concerning them. I have sent you the names of several creams, each of which has a softening and refreshing effect, but think that you will find the excess of acid in the system has much to answer for, in the matter of the blotches.



How to Make Your Hair Look Its Very Best

THE beauty of your hair depends upon the care you give it. And in caring for the hair shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali in ordinary soap soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why, everywhere you go, you find more and more women now using Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly

injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

It is astonishing how really beautiful you can make your hair look, by regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified.

The method is simple: First, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather Well In

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean, it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

After all particles of dirt, dust and foreign matter have been loosened by the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, the next step should always be a very careful rinsing

using only clear, fresh, warm water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good, warm water, and followed with a rinsing in cold water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified Shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want always to be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a

rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

Mulsified is also splendid for children. Get them early into the habit of weekly shampooing with Mulsified and they will thank you for it in later years. For a luxurious head of hair is something every one is mighty proud of.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers



The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water

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Proper care of the hair made easy. Mulsified makes washing the hair both delightful and beneficial.

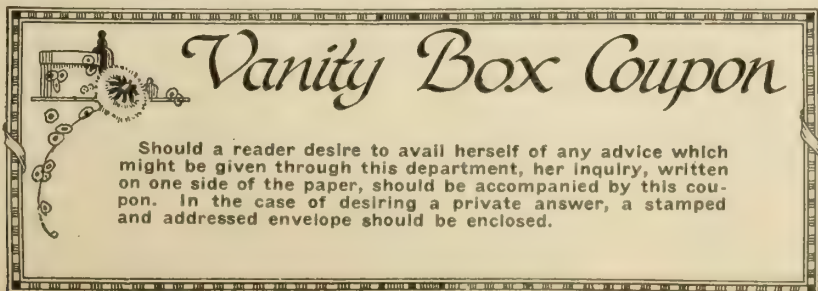
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The Bridge-Keeper

By Frank H. Sweet

"NO, we have no work for you. We're only taking on fresh, young blood. I'm sorry, but you're too old," and with a half glance toward the white hair of the applicant, the speaker swung his chair back to the desk from which he had turned at the man's entrance.

"Do you know of any place where I can find a job?" the man asked, hesitatingly.

"No," curtly, "our company controls everything on both banks of the river. Still, there are a few cheap concerns on the other side where you might find a temporary job. What's your line?"

"Nothin', only to do odd jobs, sir. I've been on the sea most o' my life, an' never learned any trade exceptin' sailin'. But I'm handy."

"So they all say. Well, you can try over there; though, frankly, I do not think you stand much chance."

"No," gravely, "there don't seem much chance anywhere. I was on the other side before I came here, an' they said I was too old. Everything seems to hinge on one company, an' they want only young men and boys. I tried to tell 'em I'm not quite so old as my hair shows for, an' that I was ready to put myself up against as hard work as the strongest man they hired did; but no, 't wa'n't no use, they didn't want me. I've been off the sea sixty days now, an' ain't found a chance yet. I'd like to stay on shore the balance o' of my life, though," a little wistfully, "on account o' my grand-daughter. There ain't only me an' she. But it don't seem as if I can. I guess I'll have to go back to the water."

"I guess you will," abstractedly. "That seems your line."

The old man left the office and walked slowly down to the long bridge that spanned the river. He had come across on the train after stopping a day on the other side, for his ticket had read to this point and he had saved the bridge coupon. Now he would have to walk back over the bridge and on to his seaport home, twenty miles across the country to the coast. He had only taken just money enough to pay for the ticket, leaving the rest of their small hoard with his grand-daughter, for he had confidently expected to find a job in one of these busy towns and be able to send for her to join him. There was nothing left but to go back and remain with her a few days, and then seek a berth on some vessel.

But as he approached the centre of the bridge, he suddenly paused. There was a bar across and a turn-gate, and he understood what that meant. Before he could pass he would have to pay toll, and he did not have a cent. Beyond the gate and leaning against it was a boy of seventeen or eighteen, with his eyes fixed eagerly on a gesticulating crowd in an open field on the opposite shore. Evidently a ball-game was in progress there, and the youthful bridge tender was very much excited over it, for often his hands rose into the air and sometimes his hat, and once his voice echoed an enthusiastic cheer which came across the water.

THE old man hesitated, and then went to one of the bridge benches, very close to the gate. He had a right to come this far, and he would stay until night. Perhaps the bridge would not have a tender then, and he could pass; if it did, he would try to slip by. He had never tried to evade any obligation before, but he must cross the bridge and reach home as soon as possible.

Meanwhile the bridge tender was becoming more and more excited, and several times he started forward as though half inclined to forsake his post. Suddenly he noticed the old man sitting by the gate.

"Hello," he called eagerly, "going to stay here long?"

"Why, yes, quite a while, I think."

"Then you look out for my place a few minutes. I'll be awfully obliged," and without waiting for consent or comment the boy sped away toward the farther shore and the yelling crowd.

"Wait! Hold a minute!" called the old man after him; but the boy did not hear. His head was down, with his arms pressed closely to his sides; he was sprinting and oblivious of everything he was leaving behind. The old man went through the gate, his face anxious and perturbed.

"Whatever's to be done, I wonder," he muttered aloud. "I don't know the toll, and—good land!" as he noticed water through a narrow open space in the bridge and extending entirely across from side to side, "if it ain't a draw. How d' they open it? I hope no boat'll come till the boy gets back. He's crazy."

But he did not even think of deserting the post. That would not have been the man's nature. Keenly the eyes under the shaggy brows swept about in search of means of opening the draw in case of necessity; then a bicycle coursed swiftly across the bridge, and he turned to the gate.

"Good morning. A new man, I see," exclaimed the bicyclist as he passed through, and the old man felt a nickel slipping into his hand. That settled one problem. The toll was five cents. Then his gaze went back in search of the key to the bridge opening.

But he was a "handy man," who had lived on shipboard most of his life, and was accustomed to windlasses and screws and various means of shifting heavy weights. Soon the keen eyes discovered what they were after, and none too soon, for almost at the very moment came a vigorous "Ahoy, draw!" from up the river. A schooner was sweeping straight down upon him, under a full head of canvas. But though he had found the means, his hands lacked the dexterity of experience, and they fumbled with hurried unfamiliarity until there came a second hail, this time sharp and impatient. Then the bridge swung open and the boat shot through.

"Thank you, keeper," came a relieved voice from below. "I was afraid you didn't see me, and was on the point of tacking off to avoid smashing things. But I see you know your business."

The old man's face grew more tranquil. There were no people in sight on the bridge now, and no boats very near. He opened and shut the draw several times, allowing it to swing a few yards either way, until he felt that he had it under control; then he went to the tiny building which was the bridge tender's home and office, and found a broom. With this he went vigorously to work clearing away the litter that the boy's neglect had allowed to accumulate.

TWO hours went by, and in that time four boats had gone through and perhaps fifty people passed over the bridge; and at the end of that time the gate and draw and benches were as clean and neat as broom and brush could make them.

There were no signs of the boy, but the old man had scarcely given

him a thought. He was at work now, and at just the work that was peculiarly congenial. The anxiety for the time being was gone from his eyes, and he went about the self-sought duties with cheery little snatches of sea songs breaking occasionally from his lips. Only once did he pause suddenly, in the midst of a breezy refrain, and that was when he glanced into the tiny house and realized what a cozy home it would make for himself and his grand-daughter.

The breeze was now refreshing, and there were several boats coming down the river together under full sail. He was in the very act of turning the draw when a carriage dashed upon the bridge, with another scarcely twenty yards behind it, and both evidently in a great hurry. The first would reach him considerably in advance of the first boat, with ample time to open the draw; so he waited, though he could hear the sharp "Ahoy!" of the boatmen.

It was now that his experience of winds and tides stood him in good stead. A swift glance, and he could have told to almost a second when the boats would reach the draw. He waited until the first carriage had swept across, and then, with a warning call to the other coachman, swung the draw open to the leading boat which was less than twenty yards away. After they had passed through he shut the draw for the second carriage.

The coachman was red and angry. "Look here, you bridge man," he cried, "what'd you shut us back for? We're in a big hurry, an' could 'a' got through in another minute, an' there was plenty o'time. D'ye know who I'm a carryin'?"

"James! James!" came a stern voice from the carriage, "that is enough. The man did just right. I was watching. It was as fine a bit of calculation as I ever saw." Then, as the carriage came opposite the old man, "Let me—But hello! where is the regular keeper?"

"Why, sir, I—think he's gone over to the ball game, for just a few minutes," hesitated the old man.

"And left you to fill his place?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are an experienced bridge keeper, I see."

"N—no, sir, I never tried the work before this."

"U'm! Then you are quick to pick it up. The young man showed you about it, I suppose?"

"No, he—he was in quite a good deal of a hurry, an' just asked me to look out for the work. But I'm handy about pickin' up things. I've been on board ship most o' my life, sir."

"Oh, a sailor. That accounts for your quick judging of the boat's speed. You're a friend, or perhaps a relative of the young man?"

"No, I'm a stranger to everybody here. I've been looking for work, but couldn't find any. I was just—sittin' down here a while when the boy spoke to me."

"U'm, a stranger, and he asked you to look out for his job, and did not wait to tell you what to do. You said for just a few minutes I believe. Can you tell me exactly how long he has been gone?"

The old man hesitated—

"Well, ye see, sir," he apologized, "there was a ball game, an' ye know how boys are about such things. Ye mustn't be hard on him. I've done

(Continued on page 56)

Anecdotal



THE new commander in chief of India, Lord Rawlinson, tells an amusing story of an experiment he once made to test the accuracy of oral messages.

Two hundred men, he says, I strung out at intervals of two paces. Then I gave a message to my adjutant, telling him to give it orally to the man at the head to be repeated from man to man down the line until it came to me at the other end of it. This was the message: "We are going to advance. Can you send us reinforcements?"

When it came back to me some minutes later it had turned to this: "We are going to dance. Can you send us three and fourpence?"

Madame Sarah Bernhardt relates an experience she had during her early days as an actress with an actor who was addicted to "gagging."

than two seconds of time, and then he said, "Now I have told you the story of my life!"

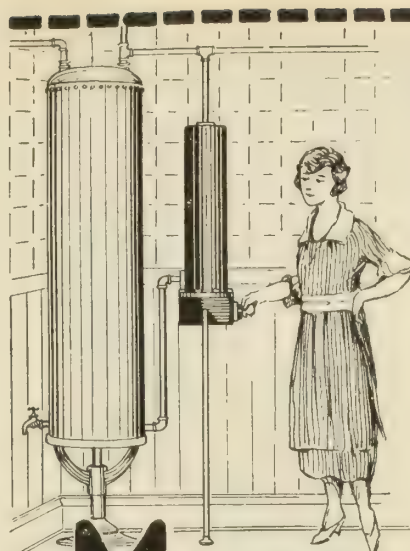
The children had an old-fashioned music box. Their music was the airs of all nations; and mother, in the room below the nursery, was shocked to hear "The Watch on the Rhine" played at frequent intervals. So she called the little ones down. "Helen," she said to the eldest, aged nine, "do you know what that tune you are playing so much is?" Before Helen could answer, up piped Billy, a lad of five. "Why, of course, mother, we know it's the Germans' song, but you see we play it when we're tired and want to sit down."

Georges Carpentier was talking to a girl reporter. "The modern Frenchman," he said, "is well up in sport, but the Frenchwoman is still rather re-

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AN UNWISE SAW

"E don't never stop to think, Mrs. Pipsqueak; 'e was sawing a branch off a tree the other day, and he sawed 'isself off."
—The Tatler.

"It is so long ago," she says, "that I recall neither the player nor the play—only the part wherein the scene was spoiled. The hero said to me, 'Do you object to this cigar?' which he had already lighted and was puffing vigorously. 'No, no, no!' I answered, which was the cue for him to tell me the story of his life. He looked at me instead and said, rolling the cigar between his fingers, 'That, madam, is because you do not have to smoke it!' The audience appreciated the fact that he was smoking a cigar furnished by the property-man and roared with laughter; but this interference made him forget his lines. He could not recollect a word, so, taking my arm, he said, 'Come with me for a walk, and I will tell you the story of my life.' We walked off the stage and on at the next entrance, which required no more

trograde. I know a young Frenchwoman who called a friend up on the telephone the other day and said: 'I'm sorry to trouble you, dear madame, but can you give me a good recipe for cooking clay pigeons? Jacques has just sent me word that he is going out to shoot some, and he is sure to bring a lot home, and I can't find a single word about them in the cook-book.'"

The London Times digs up a bunch of "humor evasive" in answers to questionnaires, as, for instance: A person whose father had been hanged by the neck until useless answered the question:

"Is your father dead? If so, how did he die?"

"My father was taking the principal part in a public function, when the platform gave way."



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AGENCY DIVISION
Canadian Home Journal



Our Children's Hobbies

By W. H. Gray

WHAT are you doing to keep your boys and girls from growing into poolroom sharks and jazz babies?

"I'm at the office all day, so I don't see enough of the children to influence them," says the father.

"And I'm so tied up with house-keeping and the younger children that I really don't know what Mabel and Jack do to amuse themselves. But I know they wouldn't do anything really bad," murmurs the tired and overworked mother.

Such is often the case in average households; and Mabel and Jack, left to themselves, find ways and means of amusing themselves that, while not actually wrong, may lead in an undesirable direction.

Or again, the parents say: "Oh well, they don't mind anything I say now, and they are too big to spank." What is that but putting it off, or as Kipling calls it: "Abby-nay, kul an' hazar-ho"—a policy that would not be tolerated in any business or profession?

Now, how would you like them to spend their spare time? Or do you simply want them to keep out of your way, and not get into any more mischief than they can help?

There are all sorts of ways of getting young people into the right groove, and most of them are based on interest. At present Mabel's chief delight may be driving round with the grocer's delivery man after school. You may not think it a suitable vocation, and the easiest way may be to say, "Mabel cut it out altogether," and hope she will. But the better way is to create a counter attraction that will have more charm for Mabel. "When I was her age I collected stamps, did photography, and kept rabbits, none of which interest Mabel." But, mother of Mabel, you forget that at her exact age today you may not have been interested in any of those things. The young mind flits about from one thing to another—it is natural that it should.

You, who are neat and careful, must not scold and discourage the children because their books of pressed flowers and stamps are smudgy, and not so well done as you would like. If you bought them a better book and helped them all you could, even to the extent of reading up the subject after they are in bed, then indeed would you feel that you were a real influence. And in the companionship that will grow up between parent and child there will be that confidence which hides nothing. Very often their collections may be entered in local fairs and exhibitions where they will be set out side by side with the work of other collectors. Thus will the student know where he really stands. The prizes given are by no means to be despised, apart from the honour of winning them.

There are many splendid young people's magazines that will suggest hobbies for the children. Then when something makes a special appeal it can be followed up, first, say, in an encyclopædia which generally refers one to books, then through the library. There is another very important source of knowledge that yields perhaps as much information as any other; and that is the catalogues of firms dealing in the desired subject, whether it be wireless telegraphy, pigeons, fancy fowl, geology, conchology, bees, firearms or chemicals. These catalogues are written and illustrated in a way that attract attention and give information—they have to be so in the competitive business world of to-day.

When it comes to holiday time, why not make a trip that will give

new zest to the latest hobby? Perhaps a museum where all the implements of war from the flint spear head to the latest machine gun or aerial bomb may be seen. Or to the seashore where shrimps and crabs, sea-anemones and beautiful shells may be found in profusion. Or even to a limestone quarry where fossils of fauna and flora may be found that lived on this old earth millions of years ago.

Your son or daughter may be the out-door type, intensely interested in sport and games of all kinds, and though you may have no inclination in that direction yourself, you may, when the time comes, win their everlasting gratitude by getting them a really good tennis racquet or baseball bat. And, who knows, you may be rewarded by having in the family the champion of the town or perhaps the state, whereas without the racquet Mabel might have given up tennis and taken to something else that did not require such expensive tools.

Jack and Mabel must have friends of their own age; and if they, too, become interested in the same things, it will create healthy rivalry; and most likely add months, if not years, to the lives of the hobbies as each spurs the other on. Jack is just beginning to get sick of wireless telegraphy, when his chum, George, gets a new detector for a birthday present. So instead of selling his wireless set and buying rabbits, he saves up for a similar detector, by the aid of which he will be enabled to hear stations the other side of the Continent.

Happy, indeed, is the home where the children's friends are welcome, and though it may be trying at times to have so many high spirits under one roof, yet it is well worth it to know intimately the companions that your boys and girls like best, for they naturally will be the ones they invite home.

There is another aspect to this question of hobbies. Many boys and girls have no very decided opinions as to what profession or trade they wish to make their career, and so they grow up and go into an office, and perhaps stay there for the rest of their lives at uncongenial and unremunerative work, because it was too late to change when they discovered what they really liked best. If they had run the gamut of all the hobbies in their youth they would probably have found out what appealed to them most. Their education might then have been shaped in that direction, with great subsequent benefit.

It is most important that the health of our boys and girls be considered in connection with their games and pastimes; and if they are not up to standard a competent medical man should be consulted before they go in for strenuous and tiring games. It is not easy to tell what the result of hard manual exercise will be on an undeveloped boy or girl. It may put a chest on them like a prize fighter, or it may be very bad for them if their lungs are at all weak.

Many parents say to their children: "Make the best of your school days, for they are the happiest time of your life." In a very large number of cases this is not the case. And when the children grow up they find that riches do not bring happiness either. A king of old, was told that to gain happiness he must wear for one day the shirt of a happy man. When the kingdom had been searched and the happy man at last found, he did not possess a shirt!

Happy indeed is he whose work is his hobby.

My Lingerie, 'Tis of Thee

By Charlotte M. Storey

The relation of undergarments to outer ones is very definite. If skirts are long and voluminous, then undergarments are correspondingly long and voluminous, plentifully ruffled and starched stiff as a sentry. When the silhouette is straight and slender, undergarments are reduced to the minimum of weight and quantity; not a superfluous inch of cloth is left in them, and ruffles are nil. The blushing bride of ten years ago who had sufficient lingerie in her trousseau to last her a score of years, has had a bad time making it over to conform with present requirements.

It is also to be noted that the fashioning of outer garments has to do with the vogue of colored undergarments. We can talk of this now when Fashion has decreed that skirts are to be an inch or two longer and the

ors in the spring time. If anything, our robe-de-nuit and undergarments are to be more gloriously colored than for winter wear.

Besides habutai, satin, crepe de chine and radium, there will be a wonderful array of cotton fabrics, many of which will be dyed in pastel shades as well as some of the stronger colors such as orange, jade, wedgewood and others. Batistes, dimities, crepes and voiles are to be used for undergarments and night gowns. If they happen to be left white, one may still have a delicate touch of color in the bit of dainty hand embroidery, the colored binding or piping; and don't allow yourself to be shocked when you hear that gingham, chintz or print may be the thing used for these bindings and pipings, as well as plain chambrays.

Perhaps it will be as well to say

unfashionables (?) who will persist in wearing these articles.

The soft crepes and woollens, now so much in evidence in every fashionable gathering, have brought taffeta back into fashion because these materials do not cling to each other. The silky surface of the taffeta lets the folds of the clinging crepe or twill fall naturally into place when the wearer changes her position, therefore taffeta is the thing to wear with either. They have very scant flounces with tucking or an inconsequential ruffle just to give them a finish around the bottom or a little extra weight to keep them down. Colored ribbon edges or pleated insets are introduced to add a little brightness if the color happens to be brown, black or navy.

Step-in bloomers and short chemise vests are taking the place of the envelope combination to a very great extent and are very practical. The bloomers shown for next season are wide in the leg and open at the knee with trimming on the outside; while the vest should be a little more than half way between hip and knee. It has a straight top and shoulder straps of ribbon. On account of the plain bodices which next spring's frocks have, many of the new underwear models have a tailored finish or else a very narrow edging which lies flat. Drawn-work and imitation and French hand embroidery and Irish crochet decorate some of the more expensive numbers. The pressed pleats or tucks, although not new, are still used.

A "step-in" combination that is still used and likely to be very popular this season, has the lower part shaped under the body and a wide gore or flounce set in on the outside, which gives the effect of a petticoat. Bloomers, pantalettes and combinations are cut much fuller than a little while ago, so that they may serve the purpose of a petticoat as well. There is a novelty undergarment which, in spite of its novelty, is quite a practical garment. To describe it in plain terms, it is simply a pair of bloomers with a back and front panel of the same material joined at the waist and the sides connected with a lattice work of ribbon. This is a delightful garment to wear under either a silk or cloth dress and takes up just a little less room than bloomers and petticoat.

Light-colored silk and sateen petticoats for summer wear, are cut long enough to allow for a hem three-quarters the length of the skirt, which insures their shadow proofness.

Princess slips are in again, as the logical accompaniment to the sheer one-piece summer frock. It is generally accepted that the top of any garment such as a vest, camisole, brassiere or slip, shall have a straight top with shoulder straps of some kind, so most of the slips shown will have this style of top, the variation occurring at the waist line. Quite a number are gathered in at the waist with an elastic but others, and these are among the newer ones, have the long waist line to conform with the outline of the dress, and have gathers at the side under the arms.

From lingerie to corsets is only a step and to have been chronologically correct, perhaps one should have started with corsets, but it is really brassieres which we wish to discuss in connection with lingerie, for many of them are nothing more nor less than camisoles, an article which belongs to the lingerie department.

Nearly all bandeaux and brassieres fasten in the back now, because fashion would like to do away with curves and make the figure look flat, in which cause the back fastening is supposed to help. There are some models that fasten under the arm-



This three-piece set of lingerie is a candidate for the trousseau. It might be made of fine crossbarred dimity trimmed with French Valenciennes Lace.

trend is towards opaque materials; but when they were so very short, and when blouses were so very sheer, one's underwear could hardly be considered one's own affair. So it became fashionable to have it the same shade, or at least a shade that harmonized with the costume, the evening gown, or to whatever class the outer garments belonged. This established the vogue of the camisole, bloomers and petticoat, which comes in sets, all of the same color and fabric.

When one says bloomers, pantalettes and pettibockers are included, for they all belong to the same family. Those that have several rows of shirring below the knee are a little newer just now than those with just one. There's another type made like riding breeches and laced over the knee. Satin and colored habutai silk are the materials of which these costume garments are chiefly made, but for spring, we must look to other materials and lighter colors, for by no means, shall we be discarding col-

here, that the coming season we are to see more chintz and printed fabrics worn than ever before, so it is not surprising to find that the lingerie designers are taking advantage of the opportunity to use them too. You may have seen the charming house dresses and aprons which the stores are showing, and there are more to follow. One heartily subscribes to these gaily colored, cheerful morning dresses as an antidote for a bad night or getting out of the wrong side of the bed in the morning.

After this slight digression into the realm of glorified morning dresses we shall return to the original subject of this article—lingerie as it is worn.

"Tempestuous" petticoats are no more. In fact, one has heard merchants lamenting that petticoats of any kind are worn no more. But this cannot be the case, for one knows of several healthy petticoat factories, thriving on the trade of the



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Bovril



Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from page 19)

ion; the lighter forms of agriculture, parliamentary procedure, and a great variety of topics of interest to women and girls, not only as housekeepers and home-makers, but as citizens of a Democratic country. Reports and bulletins from the various departments of the government, both provincial and Dominion, of interest to women and girls, are furnished by the Institutes.

There is no restriction so far as the Department of Agriculture is concerned as to subjects to be considered.

The material and practical do not occupy the whole time of the members, for we find literature, debates, social activities, including entertainment of an instructive and recreative character; and games, are not overlooked.

(6) The methods of teaching are varied. In the early days it was very difficult in many branches to get the members to prepare papers or addresses or to give demonstrations; so exchange of recipes, reading of selections from books, reports, bulletins, etc., with occasional papers by the members and other local talent, and assistance from outside by way of addresses from speakers furnished by the government characterized the work of the Institutes. It was not long, however, until nearly every Institute discovered that it had local talent, both within and without the Institute, with the result that addresses and papers presented at the regular monthly meetings were soon of a high character. The Institutes are now asking for lecturers and demonstrators who have had special training along definite lines; and the demand is increasing, not for single lectures, but for courses of instruction. During the past year we have given in Ontario courses of two weeks, in "Home Nursing and First Aid," "Domestic Science" and "Sewing," to 5,844 girls and women at one hundred and fifty-five centres. Many Institutes have libraries of their own, consisting of a number of standard works, and, of course, copies of bulletins and leaflets furnished by the provincial and Dominion governments. Travelling libraries are also utilized to a considerable extent and the women of the Institutes are co-operating with the local library boards in providing books of special interest and value to girls and women.

The number of girls who must look to the Women's Institute for educational opportunities after they leave the public school will remain greatly in excess of those from the rural districts who can attend high school and colleges. It becomes the responsibility of the whole people to see that the service to these is efficient and adequate.

The Institute an Advisor and Administrator.

While the Institute is an important factor as an educator and developer of talent, it has also come to be something more, an advisor and administrator in a variety of undertakings. True, these advisors and administrators have no legal standing and are seldom clothed with official authority. Nevertheless, the advice and co-operation of women chosen by the members of an organization representing all classes and interests in the community is being sought more and more in all community undertakings.

Many lines of interest to the whole people are receiving valuable support both in management and contributions from the Women's Institutes. Among these we may mention the securing of travelling libraries for many rural centres, reclaiming libraries which were not being utilized, co-

operating with local Library Boards in securing books and periodicals of special value to the women, girls and boys of the community; establishing rest-rooms, civic improvement, care of cemeteries, establishing parks, athletic fields, skating rinks, etc.

The tactful way in which the leaders in the Institute have discouraged excess in social life, without being considered cranks or faddists, is a compliment to the good judgment of the leaders in community organization.

In the Women's Institutes, we have an organization for the education of the grown-ups and a medium through which many lines of government service can be carried on most effectively. This organization does not ask Government support in securing buildings, equipment or providing local teachers. Full equipment and local assistance are supplied free. Whatever department of the Government or approved organization or institution may wish to co-operate with the people of the rural districts, the women of the Institute are ready to place their machinery at the disposal of the same. Departments of Health, Education and Agriculture are particularly desirous of this co-operation, and much of what they have to offer to the rural districts can be made effective only by co-operation with an organization, and not with the individual.

This women's organization can be made of as much importance and value to the grown-ups as the public schools and colleges are to the youth of the land. The amount spent annually by the Government, in grants, literature, lecturers, demonstrators, administration, etc., is less than \$1.00 per member, per year, while the Institutes themselves devote six to seven times this amount of money to the work.

While it is true that the members appreciate the Institute for the information gained and the advantages enjoyed, one of the chief attractions in this Democratic organization is that it provides opportunity for service. The biggest asset of the Institutes, in so far as national strength and development is concerned, is the spirit of service which it has engendered.

Here we have an organization which values very much the assistance received from the Government and is utilizing available funds most effectively. The future success of the work depends upon an enlarged and more efficient Government service along a variety of lines, and the accepting of greater responsibility on the part of the women of the Institute, in so far as the extension of the work to new centres and stimulating interest in the activities of the Institute in all communities is concerned.

There is no good reason why the Women's Institutes should not be the educator, the administrator, the advisor, and the safeguard of the best interest of the whole people in every community.

...

Women's Institute Methods

Conducted by Mrs. Alfred Watt,
M. B. E.

Discussions at Institute Meetings.

MUCH value is placed on discussions at Institute meetings and rightly so. While some lectures and talks are quite unsuitable for after-discussion, many gain immeasurably by this.

Those responsible should consider carefully whether the topic desired by the members for a programme is suitable for a discussion or for a roll call or a talk or a debate. If it is deemed suitable for a discussion then the next question is whether it would be dealt with better by a discussion after a lecture or a paper on the topic or if it can be an item by itself.

If it is an item without an introductory paper, then a leader to open the discussion and a supporter must be found. A time limit should be set and observed. No one should be allowed to speak twice unless the meeting expresses a wish to hear some one again or to have questions answered by some speaker.

Let us take for example a discussion as held in Nelson, B. C. "What can we do as an Institute to assist new-comers?"

This is plain sailing. The member who opens the discussion should suggest in a general way, the directions towards which help could be given, such as welcoming, making feel at home, offering services, inviting to Institutes meeting and so forth. She should point out that the discussion is on "how to help as an Institute, not individually," and she should end with an appeal to carry out our Institute ideals in extending a welcoming hand.

Other speakers should each offer a practical suggestion and the Chairman should then sum all up. She should ask if any resolutions were to be brought forward or if it was desired she should name committees in order to put on foot any plan proposed which seemed to meet the wishes of the members.

Let us take the other case when the discussion follows a talk or paper. Suppose the subject is on the ever useful "How to get rid of Flies." The paper should be an authoritative one by some one who has studied the subject and got the scientific basis clear in her own mind. Speakers should give personal experiences and known and tested expedients. Note books should be freely used. All the useful suggestions made should be summarized by the Secretary and placed later on the Notice Board.

Again suppose there are several short discussions, such as the following from a British Columbia programme.

(a) What alteration has the war made in the running expenses of our households?

(b) Have we added anything to the Producers' list since the war?

(c) The new attitude of Patriotism, Economy.

Such discussions not only bring out useful information, but make the members think. To have these carried on successfully means skilful chairmanship, keeping speakers strictly to the point and yet encouraging frank statements. The chairman should be ready beforehand when such discussions are coming up, should plan in her own mind what warnings and advice she is going to give, what time she will allow to each speaker, and each subject, and should take careful notes herself in order to sum up intelligently after each discussion.

A frequent discussion is "What I should like my girl to learn at school." One wonders why the splendid and original answers to this query do not find their way into print. When there is a subject of this nature up for discussion arrangements should be made for getting the sure-to-be-valuable suggestions to the right authorities.

(Continued on page 33)

Ah-Ah-Tee-Choo!

Did this ever happen to you?

Mentholatum

Is a wonderful relief for Colds, Catarrh, Chapped Skin, Etc.

MADE IN CANADA

WARMTH

For
Chill-Caused
Ache or Pain

Thermogene generates heat, and soothes and relieves pain-racked tissues by direct action through pores and blood vessels.

THERMOGENE

supersedes the old-time poultice or plaster. Ready as it comes from the box.

At all druggists, per package
50c.



Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from page 32)

Humorous Discussions such as "How to manage a Husband" always increase the attendance. One can almost hear the chorus, "Feed the Brute!"

Discussions on matters of public interest such as Community Laundries, Public Baths, Public Nuisances, What does the Village need? etc., can be left if wished for meetings at which men are present, where community action can be secured if needed.

As will be seen, discussions serve a double purpose, to bring out the members and to achieve some useful purpose. The Institute Committee will do well to keep both ends in view and to make every provision that the benefits are not lost to the community and to the Institute.

A Visit to the Chelmsford Women's Institute Stall.

A successful Institute Stall in the Chelmsford Market, England has been

Rest Room serves tea and lunch, and is in fact a W. I. Club, surplus is usually sold there. In fact club and stall work in together very well.

The stall is a pretty sight. The English W. I. colors are red and green, and they are used to great advantage. The awning is of a bright green, the helpers wear green overalls with red rosettes as badges; altogether with the many colored articles, it is a delight to the eye. As every attention is paid to cleanliness and neatness, careful housekeepers prefer to shop there. The tables are arranged in the form of three sides of a square. There are flowers everywhere and these find a ready sale. Bunches of sweet peas, antirrhinum, asters are sold for 3d a bunch. Clear honey fetches 2/6 a pound, and is usually gone as soon as the stall is opened. Baskets, toys, rush mats, gloves, all home-made, cheese, eggs, vegetables, fruits, needlework, bottled and canned fruits, meats, live rabbits and poultry live or

according to the record she has made. She makes a humorous suggestion in this regard. "One way of keeping these records is to draw a thermometer and mark off the degrees. The mercury will climb up as the member makes points and a competition can be arranged as to who reaches boiling point first." She further suggests that for the Baking Club of the Girls' Institute points might be assigned as follows:—Bread 10 credits, Buns 7, Biscuits 5, Muffins 4, Cake 5, Cookies 5.

It is reasonable that the work at home should be counted as part of the club work. In scattered districts the club may not meet often, but if each girl knows that the others are doing the same thing in their homes, the club spirit will be kept, and the club meeting all the more enjoyed when the meeting is possible.

Institute Organization and What it Stands for.

The Institute stands for Fellowship. The Group or District Institute for Mutual Help.

The County stands for Co-Partnership.

The Province for Co-Operation.

The National Federation for Union.

The International will stand for Concord.

What a big thing it is to be a Women's Institute Member!

The Question Drawer.

Question. In a printed programme is it well to have quotations and Club colors as Motto?

Answer. Yes. A reproduction for the Club Badge also adds distinction. The most beautiful Badge I have seen on a programme is that of the Pennsylvania Farm Women, a pink holly-work on a gray ground.

Question. Should the financial or annual Report, if brief, be printed on programmes of next year?

Answer. It is not usual, but it has been done both in Canada and abroad. There is no objection if funds permit.

Question. What other information about institutes can be profitably put on printed programme?

Answer. Date, time and place of meeting, notices about classes, the library, magazine exchange, stall for sale of members' work, reminders about members' enterprises, about the Girls' Club or Institute meetings, rules about visitors, membership fees, &c.

Question. What does "nem. con." mean?

Answer. It is the abbreviation of "nemine contradicente" that is, no one contradicting. It means that no one has voted against the resolution, motion or proposition, although some may not have voted at all.

Question. Should Minutes begin with a list of those present?

Answer. Yes. If any one is present (other than members) by invitation or permission, this should be stated.

Question. How is it known what a quorum should be?

Answer. The Rules or Bylaws usually provide for the number necessary to form a quorum. If not so stated, then a majority of the members of the committee or the body itself is necessary to form a quorum. A motion naming a committee may also name its quorum.

Question. When can a resolution be properly withdrawn?

Answer. At any time before the question is put to the meeting. The consent of the meeting is necessary to the withdrawal. It is withdrawn



"The Prettiest Dress I Ever Had

and it cost me only \$9.16"

"And this is only one of five I've made this season. I bought new material for two, the others I made over from last year's dresses. All in the very latest style, of course, and better made than any I could buy. Now, thanks to the Woman's Institute, I save half on everything I wear."

More than 125,000 women and girls, in city, town and country, have learned, through the Woman's Institute, how to make their own clothes and hats and be better dressed at far less cost.

Learn Dressmaking at Home

By our fascinating new method of teaching by mail, you, too, can quickly learn in spare time, in the comfort and quiet of your own home, to make dresses, skirts, blouses, suits, wraps, lingerie, children's clothes, hats—in fact, garments of every kind. With this training you will not only be able to make all your own clothes, but to take up Dressmaking or Millinery as a business—secure a good paying position or open a shop of your own.

Write for 64-page Booklet

It costs you nothing to find out all about the Woman's Institute and what it can do for you. Just send a letter, post card, or the convenient coupon and you will receive, without obligation, the full story of this great school that is bringing to women and girls all over the world the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business.

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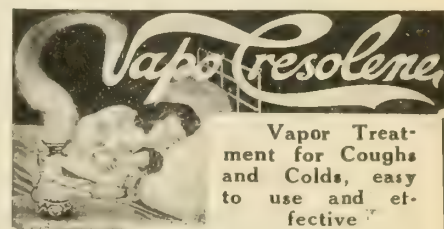
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Dept. 31-B, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked below:

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Name, (Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address



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Leeming-Miles Bldg., Montreal.

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Plenty of good openings for graduate nurses. We can train you for this well paid vocation. Our system gives sound practical knowledge. Eliminates months of experience, college study and dreary hospital training. Gives you opportunity to learn in spare moments.



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INDIAN MOTHER AND CHILD

carried on for some years. It was organized at the request of the Institutes in the county of Essex. The County Rest Room and Club is its headquarters, that is: produce and articles for sale are sent and sorted there and all the necessary preliminaries arranged. Any Institute member may send home or farm produce, plain needlework, products of any home or village industry, anything which will not be injured by being sold out of doors. A penny in the shilling commission is charged which pays usually for the expense of the stall. If there is a surplus over it goes to the Rest Room. All the helpers, including the member who manages it, are voluntary workers and the only paid assistance is that of the man who puts up the stalls and awning every market day and puts them away at night. Members sending articles get all the price paid less only the commission. Many of the members who are in town for the day bring their own produce and take away what is not sold. As the

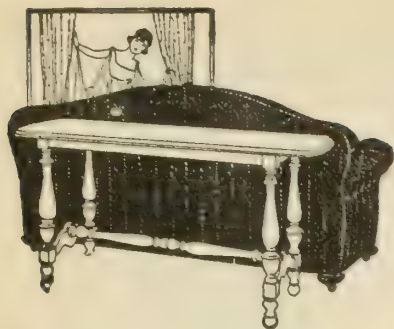
dressed. Vegetables and so forth are sold at market prices which are listed on a slate and hung above tables. The name Essex Women's Institutes Stall extends across front.

The turnover from this stall in 1921 was over £1,000 and the expenses £70. We should think very well of ourselves in Canada if we took in \$5,000 at a W. I. booth open once a week, should we not? Yet it is quite possible.

Home Credits.

Several questions about Home Credits are interesting our members especially those who are helping with Girls' Institutes and Clubs. The idea simply is to give credit for work done at home in lines of work for which points or marks are given in competitions, team work, projects, and so forth. Miss Edith Gray, of Manitoba says there should be some way of keeping track of what each girl does at home. So each girl should keep a register and count so many points

(Continued on page 34)



A Real Guide on Home Furnishing

One hundred pages of up-to-the-minute news and helpful suggestions on every detail of home furnishing—lavishly illustrated—that is

Burroughes 1922 Furniture Book

Whether you have immediate needs or not, you should get this free handbook and keep it for reference. It tells you, too, about the Burroughes plan of payment, which makes purchase easy.

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"FOR QUEEN AND BATHURST STS."

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For Aches and Pains

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Liniment (Pain's enemy)

America's
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DOG DISEASES And How to Feed

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ONCE FREE LESSONS IN THE SUBJECT HERE CHECKED

■ Dress Designing
■ Millinery

Name.....
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Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from page 33)

by the mover with the consent of the seconder.

Question. May the President or Chairman "take sides" in a discussion on a motion?

Answer. The Chairman, strictly speaking, if she wants to speak for or against a motion, should leave the chair, first asking some one to preside in her place while she speaks.

Question. Where can we get the new Federation W. I. pin?

Answer. The coat-of-arms is now complete on pin and this can be obtained in all its beauty from Miss Eliza Campbell, Treasurer, National Federated W. I., of Canada, Fredericton, N. B.

Question. Are there Women's Institutes anywhere, without Government supervision?

Answer. All governments which give financial assistance to Institutes make conditions and require information, chiefly in regard to expenditure of funds. The English Institutes are not supervised in any sense of the word.

Question. What is a Gift Stall?

Answer. Members bring anything they can spare, to be sold for the benefit of the Institute. It is held usually once a year.

School Exhibitions in Nova Scotia.

Any movement which has for its object the welfare of the children or the betterment of the school is sure to receive most hearty support from the Women's Institutes. The School Exhibition has shown itself to be in the interest of both child and school and the institutes are active in lending their assistance.

The teacher, wishing to hold an exhibition can with surety count on the co-operation of the Institute members, and if no one else is interested, the Institute is apt to take matters in its own hands and see that an exhibition is held.

The part played by the Institute varies according to the necessity. There seems to be always room for the offering of more prizes and in this connection, the Institutes have been generousity itself. In addition to the prizes actually given from the funds of the organization, the members have done excellent work in interesting outside individuals and firms in the Exhibition. Through their efforts in this direction, the number of special prizes have been materially increased. It is beginning also to be taken for granted that Institute members will be acting as judges at these fairs.

Many exhibitions would never be carried on, were it not for the Institute members who conceive the idea, make all arrangements and carry on the exhibition in all its details.

At the July meeting of one of the branches, the idea of a School Exhibition was suggested. The matter met with approval and in October a very successful exhibition was held. The women interested the teacher and pupils in the project and the results were highly pleasing to all concerned. The prizes were given by the Institute.

The first School Fair in another community was carried on under the direction of the Institutes. This proved so successful that next year, five other schools will join in holding one central fair. This centralizing idea has been carried on in other sections and, under the direction of the Institutes, has proved immensely successful.

The carrying on of these fairs meant a lot of hard work, as prize lists must be prepared, prizes solicited, money secured and a vast number of details attended to. Nevertheless, the institutes not only cheerfully as-

sume this responsibility, but in many instances they further prompt the work by encouraging the children in growing vegetables for the fair and have committees who inspect the work.

Classes for instruction in sewing have also been conducted by the Institutes, in order that the girls may receive some assistance in preparing articles for exhibition.

Mrs. H. S. Cunningham.
Publicity Sec'y.

FROM PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Prince Edward Island held its annual convention recently at Charlottetown, sessions being held in the Institute rooms, Kindergarten Hall and in the Prince of Wales College Hall.

The report of the supervisor, Miss Bessie Carruthers, showed that during the year, eleven new institutes had been organized, New Perth, Cardigan, Roseneath, Cavendish, Rustico, Hunt River, Cherry Grove, Springton, Stanchel, Sherbrook, Victoria, South Lane and Darnley, making a total of forty-three institutes in all and an increase of two hundred in membership.

Seventy-six visits were made to the clubs by the supervisor and her two assistants, when demonstrations were given in millinery, first aid, hot school lunch and various phases of cooking as well as talks on institute work.

Judging was done at the school fairs and exhibitions during the month of September.

In all, some six thousand dollars has been raised as compared with \$4,200 of the previous years. Of this \$1,500 has been spent on schools, \$675 on community work, \$600.00 on patriotic work, as well as large sums for war memorials, this being kept apart from the general funds so there is an accurate way of keeping account of it.

Greater interest has been taken in the work and there are more calls for organization.

Miss Nellie Green, Graham's Road, was elected delegate to attend and represent Prince Edward Island on the Board of Directors of the Federated Institutes.

Many interesting addresses were given, these being as follows: Mrs. Walter Simpson, Bay View, gave an excellent paper on "The Duties of a Delegate," emphasizing the points of being punctual, present at every session, co-operating with all members present and securing a good report to take back.

Miss Amy MacMahon, Red Cross nurse, spoke on the work of medical inspection in schools, this being carried out in the province.

Mr. H. N. Rogers, superintendent of Education, spoke on "School Needs," emphasizing the importance of cleanliness, attractive surroundings and equipment.

Mrs. W. S. Louson of Charlottetown was a much enjoyed speaker, her topic being "The Need of a Traveling Library." Her talk was listened to with great interest and the W. I. members hope that in the near future P. E. I. will be able to have a travelling library of its own. Many of the institutes make use of that supplied by McGill University.

Miss Harper gave a very interesting demonstration on salads and their making. Following this was an address on "What do we mean by education?" by Miss Carrie Holman of Summerside. She spoke of the poor condition of many of the rural schools and what might be accomplished by the women's institutes working for their betterment.

One of the best addresses of the convention was given by Mrs. W. W. Baird of Nappan, Nova Scotia, on "What is Home Economics?" She stated that the homes were the corner stones of the world and therefore the world should receive more knowledge of its homes.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Baird's address a petition was drawn up and signed by the delegates that women be given the right to vote in the next provincial elections, this to be presented at the next meeting of the House.

The delegates were welcomed by Mr. Wilfred Boulter, director of Elementary education for the province in behalf of Hon. Walter Lea, Commissioner of Agriculture, to whom Miss Nellie Green replied.

Another feature of the convention was a drive to the Experimental Farm by the members of the Motor League and Rotary Club, where a most enjoyable picnic was held. An excellent Red Cross moving picture slide was shown by Mr. Burke and enjoyed very much by all.

NEW BRUNSWICK CONVENTION

The Women's Institutes of New Brunswick held their ninth annual convention at Woodstock in November.

Mrs. C. J. Osman, president of the advisory board, gave the address of welcome, supplemented by one from Mayor Moir of Woodstock, Mrs. F. D. Thompson of Sackville, replying.

From the supervisor's report, read by Miss Elizabeth Nutter, the following facts of W. I. work were gleaned:

In 1921 short courses were held in Household Science, under the joint auspices of the Department of Agriculture and the Health Department, in the French districts of Madawaska, Restigouche, Gloucester, Northumberland and Westmoreland.

Summer extension courses were held in the Eastern sections of the province, Miss Landry conducting the Child Welfare and First Aid and Miss Nutter and Miss LeBlanc the Cooking Demonstrations.

In June, 20th to 25th, the second convention of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada was held in Edmonton, Alberta.

At this convention Miss Eliza Campbell, our splendid treasurer, was chosen for a second term of office—a worthy tribute to a worthy representative.

The exhibits from the various Institutes of N. B. to the exhibitions held in St. John, Fredericton and Chatham were most creditable and pleasing.

Mention might be made here of a Handicraft Association with headquarters at Montreal, which is subsidized by the Dominion Government and is now in a position to greatly encourage and assist such work among Institutes.

The matter of a grant to branch Institutes has been taken up with our Minister of Agriculture resulting in an increase from \$5.00 to \$10.00.

On April 6th, the second meeting of the Board, an Act to incorporate the Women's Institutes of N. B. was presented by the Superintendent and endorsed by the Board, such an Act being essential to the placing of our organization on a proper business basis.

This Act was to be brought before the Legislature of our province at its last session, but unfortunately the House closed early and this had to be left over until 1922.

(To be continued)



The Prince, the Pauper and the Golden Mean

(Continued from page 26)

render service? Both, I submit. Carlyle called blessedness the chief end of man, and he meant that highest form of happiness that comes indirectly through service rather than through self-seeking. It is self-realization brought about through the enlargement and outspreading of self to include those things one loves and cares for. And the happiest man is he who has the largest circle of loves and interests all intimately connected with himself. You will find all that in the Spencerian philosophy.

But it is a sort of selfishness, after all. If we are candid we must admit that. History is the record of the human attempt to become happier, with a constant increase and elevation in the requirements of happiness.

Let us say, then, that we are living and working to become happier, and let us not lose sight of it. Then we are not living and working for money, are we? Of course not! Perish the thought! We are not of that sordid clan, you and I! We work for money simply as a means to an end. We earn money for its power to purchase happiness in the form in which we desire it most. Money is but a medium of exchange. Work, money, happiness; that is the cycle.

And that is just where we are prone to go astray. Simple as the formula is, we become mired before we wallow through it. The more money we can earn, we say, the more happiness we can get. So, fixing our eyes on the nearer goal, we work for money, and for the visible indications of its possession. We err here, every mother's son and daughter of us, to a greater or less extent. "Just a little more money," we say, "and then, ho! for happiness." And we seldom get beyond the first step.

Now the point I want to make is this. We have built up this three-part cycle logically enough, and then we set it up as a graven image and worship it, forgetful of its true significance. And in so doing, we have complicated life and enthroned the complication. What we must do, sooner or later, is to simplify life. And the only way to do that is to eliminate as far as possible the middle member of the cycle, and work directly for happiness—the highest form of happiness that our natures will permit. Money is but a medium of exchange, and the less we make of the medium, the simpler life will become.

I need not argue that we want life simpler. I think we have all come to feel that. The way the public, a few years ago, bought and read Charles Wagner's book was evidence of it. A thousand pities that he was so academic and so vague in his practical applications. The question is, how can we reduce life to simpler terms, and so give our souls the chance to contemplate the beauty of life for a little space before we go?

Now that the high cost of living has become such a vital question, especially to those of us who live in cities, I find more and more people turning their faces countryward. There the cost of living is less. There life is simpler. There the medium of exchange dominates life less completely. Every fifth man I meet is talking more or less definitely of buying a farm, and some of them really mean it. And heaven knows this country needs more and better farmers.

And they are on the right track, too. Until some of us get out of town, the town will be too full. We

can't all go, but some of us must, and I believe we who go will be the lucky ones. Something must be done to relieve the tension. Young men are filling the agricultural colleges, which are spreading education and uplift throughout the rural districts. It is a sign of the times, and one of the things that make me optimistic in the face of imminent sociological and industrial upheaval. When the storm breaks, these educated farmers are going to be the ballast in the ship of state. You'll see!

But for us it is an individual question, and it is the individual, here and there, that is leaving the slavery of the shop and the office for the liberty of the farm. "Back to the land" has become a fixed phrase in our language.

Now comes the danger. The Prince steals forth from his palace, and takes up his life of vagabondage. Whither will it lead him? Through mountain waste and deep morass, unquestionably. We must not be too hasty. We must seek a golden mean.

I have heard lately of several people who have steered their hearts and cut loose from the city, and they have come to regret it. They have embarked on a new enterprise ill prepared. No man would be so foolish as to open a drug store or start a newspaper with so little training and capital. So these would-be farmers, and their poor wives, pass through a period of real hardship, for which they are not at all fitted, and they are glad enough to get back again to the old bondage of the palace.

I find that the back-to-the-land movement has already received a setback from this cause, and the wisest of us hesitate to give away our swords and our purses and our good white mares. We have seen farms and farmers. We dislike the barnyard. Noisome boots and overalls in the dining room spoil our appetite for breakfast. We dislike to wash at the kitchen sink. Better five rooms and a bath in the city, say we, than a cold and lonely farmhouse. And so we give up the dream and go back to our more or less suicidal jobs in town.

I contend that these hardships are not necessary, and that is the burden of my song. Whatsoever is good, whatsoever is uplifting, whatsoever is sanitary in city life, you can take these with you to the farm. In seeking the simple life, you must cast off the artificialities of life, but you need not abandon its refinements. There is nothing complex or complicating about culture. A stable and a bathroom are not inherently incompatible. By taking thought, you can save yourself and your city-bred wife much suffering, and perhaps avoid a failure of the whole plan.

I know people who have gone back to the farm, and who have degenerated. I know some who are passing through a purgatory of discomfort and hardship. I know some who have utterly failed with the whole thing. But I know some, too, who are succeeding, and I mean, some day, to be one of them. They have been prudent. They have not set forth without a loaf in their knapsacks. They have not expected too much. They have been prepared to work—not for money, but for happiness, appetite and blessed sleep. They have not mistaken a new kind of bondage for freedom.

If you have no money at all, you must fight it out somehow, whether

(Continued on page 42)



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He won't try to see your face if your hair is gray

Keep Its Color Natural

Gray hair prevents interest and does you an injustice, for it adds 10 years to your age. It is a handicap, socially or in business, for this is the age of youth.

But—graying hair can be restored, easily, safely and surely—restored to its original youthful becoming color. The process is simple, the method reliable. Results are certain.

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Mail the coupon for the free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer offered in this advertisement. Test as directed on a single lock of hair. Watch the gray disappear and the natural color return.

Note how simple and easy the process—no skill required. You are independent of hair dressers or beauty specialists and can keep your own secret.

Mary T. Goldman's
Hair Color Restorer

In from 4 to 8 days restoration will be complete. All gray streaks vanished—color beautifully even and natural. Then, restore all your hair without delay. You know positively and beyond doubt how to keep your hair its own becoming youthful color the rest of your life.

Don't risk results

Mary T. Goldman's is a tested laboratory product, efficient and reliable. Results are certain. Don't risk the future of your hair experimenting with unknown products, for the result is all too often streaked, discolored hair with no remedy but the slow process of natural growth.

Use Mary T. Goldman's and your natural, evenly colored hair will be a lifelong delight. Test it first—know for yourself that success is certain.

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Smart Gowns and Suits a Spring Prelude

9717—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch tricotine—1½ yards 36-inch dotted foulard.

9747—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yards. Size 16 requires 1¾ yards 54-inch Pique twill—1¼ yards 36-inch dotted foulard for sleeves and revers—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Embroidery, in design 12598, is worked in running stitch in silk floss or wool.

9887—Misses' Single-breasted Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. **9768** — Misses' Two-piece Jumper Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yards. The suit in size 16 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch twillcord—2½ yards 30-inch silk foulard for lining jacket.

9891—Misses' Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. **8977**—Misses' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yards. The suit in size 16 requires 3 yards 54-inch tricotine—2¾ yards 36-inch satin for lining

jacket. The collar and sleeves are embroidered in design 12624. This design may be worked in silk floss.

9878—Misses' Coat. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5½ yards 36-inch satin—¾ yard 36-inch silk foulard for lining under front and back. Embroidery in design 12558 is carried out in silk floss or metallic thread in running or outline stitches.

9887—Misses' Single-breasted Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. **9882** — Misses' Knickerbockers. Designed for 14 to 20 years. The suit in size 16 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch tweed—2½ yards 36-inch satin for lining jacket.

Dress, **9717**, 35 cents.

Dress, **9747**, 35 cents.

Embroidery, **12598**, blue or yellow, 75 cents.

Jacket, **9887**, 35 cents.

Skirt, **9768**, 35 cents.

Jacket, **9891**, 35 cents.

Skirt, **8977**, 30 cents.

Embroidery, **12624**, blue or yellow, 25 cents.

Coat, **9878**, 35 cents.

Embroidery, **12558**, blue or yellow, 50 cents.

Jacket, **9887**, 35 cents.

Knickerbockers, **9882**, 35 cents.



Dress 9717

Dress 9747
Embroidery 12598

Jacket 9887
Skirt 9768

Jacket 9891
Skirt 8977
Embroidery 12624

Coat 9878
Embroidery 12558

Jacket 9887
Knickerbockers 9882

Afternoon Array Which Shows a Variety of Attractive Gowns

9847—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch crepe satin for dress— $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 40-inch Georgette for blouse— $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards lace.

9889—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Size 36 requires 6 yards 36-inch dotted foul-ard.

Dress, **9841**, 35 cents.
Dress, **9637**, 35 cents.
Embroidery, **12592**, blue or yellow, 50 cents.
Dress, **9889**, 35 cents.
Dress, **9847**, 35 cents.



Dress 9841

Dress 9637
Embroidery 12592

Dress 9889

Dress 9847

9841—Ladies' One-piece Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard. Size 36 requires $5\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch charmeuse— $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. The square trimming-pieces of Georgette crêpe are stitched to the front and back of the dress just below the waist-line. The pointed ends drop below the lower edge of the skirt giving the uneven hem-line.

9637—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Size 36 requires 2 yards 54-inch Poiré twill— $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 36-inch satin— $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Embroidery, in design 12592, outlines the round neck and the front edges of the overdress. It may be worked in silk floss in flat satin stitch, or wool embroidery would also be effective.

Childish Whims Are Considered in These Smart Designs



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HERE is another of the famous "Helena" Frocks, specially designed for Canadian women of distinction. Like all Helena garments, it imparts to the wearer that well-dressed look so hard to achieve apart from tailoring of unusual quality.

"IRENE" A refreshingly youthful model of very fine quality taffeta dress, with deep frill, tier trimming on the sides of skirt; sleeves in the same effect and can be shortened to suit the taste of the wearer, long basque and narrow belt adorned with rose buds of taffeta with gold petals and a dainty imported lace yoke completes this desirable Spring gown. Made in black, navy and brown, in sizes 16 to 42, \$28.75, in best stores in every town and city.

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9801—Girls' Cape Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2 1/4 yards 54-inch wool Jersey—1/2 yard 54-inch check velours for trimming—5 yards ribbon. There is a piquant charm to these little cape frocks that appeals decidedly to little girls. The fashion is a reflection of grown-up modes which feature the dress and matching coat or cape. Wool Jersey is used a lot for these cape frocks, as is light-weight velours. The dress is in drop-shoulder style closed at left side-front, and the jaunty cape swings from a deep yoke.

9010—Boys' Sports Suit. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size requires 1 1/2 yards 54-inch serge.

9790—Girls' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 1/2 yards 54-inch serge — 1/2 yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs — 2 1/4 yards ribbon for sash. Braiding in design 12615 forms a border on the skirt, and soutache braid may be used in carrying out the design. If preferred wool, rope silk, chenille, or metallic threads may be used.

(Continued on page 40)

9807—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 year Size 4 requires 1 1/2 yard 54-inch broadcloth—1 yard 54-inch fur cloth for collar—2 1/8 yards 36-inch sateen for lining.



Coat 9807

Cape Dress 9801



Dress 9790
Bra line 12615

Dress 9773
Embroidery 12564

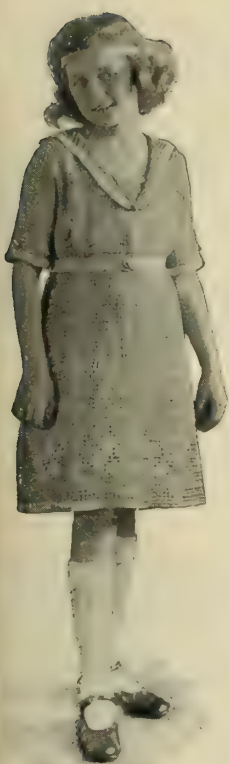
Dress 9795
Scafold 11661

Cape Dress 9803
Embroidery 12564

A Varied Array of Frocks and Sweaters



The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 245, 20 cents (1/-). This simple slip-on sweater of Iceland wool has the becoming round neck-line. The narrow belt loops in front.



No. 238
Girls' Filet Crochet
Dress



No. 234
Something New in
Knitted Middy Suits



No. 245—A Tie belt Gives Smartness to This Knitted Slip-on Sweater

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 234, 20 cents (1/-). This girls' knitted middy suit is made of white Shetland floss, trimmed with narrow bands of blue wool on the collar, cuffs, and hem-line of blouse and skirt.

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 250, 20 cents (1/-). This practical coat sweater, in sizes 38 and 40, is made of Shetland wool. Finely knitted bands finish the fronts and trim the patch pockets.

No. 250—Knitted Coat Sweater for Golfing



No. 235
A Cunning Knitted
Dress of Shetland
Floss



No. 239
Filet Crochet Dress
for Little Girls



No. 251—Knitted Slip-on Sweater in Indian Style

These are Pictorial Review Patterns. If your dealer cannot supply them, send direct to Pictorial Review Co., 263-267 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Designs for Dainty Linens that Will Appeal to Every Housekeeper

Filet Crochet Designs by Anne Champe

252 A—Irregular Filet Crochet Edge for Scarf

THE Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 252, A, B, and C, 20 cents, (1/-), supplies working diagram and directions for three filet designs shown for use on scarf ends or table runners. Made with No. 30 white crochet cotton and No. 10 steel crochet hook. Tassels made of same cotton.

12666 A—Design and Scalloping for Closet Shelves

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12214, blue, 25 cents, (1/3), supplies four different designs for towels, 15 inches wide, and scalloping for both ends of the towel. The one illustrated is in raised satin and eyelet stitches. An initial 2 inches high may be used in the wreath design.

12214—Scallops and Design for Towel

252 B—Filet Crochet End for Table Scarf

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12665, blue or yellow, 25 cents, (1/3), supplies card-table cover motifs as shown, and also single card motifs. They may be worked in cross-stitch, outline, and flat satin stitches.

12665—Design for Card-Table Cover

252 C—Filet Crochet End for Dresser Scarf

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12666, A and B, blue, 25 cents, (1/3), supplies 3 yards each of two designs with scalloping for kitchen cabinet or closet shelves. The motifs may be used separately for marking towels or scarfs to be used in the kitchen.

12666 B—Design and Scalloping for Closet Shelves

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12656, blue, 20 cents, (1/-), supplies one pair of towel-end designs 15 inches wide and 6½ inches deep. Raised satin, outline, eyelet, and the scallop in buttonhole stitch make this towel very effective. The design is supplied for one end of the towel only, the scallop for both ends.

12656—Scallops and Design for Guest Towel

February Patterns and Prices

For page 38.

9795—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yards 54-inch Poiret twill for skirt and suspenders—1 yard 56-inch amy for blouse. The collar and cuffs are scalloped in design 11661, the scallops to be buttonholed in white or colored mercerized cotton.

9773—Girls' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yards 54-inch amy. One yard 40-inch voile for collar, cuffs, and vestee. Embroidery in design 12564 gives a dainty little touch to the front of the dress. It may be carried out in raised satin, running and lazy daisy stitches in silk floss or wool.

9803—Girls' Cape Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 54-inch tricotine—¾ yard 54-inch check velours for trimming. The pockets are embroidered in design 12564 which may be carried out in raised satin, running, or lazy daisy stitch. Appliqué would also be effective in carrying out this design.

Coat, **9807**, 30 cents.
Suit, **9010**, 25 cents.
Cape Dress, **9801**, 35 cents.
Dress, **9790**, 30 cents.
Braiding, **12615**, blue or yellow, 40 cents.
Dress, **9795**, 30 cents.
Scallops, **11661**, blue or yellow, 20 cents.
Dress, **9773**, 30 cents.
Embroidery, **12564**, blue or yellow, 30 cents.
Cape Dress, **9803**, 35 cents.
Embroidery, **12564**, blue or yellow, 30 cents.

For page 39.

The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 238, 20 cents (1/-). This dress is very good-looking made of silk in two shades, the lighter shade outlining the collar, vest, sleeves and skirt, and being used for the belt and the filet design around the bottom of the skirt.

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 236, 20 cents (1/-). This knitted dress for a four-year-old child is made of white and orchid Shetland floss. It is striped in the color, and the round neck and kimono sleeves are finished in color. The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 237, 20 cents (1/-). This dress is trimmed with loops of the wool giving the effect of fringe.

Nos. 236 and 237—Novelties in Knitted Dresses for Little Maids.

The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 239, 20 cents (1/-). Rose and gold silk were used in the original model, the gold outlining the round neck, the kimono sleeves, and square scalloped hemline and being used in the design of the skirt and the belt.



Fashion Notes

By C. M. S.

IN our anxiety to tell you about the fans we almost forgot to mention the lovely little bandeaux which are so pretty in a fluffy coiffure, especially if it surmounts a pretty young face. One that a Toronto debutante has worn at her coming out dance early in the New Year is flexible with diamond settings; another that one saw a few evenings ago was a wreath of small gold leaves studded with pearls. Ribbons and flowers are also used for bandeaux, a band of tiny rose buds made of silk is bound across the forehead with satin ribbon attached to either end of the wreath; or, it may be reversed with the wreath worn under the coil in the back with the ribbon brought over the top and around again under the hair at the back.

Of no less interest to her who is planning an evening gown is the manner of its floral decoration in the way of a corsage. Almost every really smart gown that came over from Paris this season had a trail of fruit or flowers hanging down from the low waist line at the side, and now one finds them for sale in the shops in all the most acceptable colors such as fuchsia, violet, ruby, scarlet, flame, peacock, iris and many others. But, if you prefer it, a large flat velvet rose will do as well for it would be hard to find anything much prettier after all.

There are many pretty little conceits for carrying one's powder puff which has become such an essential part of the ensemble, for one never knows when it may be wanted on an instant's notice. Little silk or feather bags have mirrors in the bottom, but one of the cleverest things one has seen is a combination of fan and vanity case. The part of the fan one holds it by, in this case was a purse with ivory frame with all but the frame concealed by the ends of the long ostrich feathers with which one fanned one's self. The vanities were safely stowed away inside the purse.

After wearing one's "crowning glory" quite plain for some time, it is an agreeable change to find that hair ornaments have come back in many beautiful forms. It may not be in the best of taste, but you will be in the fashion if you wear an ornamental comb even in the day time. But for the evening is reserved the triumph of the comb-maker's art. The tortoise shell Spanish comb is pre-eminent—the larger the better and they are stuck in the side of the coil or puff coiffure. They too, glisten with brilliants, emeralds and sapphire, or imitations thereof. Another style is French ivory decorated with hand painted roses and referred to as Florentine. For balls and dances, feather combs are worn a great deal; that is, combs with ostrich or coq feathers matching in color the gown of some accessory, as for instance the fan, which, by the way, is very likely to be composed of feathers also, although from the foreign fashion centres comes the news that the gauzy, painted and much smaller fan of two generations back, is coming into prominence again. If any of you have your grandmother's fan stowed away in a cedar chest, get it out by all means for the next social function to which you are invited, and you will be envied to your heart's content. The lovely big ostrich feather fans have been used very extensively ever since the autumn of 1918 when society

broke loose in rapture over the ending of the war; but they are now giving way somewhat to those made of coq feathers of uneven length. These were carried by the elite at the smartest affairs given in Washington for the "Armaments" visitors.

Gowns made of the new cotton materials are very pretty. The printed crepes are ideal for summer wear and so are the cross-barred dimities with their pipings of chambray in some pretty pastel shade and bit of hand embroidery. The sleeves are short or do not exist at all, and the Empire styles continue to be as popular as any other.

Brassieres and bandeaux, primarily answer the same purpose, but whether intentionally or not, it has worked out so that the former is a trimmed up and sometimes quite an ornamental article, while the other is unornamental, its sole virtue being its practicability. Some of the new models for spring are called brassiere camisoles and are made of lace and silk on a foundation of net, with a fancy vest simulated in the centre front. If one says nothing about it, it may be worn as a vest with a tuxedo sweater or bodice cut low in front, and no one will be any the wiser.

Many of the brassieres and bandeaux shown for spring, are cut much deeper which is really an advantage, for many people found the old style too shallow. The new ones hold the top of the corset in shape and some even have elastic bands around the bottom of the bandeau and some have elastic sections in the sides. There is a model which is designed for the sheer over-blouse which is to be worn with a dark skirt. It, too, is worn over the skirt and conceals the band, which many will consider an advantage. One is just reminded of seeing a very charming front lace corset made of a fancy pink satin with brassiere to match. This was a happy idea—why shouldn't they match? There is little space left to discuss corsets so they will have to be left for another time, but one would like to use what space is left to mention the corselettes, girdlettes, or whatever name one wishes to call them by. There are many different interpretations of them, but the sum and substance is an elongated brassiere with suspenders, which may be worn for negligee, for athletic exercise, or any occasion when one wants to be strictly at ease, but at the same time corseted. This was introduced last year and was tremendously successful, and comes to us again much improved.

Perhaps it could not be otherwise, but everybody is talking about how lucky Lord Lascelles is, and hardly anybody about how lucky Princess Mary is. In these days of strenuous social competition, one does not like to admit one has not met everybody, but I have not met Lord Lascelles. Nevertheless, if all they say be true, we may assume that Princess Mary has not done so badly.

The first marriage of a princess of the reigning house with a man not of Royal birth was between Queen Victoria's daughter, Princess Louise, and the Marquis of Lorne, son of the Duke of Argyll. When the engagement was announced, it created a great stir on the Argyllshire estates, and one of the gillies, whose reverence for the family he served was deep, remarked seriously:

"Ah the Queen maun be a proud woman the day!"

Suddenly She Realized Why MARJORIE WAS SO POPULAR



POOR little Esther . . . ! She had saved and saved to buy her dress and she had gone to the dance with eager heart, hoping that this time at least, it might be different.

But no—it was not to be. Somehow or other, Esther didn't seem to fit in at all. Her dance card was only half-filled. When she did not sit out the odd dances, she hid herself away in the cloak room—too miserable for words.

And when she did have a dance, particularly the one she had dreamed of with Bob Adams, she could not think of anything to say. She felt ill at ease—there were awkward pauses—minutes (they seemed almost hours) of embarrassed silence.

But Marjorie—clever little Marjorie—was the center of attraction as usual. Somehow—the men could always think of something to say to her! And as she flitted gayly from group to group—well-poised, graceful—a happy, smiling yellow butterfly—Esther heard one of the men call her "the best-dressed girl in the room."

"She shouldn't be," said Esther to herself, with just a trace of envy. "She didn't pay nearly as much for her dress as I did for mine. And I know I'm prettier than she is. And didn't the gym teacher tell me my figure was more nearly perfect?"

WHAT was it, then, that made the difference? What was the mysterious something that made Marjorie so charming—so popular? "She hadn't always been so popular—so well-poised," thought Esther. Where, then, had she acquired it?

Esther stood by herself for a minute thinking. Then suddenly there came to her mind the story of a wonderful book—a story of a book and a girl just like herself that she had read in her favorite magazine.

"Could it be?" she mused. "That book . . . ? Personality . . . charm . . . exquisite taste . . . ! I wonder if . . . ? I'm going to find out anyway!"

That night when Esther got home she mailed a letter. "The next dance will be different," she told her pillow. And then she dozed off to pleasant dreams.

FROM then on there was an almost magic change in Esther. The old bashfulness seemed to disappear. She dressed her hair more becomingly—seemed to select her clothes with better taste.

"Exquisite taste," her mother called it. Soon her friends noticed it and commented about it first to each other and then to Esther.

But the little lady simply smiled mysteriously, until—

One night Bob came over the way he was coming over rather often now) and as he sat close beside her, Esther told him of a wonderful book that had brought her more happiness than she ever dreamed possible.

"Is it purple and gold, and was it written by Mary Brooks Picken?" he asked. "And is it called 'The Secrets of Distinctive Dress'?"

"Why—why, yes," gasped Esther. "Where did you hear about it?"

Bob smiled. "Why, that's the book that Marjorie was always reading."

"THE Secrets of Distinctive Dress" holds a message for you just as it did for Marjorie and Esther. If you have been specially favored with natural grace and beauty of feature, this book will show you how to enhance your attractiveness. Or if you feel that you are, perhaps, a little "plain looking," if you have some de-

fects of figure, feature or complexion, if you realize that you do not make friends as rapidly as you should, if you are inclined to be backward, ill at ease in company and less popular than you would like to be, you can learn from "The Secrets of Distinctive Dress" just how to overcome these handicaps.

From cover to cover it is filled with intimate facts about the style, design and harmony of fashionable dress—little knacks of faultless taste—and the principles underlying the development of social ease, grace, beauty and personal charm!

With the knowledge this book imparts so clearly, concisely and completely, any woman or girl, no matter where she lives, can learn the fundamental principles of compelling admiration, attracting friends and developing a charming personality. For in this remarkable book all these things have been reduced to simple, practical rules that any woman can understand and apply.

"The Secrets of Distinctive Dress" is a handsome volume of generous size. 220 pages beautifully printed and bound in cloth with gold-stamped covers, a book you will be proud to have in your library or for daily reference and use in your boudoir. It is safe to say that never before has a book so vitally important and so beautifully published, been offered to women.

As a matter of fact, this book is so important, it can mean so much in helping every woman and girl to always appear charming and attractive that the publishers want every woman to see and examine it for herself in her own home.

So this special offer is being made, for a limited time only, to the readers of this magazine—

Simply fill in the coupon printed below, and mail it with \$3 to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 231B, Scranton, Penna. "The Secrets of Distinctive Dress" will come speeding back to you—all charges prepaid.

Read it from cover to cover. If you don't think it is worth many times the small price we are asking for it, return the book to us within five days, and we will cheerfully refund your money.

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The Prince, the Pauper and the Golden Mean

(Continued from page 35)

in country or in town. But if you have a little—just a very little—you can make it amount to something in the country. An income of five hundred dollars a year is a drop in the bucket in the city, it is a fortune in the village. You can buy a farm that will give you a living, and your sons after you, for the price of an automobile that will be scrap-iron in six years.

And I for one prefer the farm. To stand on your own hilltop, looking across your own orchard and meadow, with your own grain greening in the July sun, with your own cattle standing knee-deep in your own brook, with your wife singing in the kitchen of the little farmhouse that is your home—that is the simple life that satisfies! Joy-riding isn't to be compared with the rattle of the buggy wheels, when Old Dobbin goes to town.

And when winter comes, and the stubble-fields lie sleeping beneath their white mantle, there is time for books, and talk, and dear old friends. And best of all, you needn't be marooned among a lot of ignorant, hard-shelled, vulgar hayseeds. The city is sending its best back to the land, and you'll find others like yourself at Farmington. Time and room to think, to enjoy, to live. Don't you you hunger and thirst for it?

An old chap, named Abraham Cowley, away back in the time of Cromwell and Milton, said some very sensible things on this very subject. He cut loose from the city and found the simple life, and for those who, like Cowley, long for time and room to cultivate their own minds as well as their own fields, a quotation may be permissible.

Says the genial sage: "Since Nature denies to most men the capacity or appetite, and Fortune allows but to a very few the opportunities or possibility, of applying themselves wholly to philosophy, the best mixture of human affairs that we can make are the employments of a country life."

And yet I know that many, like the Prince in the parable, will read these words and turn sadly or scornfully away.

The Bridge Keeper

(Continued from page 28)

the best I could, an' don't think anything's gone amiss. The money's in on the table there, every cent. The boy means all right, I'm sure."

"Can you tell me how long he has been gone?"

"Two hours, mebbe," reluctantly.

"You could not find a job, you say. How would you like this one of bridge keeping?"

THE old man caught his breath and a look came to his face that momentarily transfigured it. The man in the carriage saw, as he had seen everything, even to the work of the broom and brush and the unusual polish of the foot passenger's gate. But the old man shook his head.

"Thank ye kindly, sir," he said, "but I can't do it. I don't want to get the job away from the boy."

"He has lost it already. If you do not take the place, some one else will. I think we have made a mistake about young blood—what do you say?"

"Why—I—I—yes, an' thank ye," huskily.

"Very well. Here," writing a few words upon a slip of paper and passing it out, "give this to the boy when he returns."

Half an hour later the boy came, breathless.

"Everything all right?" he asked.

Then, as he looked around, "Yes, I see it is. I'm awfully obliged. Why, what's up?" for the old man was looking at him with perturbed face.

"A man stopped here in a carriage an'—an' let me have this paper for ye."

The boy took the slip and read it, his face changing.

"It's from the owner," he gasped, "and says I must come to his office. Well, my jig's up here."

"I'm sorry," the old man said, his face full of genuine sympathy. "I didn't want to tell anything, but he made me."

"Oh, that's all right; if he asked questions of course you had to answer. I guess the trouble's up to me."

An hour later the boy came back, walking very straight, with square shoulders and with a new look on his face.

"I—I hope it wa'n't so bad as ye feared," said the old man anxiously.

"Bad? Well, it couldn't 'a' been worse, exceptin' he's given me another show."

The Book Corner

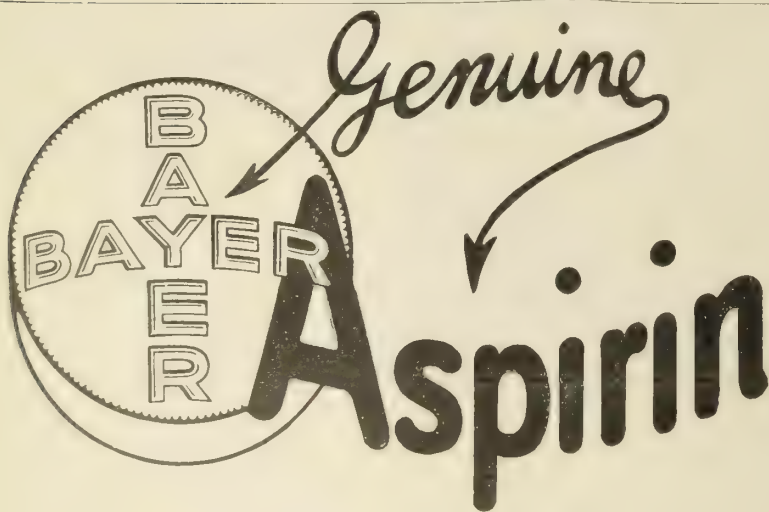
(Continued from page 25)

EVERYONE is talking houses and "back to the land," with only a vague idea of what is desirable in a habitation. "City Homes on Country Lanes," is the alluring title of a book by William E. Smythe, which tells of how a garden home may be ultimately made our own, and achieves the difficult task of uniting inspiration with the toil which comes out of the true vision. It is a book which should be read by all who are interested in modern living conditions. The ideal of the writer is found in the concluding lines:—

"It has been well said that leadership is never conferred; it is assumed. Happy is the community where it is assumed by the right men and women—by those who deeply realize that the New Earth is to be a holy place and that the opportunities to assist in its evolution, in a capacity however humble, is a call to holy service." (Published by the Macmillan Company, Toronto, price, \$2.75.)

"The Golden Windmill, and other stories," by Stacy Aumonier, (published by the Macmillan Company, Toronto, price \$2.00,) is a collection of short stories deserving of a better fate than usually befalls the volume of short tales. The public, for some mysterious reason, will not take the book of short stories to its heart. Perhaps laziness is the reason for this reluctance—for there is no question about it, the short story in a collection requires a mental readjusting more frequently than the reader is inclined to make. "The Golden Wind-Mill," the first story in the present production, is a tale of a Frenchman's memory of a first and foolish love and is told with a delicacy and sprightliness thoroughly Gallic. Mr. Aumonier is one of the younger writers and his style, in grace and clarity, is a welcome contrast to the slovenliness of the average "best seller."

"Gray Wolf Stories," Indian Mystery tales by Bernard Sexton, illustrated by Wwenyth Waugh (published by the Macmillan Company, Toronto,) makes a delightful addition to the library of the young person and is true to the "mystery" of the sub-title. You are quite willing to believe in lake spirits and wood spirits after you have read the tales which Owl Man and the other worthies are persuaded to tell. The illustrations are stimulating in their piquant intimacy with Indian lore.



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By the Head of the Research Laboratories of Bauer & Black

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Extensive laboratory experiments were made. Numerous tests effected under the personal direction of a famous baby specialist. Now we believe we have attained the ideal. And highest authorities agree.

Combats the Cause of Irritation

The pores of the skin constantly exude moisture. It is nature expelling impurities from the body. Upon exposure, this perspiration becomes a semi-acid irritant. So does urine. But more intensely so.

These acids make the skin raw, tender—susceptible to rash. Infection often follows. Hence, you must combat them.

B&B Baby Talc
B&B Baby Soap

"A Bauer & Black Product"

It is well to consider the maker behind the product you use. For twenty-eight years Bauer & Black have held the esteem of the medical profession; of druggists and the public; and it jealously guards this standing.

Druggists everywhere sell all B & B Products.

© B & B 1922



Old methods attempted merely to dry the moisture, thus affording but indifferent relief.

B & B Baby Talc combats the irritant body acids—*makes them harmless to the skin*. It strikes at the cause of irritation. It marks a new era in infant hygiene.

Use it after baby's bath. Sprinkle it on diaper cloths. It is cooling, soothing, gently healing—scientific protection in the charming guise of a soft, white talc.

Try it for two days. Results are quick—and amazing. Note how much smoother baby's skin—how much more restful and happy—for comfortable babies are happy babies.

B & B Baby Soap
"Tempered to the Infant's Skin"

A mother's zeal in keeping her baby sweet and clean, as every doctor knows, frequently finds expression in an unfortunate choice of soap. B & B Baby Soap is made of edible fats. It lathers freely, dries slowly, and rinses off readily. It contains a slight percentage of zinc oxide, hence is mildly healing. Bland and soothing, it provides a *safe soap* for your baby.

Mail Coupon for Free Samples

We want all mothers to try this new way of making babies happy. So we invite you to mail the coupon for liberal trial package of B & B Baby Talc and B & B Baby Soap, free and postpaid.

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Toronto, Canada

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

MAIL THIS

C.H.J.222

BAUER & BLACK, Limited

96 Spadina Avenue, Toronto

Please send me a trial package of B & B Baby Talc and B & B Baby Soap—these without charge or obligation on my part.

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Address

City and Province.....



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Bright Home Interiors Add Warmth to Your Welcome

Secure this brightness by choosing the right floor covering—a floor of genuine DOMINION Linoleum. When properly laid you have a real, permanent floor.

Always clean, bright, healthful, easy to care for, DOMINION Linoleum appeals to women whose time is valuable, and who consider of great importance, their health and that of their family. Linoleum is cool in Summer, warm in Winter.



New patterns for 1922 are now being shown by good floor-covering merchants. They will gladly show you new piece goods and also new rugs. Choose DOMINION Linoleums or DOMINION Linoleum Rugs for your rooms; they will please you. Prices are even more favorable now than during 1920.





MORE than a score of years ago, a young Canadian poet passed away in Boulder, Colorado, leaving behind her various literary achievements which have been held in remembrance by many friends. Those who knew Evelyn Durand have frequently wished that the work she wrought, during a life which was all too brief, might be collected and given to the world in a volume. In 1921, Miss Laura B. Durand of Toronto fulfilled this wish and has prepared and edited a beautiful memorial edition, "Elsie Le Beau, a Dramatic Idyll and Lyrics and Sonnets," the work of her gifted sister. The writer of these rare poems was a woman of striking personality, with a certain shining quality of intellect, which made her a friend to be remembered and an inspiration in the round of everyday toil. Evelyn Durand was a graduate of the University of Toronto and loved her Alma Mater with a fervor which was that of the true student. She was possessed of a charm and gentleness of manner which made friends of all whom she met and which gave a grace all too rare to any social life in which she had a part. Now, like an echo from a past which was full of music, come these poems, the product of her heart and mind. These lines, written in the hours of weakness, when the "black minute" was drawing very near, may well be the wish of everyone who reads them:

'Remain with me, O Hope, until the last.

That my trained, tranquil eyes may see

Undimmed, whatever there may be
Beyond me, when life's border line
is past."

* * *

THE carnival should be given a more prominent place than it usually has in our winter festivities. Of course the word has an utterly different meaning in Canada to that which it has in New Orleans or in Southern Europe. The carnival in our country means a fancy dress party at the rink:—and it once enjoyed a great vogue. A carnival is really one of the most stimulating affairs imaginable, for it has all the bracing vivacity which comes from out-doors and it has the added piquancy of "being someone else" — which is always the lure of private theatricals. Don't you remember the old-time carnival when you went as "Night," dressed in navy-blue flannel, all sewn with silver stars, and a silvery moon gleaming from the front of your blue Tam-o'-Shanter? There was always a Gypsy Queen and also a Mary, Queen of Scots:—and sometimes there was a Mephisto—a fearsome creature in scarlet and black with a wicked twist to his moustache. There was a troubadour, also a Robin Hood and once there was a burly Henry VIII., who tumbled on his head in the course of a waltz:—much to the delight of Little Bo-Peep. They were quite worth while, those carnivals of long ago, and those who played their fancy parts have been staid and sober citizens these many years.

THERE was a man who was discussing the recent Dominion elections.

"Don't tell me," he said scornfully, "that women are going to purify politics and scrub out the polling booths. They're going to be quite as keen for graft as their brothers. The woman who gets in will have to spend money or be defeated."



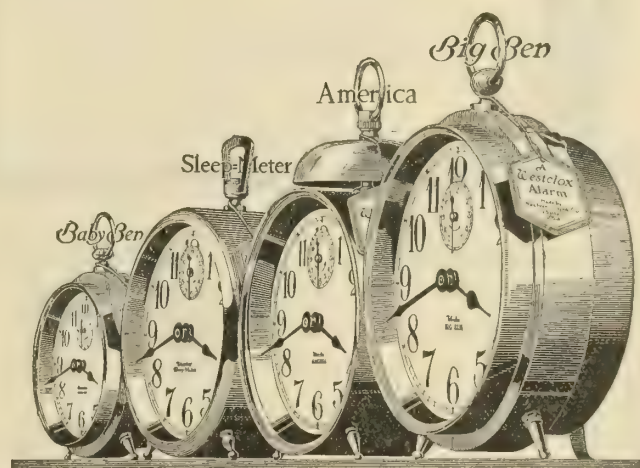
A PROMINENT YOUNG CANADIAN

This is from a recent photograph of Miss Marion Beck, only child of Sir Adam and the late Lady Beck, of London, Ontario. Miss Beck, like her mother, is a gifted equestrienne and sings charmingly. She is a namesake of her maternal grandmother, the late Mrs. P. D. Crerar, of Hamilton.



It is Unique!

There is no other tea just like "Salada," and for 30 years it has been the same—delicious. "Salada" is by far the largest selling tea in America, and the volume of its devotees grows daily. If you are not yet using "Salada," send us a post-card for a free sample. Address Salada, Toronto.



A Westclox for \$2.00

THE entire Westclox family started the new year with new price tags. Pocket Ben, the husky, double-back watch, has changed his six-cornered, orange-bordered tag to read \$2.00.

America, the founder of the Westclox family, now sports a tag which says \$2.00 on the price side.

Big Ben and Baby Ben, the best-known Westclox, have set the price of their services at \$5.00 each, provided they are not asked to tell time in the dark. With this extra service they ask \$7.00.

In between \$2.00 and \$7.00 are nine styles and prices of Westclox, but only one quality, and that is Westclox.

A heavier case, a larger gong, a special alarm feature, a luminous dial, may make the difference in price.

A timepiece, to earn the right to wear the name Westclox, on its dial, must prove its ability to tell time accurately.

If it has an alarm it must show that it can ring on time as well as run on time.

Western Clock Co., Limited, makers of Westclox
Peterborough, Canada



Kunderd's Wonderful New Ruffled Gladioli

are now well known as the best in the world. You cannot afford to do without them in your garden next summer. No other grower has ever produced anything to compare with these marvelous new types and colors.

Send for Free 56 Page Catalog

illustrating 19 of these new Gladioli in natural colors and many others in halftone. Most complete cultural information is given, with special directions for growing show flowers. The most beautiful and instructive Gladiolus catalog ever issued.

A. E. KUNDERD
The Originator of The Ruffled Gladiolus
Box 52, Goshen, Indiana, U.S.A.



Going Down

(Continued from page 7)

"Sharp at six. I'm on my way down now. All my things are on board so I might as well be in good time and have a chance to get settled before we start. Good-bye, sir. You may rest assured I shall do my best and I certainly appreciate all you have done for me and this opportunity you've given me.

"Good-bye, my boy."

"Good-bye."

Bob walked along the hall and signalled for an elevator. After a moment's wait it came and, when he had stepped in, sank swiftly downward.

At the tenth floor it paused for a second to admit a small rather elderly gentleman in gray tweeds whose bag of golf sticks betrayed his destination. Bob did not even glance at this arrival so preoccupied was he in his gloomy thoughts.

Again they descended and again halted at the eighth floor. A girl stepped briskly in, a tall girl in a smart, tailored suit, whose black hair waved jauntily out from beneath the flowery brim of the most modish of little hats. Catching sight of Bob she gave a little gasp and the blood drained slowly from her cheeks; partly turning, she made as though to escape before he saw her, but it was too late, already the door was closed and they were going down.

Halfway between the sixth and seventh floors the car stopped abruptly, its door facing a blank wall, and there it stayed.

For the first time Bob looked up and, meeting the eyes of the girl, in his turn gasped and, as she appeared to be about to speak, bowed stiffly and gazed coldly over her head.

The girl (need I say it was Betty), flushed, and her lips trembled, but following his example she ignored his presence and turned abruptly to the elevator operator.

"What is the matter," she demanded imperiously.

"Shure and that's phwat Oi'd like to know, Miss," that individual, who had the map of Ireland plainly displayed in his features, replied imperturbably.

"Hey," he bellowed down the shaft, "phwat the divil's the matter wid yez down there."

They all listened eagerly and then faintly from below came the answer.

"Ah's mighty sorry, Mistuh Flanigan, but dah's somepun gone wrong wid dis hyah ingine. She don' gib no juice somehow. We'lls trying to fix her."

"Howly Saints!" said Flanigan resignedly, "Thot idjit's gummed the workks agin. Such a felly I never see. Tis his thordd week here and 'tis the second time somethin's gone wrong. He's a jinx for sure!"

"But how long is this to continue?" cried Bob. "I've got to catch a boat sailing at six and I can't stay cooped up here all evening!"

"Hey, you Johnson!" bawled Flanigan, stentorianly as before, "How long will it take yez to fix it? There's a gentleman here's in a hurry."

"Mebbe half an houah, Mistah Flanigan. Mebbe mo'. Ah suttently will hustle but ah caint jus' see what is de mattah. Ah's pouahful sorry."

"Ye heard phwat he said," Flanigan jerked his head in the direction of the sorrowful Mr. Johnson. "But you're all right, sorr, we're safe enough here."

"Good Lord! I know we're safe," groaned Bob. "That's not the trouble. If I miss that steamer—" He broke off and gazed moodily at the floor.

The individual in grey tweeds seated himself on the cushioned bench

which ran along the side of the car and was soon absorbed in the intricacies of "The Golfer's Manual," which volume he extracted from his pocket.

Betty, following his example, also sat down and looked sadly at the tip of her brown shoe.

Flanigan drew out a copy of the evening paper and, turning to the so-called comic section was soon following the antics of Mutt and Jeff with great gusto, now and then slapping his knee when moved in appreciation of some particularly humorous situation.

Silence reigned.

Presently Bob became aware that someone was standing at his elbow and turning, he encountered the wistful gaze of his ex-fiancee.

"Bob."

"Yes." He dared not trust himself to more than the syllable. Her pleading eyes were unbearable, if he didn't look out he would make a fool of himself again.

"I wanted to say that I'm sorry for what happened last week." Her voice was tremulous but she went on bravely.

"It was my fault. I should have known you would never deceive me. But I was angry at being put off again and so I 'phoned up that miserable little beast. Truly I don't like Dicky Forsyte, Bob, I only did it to make you jealous. I was a p—perfect pig and I've been wretched ever since, so when I heard you say you were going away I wanted to tell you how sorry I was and—and—" her eyes were misty but the soft voice stumbled on, "I hope some day you'll meet a nicer girl, Bob, who'll be a better wife to you than I ever could have been." Here she stopped and fumbled for her handkerchief, that elusive article, never to be found when most needed.

She had spoken softly but every word was clearly audible to Flanigan who, having finished reading of the domestic difficulties of Jiggs and Maggie, had laid down his paper and was surveying the couple with growing interest.

"Shure, and the young felly needn't look so glum," he thought, "A more winsome little colleen t'would be hard to find."

One by one Bob's defences were crumbling, his resolutions were wavering, who was he to stand against the appeal in those pansy eyes, to remain adamant before the piteous quiver of those lovely lips. The barriers went down with a crash.

"Oh, Betty!" he drew closer. "I shall never love another girl, you know that—" and he plunged into eager explanations.

Flanigan watched approvingly.

"Thot's right, young-felly-me-lad," he murmured, "Make a clean breast of it. Why don't you take the young leddy's hand? Shure thot's right! What a tale 'twill be to tell Maria the night!"

"And so," Bob was saying, "you see it was business after all; but when you took it for granted that I was lying to you and wouldn't give me a chance to explain, I got angry and wouldn't tell you about the promotion and the partnership and everything."

"Oh, I'm so ashamed!" She was, indeed, the humble penitent now. "I've been so unhappy all week; I just couldn't bear to stay in town and so I'm going away. I'm sailing at six to-night for Honolulu to join Mother and Dad."

"Begorra, she's as pretty as Mary Pickford," thought Flanigan. "Shure, and it's as good as the movies, so it is!"

(Continued on page 47)



NO MORE LOOSE ROLLS

There are a good many reasons why unsightly, loose rolls of toilet paper should not be allowed to spoil the appearance of your bathroom. They accumulate dust, are wasteful and unsanitary. Sections frequently get torn and scattered on the floor. Buy an Eddy's Onliwon Toilet Paper Holder, equipped with one thousand sheets, to match your other bathroom fixtures—a neat, nickel-plated box that serves two folded sheets at a time, clean and sanitary. Trifling in cost, the "Onliwon" is made to last a lifetime. You will like its appearance and the service it gives. Ask your dealer to show you.

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Going Down

(Continued from page 46)

"To Honolulu!" exclaimed Bob. "Why so am I, on the 'Mariana,' on that trip for the firm that I was telling you about."

"I'm sailing on the 'Mariana too!'" cried Betty.

"Darling," said Bob swiftly, "Will you give me another chance, will you marry me?"

"Yes," Betty answered simply.

And then Flanigan, who had, in his life, beheld five hundred and ninety-seven clinches at the end of the picture, saw one that beat them all to a frazzle.

"Begob, 'tis as handsome as Wallie Reid he is, and he kisses just like him," he reflected admiringly.

At this moment Bob caught his eye fixed on them in unblushing interest and figuratively came to earth, not literally as they were still suspended some hundreds of feet above it.

"Betty," he said determinedly, "Will you marry me before the boat sails, if we get out of this place in time?"

"Yes," said Betty.

"If only we could get a clergyman here!" he broke out, half joking, half despairingly, "It would save so much time."

The gentleman in grey tweeds laid down the "Golfer's Manual" and, seeming to perceive for the first time that he was not alone, said politely, "Did I hear you mention clergymen, my dear sir?"

"I said I wished we had a clergyman here," explained Bob.

"Well," he smiled on them blandly, "I myself am a member of the clerical—er—shall we say profession? If I can be of any service?"

"What," Bob and Betty cried simultaneously.

"Why, yes," he assured them, "I am the pastor of St. James'. You have perhaps heard of my name," and he drew a card from his pocket.

"Mr. Richards," said Bob solemnly, glancing at the card, "Will you marry me here and now to this young lady?"

"My dear sir," the Rev. Mr. Richards was plainly taken aback, "How could I? You are surely joking!"

"No, indeed," Bob was emphatic, "Never was more serious in my life. Come on, be a sport!"

"But one has to have a license and a ring and," the clergyman murmured confusedly, "and as you haven't got them—" he ended triumphantly.

"Haven't I just!" exulted Bob, as he drew a flat package from his pocket. "Here's the license and here's the ring."

"How in the world?" gasped Betty.

"I got them the same day Mr. Hopwood told me of the promotion, intending to ask you to marry me before I sailed and to come with me on my trip. After—that night—I couldn't bear to throw away the ring or to tear up the license and so I was taking them with me like this and when we'd got to the deepest part of the ocean I was going to drop them overboard, but now" he laughed joyously, "now I won't!"

"Bedad, and 'twas the far-sighted young felly you was," remarked Flanigan.

"You," Bob whirled on him, "can be the witness, and you," he shot at the somewhat dazed Mr. Richards, "will marry us."

"Oh, my dear children!" he began again, "You can't really—"

But Bob cut all his protestations short and having convinced him as to the validity of the license and explained the circumstances, obtained his consent.

So they were married, hanging between heaven and earth, with the admiring Flanigan as witness, best man and bridesmaid all in one, and seventeen minutes to go.

Just as the benediction was pronounced the voice of the luckless Johnson came up the shaft.

"Say, whut's de mattuh wid you-all up dah. De pouah's been on fo' ten minutes!"

"Going down!" shouted the delighted Flanigan; wouldn't Maria take a fit when she heard of these goings on! But wait till she saw the fine new hat he'd be after buying her with the crisp bill that had just found its way into his hand.

"Going down!" murmured the Rev. John Richards, smiling as he thought of that long coveted new mashie which he would now be able to afford.

"Going down!" echoed Betty and Bob jubilantly, as, at fourteen minutes to six they dashed out of the building, hailed a taxi and sped boatwards, man and wife.

At exactly one half minute to six, as the gang planks began to rattle, a tall young man and a flushed and pretty young girl raced hand in hand down the pier, just in time.

Late that night two people could have been seen standing, very close together, at the side of the ship, gazing at the twinkling stars overhead. It was dark and the outlines were misty, in fact sometimes it would almost seem as though there was only one outline instead of two.

"Betty," whispered the man.

"Yes, dear."

"Do you know what I am going to do, the very first thing when we get home?"

"No, what is it?"

"I'm going to send the biggest, juiciest water-melon I can find to Mr. Johnson!"

After all, I believe there was only one outline!

Journal Juniors' Club

(Continued from page 14)

Old Grimmer putters all around, A grumpy, grouchy, sleepyhead, When he should be safe underground,

Sleeping and snoring in his bed.

Grimmer, the woodchuck was ashamed. He was angry, and his feelings were hurt.

"I can't stand it," he said aloud "The Blue Jay and the Canada Jay sent me this valentine. They are laughing at me, and will keep on laughing at me as long as I stay awake. I'll go to sleep again, and sleep and snore straight through 'till just the day before Saint Patrick's Day."

The Red of Wintertime

What is the prettiest winter red there is? The red of a winter sunset, edged with purple or gold? The red of young cheeks, fresh with the frosty air? You have so many to choose from, and yet so few have thought of the red winter velvet.

The snow is deep in the clearings, and at the woods' edge, and the white drifts make a background against which the pompons of the velvet sumach glow in their rich warmth. The leaves of the sumach have gone with the autumn, but the cone-shaped seed-clusters, covered with a wine-colored fuzz, seem to tell you that each sumach, although a winter-sleeping plant, is snug and cosy beneath its rich, red velvet cap.



They Have Found

A better way to clean teeth

Dental science has found a better way to clean teeth. Modern authorities approve it. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. Millions of people already employ it.

A ten-day test is offered to anyone who asks. Get it and see the delightful effects. Learn what this new way means.

Combats the Film

You feel on your teeth a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. The tooth brush, used in old ways, does not end it. So nearly everyone has suffered from some film attack.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

New-day Methods

After diligent research, methods have been found to fight film. Careful tests have amply proved them. Now they are being very widely adopted, largely by dental advice.

Made in Canada

Pepsodent CANADA
REG. IN

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

The methods are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. They can thus be twice daily applied. And to millions they are bringing a new dental era.

Important effects

Pepsodent combats the film in two effective ways. It also aids Nature in three ways which faulty diet makes essential.

It stimulates the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

These things should be daily done for better tooth protection.

See the benefits

Send the coupon for a 10-day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

Judge then by what you see and feel and know. Decide if the people in your home should brush teeth in this way. Cut out coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free 741

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dren make them restless,
inattentive, cross—retarding
the whole group, and in-
creasing your labors.

Don't let these colds get
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Eucalyptol Petroleum Jelly
snuffed into the nostrils and
rubbed over the bridge of
the nose, will relieve a cold
quickly.

Keep a tube in your desk,
and urge upon mothers the
importance of checking colds
as soon as they appear.

We will gladly send you a
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The Little Gray Clock

By Winifred Scott

IN the dim long ago when one of the old kings sat on the throne of England there was a nobleman who loved a lady. Nothing strange 'tis true, but it had an effect on two other lives many years afterwards. This nobleman—his name was Robert, Earl of Surrey—wished to make his lady-love a present, something out of the ordinary. Suddenly he be-thought himself of a clock, a little gray clock to match "my lady's boudoir." And so the clock was made, a quaint fragile thing of a delicate gray with the words engraved on it "Ye little gray clock to bring my Ladye happiness." What the lady thought of the clock, and what hap-pened, is another story—but long af-terwards in a little antique shop in 1914 the clock appeared and seven years after that—But that is where the story begins.

It was a large room—a room meant to be filled with beautiful things. Perhaps it had been once and that made it seem all the more bare now, for there was but a chair and a table in it—and on the mantle-piece a little gray clock. A girl sat in the room looking pensively into the fire that burned in the grate. The little clock ticked on "tick-tock," then chimed the hour of seven. The girl started and looked at the paper that she held in her hand. It was an advertisement her eyes rested on: "For sale—antique gray clock with inscription 'Ye little gray clock to bring my Ladye happiness' on it. Apply—Miss Marjorie Winterburn, 208 Maple Avenue."

Her eyes grew misty, "Little gray clock," she murmured "where did my happiness go?"

The fire was burning low. There was not a sound in the room but the ticking of the clock.

The girl in the chair sat still look-ing into the glowing coals. Memori-es crowded back upon her.

It was a little antique shop she saw before her and a man and a girl poking here and there amongst the counters. The girl was herself, a radiant joyous creature, excitedly pointing out treasures to her com-panion. Suddenly the man spied something on a back shelf, and bring-ing it out, discovered it to be a clock, a little, gray clock—the same clock that ticked above the mantle-piece.

"Marjorie," he cried, "the very thing! It seems to have been made specially. Wouldn't you like it for an engagement present, darling? To bring my Ladye happiness." He turned to the shop-keeper, "I will take it," he announced.

"Marjorie, it's yours. And it will bring you happiness, I'm sure of that."

The scene changed. She was in the same room she sat in now—the same yet different. Beautiful old fur-niture filled it, a gorgeous carpet was on the floor and almost priceless pic-tures covered the walls.

But she had no eyes for any of it. Her attention was fixed on a khaki-clad figure in the middle of the room.

"Marjorie," he said, "I have come to say good-bye. We sail for France to-night."

"Jim, Jim," she cried, and was in his arms.

"Dear one," he comforted "don't cry and don't, don't worry. You

know I'll come back to you — a 'bloomin' 'ero 'neverthing."

She forced a smile through her tears.

"Listen to the clock, Marjorie. It's ticking away as cheerfully as ever. Don't forget it is your happiness clock. Dear, dear, little girl!"

The fire was getting lower. The far-away look was still in Marjorie's eyes as the memories crowded one af-ter another.

The scenes were darker now. It was winter. There had been no word from Jim for several weeks. He had been over there almost two years. They should have been married by now. What dreams they had dream-ed together! If he would only come home! A knock at the door—a tele-gram, "Lieutenant James Dennisor reported missing."

The agony of those days of waiting and no word! They had tried in vain to find trace of him.

And that was five years ago—five whole years. She had been eighteen, in the first happy days of her en-gagement, now she was twenty-five. "Twenty-five and an old maid" she thought.

"Tick-tock, tick-tock. Non-sense Non-sense, non-sense," said the clock.

She glanced again around the room. What changes those last five years had brought!

Her father and mother had died within a week of each other and she had been left alone in the world:—alone with no business experience. Her money had dwindled away and for the last six months she had been forced to sell her belongings, one by

(Continued on page 57)



UNDER THE SNOW-LADEN PINES AND BALSAMS
Off for a quiet tramp through the dazzling white and silent woods of the Park.

How I Make \$18 to \$20 a Week -Right at Home - Without "Going to Work"

"I have now given up all idea of going back into an office to work," writes Miss Cummings. "I often wonder why more girls do not stay at home and do this pleasant, profitable work instead of going to business." Read Miss Cummings' remarkable story in her own words.

By Amy D. Cummings

AS the train slowed down and stopped at our little country station, I found that I lacked my usual happiness in coming home.

I loathed myself for ever getting sick and having to give up my business position in the city.

Two years' work in an office had changed me, and when I got home everyone said,

"Why, Amy, how thin you are!"

My purse was thin too, but I didn't care—at least I tried to make myself believe I didn't.

Country air and rest soon did their work—built me up and made me well and strong again—but my purse was still very empty. It was necessary for me to earn money, for my father is a farmer and the prices of farm products had dropped very low, leaving other prices still soaring.

I was entertaining very serious intentions of returning to the city and getting another office position.

Then, on coming in one day, I found my mother all smiles. She was absorbed in a magazine article, and as I entered the room she read these words aloud,

"How I Make Money at Home"

"By hunting eggs and milking cows," I answered flippantly.

She only smiled and said:

"Read this, Amy!"

I took the magazine and read the page. It gave the experience of a woman whose husband's income was insufficient. She felt she just had to make extra money but could not leave her home and children to work outside. Finally she heard of a hand-knitting machine called the "Auto-Knitter." The company that manufactured it offered to make a contract with each owner of a machine to pay for all the woolen socks made with it—and to replace the yarn. The rest of the article told how the "Auto Knitter" helped this woman make the money she needed.

Well, this sounded as good to me as it had to mother, and the result was that we wrote to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company for the particulars, and later secured one of the hand-knitting machines.

"The Auto Knitter" justifies the saying, "good goods are done up in small parcels" for it is small and light, easy to clamp on any table and equally easy to run. Many of our neighbors soon called to see it, and the "Auto Knitter" was quite the topic of conversation for a while.

When we had learned to run the machine, and people saw the splendid socks it made, two or three of our friends began seriously to consider getting Auto Knitters themselves.

The company is always ready to accept and pay for socks made according to their directions and their wage checks come back very promptly, together with the replacement yarn.

I have now given up all idea of going back into a city office to work, for I am making from eighteen to twenty dollars a week with the Auto Knitter, and I do it without leaving the protection of my home. I have earned all my spring clothes, and a very coveted wrist watch, too. Besides I have a fund that is to pay for a trip this summer.

I often wonder why more girls do not stay at home and do this pleasant profitable work instead of going to business. Some girls think, of course, that there is no fun in the country. This idea is largely based on the fact that milking cows and other farm work doesn't appeal very strongly to most girls. At least it didn't to me.

But give those same girls a way to make money and have nice clothes, minus the slavish work, and they would probably think the same as I do—that a home in the country is the best place in the world.

It takes me ten minutes to make a sock, on the average, and my younger sister can knit with the machine almost as well as I can.

Mamma has never regretted getting the Auto Knitter for me, and I am delighted to have this way of making money at home, for now I am my own manager.

Instead of more than half my wages going for board and carfare, as they used to in the city, I have the cash I make for home comforts and many other things I have longed and wished for. Mamma is writing too. She wants to tell you what she thinks of the Knitter.

Miss A. D. Cummings, Ontario.

* * *

The following letter was received from Miss Cummings' mother. It gives

additional interesting news about what the Auto Knitter means to the Ontario farm home.

* * *

This is certainly a strenuous time we are living in, especially for those who have daughters who are obliged to enter city life to earn their own living in business offices, factories, or stores—at salaries of \$10.00 to \$15.00 a week. Out of this a girl has to pay \$8.00 a week for board and \$2.00 for carfare.

The old saying, "working life out to keep life in" surely came true in the experience of our girl in business, and to make matters worse, she contracted the "flu." This left her rundown in health and she was obliged to come home in the fall for a rest.

How we longed for a way to keep our dear girl at home with us all the time.

Finally, as my daughter has written, we found out about the "Auto Knitter" and the company's offer to buy socks made on the machine.

We sent for one and our girl was very much pleased with it. With the aid of the splendid instruction book knit a pair she could of socks in an hour the next day after receiving the machine. Of course practice made her more speedy, for now she finds no difficulty in making a pair in twenty minutes.

This means an average of \$3.00 a day, or \$18.00 to \$20.00 a week and that only by working the same hours as required in a city business office.

Instead of paying out all her money for board she can dress nicely, and take her holidays when she wishes. Besides earning clothes our former business girl and her sister have helped to make the home more beautiful by adding some new articles of furniture, a new rug for the parlor and new window hangings.

Our girls tell their papa they are planning on having a moist-air pipeless furnace installed in our home this coming winter—and that the Auto Knitter will pay for it.

My husband says a knitting machine like the "Auto Knitter" is more necessary in a home than a sewing machine—and we all know what a sewing machine means to a family.

Just to think—the only expense we had was for the machine and the first supply of yarn, as the company replaces the yarn each time we send them socks. In addition, they pay express charges when we send to dozen pairs of socks at a time. We consider the "Auto Knitter" a good investment and a boon—for it keeps our girls at home.

Our own town merchants highly appreciate the work the Auto Knitter does and we have received several good orders to fill for their winter trade.

Mrs. W. E. Cummings, Ontario

How You Too Can Make Money at Home

Miss Cummings' experience which you have just read in her own words, is only one of many. She has been one of our most successful Auto Knitter workers, for she gives regular business hours to the work, but we have hundreds and hundreds of letters from other women, and men too, telling of their success in varying degrees according to the time devoted to the work, and how they made the extra money they needed—without leaving their homes or neglecting their families. So why shouldn't YOU do it too!

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company has helped to solve the "extra money problem" for home women because it offers steady, regular, well paid home work. There is no expense for materials after the first. There are no strings tied to the Wage Agreement; it is a straight, out-and-out offer at a fixed wage, on a piece-work basis—a good pay for your services.

The Auto Knitter comes to you with a sock already started in it, and a complete instruction book that makes everything plain. You will enjoy the pleasant work and it will enable you to have many of the pretty things to wear and the new things for the home that you have wanted, besides supplying money for other purposes.

Write Today For Our Liberal Wage Offer

If you can use extra money—and what woman can't?—you will want to know all about the machine that has meant so much to Miss Cummings and so many others like her. Send right away for the company's free literature and read the experiences of some of the other Auto Knitter owners. Find out about the pleasant and profitable money-making occupation waiting for you—Auto Knitting. Find out what substantial amounts even a small number of your spare hours will earn for you.

Remember that experience is unnecessary; that you do not need to know how to knit.

Send your name and address now and find out all the good things that are in store for you. The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co. Ltd., Dept. 432, 1780 Davenport Rd., West Toronto, Ont.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co. Ltd.

Dept. 432, 1780 Davenport Rd., West Toronto, Ont.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose three cents postage to cover cost of mailing literature, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name

Address

City Province.....

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"The Largest Sale of Any
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A Poor Complexion

Most women regard as a serious affliction, and it certainly lessens the attractiveness of any woman; but sallow skin, blackheads, pimples and blotches are really signs of a disordered system. It does not do much good to try to cover up disfiguring blemishes with cosmetics. Nature has a better way. It has been proved by the experience of thousands of women that the underlying CAUSE of poor complexions

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timely use of the world's most famous family remedy, Beecham's Pills. Besides, the same troubles which cause a poor complexion will also cause a loss of health and of bodily vigor. Beecham's Pills assist nature. Try them, and you will find yourself so well able to digest your food that your body will be nourished and strengthened. Headache, backache, jumping nerves, low spirits and unnatural suffering will cease to trouble you when your system has been cleared of poisonous accumulations and your blood purified by

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It Never Did Run Smooth

(Continued from page 11)

"No one! It's you—yourself! And I hate you!"

He stood in consternation, with his eyes upon her bowed head, while the old clock ticked away the pregnant seconds.

"I'm sorry if I have done wrong," he said awkwardly, at last. "I don't know what I have done — I never meant to offend you—"

"You though it would please me, then? Thank you for your high opinion of me!" she said, with a miserable attempt at irony thrusting the gaudy Valentine towards him while her voice choked in her throat.

Tom, quite bewildered, let his eyes follow her gesture. He lifted the caricature and scrutinized it, turning it over in his hands without gaining any enlightenment from it.

"What has this to do with me?" he enquired finally, laying it down again.

"You sent it to me!"

"Oh no—I never sent a Valentine in my life!"

"Isn't this your writing?" She thrust forward the sheet of paper in which it had been folded.

He regarded it with rising color, while into his mind flashed the recollection of the evening when Charlie had caught him blissfully inscribing that dear name.

"Yes, I wrote it," he confessed, beginning to see light. "What about it?"

"It enclosed the—the Valentine!"

He looked at the paper thoughtfully. "I wrote your name there," he said, and raised to her face candid eyes that she could not doubt—"for I had pleasure in writing it—it seems a beautiful name, and suited to you in every way. But I did not send it to you, nor any Valentine. I do not think that under the circumstances I would ever send such a thing as that to any one. . . Sylvia!" his voice was deep, and there was earnest pleading in it—"I want you to believe me—I want you to understand that I could not knowingly, intentionally hurt you! I didn't do it — is that enough?"

She stood up and faced him, seeking the truth in his eyes.

"I want to believe you—indeed I do!" she said simply. "I just couldn't bear to think—you—you would do such a thing — Now I know you didn't! And so it doesn't matter any more—"

She tore the papers into fragments, and dropped them into the wastebasket. He beamed upon her gladly. It was all right again—his dreams shone rosy in the bright light of anticipation, and the world was his for the taking. So he leaned towards her, remembering his errand.

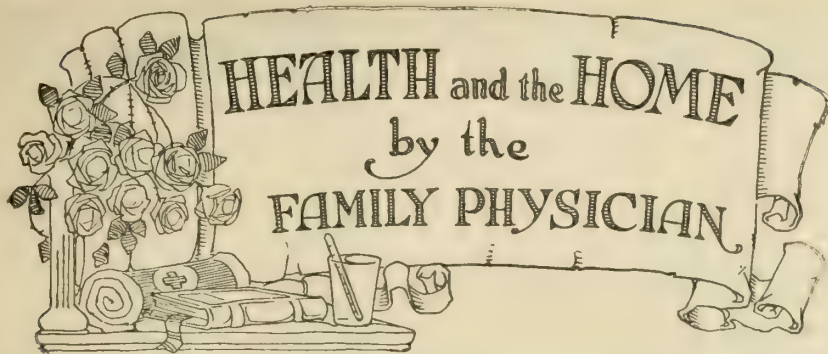
"What time shall we start away for the concert tonight?" he asked.

And while her lips faltered the hour, her shy eyes gave him another message—the message he longed for—the Hope, the Promise of his dreams!



Lunching at Rainbow Lake, Algonquin Park.

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Questions about health, Sanitary Subjects, and the prevention of disease will be answered in this column from time to time, subject to reasonable limitations.

If requested, replies will be sent direct to the correspondent if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed, but no diagnosis or prescription can be given. This coupon should be enclosed with inquiry.

THE ONLY THING I AM AFRAID OF

"Doctor, it is the only thing I am afraid of. But O, I am terrified of it! I have such a dread of it!"

"I'll tell you all about it," said the Doctor—"and when I get through you will tell me how you feel about it then."

CANCER WEEK.

Of course you know what my patient was afraid of. Our American friends, who are really very clever and do a great deal of good work, what with their population—(now over one hundred and ten million, I am told), their immense fortunes, and their great country,—nearly as large as Canada—they do, as I was saying, a great deal of good work. And one of their little plans has been to have a "Cancer Week"—so as to catch all those who sleep in the daytime and wake them up about Cancer. It will do good, this plan of having a "Cancer Week." It will also do some harm, and the quivering face of my patient showed me that she was one of those who had been harmed. She had suffered a mental traumatism.

A MENTAL TRAUMATISM.

What is a mental traumatism?—O—it is quite simple, when you understand it. You know what a bruise is?—Well—a mental traumatism is a mental bruise. You get "one in the eye", as the boys say, and everybody sees the bruise—on your face—the so-called "Black Eye." It goes through all the regular stages for a week or ten days—Blue-black, red, yellow—gradually fading away and you look respectable again. But the mental bruise is slower in healing and disappearing. The Nervous System—especially the brain, and the ruler of the brain, which is the mind, (whatever that is)! when they suffer a blow, are pretty slow in recovering unless you are fortunate enough to intercept the blow before the bruise is too deep. Then it is all the other way. If you can "catch up with" that mental traumatism before it has gone too deep—before it has done too much damage—your patient will recover almost instantly, if you know how to treat her. The black eye does take ten days to recover. But the bruised mind may recover in ten minutes if we can only get that bruising pressure lifted off it.

SO TERRIFIED

Well then. What about this patient? She is so terrified of Cancer that she cannot think clearly on this subject. But the Doctor can think. He knows. All he has to do is to place before the patient's mind the truth about Cancer and the cloud over her mind, which keeps her from thinking sensibly on this subject, will evaporate before the rays of the truth. The great comfort is that she came and told me she was afraid. You cannot see a bruise on the mind as easily as you can a black eye.

And if she had not told me, I could not have cured her. It is hard for people with bruised minds to tell anyone, even the Doctor, what is the matter. Sometimes they are afraid. Sometimes they are ashamed. Sometimes they think the Big Doctor driving round the streets so grandly will laugh. But he won't, if he is a Real Doctor. Try him and see.

THE TRUTH ABOUT CANCER.

What is Cancer? A bad disease? Yes.

Do many people die of it? Yes, but that does not mean that you or any of your family are going to die of it. Nor does it mean that you or they are ever going to have it.

Do more people die of it now than formerly? Well—we are not very sure of that. For reasons which will be plain to you, we are not sure how many died of it in former times. One of the plainest of these reasons is that we know a little more about Cancer than we formerly did and so when people die of Cancer we are more likely to know it was Cancer they died of and not something else. That makes the number appear larger.

AGE MAKES A DIFFERENCE

And then people live on the average about twenty-five or thirty years longer than they used to in 1600 A.D. So there are twenty-five or thirty more years in which any disease may affect them. And besides that, it is in these extra thirty years, which have been added to our average life-span that people are more likely to have Cancer. Babies do not die of Cancer you know. That is one peril the Baby will not have to meet till he is grown-up. "Being a Baby is the most hazardous of all occupations," but Cancer is not one of the hazards.

There are few exceptions to the rule that Cancer does not affect people under forty years of age.

A NEW GROWTH.

We do not use the word Cancer at all, among ourselves, we Doctors. We have a fine variety of forty words or so to express the little we know about origin, location and other points. One of the most sensible words we use is "Neoplasm," a word simply meaning "New Growth".

NEW CELLS.

For Cancer is a new growth. You know that your body, every tissue of it, every part of it, from skin to centre, is built of cells. These are structures so small that you cannot see one cell without the aid of a microscope. But put a million cells or so in one pile, and you can see them. When you take off your black silk stockings to-night—or your woolen stockings, (which sensible people wear in winter), and turn them inside out, you will see, if you look closely, a little fine white dust, which you will probably call "scales", powdered on the inside of your stockings.

(Continued on page 55)



Complexion Secrets

What Scientists Know About Your Skin

A CLEAR, radiant, youthful complexion, what else but internal cleanliness can produce it? A clean system is the originator of charm, the handmaid to beauty, the basis of personal attractiveness. The texture of your skin, the brightness of your eyes and the sheen and lustre of your hair, all depend upon cleanliness—internal cleanliness. Truly, the fastidious woman keeps clean inside. She is careful to see that her bodily organs function properly, particularly those organs that eliminate waste from the body. If these do not act regularly and thoroughly, poisons are formed, absorbed by the blood and carried to the great covering of the body, the skin. They poison the skin cells, causing facial blemishes, muddy skin and sallowness. These poisons are the most common cause of personal unattractiveness.

Result of Research



Experts have conducted exhaustive research to find some method of eliminating these poisons in a harmless and natural way and thus keep the system clean.

The result of their experience in treating thousands of cases has been the discovery that Nujol has the unique property of dissolving readily many intestinal poisons. These it carries out of the body along with the food residue as Nature intended.

It thus promotes internal cleanliness by preventing the insidious poisoning of the skin cells, the most common cause of skin troubles.

This is why so many women have found Nujol to be an invaluable aid to a clear, radiant, youthful complexion.

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Please send me a copy of "A LOVELY SKIN COMES FROM WITHIN."

Name.....

Address.....



A Community Canning Centre

(Continued from page 52)

came, on the same day, to the Centre and worked there side by side.

A shipment of blueberries came in from Northern Ontario and it was decided to test the Centre. Those who worked there that day will never forget the experience. The steam was turned on and the vats were bubbling in three minutes. But while the vats bubbled, they leaked hot water at the bottom and hotter steam at the top until the place was like an Inferno. Then the water was turned off by the town authorities who were making repairs, the steam died down and every face showed the dismay felt by all. One woman was sent out to get water and she did it by the simple expedient of climbing over the wheel into a passing farmer's empty hay-rack, making him drive down to the foundry, hitch his horse to a tank and haul it full of water to the Centre. Two women, with brooms, spent the rest of the day sweeping the floor clear of water; but the steam had to be endured. It filled the small room in which the vats were installed, until a Turkish bath was mild in comparison. and in this steam, the women worked. At night, they emerged limp, red of face, but undaunted. They had their Canning Centre.

That first year, everything was cooked in glass sealers in the vats. Chickens, vegetables and fruits were donated by Institutes and Red Cross Societies in Middlesex and surrounding counties. These were canned and sent overseas for use in Canadian military hospitals. Some work was done for the community, but, the thought of benefit for themselves was soon lost in the desire which grew in their hearts to send some home dainties to the lads who lay on beds of pain far from home and all their dear ones. And when a letter from "over there" told of how one Park-hill boy had eaten some of the canned chicken, the efforts of the women were all well repaid. That year, the materials were donated to the Canning Centre, the Canning Centre product was donated to the hospitals and the expenses were met by concerts, cash donations, teas and in other ways.

The second year a new work-room was built at the rear of the Armory, partly by volunteer work. Carpenters, painters, masons and helpers all contributed their services and when the Canning Centre opened for work, a large airy work-room had taken the place of the small room where the escaping steam had left the walls guiltless of color or varnish. The work was still done in glass sealers and for overseas.

The third year saw an important change. Canning in tin cans was introduced and the plant was changed accordingly. Instead of the steam-heated vats, in which vegetables were cooked from two to three hours, large retorts were installed. In these the cans could be placed under five or ten pounds of steam and the cooking process reduced to less than one hour. A capping machine, whereby the lids were put on the cans, was also installed with an accompanying gasoline engine and the Centre began to look more like an up-to-date plant, in which machinery did the work and saved the woman-power that was formerly expended. And there is need to carry this idea farther and it is hoped that cranes and belts will lift and carry in the Centre in the near future. It has been found that the Centre can turn out cans in factory proportions and does much of this by hand work, where the factory has machinery. Of course, the preparation of the fruit and vegetables for the cans must always

remain the work of the women, if the Centre is to continue to turn out a home-made product. But the carrying and lifting, the laborious part, can be done much easier than at present, and the physical strength of the women can be conserved.

Last year another large steam-jacketed copper kettle was added in which to make brines, jellies, jams or syrups, and the work reached unbelievable proportions. Fifteen thousand cans and about five hundred sealers were the season's output and this would have been much greater only that more cans could not be obtained. About seven thousand tins were sold to the Government for use in the S. C. R. hospitals in Canada and the other half of the output was community work and went into homes in town and in country in this district.

And all this has been a growth without organization. It has shown what can be done and more than anything else, it has shown that with organization, a Canning Centre for the community is possible. But the rural women must group together or be grouped together and come to the centre as a group, not as scattered individuals.

Take an ideal community day at the Centre. Five families from the country, comprising men and women, came to do their work in the morning. They brought 25 bushels of tomatoes with them. The women sat at long tables running the length of the work-room and peeled the tomatoes and placed all the tins. The engineer capped the tins and placed them in the retorts, turned on the steam and watched the cooking process. The men of the party did all the heavy work, such as lifting the corn and tomatoes out of the vats where they were blanched. In this way they assisted with the woman's work just as the woman so often assists with the men's work on the farm. At noon these five families took home with them 360 tins at a cost of twelve cents a tin. If this work had been done in the homes, with a boiler equipment it would have meant spreading the work that was done in the Centre in a few hours, over weeks of time. For, while vegetables cooked in less than an hour in the retorts, to do vegetables at home means boiling them for three days in succession. And the kettles and retorts in the Centre all come to the boiling point in three minutes after the steam is turned on.

In the afternoon of that same day, four more families came in with corn and tomatoes and went through the same process and went home at night with their cans. They had a covered-in two-wheeled cart attached to their auto and this cart fairly groaned with its load of good things.

The tins which held the vegetables and fruit cost from 4½ to 6 cents, and the other six cents paid for overhead expenses such as fuel, engineer's salary, repairs and general wear and tear. If a proper system of organization existed among the rural women and the Centre were used by different groups day after day, it would be a self-supporting proposition and the patrons of the Centre would lay in their winter supply of fruit and vegetables, at a fraction above actual cost.

In a community where there is a butter factory or a cheese factory where steam is available, any rural community can have a small centre for a small outlay and men and women working together there can fill the cellar shelves to overflowing with the products of the farm gar-

(Continued on page 57)

ROYAL YEAST CAKES



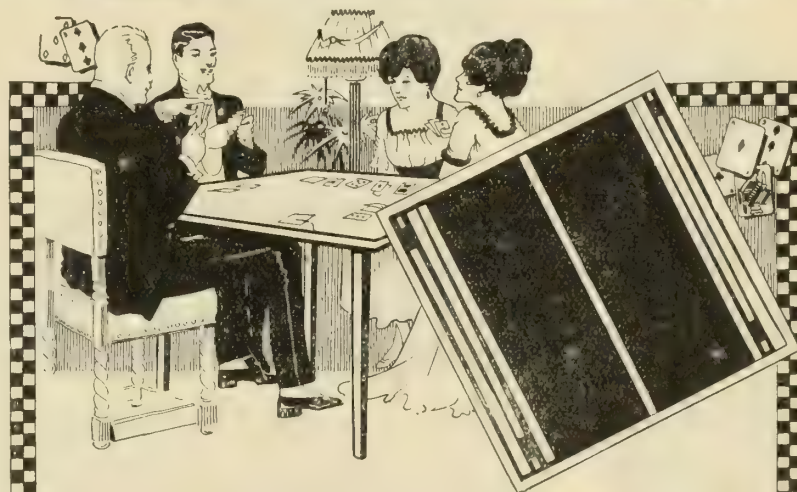
Canadian Made

As a health builder, Royal Yeast is gaining in popularity every day. It is a food - not a medicine. It supplies the vitamins which the diet may lack. Royal Yeast is highly beneficial in cases where the system seems "run down". Royal Yeast is the richest known source of vitamins, and when taken into the system acts as a corrective agent. Royal Yeast Cakes are recommended for their purity and wholesomeness. It is the purest, the most convenient and economical yeast on the market.

Two to four Royal Yeast Cakes a day will work wonders. A full day's supply can easily be prepared at one time by using one glass lukewarm water and teaspoon sugar to each yeast cake. Allow to stand over night in moderately warm room. In the morning stir well and pour off liquid. Place in refrigerator or other cool place and drink at intervals as desired throughout the day.

Send name and address for free booklet "Royal Yeast Cakes for Better Health."

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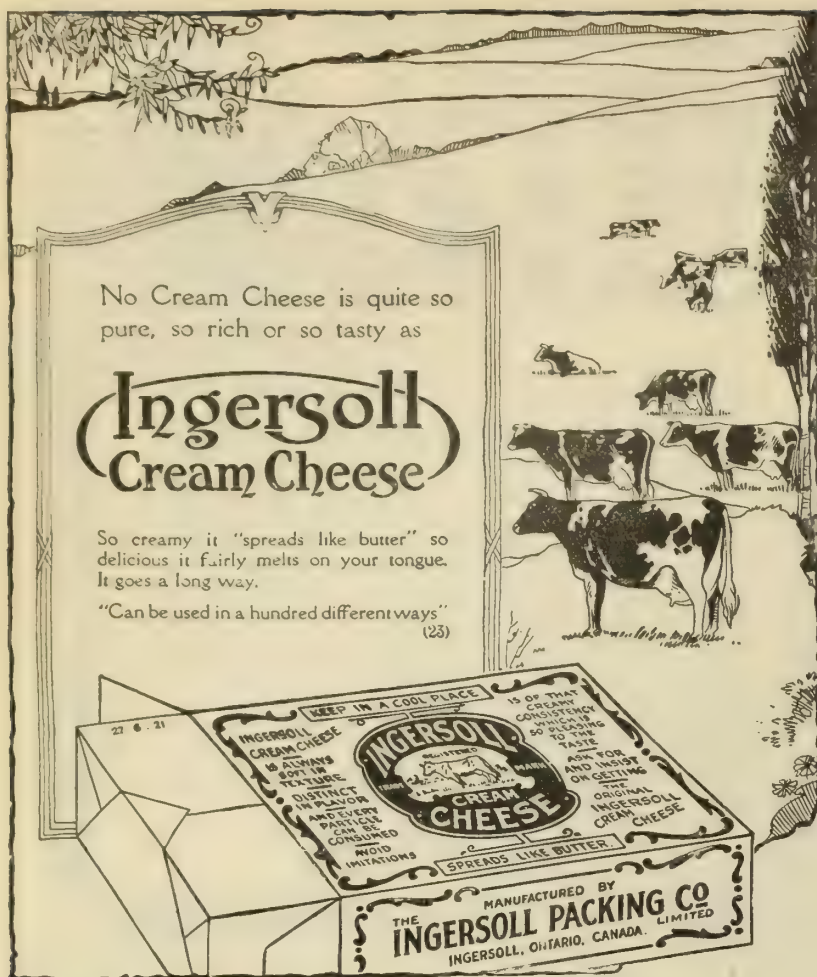
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Ask for Horlick's And Get The Original



Chafing Dish Cookery

(Continued from page 16)

ned shrimp, one-half cupful of boiled rice, one tablespoonful of tomato sauce, one-half cupful of milk, salt, pepper and red pepper to taste. Stir gently until boiling, then allow to simmer for a few minutes and serve hot.

Creamed Peas. Heat two cupfuls of cooked peas in boiling water, and then drain well. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in the blazer, add four tablespoonfuls of cream and allow it to heat, then add the peas, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a pinch of sugar, salt and pepper to taste. Stir over the flame for two minutes, but do not allow the mixture to boil. Serve with toast or toasted crackers.

Savory Bread Slices. Cut two slices from one loaf of bread, remove the crust, and make into finger-shaped pieces. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in the blazer of the chafing dish, fry the bread until brown on both sides, and then drain it. Now add to the fat left in the pan two tablespoonfuls of cooked ham or tongue, two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, one-half cupful of stock or milk, and season highly with salt, pepper, paprika and mustard, and stir over the flame until very hot. Spread this mixture on the pieces of fried bread and serve at once.

Stewed Kidneys. Split four sheep's kidneys, skin and remove the core, then cut them in slices, toss them in flour seasoned with salt and pepper. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in the blazer, and, when smoking hot put in the kidneys and one small chopped onion, and stir them about until brown, then add one cupful of stock or water, and mix well. Now place the blazer over the hot water pan cover and cook slowly for fifteen minutes, or until the kidney is tender. Serve with fingers of dry toast or crackers.

Dried Beef. In the blazer put one tablespoonful of butter and one cupful of milk, when hot put in one-half pound of dried beef, chopped very fine, and cook until well heated, about six minutes, then slowly stir in three beaten eggs, and when thick add salt, pepper and paprika to taste. Serve on fried bread or toast.

Lobster With Tomatoes. Canned lobster may be used for this, cut it in small pieces, and rub sufficient tomatoes through a sieve to make one-half cupful. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in the blazer over the hot water pan, put in the lobster, and cook it for five minutes. Then add the tomato puree, one-half cupful of stock, seasoning to taste, make thoroughly hot and then serve.

Ragout of Cold Veal. Slice thin one pound of roast veal across the grain, salt and pepper lightly, and warm in the following sauce: Put into the blazer four tablespoonfuls of butter and when hot, stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour and cook until well blended, then add one teaspoonful of onion juice, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika, and two cupfuls of stock, stir and cook for five minutes, then add the veal and cook until thoroughly heated. Pass currant jelly or lemon quarters. A plain unbuttered sandwich is relished with this ragout. Cut bread in fingers and lay a boned sardine between. Or, cut cold veal in small neat slices. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in the blazer, and when beginning to brown, mix in four tablespoonfuls of flour, stir and cook until blended, then add one cupful of brown stock, and stir until boiling. Then place the blazer over the pan of hot water, add two tablespoonfuls of red currant jelly, the meat and seasonings to

taste. Cover, and cook until thoroughly hot. Mutton may be used instead of veal in above recipe.

Scrambled Eggs. Beat up four eggs with four tablespoonfuls of cold water and season with salt and pepper. Heat four tablespoonfuls of butter in the blazer, and as soon as it is hot, but before it browns, pour in the eggs and stir gently, but constantly, with a wooden spoon. As soon as the eggs are of a creamy consistency that will not run, but are yet soft and juicy, they are ready for serving. Pile on hot buttered toast. A moment's too long cooking will harden and spoil the eggs. Pass orange marmalade or whipped cream. Scrambled eggs may be varied by mixing with them any other ingredient desired. One tablespoonful of chopped parsley, or one fourth teaspoonful of powdered herbs, gives a good flavor and makes a simple change. Or, three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese and a little mustard may be added, or the same amount of cooked peas may be added.

A Variety of Recipes

Home-made cake is good all the year around and especially at the holiday time. It is well to say that if cake making is to be a success only the best ingredients should be used. Collect all utensils and ingredients before beginning. Regulate the oven, so that it will be ready as soon as the cake is mixed. Use a measuring cup and standard spoons. Flour should be sifted before measuring and use pastry flour if possible, as it makes a more tender cake than bread flour. A cake is usually done when it shrinks from the sides of the pan. The properly baked cake should be level with the top of the pan and uniformly brown. When the cake is cold, put it into airtight tins, unless when it is frosted.

Walnut Cake. Beat three tablespoonfuls of butter with three-fourths cupful of brown sugar until creamy, add the yolks of two beaten eggs, beat again and add one cupful of milk, one-half teaspoonful each of powdered nutmeg, cloves and allspice, two cupfuls of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a saltspoonful of salt, then add one and one-fourth cupfuls of chopped English walnut meats, and the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Turn into a flat buttered and floured cake tin, and bake in a moderate oven for forty minutes. Cool, cover with milk frosting, decorate with halves of walnut meats and chopped nut meats. To make the milk frosting, melt one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, then add one and one-half cupfuls of sugar and one-half cupful of milk, boil gently for fifteen minutes without stirring, add one-fourth teaspoonful of lemon extract, beat until stiff and spread over the cake.

Honey Drops. Pour three tablespoonfuls of honey into one cupful of boiling water, put it into a saucepan, add two cupfuls of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Boil slowly until it forms a soft ball when tested in cold water, then pour it over the whites of two eggs that have been beaten to a stiff froth, and add one teaspoonful of orange extract. Beat the mixture until cold and just as stiff as you can handle, and drop by spoonfuls on a buttered pan or a sheet of waxed paper.



Health and the Home

(Continued from page 51)

You shake your stockings and hang them up to air till morning. Quite right.

OLD CELLS.

But if you want to know, these "scales" are little heaps of old, worn-out cells, of your skin pushed up gradually from the bottom, or lowest layer of the skin, which is where the young cells of the skin grow. The part next to your body is the "front line" of the skin. The cells there are plump, rather rounded, and with a highly important centre which is called a nucleus. By and by these new cells are pushed up one layer by the next generation of cells that come into life and function and push the last generation another row further up, and so on, till at last they reach the surface, no longer round, useful, living cells, but flat worn-out cells—squeezed flat, no nucleus, no contents—no body—nothing. They were "squamous" a little while ago—that is, flat. Now they hardly deserve that name, for they are only a little dust when you shake the white powder off the inside of your black stockings.

WONDERFUL CELLS.

This all sounds very simple. But it is not quite so simple as it seems. A cell is a microcosm—that is—a whole little world in itself and (though we know but little) what we have learned about the cell and its life has filled a whole library of medical books. Each cell has its own body, its own character, its own colour and structure and its own special duties.

THIEF CELLS

But what has all this to do with Cancer, you say. Just this. A Cancer is made up of cells too. But the peculiar and dangerous thing about cancer-cells is that they are all young cells. Besides, they are not "well-built". They have no proper proportion, as it were. They are not controlled by the laws of normal growth. They multiply with terrifying rapidity. And they steal nourishment and life from the normal "well-behaved", useful tissues and organs of the body.

Cancer cells are no manner of use in the body. They are "ill-behaved". They are "Thief Cells." And by their enormous irregular multiplication they cause sickness and finally death. I thought you might like to have a true and sensible explanation of what Cancer really is. But what you, my intelligent reader, want to know is—"What really is Cancer?" And how you may guard yourself and your neighbour from the danger of Cancer. Well, you see the first point. The trouble is that Cancer cells break the laws of growth. But how do these cells get that baleful idea of wrong growth "into their heads," as it were. What makes good useful cells in the body change to cells that grow wrongly, never mature, and are never useful—but act like outlaws?

A PARTIAL ANSWER.

We can now give a partial answer to that question. The cause seems, in some cases, to be irritation. Take, for example, Cancer of the Tongue. In many, many cases it has been

found that some source of irritation, such as a broken tooth next to the tongue, or a badly diseased tooth, or a wart on the tongue, or a "Smoker's burn" on the tongue, has made a "sore place" on the tongue.

A SORE PLACE.

That is Nature's first warning to you. You are too busy to be bothered about it? What a fool you are! Never have a sore place in your mouth or on your tongue, or anywhere else in your body without having it attended to right away. Go to a good Doctor—and the sooner the better. Next week?—No—not next week. Go to-day—or at the longest, on the third day. And count your days this way. You felt that sore place the day before yesterday, didn't you? Yes. Well then, that was the first day. Yesterday was the second day and to-day is the third day.

THINK.

When I say "A Sore Place", I do not mean a scratch on your finger, you know,—or a black and blue mark where you struck your leg against a chair in the dark. You know what I mean. I mean a sore place that you know should not be there. Now don't faint from fright the next time you bite your tongue! That is all right. It will be better to-morrow. But a broken tooth that was broken last month and is still broken and has rubbed a raw place on the side of your tongue is one clear warning to you to go to your Dentist and have your teeth put in first class order. You had better go the same day to your own family physician and have him look at the sore place on your tongue. Do what he tells you. He knows better than you do.

THE FIRST AND LAST WARNING.

You may never have another warning. Next time it may be too late. The sore place which once you could feel, better than you could see, is now red and angry. It can be seen only too plainly. The centre is deep. The sides are "heaped-up" or thickened. The most skillful surgeon cannot help you much now, though he could easily have done so if you had gone within three days of your first warning. Because at first the "Thief Cells" were only a few. They had not spread more than $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch. They were in a little "nest" as they always are at the beginning. Nothing is easier to the surgeon than to get rid of that dangerous little place if he is called in time. He just takes it out skillfully while you are asleep. You wake up and the tongue is not much sorer than it was this morning before the operation. The place soon heals up. No trouble. You are safe.

SHE WAS ALL RIGHT.

But about the patient who was "so terrified of Cancer." She was all-right. She had no sore place on her tongue, nor anywhere else. She was the picture of health. We had a good comfortable talk and she went away quite well and perfectly happy. She came quite well in body, but bruised in mind. She went away quite well in body and happy in mind. Well and Happy. What would you more? As for what I said to her, I will tell you that next month.

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fruit dish



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Blaming it on the Movies

(Continued from page 12)

silent drama, like every other form of popular entertainment is anxious to serve its customers:—and you may take your choice of caviare sandwiches or pork chops. The movie is neither better nor worse than any other form of entertainment — and, when it attains fuller growth, it will be a highly edifying form of art.

THERE are several masters of production who have proved the high artistic possibilities of the moving picture. Mr. D. W. Griffith is pre-eminent in the colossal play such as "Intolerance," which simply amazed the beholder with its lavish scale and historic fidelity. The novels and plays of the great writers are becoming familiar to those who would otherwise know little about them. Many young persons of to-day know Charlotte Bronte only from the screen version of "Jane Eyre." While this form of acquaintance can never take the place of the actual reading of the work of fiction, it is much better than no introduction whatever to the masterpieces of the novelist's art.

The crime movie has been justly condemned:—and yet it is impossible to depict all sides of life and exclude offences against the law. In the silent drama, as on the stage, itself, the dangerous play is that which represents crime as admirable and seductive. Just because it is pictured the act of vice in the movie can be made more suggestive and alluring than that which is represented by the speaking actor. The drama which makes theft, murder and all manner of transgression acts of bravado is not a safe production for the young person—is not, in fact, good for any of us. I believe the number of such plays has been exaggerated, for, on scanning the titles of the productions at the movies, there do not seem to be many of the "shilling shocker" type. Of course, movies must have thrills—but even in the matter of thrills there may be a difference. The wholesome thrill gives a sense of exhilaration, with no reaction of unpleasant suggestion.

In children's plays, there is a wonderful wealth for the youngest citizens. Think of the fairy tales which are made real and sparkling before our eyes! I know there are a few tiresome persons who profess to find harm in fairy tales and who would fain convince me that "Snow White," as played by Marguerite Clarke was such a production as would arouse envy and a longing for weird adventure in the heart of the nine year-old. The Dwarfs in the eyes of these foolish persons, take on an evil and sinister significance. Cinderella, also, may give rise to utterly false views of life, for some deluded child may really fancy that a pumpkin may become a golden chariot and she may keep on the look-out for a fairy god-mother. As for Aladdin and his lamp, that story is sure, when played for a juvenile audience, to make every youngster hugely discontented. As a matter of fact, the results are just the reverse of what these over-careful busybodies foretold. Childhood has that rare imagination which makes the treasure of Snow White the chariot of Cinderella, the wealth conjured by the lamp of Aladdin all its own, and needs not the actual dollars and cents to make its dreams come true. Let us have the fairy tales, by all means, for the world needs them more to-day than it has ever needed them. The utterly revolting and the horrible should seldom be portrayed by the movies. I do not mean that we should have nothing but the pleasing and the beautiful in the silent drama. We

(Continued on page 37)

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MARTIN-ORME PLAYER
THE CONNOISSEUR'S CHOICE



A Community Canning Centre

(Continued from page 53)

ten all neatly canned and labelled and preserved for winter days. And such a centre, if used on successive days by different groups of neighbors, as suggested above, would pay all expenses.

If it is desired to not only pay expenses but to have some surplus money, the plan adopted by the centre in Parkhill is good. About a thousand cans, over and above community work were canned by a committee appointed by the Women's Institute to manage the Centre. This was sold, not donated any more, to the Government for use in military hospitals in Canada or to private individuals in other places who wished to buy. Regular market prices were secured and a nice profit resulted from the year's work.

Supplies were bought in wholesale quantities, sugar in twelve barrel lots, peaches by the orchard, peas and corn by the acres, tomatoes as many as were offered, and other necessities in proportion. Those who had fruit or vegetables of their own brought them to be canned and were allowed full value for them. Men and women went out in car-loads and picked corn and peas and peaches. Indeed there was a hard and fast rule that the family that did not send picklers could not eat the finished product.

The women cleaned the pans, spoons and utensils with which they worked at the close of each day, and the engineer flushed the floor with a hose and hot water which all ran away down a depression in the cement floor. So, when new workers came on in the morning, they invariably found everything sweet and clean and ready for the day's work.

All these things contributed to the success of the Centre but the big thing to remember is, that the rural women must themselves co-operate first, by forming small canning groups and arranging the days when each group will use the Centre. Only by constant use in this way can a Centre be made self-supporting.

The women work in the Parkhill Centre day after day and year after year. They have learned to enjoy each other. They have learned good-natured toleration of each other's faults. The woman who always wants her share of cans out of the best batch of the season, does not always have her own way. The woman who shirks her share of the work is known to all and her fault is glossed over. The woman who is too much inclined to be overbearing finds her wings have been quietly and painlessly clipped. Human nature is an open book which all in the Centre can read. They read between the lines and ignoring the thing has to be done. It compresses glaring faults they find the true gold of each woman's character. They learn to give and take, to bear and forbear, to be loyal to your co-worker. And they realize, to some extent, that only someone's great desire to serve and someone's great vision and someone's trained mind and a genius for working out details and an unselfish character, could have made the canning centre of to-day an assured fact.

For the rural woman, the working out of this idea means a partial solution of the help problem. A centre lessens her hours over the hot stove in the hot weather when most canning has to be done. It compresses into one day the drudgery of weeks and in the Centre her husband can co-operate with her as she so often co-operates with him. And where there is a Centre and steam is procurable, there can also be a community laundry. This idea could be

worked out along the lines on which a beef-ring is operated. One family could take charge of a group of washings for one week. Another family in the group could take the next week. With an electric washer, or a washer run by steam and a drying room, the work which takes half a dozen housewives a day or a half-a-day each, could be all done at the community laundry with a saving of at least five days or half days, and instead of a weekly wash day, each family would be responsible for the wash once in every six or seven weeks.

There are other plans that could be adopted, but this is our plan for this year, but, the rural woman who advocates co-operation and a centre where work can be done, is hastening the day when living on a farm will cease to mean hard work and when the farm woman will have time to devote to the development of herself and of her family, time to enjoy nature, time to spend on living, leisure time, without which no life is perfect or what God intended that it should be when men and women were created.

The Little Gray Clock

(Continued from page 48)

one. There was not much left but the clock now.

In vain had she tried to get work. There were too many unemployed in the city. It was a case of selling the clock for food.

Eight o'clock! Was anybody coming to buy it?

Deep down in her heart was the hope that something would happen so that it would not have to be sold. She didn't want to have to sell it. It seemed a part of Jim. In the first dark hours when he was lost, the clock seemed an emblem of hope. But there was nothing in the pantry, and it was the only thing left. Perhaps—But what was the use of supposing?

Outside a storm was raging—the first snowstorm of the year.

Marjorie poked the fire and, cuddling up in the chair, waited.

On the other side of the city in one of the big hotels, a man, with traces of excitement visible on his face, was putting on a big coat preparatory to going out in the storm. In his hand he carried a newspaper. He still held it firmly as he crossed the hotel rotunda to order his car.

"Who's that?" asked one man of another.

"Why, don't you know—that's Jim Dennison, one of the best chaps living. Was reported missing at the war, was on some special work in Germany, got the V.C., then came in to a pile of money when he got home. Sure, you must have heard of him. I'll introduce you if you like. Wonder where he's going."

Through the storm went the motor-car, to 208 Maple Avenue.

Marjorie still sat beside the fire. Just as the clock chimed nine there was a knock at the door. While she wondered whether to answer it or not the door opened and a man came in.

He took off his snow-covered coat while Marjorie stared at him in amazement.

With arms outstretched he advanced.

"Marjorie, don't you know me?"

She stood still, an incredulous light in her eyes. It was a dream resulting from the raking up of those old memories!

"Marjorie," he paused. "I came back but couldn't find you. I came to the house but some strange wo-

man told me that your parents had died and that you had moved away—out West, she thought. I tried to trace you—had detectives but they did not enquire here again after being told that. For over five years I've looked for you, and if it hadn't been for this—" He pointed to the paper in his hand.

Marjorie answered as if in a dream. "I rented this house after Mother died and tried to get work, but I couldn't, and they were horrid people," her voice faltered, "Jim, Jim, is it really you, or is it a dream? I've dreamt so, so often."

His arms were around her. "It's no dream, dear one, or if it is, it is going to last forever."

There was silence in the room except for the little clock.

"Marjorie, Marjorie, what did I tell you? Didn't I say the clock would bring you happiness? If it hadn't been for it I wouldn't have found you."

And from the shelter of his arms Marjorie listened to the clock.

It still ticked on in its wise little way as if all along, it had known what would happen. And with each little "tick-a-tock", she knew it was saying "happ-i-ness."

A Model Kitchen

(Continued from page 8)

not one single moveable piece of furniture in the kitchen. The floor is covered with a nice linoleum in tile pattern and light colour. All the woodwork, except table tops and drain boards, is in 5/8" V. Joint and everything including the ceiling is painted white, while the curtains are chintz, with blue birds, with plate rail ornaments in wedgewood blue to match. The hinges are all butterfly pattern, and both they and the catches are in dull copper. The kitchen is what I set out to make it, bright, cheerful, light and clean, with work reduced to a minimum and made a pleasure. The old untidy pantry is no more; the dark and over-crowded kitchen has disappeared and in their place is really the most interesting room in the house.

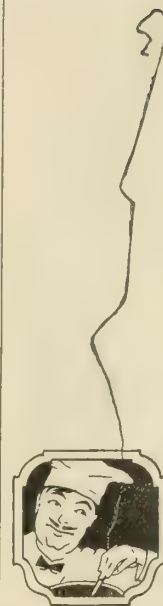
And lastly, the view from the window. How many women have to look at their neighbour's wall from their kitchen window? My kitchen window looks out into a nice garden, where flowers grow practically all the year round, with shade and fruit trees always there and open country beyond, and mountains closing in the Western view, as beautiful and attractive scenery as can be found in any part of Canada.

Blaming it on the Movies

(Continued from page 56)

must have tragedy and grief, if we are to have life. But the hideous, the distorted, the morbid have no place there, for such sights are too ghastly to be portrayed. Again we may be reminded that "things seen are mightier than things heard"—and may be infinitely more painful.

The movies are to remain and to become more forceful than we dream of now, in the portrayal of life as it is—and as it may be. Science is to do greater things with the film than Edison has yet imagined. The time is not far distant when the movie may be brought to the home, just as we buy a "record" to-day. You may have a moving picture after dinner or before you go down town—and the prospect makes the stories of Jules Verne and the prophecies of Edward Bellamy common-place reading. A few years from now, it will be nothing out of the way for you to telephone to a friend and invite him to come over and see your new "picture" of the latest aviation race from Victoria to Montreal. Yes, we are going to hear and see and do wonders in the next decade—and the movie man will catch all the changes of the panorama.



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Oyster Stew—1 pt. oysters, 3 cups water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, pepper, ½ tablespoonful salt, 2 tablespoonfuls butter. Clean and drain oysters. Add butter and seasonings to scalded milk. Bring to the boiling point, add oysters and serve. This recipe serves six people.

Cream White Sauce

—2 tablespoonfuls flour, ½ cup Carnation Milk, 2 tablespoonfuls butter or substitute, ½ teaspoonful salt, ½ cup water. Melt butter or substitute, add flour and stir until thoroughly mixed. Add the milk and cook about five minutes or until the mixture thickens, then add seasonings. This recipe makes one cup of white sauce.

Carnation Bread—1½ cups water, 6 to 7 cups flour, ½ cup Carnation Milk, 1 cake compressed yeast, 2 teaspoonfuls salt, 2 teaspoonfuls sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls shortening. Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water. Measure the salt, sugar and shortening into a mixing bowl, add the milk and water. When lukewarm, add yeast and mix thoroughly. Then add the flour gradually. When stiff enough to handle, knead the dough on a floured board and knead until smooth and elastic. Put into a loaf pan and let rise in a warm place about one and one-half hours or until double its bulk, then make into loaves and put into baking pan. Bake and again let stand in a warm place about one hour or until hot. Besides the above, bake about 45 minutes. Always mix Carnation Milk and water thoroughly.

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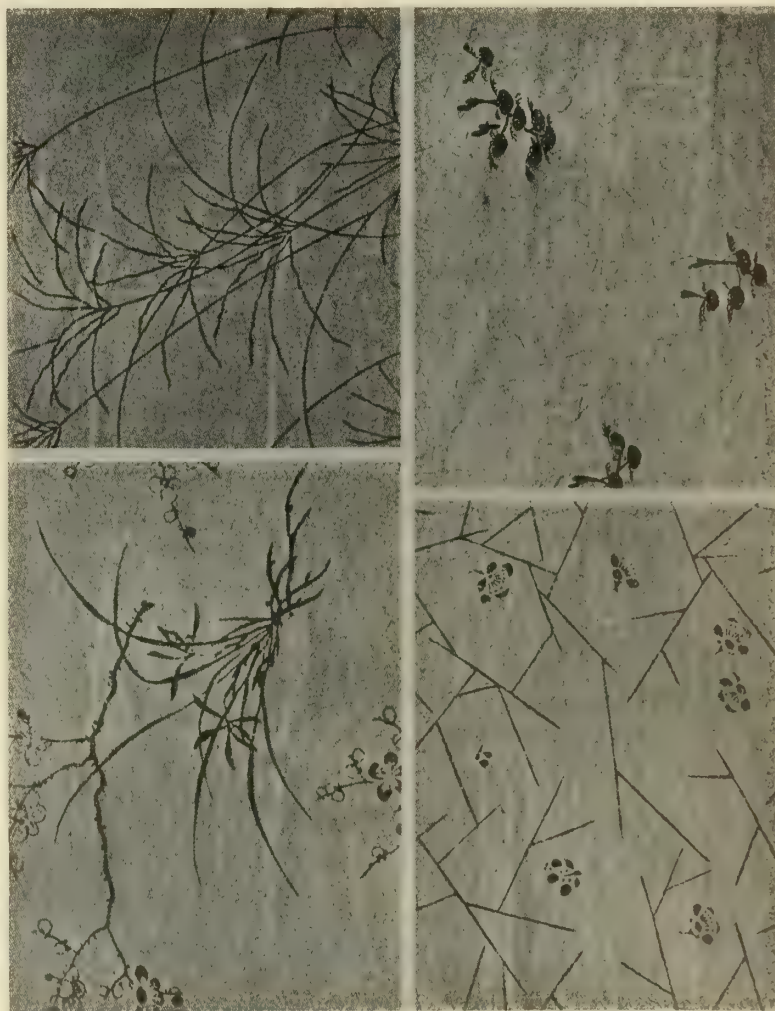
Japanese Wall Paper Cheap and Beautiful

By Anna H. Dyer

THERE is no more fascinating moment of one's experience in Japan than the one in which you decide to take a house of your own and play at housekeeping for a while. It opens endless vistas of decoration so dear to the feminine mind. And—blessed fact—in that delightful land expense is not the one and all-important consideration. The cheap and ugly is unknown there; but the cheap and beautiful surrounds you like the air you breathe. Japan is not a rich nation, but it is essentially an artistic one, therefore the problem with the people for hundreds of years has been to obtain the greatest amount of beauty with the smallest amount of actual expenditure. The result is that a perfectly developed sense of beauty has become an inalienable part of the

note of decoration, the walls. In a purely Japanese house you may be sure of finding the walls satisfactory, for the Japanese are governed by un-failing good taste in matters familiar to them. It is only when they attempt to do things foreign style that their native artistic sense deserts them. Then it is that they will give you cheap and ugly imported papers, and honestly think that they are doing what will please you best. What their own carefully concealed opinion of your taste may be, there is no way of finding out.

When I took a house it was at the beginning of the winter season, and being influenced largely by the thought of material comfort, I selected a little foreign brick bungalow with real walls and chimneys. There were four good-



Japanese Wall papers of the cheapest make, but exquisite in designs and colors

national consciousness, and that ugliness is not.

The poorest, straw-thatched village hut has the beauty of line and color in its sloping eaves and brown velvety thatch, and a touch of art in the line of yellow roof-lilies that grow along its ridge-pole. The cheapest, commonest interior has its charm of esthetic color and arrangement. Beauty is in degree, but not in fact; and it is not until one has lived some time in Japan that one suddenly awakens to the knowledge that the secret lies in the elimination of what is not beautiful. And so it is that to keep house in Japan is a pleasure regulated but not restricted by the state of one's pocketbook.

In this little article I am dealing with that first and fundamental key-

sized rooms and a wide glassed-in side verandah running the full length of the house. This, having a southern exposure, I at once decided should be converted into a conservatory and sun-parlor in one. It was easily made charming with plants and wicker chairs and tables, indeed it almost arranged itself without suggestion from me; the walls, of course, were pale green, the light wicker furniture and the varying greens of the plants blended delightfully, and I found that a note of rich brown obtained from one or two old Daimyo tea-jars set about proved to be very effective. The interior gave more thought, the rooms all having a northern exposure and looking out upon a densely wooded

(Continued on page 59)



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Always keep Sani-Flush handy in your bathroom.

Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing, and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot buy it locally at once, send 25c in coin or stamps for a full sized can, postpaid. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

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for swellings

Swellings usually mean inflamed tissue. Absorbine is gently rubbed on the swollen part will quickly remove the inflammation and the swelling will go.

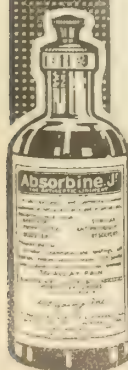
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Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between toes, and calluses, without pain, soreness

Club Feet

Ruby Booth was born with Club Feet. At ten months she was brought to McLain Sanitarium. Photos show result of treatment. Parents' letter tells everything.



When Ruby was 6 months old, a doctor put her feet in plaster paris casts. After 3 months they were no better than when he started. We had given up all hope of a cure, when we heard of McLain Sanitarium and took her there. Her feet are now perfectly straight. I shall never cease to be thankful. Refer anyone to me.

Mr. and Mrs. George Booth, Carbon, Iowa.

For Crippled Children

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Disease and Deformities, Wry Neck, Hip Disease, Diseases of the Joints, especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis," also "Book of References" sent free.



L. C. McLain
Orthopedic Sanitarium
926 Aubert Ave.
St. Louis, Mo.



Japanese Wall Paper Cheap and Beautiful

(Continued from page 58)

hollow, through the branches of which could just be caught here and there a gleam of blue sea. I determined from the first to adopt as far as possible the Japanese idea of decoration, and I sent for a very excellent and reliable *kyojia*, or wall-hanger, with whom I proceeded to have a real old-fashioned *sodan* (consultation). When he understood my plan he entered heartily into it, and as a result brought samples of all his cheapest and prettiest wall papers for my inspection. They were of the most delicate designs and colors, many of them, but following a theory of my own, I decided that for a somber room I should have a dark, rich paper, and fill the interior with glowing color, brasses, gold screens, and richly tinted hangings. The one I selected was of wood fiber, a very soft, rough, woody brown, against which as a background my Japanese paintings and prints mounted on gold and brocade stood out delightfully. Again following the Japanese custom of reflecting light from below instead of above, I had my floors covered with *tatami*, the smooth, light, rice-straw mats which are fitted together like puzzle blocks in varying designs to suit the size of the room. These make an ideal floor covering, being warmer than rugs on account of their thickness and deliciously springy under foot. On the floors, for the convenience of my Japanese guests as well as for the color effect, I placed several flat kneeling-cushions of dark red; and on my Indian reclining chair I piled brightly tinted cushions. The effect of the walls and ceiling were greatly enhanced by narrow strips of light, unpainted wood running lengthwise of the ceiling in spaces of about two feet wide, and a single strip running around the wall like a picture molding, and outlining the corners of the room and the openings of doors and windows. It may sound slightly bizarre, but the first exclamation of every one who entered it was, "Oh, how pretty!"

So much for my living and work-room. For the dining-room I found nothing so effective as a sort of an ivory-toned rice paper, irregularly covered with broad splashes of some kind of mahogany-colored wood bark.

With this the walls are so well decorated as to need little else, especially if combined with a dark wood ceiling and floor. Some of the delicate seaweed papers were found particularly adapted to the bedrooms, one especially (reproduced in the cut) of a very light green, with a design of pine needles and cones, the latter touched with gold. A reddish brown seaweed paper with conventionalized pine tree designs, picked out in gold, is also very charming. Some of the wave designs are beautiful, and one of the prettiest dining-rooms that I saw while in Japan had a deep frieze of this design, combined with plain tones of ivory and Chinese blue. This background for blue and white china and

the blue and white Japanese color prints, or *nishiki-ye*, proved to be charming and a fitting frame for the very beautiful woman who lived in it.

Of course these papers of which I speak are the cheaper among the Japanese papers. There are numberless grass cloths and silk textures that are used in the better class Japanese houses, and that can even be obtained over here at a high cost; but they are no more charming in effect than these cheaper, commoner papers, many of which are used only for the backing of screens, but which for that very reason are made of especially tough fibrous material.

On returning from Japan one of the things that struck me most forcibly was the almost universal ugliness of the wall coverings in the houses of the poorer and even of the well-to-do people. They are in most instances either tonelessly commonplace or garishly vulgar. Why may we not have some standard of good taste? Surely the lesson we most need to learn from Japan just now is what Lafcadio Hearn calls "making pleasure (or beauty) the commonest instead of the costliest of experiences—the divine art of creating the beautiful out of nothing!"

A Variety of Comment

(Continued from page 3)

when chased by their most fleet-footed warrior easily out-distanced him and vanished. On the third evening all were fearfully awaiting his appearance when, to their amazement, he passed very close to them. A shot rang out. It passed into his body yet he did not fall but continued on his walk. Then Mawdosh sped after him, gained on him, seized him in a vice-like grip only to find that he embraced no human flesh, nothing.

"It is an evil spirit," murmured the cowering tribes, "He will curse us if we remain; we must depart." and never since have they assembled in one great pow-wow."

The Foolish Martha

(Continued from page 10)

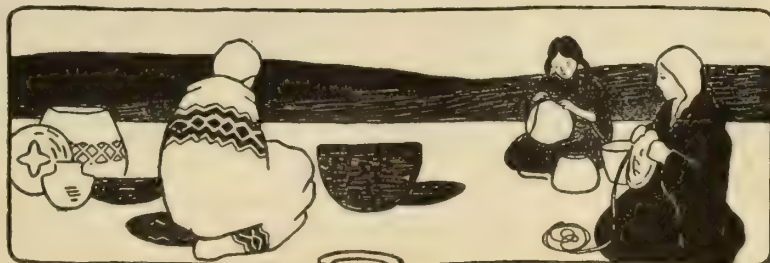
Gordon followed me. He squeezed my hand as he tugged on his Stetson. "Guess I'm not wanted now, Aunt Min" he said.

"I guess not," I answered candidly.

Before I left for home there was a trim little maid servant installed in the kitchen. And Lucia had begun to play golf; she was practicing every afternoon.

"There is nothing to the household slavery business, Auntie" she said, with all the effrontery in the world, "Emily is so capable; I am going to give her a free hand."

Hugh, lighting his pipe, looked up—and winked!



Watch your gums—bleeding a sign of trouble

MEDICAL science knows now serious is the sign of bleeding gums. For it knows that tender and bleeding gums are the forerunners of Pyorrhea, that dread disease which afflicts four out of five people over forty.

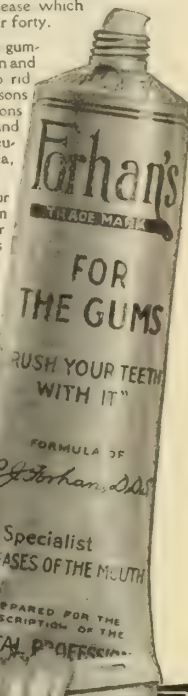
If the disease is unchecked, the gum-line recedes, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the Pyorrhea poisons generated at their base—poisons which seep into the system and wreck the health. They cause rheumatism, nervous disorders, anaemia, and many other ills.

To avoid Pyorrhea, visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection, and use Forhan's For the Gums. Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult your dentist immediately for special treatment.

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Young Western Canadians and Their Education

By Eleanor M. Shepherd

IN western Canada exists the problem of the development of national spirit after a great influx of foreign population. We hear much of the training of the teachers for non-English schools and community work among the foreigners in our midst, whether in city or country but there is another phase of the matter which

technical work or graduate courses in the Universities.

As a solution might it be suggested that some of our leading Eastern Educational institutions have a publicity man (or woman) come through the west and speak to matriculants and their parents? Or could not more literature and of a less prosaic char-

acter be made available? Even the railways might help. From Canadian Western points excursion tickets to California, at reduced rates, may be obtained at any time, valid for nine months. On the contrary, if we wish to go to eastern Canada an ordinary return ticket, for two months, is the limit; beyond that we

pay two single fares. What wonder that the average, well-to-do westerner goes more frequently to California than to his old home in the east? Keeping Canadian boys and girls for Canada is not a question to be lightly passed over and to keep patriotic ideas in their minds all the time is important. We are apt to

publications assist? When a boy picks up a daily paper to which page does he almost invariably turn?—To the cartoons, of course! Look at these on Dominion Day, and what is there of a patriotic character? Nothing at all, but on the Fourth of July what a different story! The reason is easy to find because the "Funnies" come from American syndicates. However there must be some native cartoonists from whose work our papers could supplement the American pictures. Failing this would it not be better just to omit the Fourth of July stuff?

If our boys want a magazine for themselves dealing with boys' problems and interests for what do their parents subscribe? "The American Boy!" Is there no publishing house in Canada which will create a "Canadian Boy"?

In a sense this is all a species of propaganda. If Canadian writers attempt to retaliate and get before the public in the United States any writings of a national character, they are politely told by the New York publishers that the theme will not appeal to the American readers! Almost the only kind of Canadian story (or scenario) which is popular in the U.S.A. is the piffle written about our great north land with its barren, or snow-covered plains. From this the average American gets the idea, as Sinclair Lewis said last spring in Toronto, that Canada is a polar country "in which men in great fur coats chase little furry animals over the snow all the time!"

When we think it all over, are we not pretty easy to let the Americans keep telling us about themselves when they will not listen to anything about us? Are not our railroads adopting a queer attitude in encouraging people to travel to the south instead of east and west? To come back to the original idea, why are Canadian young people being sent to American institutions when we have just as good, or better here in Canada? In trying to help the children of the foreign-born we are doing a good work but we should not forget to keep patriotic ideals before the English-speaking as well.



WINTER SPORT AT ALGONQUIN.

Where care and noise are left behind and life is made sweet again.

seems not to have been considered. Yet it is important in keeping the west a unit with the rest of Canada.

In a recent issue of the "Saturday Night" appeared pictures of several Vancouver debutantes. The explanation under each of the pictures tells the story: Miss X—graduated this year from the University of Southern California, Miss Y—has just received her diploma from a private school at La Jolla, California, Miss Z—has just completed her course at Bryn Mawr, Philadelphia. Why did all these girls go to American Colleges? They are daughters of leading citizens, and themselves probably future leaders among the women of their city and yet they have been for from two to four years, at a very impressionable time of their lives, under a training which tends to break down their Canadianism and replace it by American ideals.

This is true not only of Vancouver but of other cities of the Canadian West and if information in regard to boys of the same age could be obtained it would be surprising to find the large number in American Colleges.

Our Public and High Schools lay the foundation but after that a large percentage of the cleverest of our students go away to Colleges in the United States. They are either lost to Canada permanently by entering professional or business life there, or they return with a luke-warm Canadianism. We talk about the exchange situation and are urged to buy Canadian-made goods but here is Canadian money going out of the country, and expended in a way, ultimately to unjure our country. Further, there is no excuse, for it is very generally acknowledged that Canadian educational institutions are at least as good as those of our neighbor to the South, except for certain

acter be made available?

Even the railways might help. From Canadian Western points excursion tickets to California, at reduced rates, may be obtained at any time, valid for nine months. On the contrary, if we wish to go to eastern Canada an ordinary return ticket, for two months, is the limit; beyond that we

laugh and say "jingoism" when we speak of American schools and all the flag-waving and ultra-patriotism in which they indulge. However it seems quite possible that, in our British, undemonstrative way, we are, erring in the other extreme.

If the schools do their part, to what extent do newspapers and other



AN AL FRESCO LUNCHEON.

Where ravenous appetites are created and food and drink are enjoyed.



Orange Jell-O



E Americans have a way with desserts that is all our own. It is an Anglo-Saxon trait to eat a heavy pie or pudding that is a meal in itself after a hearty dinner; and we alone of all people discourage the flow of gastric juices by generous servings of frozen ices and creams as a last course. The ideal dessert is one that is light, not too sweet, delicate and not an added burden to digestion; a dainty, for a gracious "farewell," not a substantial course.

Dishes that have gelatine as a basis have just these characteristics. They melt in the mouth, they are chilled without being frozen, solid without being hard, and they furnish nutrition in the way of protein and sugars, supplemented by the whipped cream or fruit that is added to them. Plain or with cream, they make an ideal dessert for children, giving a sweet taste without an undue amount of sugar.

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COLGATE'S Ribbon Dental Cream is *safe*. It contains no dangerous acids, no harsh grit. Through the double-action of its chief constituents (chalk and soap) it cleans *thoroughly*. The fine precipitated chalk loosens deposits upon the teeth. At the same time, the pure vegetable oil soap washes away the loosened particles.

Always brush the upper teeth downward; the lower teeth upward.

Use Colgate's every morning, and *especially* at night before retiring.

Bad teeth endanger the health, often being responsible for rheumatism, indigestion, heart troubles, impairment of sight, etc. Regular brushing twice

a day with a *safe* dentifrice, and examination twice a year by a dentist are necessary to keep your teeth in good condition.

Many people are suffering unnecessary pain and regret because they have failed to observe these simple rules.

Don't let your teeth ache before you begin to take care of them. Protect them *now*, no matter how strong and sound you think they are.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream has no druggy taste; its flavor is delicious. Children like it on this account, and easily form the habit of using it regularly. Colgate's makes care of the teeth a pleasure—not a task.

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VOL. 18, NO. 11

MARCH, 1922

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



Published by Consolidated Press, Limited, Toronto, Canada

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The Secret of Charm Never Changes



Throughout the ages it exerts its power—this charm to which the world bows, changing history and making queens—of nations as well as hearts.

Few can describe it, for charm doesn't depend upon beauty alone. The woman who wields it may be dark or fair, of any race or type. Only this is certain—she has a perfect skin, fresh, youthful, free from blemishes—the irresistible attraction which all understand and admire.

Begin today to give your complexion the care it needs and this charm will also be yours. It's a beauty secret of ancient Egypt and the beautiful Cleopatra.

How to beautify your skin

Bad complexions are largely due to lack of proper cleansing. The pores become clogged, then enlarged, then irritated. Blackheads and blotches follow.

The best preventive is a daily cleansing with Palmolive soap. It makes a balmy, creamy lather, for the base is palm and olive oils. A gentle massage makes it penetrate. A rinsing takes it out, and with it come all accumulations which have clogged the skin. Finish with a dash of cold water and a touch of cold cream. Then your skin will be fresh and rosy, clear, soft, smooth.

A lesson from stage women

All women can learn something from women of the stage, who use much rouge, much powder.

But they remove them before they sleep. And with them the oil, the dirt and perspiration which clog up the pores of the skin.

Their complexions will show you that they do no harm when skins are treated the right way.

Ancient beauties knew the way

Roman beauties, in their famous baths, used palm and olive oils. Egyptian beauties used them in Cleopatra's time.

Now modern science finds no better way to beauty than by scientific blending of these oils.

Popular priced, yet supreme

Palmolive soap costs little, yet it forms the best skin soap the world ever knew. It employs palm oil from Africa, olive oil from Spain. It combines them in a perfect emollient.

The Palmolive price is due to the fact that millions have come to employ it. And we have worked for years to bring it within the reach of all.

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MARCH, 1922

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Volume Eighteen

Number Eleven



EDITORIAL CHAT

WE are sure you will like this month's cover, which "blew in" on a March gale from Miss Long's studio and which is essentially of the month which alternately blusters or smiles, and is altogether the most boisterous one of them all. We like this March cover very much, with the springtime green showing through the winter's snow; — and we hope that you will like it, too. The pretty Queen of Hearts, who smiled on you from our February cover was the work of another Canadian artist, Mrs. M. H. Campbell, who is now in New York. January, with its young wrestler ready to take on the year, 1922, was a cover design by Mr. Arthur Drummond, a Toronto artist; and April will give you a charming spring study by Miss Florence Luton, another Canadian of artistic gifts.

Many of our artists have made their way to New York, there to find fame and, possibly, fortune. However, some of our expatriated artists find that Canada is an attractive field for work, after all, and are returning to their native land. Mr. Carl Ahrens is one of the "recently returned," who has deserted his studio in the United States for his old home, and is heartily welcomed back to Canada. Mr. Ahrens has promised to paint a woodland study as one of the summer covers for the JOURNAL and we are sure that you will find the production worthy of preservation.

Mr. E. J. Dinsmore is another of the "British-born" who has returned and has renewed his work as illustrator for this magazine and other Canadian publications. Mr. Dinsmore's "decoration" for Miss Pickthall's poem, "An Old Portrait," which appeared in our January issue, has been justly admired—and we hope to claim both the poet and the artist as regular contributors. Still another Canadian artist who has returned is Mr. D. C. McArthur, whose poem, "Faces," illustrated by himself, appeared in our November issue. So attractive did the illustrations prove that, when the editor of a soldiers' journal arrived to borrow them, we readily consented to give them to him—only to find that some unknown admirer had calmly appropriated the cuts:—which have not been seen again.

The return of some of our esteemed Canadian contributors may be taken as an indication that this country affords opportunities for both the writer and the illustrator:—and that the ambition to produce work of literary or artistic merit may be gratified—to some extent at least—within the borders of our own Dominion

* * *

FICTION is an essential of the successful magazine of to-day:—and never were stories more eagerly read for refreshment and entertainment—not to mention instruction—than in this year of turmoil and stress. The true story-teller opens the little magic door, through which we may escape from the world of everyday toil and worry into the Land of Make-Believe. You all know some of the stories by C. N. and A. M. Williamson, who have made the motor romance all their own and who "make the wheels go round" in right royal fashion when they set out on a motor trip in the land of adventure. In fact, every novel by them might truly be described as a joy-ride. In April, our serial, "Idol of Youth," by these writers will begin its glad course and you will be delighted with the progress, as the miles and the months go by. We hope to have another most entertaining romance by the month of August which will prove equally enjoyable.

As for short stories, we can show an enviable list including several new writers. Miss B. L. Smeeton of Ottawa has already contributed two sprightly tales. Her "Going Down," in the February issue, is a story to keep any reader enthralled, even if the final ceremony is highly unconventional in setting. One reader objected that there wasn't really any "wedding," inasmuch as the bride was married in her going-away gown and there were no orange-blossoms. We hope Miss Smeeton is going to send us another love story, for she manages to write a romance which has just the proper proportion

of "sugar." A writer who sends us "things" from Victoria, Miss Christina Frame, has contributed another delightful story which will bloom some time in the spring.



A PICTURESQUE RIVER STRETCH

This attractive photographic study, which shows alluring effects of light and shadow, was sent to us by Mr. I. T. Parker, High River, Alberta

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Six Savings from Soap

Made possible with Fels-Naptha by its perfect combination of splendid soap and real naptha. How this golden bar brings ease and economy in doing your washing and general housework



1. A saving of clothes

Why not make your lovely clothes last longer? Those dainty undergarments with edgings and insertions you crochet with your own hands, are too precious to be worn-out so soon in washing.

When you rub clothes between a hard soap and a hard washboard, that means wearing away the fabric and hurrying it to the rag-bag.

Fels-Naptha is particularly safe. Because it is not a brick-hard soap it rubs off easily on the clothes without wear. And it washes clothes so gently! The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go by loosening it from the fibre without injury to the fabric. Only extremely soiled places need a light rubbing. You don't have to do any hard rubbing at all. This is why Fels-Naptha keeps clothes from wearing-out fast.



2. A saving of hands

There is no need to risk scalding and shriveling your hands in hot water, or to put up with the extra heat and steamy atmosphere of boiling clothes. Fels-Naptha does its work in water of any temperature.

You can boil clothes with Fels-Naptha if you wish, and get them clean quicker than with ordinary soap, because of the real naptha in Fels-Naptha; but thousands of women tell us they find no need of boiling when they use Fels-Naptha.

The Fels-Naptha way of washing with lukewarm water is the comfortable way.

It is amazing how quickly and thoroughly Fels-Naptha works throughout the house—brightening painted woodwork, taking spots out of rugs, carpets, cloth, draperies, cleaning enamel of bathtub, washstand, and sink.



3. A saving of time

In using Fels-Naptha you simply wet the clothes, soap them, put them to soak, then go about the house for half an hour doing something else while the real naptha in Fels-Naptha goes through and through the clothes and loosens the dirt. At the same time, Fels-Naptha makes the water soapy, ready to flush away the dirt when you douse the clothes up and down a few times. Extremely soiled places, of course, will need a light rubbing. Rinse, and the washing is done. A saving of time!

4. A saving of fuel

Since you can do the washing with Fels-Naptha in lukewarm water, what is the use of wasting gas or coal? You can save all the extra heat needed to boil clothes, if you use Fels-Naptha.

When you use a washing-machine:—because the naptha in Fels-Naptha loosens the dirt even before the washer starts to work, you don't have to run the washer so long—you save electric current.



FREE If you haven't tried Fels-Naptha for washing and cleaning a pleasant surprise awaits you. Send for sample, free. Write Fels-Naptha, Philadelphia.



5. A saving of work

When you use Fels-Naptha there is no need to spend the morning bending over the washtub, or to rub your strength away on the washboard. There is no boiler to lift on and off the stove, and no lifting of clothes in and out of the boiler. You will never dread the weekly wash when you do it the Fels-Naptha way, because it doesn't tire you out.

If you have the washing "done out" with Fels-Naptha, the clothes come home sweeter and cleaner, and with less wash wear-and-tear. Or, if the washing is done at home for you with Fels-Naptha, the strength saved enables your laundress to do the ironing, too, the same day. A real saving of work!



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Besides the saving of money in fuel, time, and clothes, very often with Fels-Naptha you save doctor's bills by preventing colds from overheating, and other illness from over-exertion.

The only way you can make this all-round saving from soap is to be sure you get Fels-Naptha—the original and genuine naptha soap—of your grocer. The clean naptha odor and the red-and-green wrapper are your guides.



You can tell genuine Fels-Naptha by its clean naptha odor—and the work it does.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

IT was in the long bazaars of Peshawar, where Afghan and Briton meet, that Andrews came upon Robert Winthrop, seated on the ground, mumbling prayers in one of the uncouth dialects of the hills. He was dressed in the long yellow robe of a Buddhist priest, and his face, which Andrews had not seen since their college days five years before, was sunken and weather-beaten past all recognition.

Andrews, indeed, gave the yellow-clad figure barely a passing glance, so immersed was he in the wonderful life of the bazaars, where, in a medley of strange colors, Afghans and Pathans, fierce Rajputs and hard-bitten men of the hills, gossipped, bartered, gambled together, their dark eyes flashing like so many stars.

A light touch upon his arm startled him. "How are you, Andrews?" asked a voice he vaguely recalled.

He swung sharply about. Peshawar is too near the Kyber Pass and the Afghan frontier for a man to welcome casual handling.

The Buddhist priest was looking up at him, his sunken grey eyes alive with a curious inward fire. "How are you, Andrews?" he repeated.

This time Andrews understood. Winthrop's eyes would have betrayed him anywhere. He stood staring at the emaciated figure in the yellow gown. "Bobby Winthrop!" he ejaculated. And, standing in the roadway, he swore softly.

Robert Winthrop gave a little smile. "You must give me some money, you duffer," he whispered. "People are looking."

Andrews tossed him several small coins, which the other received with a guttural blessing in an indescribable native tongue. Then he rose slowly to his feet, a tall figure from which every particle of superfluous flesh seemed to have been removed by long privations that had made his inward energy shine out more indomitably than ever. "I've got it, old man," he said, simply.

The two had not met for five years, but had it been fifty, Andrews would not have been in doubt. He and Winthrop had discussed the matter so often, it had been so much a part of their life together, that he would have understood a reference to the Garden of Desire, had he suddenly encountered Winthrop at the South Pole.

"You've got it?" he repeated, half-stunned with surprise. "Say, doesn't that beat the Dutch?"

Winthrop smiled. "I only reached the end of my calculations a month ago," he explained. "Then I sent a duplicate set of my figures to New York—I didn't want to take any chances you see, of America losing the credit if I went under—and set about organizing my expedition. We are over here a mile or two outside the town. And we start to-morrow morning."

Andrews drew a long breath. He alone of his college generation had believed in Winthrop, and lapse of years had never dimmed his faith. "I'm ready," he said with a little laugh, feeling as though he had suddenly become a vital part of the Arabian nights. "Of course, I must say good-bye to my friends here first."

Winthrop nodded. "Wasn't it lucky I was here this morning? I had an errand at the bazaar, and of course I had to play my part. Funny rig, isn't it?"

"Why not chuck it?" asked his friend.

This time Winthrop grew very serious. "I couldn't do it, old man, if I wanted to ever so much. No man but a priest could ever get access to the hidden temples. And I had to get inside them. Now," he smiled faintly—"well, now it wouldn't be exactly safe for me to chuck it just at this stage of the game."

Towards them in the clear morning air marched a tall artillery officer. "There comes my host now," said Andrews quickly. "I want you two chaps to meet."

"Oh, I know Neville," said Winthrop hastily. "He feels sure I am crazy. An odd smile crossed his face. "I'll expect you out after tiffin. And don't let Neville draw you out about our expedition. Call it a hunting trip."

And, with a quick nod, he drew his yellow gown about him and walked slowly away.

THE GARDEN OF DESIRE

BY WILLIAM HOLLOWAY

Illustrated By Mary Essex

Colonel Neville joined his guest, looking rather awkward. "I don't mean to be inquisitive," he began, "but do you happen to know anything about the man you have been talking to?"

Andrews explained that his friendship with Winthrop had been more than ordinarily close, and had been interrupted only when the latter had cut himself off from all home ties to bury himself in the mysterious East.

Colonel Neville listened closely. "Was he crazy when you knew him in America? Had he strange ideas? Did he want to find out a happy garden? Or something like that? Where our original ancestors lived? Sort of Garden of Eden?"

"He had strange theories," Andrews admitted. "And I recall that some people thought him a little queer. But as a matter of fact,"—he hesitated for an instant, uncertain how far Winthrop would like him to go—"as a matter of fact, Neville, he converted me to most of his theories."

The Englishman looked puzzled. "He is a wonderful chap in many ways," he agreed, "knows more Sanscrit and native dialects than any man out here. But he is crazy without a doubt. My idea is that he loosened a screw grubbing round in those filthy native temples without anything to eat. He fights shy of me because I want him to let the station physician look him over. Says I lack imagination."

Andrews smiled. "That's what Bobby always told me," he explained. "I

am going to ask you to let me off with him after tiffin," he went on. "It's an old promise—a hunting trip. And when we get back I intend to bring you two together."

"Thank you," said Colonel Neville dryly. "But you needn't worry. You won't get back. That is, not if I am any judge. He has a lot of hillmen there I wouldn't trust with the change of an anna. And, according to all reports, they expect to go right into the mountains where no white man has ever set his foot. Take my advice, Andrews, and cut it out. You are too good a man to waste."

This time Andrews laughed outright. It was his first visit to the East, and its glamour and mystery had not yet begun to haunt him as they finally do haunt all who come within their reach. "Nonsense, old man," he answered with assurance. "I'm looking forward to the time of my life."

The feeling was still upon him next morning, when in the grey dawn the little expedition broke camp for its strange journey. He watched the pack-mules, that carried their bedding and provisions and the wild-haired, half-clad, half-savage hillmen, that attended them, with a strange feeling of elation. It is not given to everyone to form part of the most extraordinary expedition since Time began.

Winthrop and he rode side by side, when the road permitted, the chief of the hillmen in the lead. The morning was very still and the air cold. To the

west the mighty mountains that border the Afghan land lifted their tawny shoulders into air. Andrews surveyed them with eager interest.

"Are we going that way, Bobby?" he asked of his companion.

Winthrop shook his head. "Nothing doing that way, or in Kafiristan either," he whispered. "We are going east, right up in the Himalayas. But first we are going up towards the source of the Indus."

Now when a man wishes to enter the Himalayas it is not necessary to travel all the way to Peshawar, which is at their western edge, and as inconveniently situated for such a journey as a place well might be. So it was no wonder that Andrews looked puzzled.

Winthrop laughed. In his yellow robe he would have made a grotesque figure but for his keen emaciated face, and his wonderful grey eyes. "Do I look like a fool, old man?" he asked gaily. "Don't you see Peshawar is at the end of the railroad line. Once we get clear of the railroad we have a chance to get somewhere. Oh, I have it all arranged with the headman there. He is the only one who knows anything about my plans. And of course he doesn't know much."

He clapped his hands smartly and the headman, who was riding in front, his rifle across his knees, dropped back abreast of them. He was a tall, sinewy, dark fellow, with a hawk's nose and eagle eyes.

"The sahib called me," he said with a grave salute.

"Where are we going, Ito?" asked Winthrop, without looking up.

"Hunting for big game, sahib," was the prompt reply.

"And the five hundred rupees that lie waiting in Krishna Lal's strong box, in Peshawar, Ito?" asked Winthrop, facing him with a smile. "Is it for hunting big game that you are to get that?"

The headman saluted again. He bent low in his saddle, as he whispered his answer. "To the highest mountain, and through the desert of the mighty winds, if my lord will." Winthrop nodded his satisfaction, and the little caravan went on its way to the north, the mules laboring over the stony ground, the hillmen sitting like statues when the road bent downwards, and running like deer alongside their mounts when the ascent grew steep. And thus some days went by.

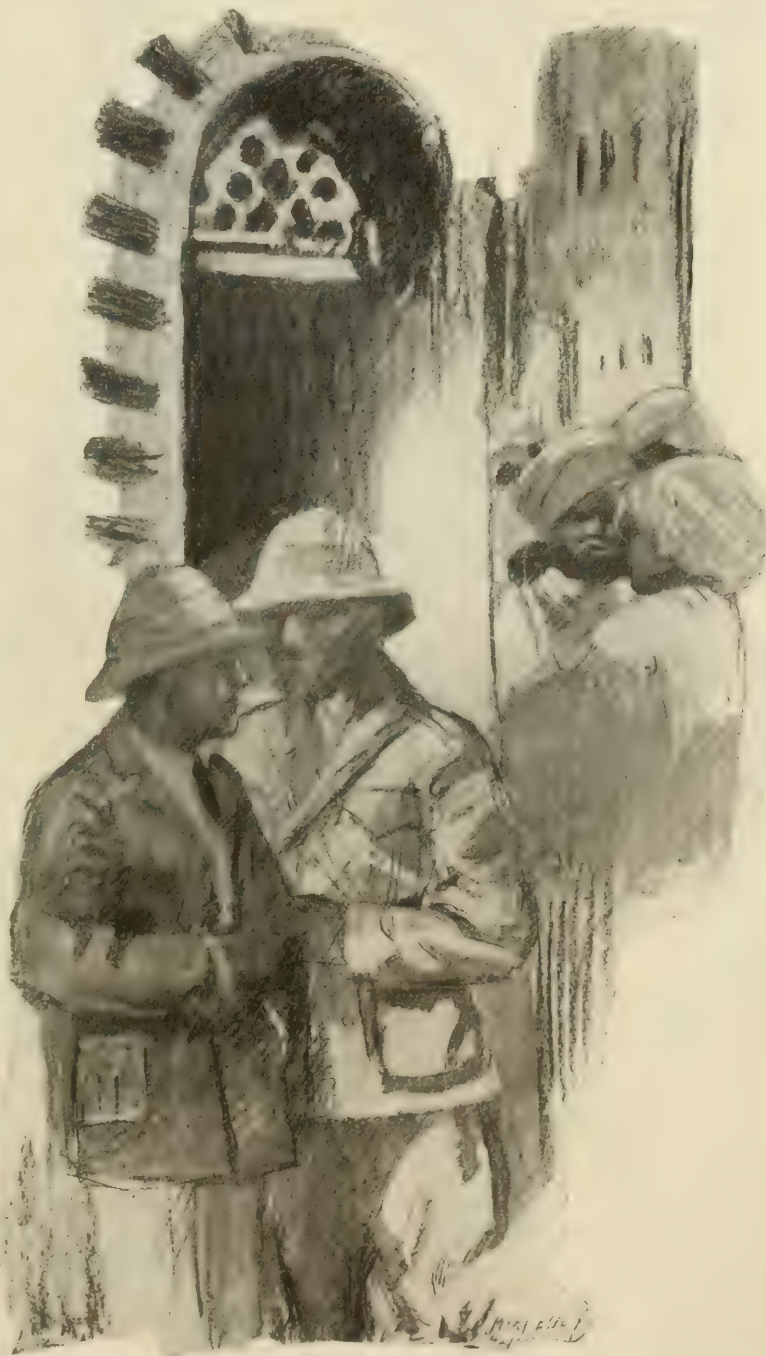
It was very cold upon the mountain side. Sometimes Andrews, fresh from the plains, found the low temperature almost insupportable. At which Winthrop would chuckle audibly, and offer him the protection of his thin yellow gown. And ever as they mounted higher, and the cold grew more intense, Winthrop's sunken face brightened, until there came a day when they made camp at the entrance to a narrow valley, and it had become positively radiant.

He walked to and fro before the narrow pass that led within, quoting aloud to himself in a majestic tongue, which Andrews recognized as Sanscrit, his long arms keeping time grotesquely to the rhythmic sounds.

"Here now the trip really commences, old man," he said. "The first stage is over, and real hard work begins." He clapped his hands and the headman appeared. "Tell your men, Ito," he ordered quietly, "our road lies through the valley and across the mountains to a place I go to seek. The reward is great for those who go with me."

It was a weird scene as the headman began his speech, for a huge fire had been kindled in the entrance to the pass, and its light, falling on the hillmen's upturned faces made them ghostly, unreal, like figures seen dimly in a dream. As he talked, Ito's keen eyes seemed to dart lightning. He waved his long arms towards the distant mountain peaks, and Andrews knew that he was painting the hardships that lay before them. Then his voice dropped to a scornful monotone as he swung about to the road they had come, and pointed backwards. He gave a little laugh, as though deriding the faint-hearted, then lapsed into silence.

There was a momentary pause, then two of the six hillmen stepped forward. "The dogs wish to go back," said Ito with contempt. "They have the hearts of chickens, and they say that no man may go our road and live."



Colonel Neville listened closely. "Was he crazy when you knew him in America? Had he strange ideas? Did he want to find out a happy garden?"

"To the four that stay, fifty rupees each, on the day we reach Peshawar," said Winthrop. "Let the other two go now and camp by themselves."

That night their little camp was very still. Andrews, try as he might, was unable to shake off a strange feeling of oppression. It seemed ominous to him that two hillmen, trained in the way of the mountains, should be afraid to go forward. He rolled over in his blanket beside the smouldering fire and found Winthrop's eyes upon him. He kicked the logs into a flame.

"Those fellows seemed rather nervous, Bobby."

Winthrop smiled. "There are all sorts of legends about the road," said he; "legends that have come down from thousands of years. The priests naturally spread them to prevent the people from wanting to go back. And they are just as influential at the present day as ever before. Besides," he went on, "if it were just straight climbing the thing would of course be impossible. Those two beggars couldn't know what I had discovered."

Andrews sat up, sniffing the cool night air. A Californian by birth, he had spent some years in the mountains of Arizona, near the old Apache land, and his training had made his senses more than ordinarily keen. "There's something stirring down below," he whispered.

Winthrop sat up in turn, and both peered down the hillside where the two hillmen had pitched their solitary camp. It was a moonless night, and the starlight cast the earth in deep shadow, through which there seemed to move a shapeless dark figure, sprung from out the night. An instant only the two men sat silent, then to their ears the night wind brought a long yell of terror.

Andrews caught up his rifle and rolled over from the fire. Then he rose cautiously on one knee, to find Winthrop gone. He could see his long figure disappearing down hill. With a bound he set out in pursuit. But by the second camp-fire all was still. The two men who had left the expedition, were lying face upward to the sky, quite dead, a knife-thrust showing just above their hearts.

Winthrop and Andrews stood for a moment motionless in the darkness. Then a twig crackled and an even voice said gently, "Let my lords fear not; it is their servant, Ito." And into the faint circle of the embers stepped the hillmen's chief, wiping his dagger on a tuft of grass.

"I killed the dogs," he said coolly. "They were hired to follow me to the end. Without them it will be harder to win our way to the place my lord wills, and it may be I lose the money waiting for me at Krishna Lal's."

"Oh, hang the money," cried Andrews, hotly.

"Five hundred rupees?" asked Ito gently. "Five hundred rupees told down on the table in Krishna Lal's treasure-room? Surely the sahib is jesting?"

He stuck his dagger into his girdle with the precision of a master workman. "There will be no other deserters," he said in a tone of assurance. And with a military salute he turned about and walked calmly up the hill, as though he were returning from a pleasant stroll.

Andrews looked soberly after him. "A valuable man, but a trifle mercenary," he said thoughtfully. Which afterwards he came to despise as a foolish judgment.

Next morning, the expedition made its way through the narrow pass and entered a winding valley set with trees of a variety they had left behind on lower slopes of the mountains. The air, though cool, had a delicious fragrance, and wild-flowers bloomed on every side. But traces of man there were none.

Ito rode slowly, his keen dark face very sombre and awe-stricken. "Surely, sahibs, this place is accursed of the gods," he said after they had travelled an hour. "Never have I seen anything to match this green solitude." He rubbed his chin with strong, slender fingers. "It gives a man evil thoughts," he ended, with a shiver.

An hour later they halted before a rocky barrier, which stretched itself abruptly across their path, and evident-

ly formed the valley's farther end. Winthrop drew from his pocket a little red-covered note-book, which he examined with some care.

"I made all my calculations here," he explained to his companion. "I sent another little book just like this to New York to be sure that no hitch could occur." He ran his fingers down one of the pages. "The road lies here."

It did, indeed, lie in the direction he pointed; although no one, not warned by someone who knew, would ever have been able to find it, so cleverly had the priests of bygone generations hidden the trail from sight. Even Ito, stolid as he was, looked startled as Winthrop, after a brief search, disclosed the secret way, hidden in the rock.

"Surely devils live here," he muttered in his beard.

The secret trail, once entered on, widened out like a western canyon, with the exception that it was almost totally closed overhead. Despite the cold, the air was heavy with moisture, and thin sheets of ice lined the grey precipices on either hand. After advancing perhaps two hundred yards, the path began to mount at a sharp angle, zigzagging to and fro. Then followed perhaps half a mile of steep ascent, in

ing the plateau, his torn yellow gown fluttered grotesquely in the wind.

"Well?" he questioned abruptly.

"What's the matter?"

"Thought I heard you yell."

"Can't a man yell if he wants to?"

Winthrop's voice was full of anger. He turned about. "I'll be busy for a while, Andrews," he said more quietly. "Just let me alone, please."

That evening, around the camp-fire in the huge stone court-yard, he was himself once more, keeping the little group in good humor with jests in English, and in the native tongue of the hillmen—whatever that might be; after which he spent some time in going over the figures in his mysterious red book.

"Something happened that gave me a little shock, old man," he explained, as they huddled in their blankets for the night.

"Forget it," was Andrews' sleepy answer, but underneath his calmness, his mind was brooding over the strange occurrence of the afternoon. What could have happened in a ruined monastery, that had been deserted for centuries? Was it possible that Neville was right? And that he had come on a foolish quest, from which there was to be no returning?

SUCCESS

By John Albee

Oh, to be rich, the young man boldly prayed!
And set his firm foot on the crowded stair,
Now swiftly climbing, then again delayed,
But never resting in an easy chair;
At length he reached that dizzy, breathless air
We call success, where never mortal stayed
Content, but higher yet must do and dare,
Or else must lose the stake for which he played.

Onward he pushed and scorning as he passed
Every ideal and aim except his own,
As with an iron will and brutal stress
All weak competitors aside he cast,
He touched his sordid goal with wreckage strown
Lost, and defeated by his own success.

places almost impassable for the mules, after which the way led suddenly out upon a wind-swept plateau.

In Andrews' dreams that plateau always haunted him. He could see it as it stretched bleakly before him, a dozen miles or more to the giant mountains that hemmed it in, as it had stretched that June day, when the little expedition crept toilsomely across it. And, like some dreary prison, he could see the deserted monastery where they took refuge for the night.

It was a mighty structure of forgotten ages, standing half-buried in the sand like the ruins of some Egyptian temple. The beating of wind and rain and sand had worn its soft stone structure into quaint hollows; debris from the adjoining cliffs had shattered its rear walls; yet it still fronted the desert with a certain dignity.

It was here that Andrews for the first time began to have doubts of Winthrop—doubts such as he had laughed at Colonel Neville for expressing. He was strolling about the vast empty rooms while daylight lasted; he had entered one, which from the long array of discolored parchments, had evidently been used as a library, when he heard Winthrop's voice raised in anger.

The thing was so totally unexpected that he stood an instant in doubt; then he called his name aloud.

His voice rang through the empty room like a revolver shot; there was an answering shout, and Winthrop appeared from the adjoining room, a parchment in his hand, his face flushed, his whole aspect uncanny; from beneath a fur coat which he had donned on reach-

ing the early dawn they gathered for the final stage of the journey. The mules were turned loose, where there was an opportunity for them to graze on some stunted moss, and each of the seven loaded himself with provisions to the limit of what prudence allowed. Then they set their faces toward the mighty peak up which they must climb.

In the icy atmosphere climbing was difficult, and, owing to the high altitude which they had already reached, they began to experience difficulty in breathing. But Winthrop seemed to be immune from all suffering. With his eyes shining, his tall slim figure bent forward, he toiled gaily up the declivities, laughing as though intoxicated. Andrews eyed him anxiously. Was it possible, he thought again, that Neville had been right after all?

After two hours, one of the hillmen flung himself down in the shelter of a boulder, and declared it impossible to advance another step; as the man had evidently reached the limit of his endurance, he was left in charge of some provisions, which the others were now compelled to abandon; two hours later another hillman was left behind on a higher level, while the diminished party toiled on.

The sun beat down upon them, scorching hot, and at the same time a bitter wind bit to the marrow of their bones. In the steep ascent hands were torn and bleeding, lips spurted blood, yet up they pressed, until when evening came they made camp almost within reach of their goal.

It was not really a camp, but rather a bare shelter by the side of an over-

hanging rock; and here, ere they fell into an uneasy slumber, Winthrop told the story of his dream.

"You know, Andrews," he began, "how I first got on the trail of my theory. We had been talking, you and I, of the original home of the ancestors of the Aryan tribes which peopled Europe, and wondering why none of the migratory tribes ever went back there. Nowadays emigrants often return to their old homes, but in these cases they never seem to have done so, else their literatures would have handed down traces of the return journey. Now why didn't they go back?"

Ito was listening closely. "Maybe, sahib, they couldn't get back," he suggested.

Winthrop smiled. "That's just my theory. Some eruption, or some earthquake may have blotted out the way. It must have been that or the people left behind would have, at intervals, visited the outside world. Now, all races have legends of happy valleys and beautiful gardens, which lie beyond their reach. I concluded that these all referred to the same place, and that the happy valley, somewhere or other, was still in existence. So I set to work to find it. I became a Buddhist priest."

Ito seemed puzzled. "Why should the sahib become a priest?" he asked in a low tone.

"To get inside the old monasteries, where the old manuscripts are kept," Winthrop explained. "My yellow gown took me to ancient monasteries where no white man had ever been, and there I finally found, in a pile of forbidden books, which the priests themselves must not read, directions for reaching the happy valley, which the forbidden books call the Garden of Desire. And now," he ended, with a great sigh of relief, "now in the morning I hope to show you the Garden of Desire beyond that side spur of the mountain."

"The sahib is wonderful," said Ito, softly. "To gain that he has served the gods in the temples. Surely he is a man of marvels."

"And yesterday in the ruins?" asked Andrews. "What was the trouble a there?"

Winthrop grew confused, and all his friend's doubts came back to him with redoubled force. "I read something I didn't like," he said curtly. "It seems the quest of the Garden is unlucky. But, of course, the old fool that wrote that didn't know what he was talking about."

"Oh," said Andrews, shivering in the icy air. "Didn't he?"

"No," replied Winthrop, gruffly. "He didn't."

Next morning marked the final stage of the great attempt. In the early dawn they swallowed some biscuits, barely moistened with coffee, made over a spirit lamp, and began their trying climb. Above them the mountain was crossed to the right by a sharp spur, covered with snow.

Winthrop took out his red-covered book and consulted it with care. "I am right. Just behind that spur," he said quietly.

They were very silent as they toiled up the mountainside. Sometimes one of them missed his footing, and the rope which bound them together—they had been roped since leaving the ruins of the monastery—came taut with a jerk. But for the most part all kept their footing with the ease of mountaineers. And presently, footsore, weary, bleeding, they reached the summit of the spur and beheld beneath them the flaming colors of the Garden of Desire.

It lay far down, apparently in a warm temperate climate, not unlike, it seemed to Andrews, his native California. Through their glasses could be made out stately temples and great palaces, and once—so still was the air—there floated up to them the notes of a great silver bell.

Winthrop, his grey eyes alight, prepared to descend into the valley. The task was one of some difficulty, for they stood upon the summit of a precipice; the whole end of the spur being clear-cut and sharp, the result evidently of a volcanic eruption, which had closed the valley against all egress.

(Continued on page 62)

LIVING is the kind of thing which seems to have lasted forever; especially when one has been eleven for some months. She had been called Vanessa at a previous period in her existence; but she had been very young then, and had known hardly anything. The former Vanessa had had no principles worth mentioning, in the opinion of her successor; she had not been bad, but merely ignorant. This Vanessa had principles, at least she had one. By this time she was eleven, Vanessa had read far too much for her own good; but no one could stop her.

"Mother," said the highly moral Vanessa to Mrs. Brown, "when people are girls, they ought to like girls best, oughtn't they?"

"It might be a very good thing if they did," replied Mrs. Brown, absorbed in the contemplation of nature, who, without warning, had suddenly applied her shoulder to the wheel.

"Not that there is anything the matter with boys, I don't mean," pursued Vanessa anxiously. "But when people are girls, it's girls they ought to think about and be good to. Girls first; and boys afterwards. Boys," said Vanessa solemnly, "belong to someone else. And girls belong to each other. That is the way they were meant to be."

"We should try to be good to everyone," Mrs. Brown remarked tentatively, considering how far she could justly propel Vanessa's mind in the direction of this doctrine which seemed about to stretch a protecting wing over her youngest daughter's girlhood, the time when Vanessa would have to go to school and be invisible to Mrs. Brown during part of the day.

"Girls," murmured Vanessa in a dream, "girls."

"Mother would be very glad," said Mrs. Brown, taking chances, "if you were to find a nice little girl for a friend."

There was a young person of eight with an innocent docile mind near enough to be made a friend of; but she wasn't the one Vanessa was thinking about; nothing so simple.

The Brown family was spending the summer on a fruit farm in a part of the country where to be on a fruit farm is one of the most encouraging episodes in any juvenile existence. Systematic benevolence had converted the same neighborhood into a starting place for emigrant girls from London. Annie Guay was starting in the farm house where the Browns boarded; and few happenings in life had ever given Mrs. Brown as much satisfaction as to be able to point out to Vanessa and the rest of her family Annie Guay's starting. It was then Vanessa learned that everyone is loved the same, especially when it doesn't seem like it. She learned something else at the same time which was almost as valuable to her. When it was too late to do anything about it, Mrs. Brown saw that Vanessa was going to devote herself to girls just as she had said she would. Liberty, fraternity and equality had seized hold of Vanessa; she believed that you could walk right into that kind of thing. Now Vanessa might be eleven; but Annie was as old as the hills. Mrs. Brown would have stopped it if she could; but she depended on Vanessa to tell her. Vanessa meant to tell her when she was thoroughly acquainted with Annie, and had been a Mrs. Brown to her; but in the end the telling wasn't so easy.

Annie had been taught to sing alto in the Home; and since this was the first time that Vanessa had ever heard alto to know what it was, she regarded it as a highly romantic characteristic of Miss Guay, indicating that much might be expected from her. As far as the impression she made on Vanessa was concerned, Annie was entirely alto. Her eyes were alto—black. So was her nose, with close nostrils. She walked alto, and looked it. When she talked, she talked alto; but she talked very little. After Vanessa was grown up she reflected that Annie had never had a sufficiently unguarded moment to let fall a single remark about where she had come from, or what she had seen. This also had been taught in the Home; but with Annie it went deeper than instruction.

"I suppose," remarked Vanessa with complacency, "that you were sorry to leave England."

"No," said Annie, dipping one of Mrs. Stetter's aprons casually into a tub of

Child of Grace

By MARJORY MACMURCHY

Illustrated by Marion Long

water and holding it up to see if it really needed any more washing. "I thought I could do some good here."

"Oh my!" exclaimed Vanessa impulsively, "I didn't know that was why you came. I am not nearly as good as that." Then she wasn't so sure—about Annie.

Singularly enough, if it had not been for her principles, Vanessa would soon have tired of becoming acquainted with Annie. She began to feel that it was impracticable. But Annie felt otherwise; one must have some interest in life, even if one is starting. Annie didn't care particularly for Vanessa; but Vanessa would have to do, because she was the only one who would do.

THE farmer's name was Mr. Stetter. He appreciated Vanessa. If there was one thing he liked, it was little girls; the more little girls the more he liked them; he was a charming man. Miss Guay, as he called her, wasn't going to have anything to do with Vanessa if he could help it. There were other transient denizens on the farm that summer. The agricultural operations of a fruit farm are singularly attractive. One may

hair, conveyed to Mr. Stetter the intelligence that whomever he was going to like best in the end it wouldn't be Cynthia. William was, say, seventeen.

"Is her hair red?" Vanessa inquired studiously of Mr. Stetter. She had met Cynthia soon after coming to the farm.

"That's what people call it," Mr. Stetter answered jocosely.

"She said that my hair looked red sometimes in the sun."

"Well then, it doesn't," William interpolated savagely.

Vanessa looked at him. It hadn't occurred to her before that William must consider her too infantile to be spoken to. But it occurred to her now, for this was the sole remark that he had ever addressed to her. The fact somewhat prejudiced her against William. She went on with what she had been going to say to Mr. Stetter.

"Would you like me just as well if my hair was red?"

"Vanessa," Mr. Stetter replied fervently, "have any kind of hair you like. Nothing would ever change the way I feel to you."

What could be plainer than the difference between Mr. Stetter and William? Cynthia might well go on her way rejoicing.

It couldn't have been long afterwards that Annie Guay sought Vanessa one evening at twilight. She had been undergoing a disagreement with the veteran on the farm who looked after the hens, and seemed to wish for society. Or perhaps she had something to say to her? Vanessa wasn't quite sure. Miss Guay looked extremely alto.

"Wherever you go," she began, "you will always find an aching heart."



"Wherever you go," she began, "You will always find an aching heart."

Vanessa positively shuddered; she felt so sorry for Annie.

"Could anyone do anything to help you, Annie? Could I?"

"Oh, it taint me," Annie exclaimed with suave emphasis, "'tis William."

"Why," said Vanessa with astonishment, "what's he been doing?"

"He's that fond of you," pursued Miss Guay. "But he's afraid to tell you. He said 'Annie, would you take her my love?' And I said, 'William, I'd do anything for one who felt like you.'"

Mrs. Brown's youngest regarded the eloquent stranger from the standpoint of a detached and somewhat critical frame of mind, and remarked chillingly:

"Did you think—that I would think—that that was true?"

Then her principles fairly climbing over each other in her bosom, she leaned forward eagerly and laid one hand on Annie Guay's arm. "Oh Annie," she said, "it's wicked to tell a lie. You mustn't."

"Tain't a lie," said Annie. "He loves you."

"Who cares about him?" exclaimed Vanessa. "I know it's a lie. Haven't I seen him? It's you I care about, Annie. It's dreadful to tell lies. Don't you ever tell another."

This was Miss Guay's drama for the summer. But what she couldn't understand was that no matter how much she said about William, Vanessa couldn't get up any interest in his supposed love affair; she didn't seem to be able to. Vanessa hadn't the slightest difficulty about William. But why couldn't she get Annie Guay to acknowledge she was telling lies? Of course the minute one admitted telling a lie that was the end of it; one couldn't tell any more. But by and by the story of William became too tiresome. She intimated to Annie that, as far as she was concerned, the discussion in all its details was closed. Mr. Stetter was occupation enough for any well-regulated mind that summer. Naturally, according to Vanessa, when she left a thing alone, it ceased happening.

ONE day, however, she awoke to the fact that here was Annie left to perish in her sins; and she, Vanessa Brown, who knew better, was going back to the city. She didn't want to do it; but she would have to go right into the subject. She was the only one who knew about Miss Guay's departure from the truth. Vanessa had never dreamed of telling anyone what Annie Guay had said about William. Even Mrs. Brown had to do without hearing this kind of thing.

She pursued Annie, who would always rather find Vanessa than be found by her, round the house, in by one door of the wash-house and out by the other, until she brought her up in a corner of the children's play ground which was on the other side of the oldest apple orchard on the farm.

"Annie," said Vanessa miserably. "I'm going home."

Annie assented.

"Here's a necktie, Annie, from Mother."

The tie disappeared into poor Miss Guay's pocket. She looked relieved.

"Annie," burst out Vanessa, trying to get her arms comfortably round Annie's neck and failing entirely. "Don't tell any more lies. Promise me you'll be good."

"Who's been telling you any lies?" remarked Miss Guay imperturbably. "I've got to help Mrs. Stetter get tea ready right off."

The interview which was to have made Annie a better girl wasn't quite up to what Vanessa had hoped; and it had been more trying than she had imagined.

She walked back through the orchard with her head down, thinking round and round Annie Guay. There wasn't anything more to do; this was the last time. She had been quite successfully kept outside of anything that was going on inside Annie's mind. Vanessa was a good deal of a little fool; and likely she thought of celebrated examples of the kind of thing she had been trying to do which had turned out otherwise. This wasn't the way things happened in books.

But at that moment, supper being, so to speak, within reach, William was returning to the carriage house with a piece of the new harness which Mr. Stetter was particular about; he had been known to lose his temper over it twice already. The decorous William, seeing that Vanessa was absorbed in her own mind, paused to regard her with a cautiously speculative look. There was no reason why William should not have done this; it was the only time he had to live, just as it was Vanessa's, and he had had six more years to become attached to it. But fortunately for his further progress in the study of feminine human nature, Vanessa looked up and saw him. She saw, in William's expression, a great deal more.

Here was something which had to be attended to before one died!

It was impossible to speak to William about this kind of thing one's own self. She whirled round in the air on her heel, looking for an instrument. There was her youngest brother, Hector, three years older than she was herself. "Hec-

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The Quitter Comes Back

BY GRETA BIDLAKE

Illustrated by A. Fisher

"IT'S no use, Tom, I can't stand it any longer. It's not your fault and it's not mine. We've made a mistake, that's all. I hate this country with my whole soul and I'm going back to England."

There were defiance and determination in the little war bride's eyes.

"I'm sorry, Edith, but I don't see what more I can do. I thought we had done very well this year." Tom's look was wistful. "The crop turned out better than we dared hope for. Another year like this would put us on our feet. I've done everything I could," a little note of bitterness crept in here, "you knew you weren't coming to a city palace when you left Birmingham."

"I know, Tom, all that's true and yet if we just can't make a go of it what's the use. Life on this fruit farm is as isolated as it would be at the North Pole and it's very near as cold already; I'll tell you that."

"I thought you said once you loved me—must be some mistake about that."

"None at all, only I've my eyes open now. Marriage isn't what we thought it was and Canada,—does anybody in this country ever see anybody else? I do love you, Tom, but can't you see?" she cried pleadingly, "can't you look at my side of it and see how awful it is!"

"I dare say it is, Edith. This is all very sudden." Tom was rather dazed.

"I wish I'd known you felt like this."

"Well, you know now. I've tried to stifle it, to choke it down and like the place for your sake, but I can't do it."

"So this, then, this," he broke out, "is what I fought for through those years in France and Belgium,—to come home alive, marry the girl I loved—and have her throw me to one side like an old shoe. All right, Edith, go." Tom had his pride. "I'll not lift a hand to keep you. Better make it quick though for I'll have to go into Vancouver to find work for the winter."

"I'll make it tomorrow, Tom."

And she did.

LIFE in Birmingham proved rather different after all. She was frankly delighted to see everybody but she noticed a hint of restraint even in the first salutations that friends and relatives extended to her.

"How long are you going to be with us?" asked her father. "Shall I plan on giving you your allowance as usual and on your making your home here?"

"Why, I don't know," vaguely, "certainly not about the allowance. Tom gave me five hundred dollars when I left Canada and he said he'd send me more. He'll never consent to my being an expense to anyone else. About the home,—yes, I suppose so. It would be nice, wouldn't it daddy, if Tom could only find work in England that he'd like."

"You know what the unemployment situation is here, I suppose," he answered drily.

To her gay, "Well, mother, it's nice to be home. I never want to see Canada again, I tell you that," her mother replied, "But Tom, my dear, he's your husband."

"You're most Victorian, mummy. Tom's all right. He likes Canada."

She found her chum, Doris, evidently distressed about matters as they were.

"There'll be a legal separation, of course. You'd much better do one thing or the other. You'll find yourself in a difficult position all round if

you don't." Another "best friend," Margery, opened her eyes in surprise.

"Why, Edith, a visit so soon! You must have done well in your part of the world. How long shall you be in England?"

"Forever and ever, Margery. I'm not going back to Canada."

"The idea! I always thought going out to Canada was one of the most delightful adventures anywhere!"

"So did I!" vindictively.

"I can't believe you're really turning your back on such a chance!" Margery was incredulous.

Still another chum, Amorel, was all for Tom. Amorel had married a widower with three children. He had served nearly four years in the war. His two sisters had kept the children for him but in different villages and far apart. Now he was very glad to have them under one roof again. Amorel made a devoted little wife and step-

"The mean, nasty things!" she said spitefully. "They'd take me as quickly as ever if I were a girl or a widow. It's because I'm married. They needn't be so fussy; Tom's worth any twenty of them."

The next day Bobby Ryndell, who was one of her oldest friends took her to a great show in the heart of London, and Tom's stock went up another hundred points. There were huge sheaves of Canadian wheat like that she had seen growing on the prairies and boxes and barrels of the choicest apples she had seen anywhere outside of Canada. Bobby found a box that Tom had sent. Tom's apples in London—and they took a prize! She was just a little bit miserable when she wished she knew what tree they had come from but she had never felt much interest in the orchard or the garden when Tom had taken her through.

"That's the country for a man who

you every day we lived. What about it now?—Three times in four months!"

"Let's sit down," said Bob leading her to a quiet seat. "Yes, I know, my dear," he began in fatherly fashion when they were sitting, "you see it's like this. You dropped out of our lives over here and went off to live a life of your own, you and Tom. Now you've come back. We're interested in other things; it's hard to fit you in again. Then we're all Tom's friends. We all want him to have a square deal and we haven't heard his side of the story yet. I'm rather busy myself and can't see you as often as I'd like. As for the others, of course you'll never find anybody to care about you as Tom does. You used to be a plucky little thing," he added irrelevantly and somewhat reminiscently.

"I am yet, you horrid old thing!"

Edith had caught the sting of his implication. She walked off and left him then and there.

* * *

ALL this explains why, in the face of her denials, she wrote a long letter to Tom that night and ended it with the following contrite paragraph:

"Oh, Tom, I'm so ashamed of myself and everybody's been ashamed for me all these months without my ever knowing what was the matter. I'm going back, Tom. Please, I want to. I want to learn to do things with you, not to be a drag and a hindrance. Dear old Tom, I was too heartless and selfish to think of you when you were working hard all the time and wanted to do so much for me. When I saw your apples today, boy, I was really a little bit homesick. No wonder I didn't like your wonderful country,—I didn't try to a bit for all I made myself think I did. I was thinking about England all the time. England has changed too and Canada,—well Tom, Canada and you would mean peace and content to me now. If you'll have me back, dearest, I'll be very humbly glad to go."

Five weeks went by. The only news from Tom was a scant cable which said: "Don't come, I'm going over. Good news. Love,—Yours, Tom."

She was dreadfully excited and curious and, oh, so hungry to see Tom again, but she kept her secret, saying not a word to anyone.

One afternoon six weeks after she sent her letter she came in from a long walk in the park. Tom sprang up from conversation with her mother when he heard her mount the stairs and came forward.

"Edith!"

"Oh, Tom, you dear, you old dear!"

"Whenever did you come?" she asked as soon as she could get her breath again.

"Landed yesterday and came through at once."

"Let's go right back!"

"Not a bit of it if you want to stay here. This success business comes fast in our country, honey. I've made my pile. We can take it easy if you like."

"Oh, Tom, whatever has happened? Tell me all about it this minute!" It was very strange how happy she was just to have Tom at her side and smiling down at her.

He helped her off with her coat and hat, hung them on a hook and led her to a window seat overlooking the park.

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"All right, Edith, go I'll not lift a hand to keep you."

mother, while her middle-aged husband was very much in love with her.

"Fancy your leaving Tom," she said on the occasion of Edith's first visit. "I can't imagine how you could do it. He's such a splendid chap. I was in love with him myself, wasn't I, old dear?" Amorel's husband was sitting in an arm chair reading his evening paper. She tweaked his ear playfully.

"I suppose you know," to Edith, "Tom could have had any of a dozen of us Oh, yes he could but he picked you. Should think you'd break your heart without him. She leaned over and rubbed her face up and down her husband's cheek to tease him into a kiss.

The boys she met were different too. They said, "Cheerio, old thing," and passed on. Now and then one of them brought her home from a dance or a party but mostly they just didn't know she was around.

wants to do things—or a woman either!" said Bobby enthusiastically.

"Bobby Ryndell, you don't know what you're talking about. It's a dreadful place; all hills and valleys that swallow you up and prairies stretching for miles. Why, I lived in the heart of the Rocky Mountains and I'd have been far happier if I'd been one of their grizzly bears!"

"But Tom,—Tom's a pretty good sort, eh?"

"Tom's a dear!" she said warmly. "He makes all the men here seem so useless. I can't tell you how but he's a dear and he does!"

"Having a good time here? Don't want to go back?"

"No, I can't ever go back, but a good time here—nobody cares anything about me any more. You're a sample of the way my friends act. I used to see

Number Twenty-One Crow Lane

BY J. CHATTERIS LIVETT

Illustrated by F. N. Mann

NUMBER twenty-one Crow Lane was a quaint little shop, and very difficult indeed to find, for it was almost completely hemmed-in by the neighboring tall buildings. To the left, as you gazed at it from across the street, was a big sombre-looking structure of gray stone; while on the opposite side a mammoth warehouse towered into the sky, pressing against the tiny store as though to squeeze it out of existence.

As for number twenty-one, nobody seemed able to recall how or when it first came to be there at all. It was as though the faded sign "THOMAS DENNY, DEALER IN SECOND HAND BOOKS," must have been displayed over the narrow window in Crow Lane ever since the beginning of Time, or at least very shortly afterwards.

Never, in the memory of man, had the small establishment been repainted, and its dingy anaemic exterior looked upon the scurrying world with a shy, furtive glance, as though wishing to creep away to some more restful sphere. The small square panes in the low, old-fashioned window were, however, always spotlessly clean, so that the attractive volumes grouped temptingly behind the polished glass could peep out quite easily at the street above.

To enter the shop, you had to descend three or four steps and push open a thick oak door, and this procedure invariably caused a merry tinkle to issue from the ancient bell over the entrance, as if it were singing, "Ah, here comes another customer. They always find their way through my doorway—all the people who know where there's a good book to be had."

And just inside, ready to welcome you as though you were his closest friend, would be old Tom Denny himself, his short, rather thick-set figure slightly bowed, but his bright, kindly face beaming from behind gold-rimmed spectacles. With a royal gesture he would wave his hand towards the laden shelves, with the movement plainly giving you the freedom of this small kingdom.

And oh, what a collection of books awaited your inspection! All around, and piled up to the low ceiling too, books of every description. Not many rare editions, it is true, but all sorts of unusual volumes, with quaint pictures and lettering. You suspected that some of them had been dozing comfortably on their shelves ever since Tom Denny first came to number twenty-one, and certainly that was the opinion of many who had known the cosy little bookshop for years and years, but of course, to tell the truth, Tom had been a part of Crow Lane for so long, that very few pretended to remember just when it was that he opened his second-hand store. If any person was aware of the precise date, he kept the fact discreetly to himself, for to reveal such knowledge could only prove how ancient was the rash individual who possessed such hoary information.

The best thing about the place was that you were never expected to buy. As it happened, you nearly always did, for the bargains were far too tempting to resist, but Tom seemed just as delighted if you spent an hour or so browsing among the treasures on the dust-covered shelves and then departed without making a purchase, as if you had ordered a score of valuable books to be packed up and despatched home immediately.

In the rear of the shop were a couple of small tables, with soft inviting chairs drawn up close by, in which you could lounge and forget the mad rushing world outside as you followed the thrilling pages of some tale of bygone days, told in the romantic language of yesterday. In the winter, a large open grate was stacked high with glowing logs, which cast queer restless shadows across the floor.

Sometimes, then, sitting by the blazing fire with a book resting idly on your knee, you would gradually become very sleepy, and soon all sorts of unaccountable things would happen. Quite frequently, on these occasions, the musty volumes would leap down from their

comfortable bed on the shelves above, and very often the covers would open of their own accord, and strange Lilliputian creatures come from out the dim past. Then they would scramble up the chair legs, to revel merrily on the smooth round tables. Sometimes, if you kept quite still, they would tell you of wonderful adventures in far-off lands, in Egypt, China, Italy and Sunny Spain. You could sail the broad Atlantic in their company, or, in strange high-prowed ships like huge white gulls under their stretch of canvas, visit bright-hued islands of the Southern Seas, gliding imperceptibly from one small fairy-land to another.

Then, suddenly, the book you were holding would slip noisily to the floor, and instantly the merry little folk would scurry back inside the yellow pages, the covers fly to with a snap, and by the time you had opened your eyes, all the books were fast asleep on the shelves once more, just as though nothing had happened. And old Tom would look up from his corner by the fire-place and laugh heartily, the blue smoke from his old briar pipe curling lazily up to the ceiling.

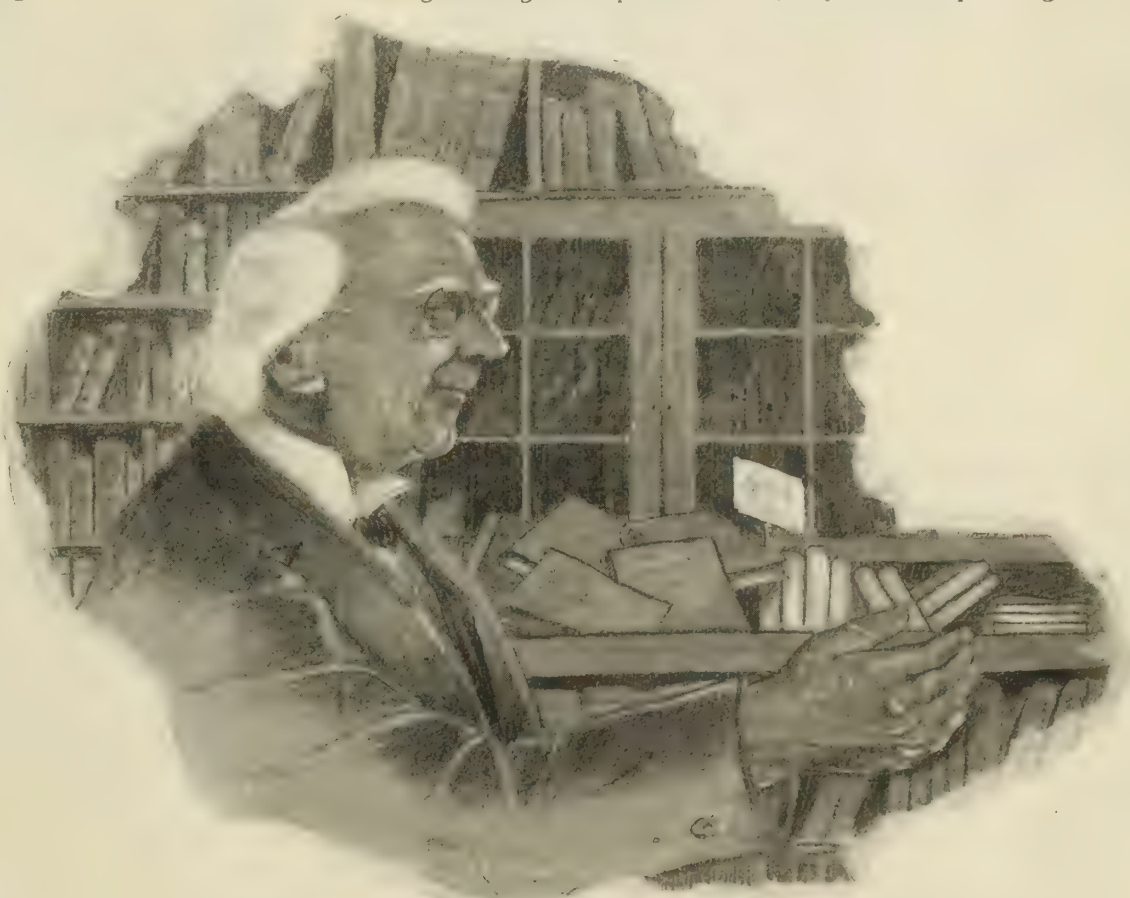
green blind was drawn closely over the narrow window, and tears streamed down the glistening panes. After that sad day, Mrs. Tom was seen no more at the upper windows; her cheery voice, humming little snatches of some old-fashioned melody as she bustled about the house, was silent. But in a very short while the small bookshop recovered its accustomed brightness, and Tom was, outwardly at least, as happy and optimistic as ever. Soon he discovered a genial Irishwoman with two small children, seeking a comfortable home, and instantly, the trio were installed in the lonely rooms upstairs. Old Tom had found a treasure. Mrs. Burke at once adopted him as her own, and she kept him mended, and scolded, and properly fed, just like the other members of her family.

Then there followed a glorious period for the children. Night after night, when supper was over, they would run downstairs and climb up on Tom's knee, as he dozed by the fire. And he would tell them the most wonderful stories, tales of wicked giants, and bold bad pirates; tales of chivalry too, in which courageous knights in splendid armour,

well, but he was unable to read without painful effort. Urged by Mrs. Burke, he at last paid a visit to the big Ophthalmic Hospital, but the doctors looked grave and shook their knowing heads. Altered glasses would make little difference, they said, and so they feared there was nothing they could do. So Tom read less, and little by little his days became filled with dreams. Perhaps, sometimes, as the weeks and months rolled by, he pictured Mrs. Tom hastening along Crow Lane, her arms full of sundry purchases from the corner grocery store. Perhaps—who can say—his mind wandered back to still earlier days, when he and Mrs. Tom were quite, quite young, and long before she became Mrs. Tom. Perhaps he thought of the future, when he should have heard the jingle of the merry little door-bell for the last time. However that may be, it was very pleasant to dream, very pleasant indeed, and Tom was happy. At least, he thought, I shall always have my cosy little shop—that will be mine until I go.

And then one day a letter came. A letter in a long white envelope.

He handed it to Mrs. Burke. "My eyes are not quite as good as they used



Ready to welcome you, as though you were his closest friend, would be old Tom Denny himself

THERE were times too, when some poor soul, attracted to the window by the temptingly displayed volumes opened at some particularly absorbing passage, would, after gazing enviously through the glass, venture timidly inside and ask old Tom if he might see one of the books, "just for a minute or so." Then, as he laid down the coveted treasure, Tom would beam at him over the rim of his spectacles. "Suppose you take that book home with you, and enjoy it there," he would say. "Sometime, when you are passing by, you can bring it back again." Now and then he would press a volume into someone's hand with, "It's getting very old and lonely on these crowded shelves, my dear. It will please me very much if you will take it home—and love it."

Once upon a time, though long ago now, there was a Mrs. Tom, as cheery and lovable as the dear old fellow himself. They lived together for goodness knows how many years in the tiny flat over the store. Then there came a dreary day, with the cold March rain beating down in torrents, when the second-hand shop was closed. The dark-

rode gallantly to the rescue of the most beautiful princesses with long golden hair. One story in particular—about a magic carpet—the children loved. All you had to do was to stand on the carpet, and just wish to be wherever you liked. Before you could get the words out of your mouth, or even think them—you were there.

It was about this time, while he was story-telling one evening, that Tom heard a doleful cry in the street above. He hurried out and picked up a frightened dog, a tiny fox terrier puppy that had been knocked down by a passing truck. Fortunately, the injury proved to be slight, and as a matter of course, the delighted terrier was at once made one of the family. He became part of the establishment, wagging his absurd stumpy tail when a customer rang the merry little bell, and then curling up again by Tom's chair preparatory to going off to sleep once more.

As Time went on, and Tom, and Mrs. Burke, and the children, and the dog, and all Tom's customers grew steadily older, Tom's eyes aged gradually too. At a distance he could still see quite

to be, Mrs. Burke. Would you mind reading this to me?"

Mrs. Burke opened the letter and spread the single sheet out on the table before her. Suddenly her eyes caught the concluding lines.

"as the building is to be demolished, kindly note that you will be required to vacate the premises at twenty-one Crow Lane, on or before November 30th."

Her brain reeled. Instinctively she realized that she must gain time. In a flash Mrs. Burke crumpled the dreadful letter in her hand, and ran to the door leading upstairs.

"Just a minute, Mr. Tom," she called back. "Them pies is burning-sure. can't you smell 'em?"

She hurried upstairs and then collapsed on the nearest chair. Poor old Mr. Tom. A blow like this would kill him. To be forced out of his beloved shop—his home—it was unthinkable. Of course, he could find another place, but at his age. It seemed awful to think of such a thing. Still, he would have to be told.

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SCIENCE in warfare has so advanced that the human race, in fear of annihilation, is taking steps to make war improbable, if not impossible. Though such an end may be necessary and desirable, the world will never lose its ad-

Canada's Thermopylae

BY M. O. HAMMOND

of a lazy summer day. A few miles to the east lies Oka, and an hour's walk up a hill road brings one to the monastery of the Trappists, a veritable Castle of Silence and a suitable link with the crusading pioneers of the early Church, who strove with the devotion of martyrs to Christianize the savages of the seventeenth century. Farther down the Ottawa lies St. Anne de Bellevue, where lived, in a house still standing, Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, during his stay in Canada, and where he wrote "The Canadian Boat Song," with its haunting refrain:

"Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast;
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past."

Should one have the curiosity to venture up-stream from the foot of the Long Sault, travelling past the rapids by the small, antiquated railway which meets the needs of the slender traffic, he will come shortly to Montebello, and there discover an old chateau behind its screen of woods. Here lived the peppery Louis Joseph Papineau, in his declining years, after he had led the brief rebellion of 1837 in Lower Canada and then remained to see the reforms he sought secured by other hands. Beyond this retreat, one might follow the Ottawa to the Canadian capital, and so to new wildernesses and regions of wealth of which Champlain, with all his energy, never dreamed. But we must return.

Adam Dollard, who was a young Frenchman who had come to Canada three years earlier at the age of twenty-two, had been in the French army, and he was inspired by an enthusiasm of faith, patriotism and honor, which has led to his being likened to the crusaders of the Middle Ages. He appears to have been fired by a desire to wash some stain from his past. The struggling settlement of three thousand French people, mainly divided between Quebec,

pressive incident than the farewell of Dollard and his companions, as they took the oath "to fight even unto death, for God or country," and then set out for what all knew must be a desperate adventure. In the chapel of Hotel Dieu, in the little clearing below Mount Royal, and under the sombre setting of the evergreens, scarcely yet pushed back from the river, the men and women who founded that great settlement, as yet with only one hundred and forty men, took part in the ceremonies. There was Maisonneuve, father of the city, whose dashing figure is still preserved

Eventually, Dollard and his companions reached the foot of the rapids of Long Sault and took up their position in an abandoned palisade, there to await the coming of the Iroquois. They had not long to wait. Within two days an advance party of the Indians were in sight, and the firing of the muskets of the French soon brought the main body of Indians, and resulted in a desperate battle that lasted for five days. Dollard and his men fought with the utmost bravery and abandon, but their defences at best were weak and unstable. They suffered from thirst, and experienced danger and loss from journeys to the river at night for water. The few Hurons who had joined them were not to be depended upon, and eventually deserted to the enemy with the exception of their chief, Anahotaha. A



Memorial to Dollard, Carillon, Quebec, at foot of Long Sault

miration for great heroic episodes of the past, and among these I desire to recall one from the early history of Canada, the defence of Long Sault by Dollard and his companions.

More than two thousand years ago a great army of Persians was halted for days by a small force of Greeks at a narrow pass between a great cliff and the sea. This struggle is known to history as Thermopylae. Half a century after Champlain laid the foundation of Canada at Quebec, a mere handful of Frenchmen, seventeen in all, aided by a few Indians, battled for days behind a broken palisade against hundreds of Iroquois, until, though finally extinguished, they so impressed the foe with their fighting qualities that the attack on New France was abandoned.



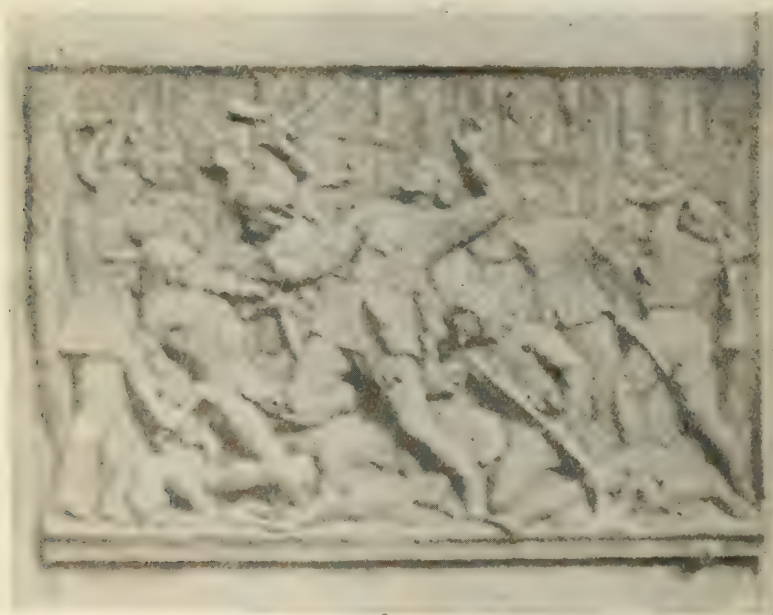
Dollard Monument, Montreal, by Laliberte

to us in the magnificent bronze monument in Montreal. The brave Charles Lemoyne stood near him, regretting that he must remain behind. Marguerite Bourgeois, who had opened the first school for females in Montreal in a stable granted her by Maisonneuve, and Jeanne Mance, the first in Montreal to nurse the sick and care for the injured—these were spectators of the momentous departure of Dollard for the Long Sault.

Such a venture presented immediate physical difficulties to men not hardened to the wilderness life, and after the solemn departure the seventeen gallant Frenchmen underwent untold misery and difficulty. It is said that a week's time was lost alone at the head of Montreal Island in circumventing the rapids where the Ottawa flows into the St. Lawrence. "The zeal and ardor of so holy an expedition," says the Jesuit Relation of that year, "made them set at naught encounters with the ice and the coldness of the waters but recently melted; they resolutely leaped into them to drag their canoes with their hands amid the stones and blocks of ice."

frantic effort was made by Dollard when he filled an old musket with powder and attempted to throw it over the palisade with the hope of bringing great destruction on the enemy. The weapon struck branches of a tree and fell back, killing several and wounding others of the band already sadly reduced. In this extremity the Iroquois became bolder and, learning from the renegade Hurons of the slim force of the defenders, stormed the fort from all sides, and broke through, and the remnant of brave defenders were soon annihilated. Such an exploit would almost seem foolhardy and useless, but its effect was instant and remarkable. Twenty years of warfare by the Iroquois against the slender settlements of the French came to a termination when the redmen realized the mettle of the colonists. If a handful of men behind a broken palisade could put up such a battle, what might the invaders expect from the forces in the fortified towns of Montreal and Quebec? Dollard by his gen-

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Dollard at Long Sault—From Relief on Maisonneuve Monument, Montréal, by Philippe Hebert

This incident has been called the Canadian Thermopylae, and Dollard and his companions have won a place in Canada's Hall of Fame for all time.

To-day one may visit the scenes of Dollard's heroism and find only peace and plenty in a setting of the rugged splendors of the Laurentians. Long Sault is a succession of rapids on the Ottawa River, about fifty miles above Montreal, and the village at the foot of the rapids bears the musical name of Carillon. For peace and quiet on a summer day it recalls a "land where it is always afternoon," but if the wind is in the west the dull moan of the cascades is carried to the village, and one wonders what day these brown waters will be harnessed for commerce, and this last natural possession of the wilderness diverted to uses of man. Low shores line the river, but off to the north the lovely Laurentians reach up and up, their evergreen crests mottled by cloud shadows

Three Rivers and Montreal, lived in constant dread of attacks by the Iroquois, who occupied the rich lands south of Lake Ontario. It was the day of Bishop Laval, the pioneer "circuit rider" of Canada. He went about among the people of the settlements, and with the other black robes proclaimed a severe gospel and comforted the anxious settlers, who were ever in fear of the Iroquois, who would drive the stranger from the land.

In the spring of 1660 word reached the settlers that a horde of the enemy would shortly attack Montreal from the West. Three hundred Indians were gathered at the mouth of the Richelieu, and five hundred more were already descending the Ottawa, said the message. The impetuous Dollard quickly made his decision, and with sixteen others determined to take the aggressive and defend the approach to Montreal. Canadian history probably has no more im-



Carillon, Quebec, and Ferry, seen from Pointe Fortune, Ontario

The Gladsome Living Room

BY COLLIER STEVENSON

THE heart of the home! How better can the "homey" and gladsome living room that has magically succeeded the austere and awesome parlor of yesteryear be described. The living room has, indeed, a recognized status today as the pivot upon which revolves our whole home life. Small wonder, then, that, under every principle and practice of contemporary home-planning, to the living room are unanimously accorded the foremost consideration, the choicest location and the most interesting development: for does not the importance of the room more than warrant all the thought and effort that are involved?

Even in the most superficial discussion of the living room, mention of the important bearing of proper exposure and agreeable outlook cannot be altogether omitted. In an urban house, predetermined as to contour as in the placement of rooms by imitations incidental to a restricted street frontage, neither outlook nor exposure is of fundamental import: whereas, in a suburban or country house, they are both of vital concern, and, of all rooms, particularly for the living room, that is much in use during the daylight hours.

Before any wise decision can be made in reference to either exposure or outlook, it is, of course, essential to understand the conditions with which the various rooms of a house are to cope: in other words, to estimate accurately the eventual utilization of each. Primarily, the actual utilization of a living room occurs after, rather than before, midday: and it proceeds with less interruption during the winter than during the summer. Obviously, then, in arriving at any decision relative to exposures, attention can appropriately be confined to that best adapted to the short afternoons of winter, when sunshine is especially welcome. Does this not point directly to the advantage of a Southerly exposure? That the dominating exposure of a living room should be such has, as a matter of fact, of late years, become a veritable axiom—and this to the credit of the architectural profession.

No rule can, however, be invariably observed: therefore, any axiom as to Southerly exposure can be judiciously honored only after the matter of outlook has been duly considered. Often, even in a property far from extensive, there is a choice of several good outlooks. Occasionally, too, the most interesting view may be Northward, Eastward, in any direction but towards the South. What, under these circumstances, of a Southerly exposure for the living room? If it is impossible to effect a compromise, whereby the relation of the living room to the balance of the house will be such as to permit windows for the enjoyment both of the desirable outlook and the ideal exposure, the only alternative is to choose between the two. And, in choosing, it is well to bear in mind that, while it is comparatively easy to achieve an appearance of sunniness in any room by means of certain color-schemes, it is not possible to encompass within doors an adequate substitute for an attractive outlook: which rather points to a decision in favor of outlook rather than exposure.

With the coming of night, however, neither exposure nor outlook is a matter of moment—yet a living room is even more the family congregating place after dark than by day. This serves to emphasize the necessity for the utmost care in the selection of a color-scheme. Not only must the chosen colorings be agreeable by day: they must be no less pleasant under artificial illumination. That is the first requirement. The second is this: that, if possible, the colorings be chosen according to their "warmth" or "coldness" of effect, dependent upon the exposure of the room. Rose, through its whole gamut to the deeper mulberry and red shades, and yellow, from a light canary to a deep orange: these are examples of the so-called "warm" colorings especially suited to the room whose exposures admit little or no direct sunlight. Blue, in its amazing varieties, green and violet, both limitless in gradation: these suggest the possibilities in making from the "cold" colors an



In this diminutive living room, the paneled walls and the woodwork are painted French-gray and the ceiling is tinted oyster-white. Mottled orange tiles form the hearth and facing of the quaint corner fireplace: and their glowing color is repeated in the valanced window-hangings of plain sunfast material, edged with French blue and black silk fringe. The rug is of blue velvet, with a dark border. The gay bird-patterned chintz used for the cushions and chair-coverings carries a pleasing combination of blue, orange, gray and black on its ivory background. Interest is added to the room by the use of several pieces of furniture painted gray to match the walls and woodwork: and a good foil is provided by the balance of the furniture, which is black-enameled. The lighting fixtures are of Roman gold finish and the long mirror on one wall is framed to correspond with them. Because the room is small, the absence of pictures is especially commendable.



Rough-plastered walls of a light, clear Italian blue and woodwork painted to match have an interesting foil in the dark brown timbers of the beamed ceiling. In the great antique tapestry which adorns one wall, there is much more blue—a greenish-blue, that blends perfectly with the bluish-greens and contrasts pleasantly with the old reds that also appear in the design. Beneath the tapestry, three cushions of yellow and gold brocade repeat the coloring of the thin gold gauze curtains which hang at the windows. The wide davenport before the fireplace is covered with a plain velour in the bluish-green of the tapestry: but most of the chairs, which are chiefly early Spanish and Italian specimens, are upholstered in dull brown tool-leather, that almost matches their warm brown walnut or oak frames. The gateleg table is of brown-stained oak. Upon it rests a lamp of pale Chinese yellow pottery with a simple shade of parchment in the natural coloring. The tall reading-lamp in one corner is similarly shaded. Of pictures, there are none—except the quiet pastoral scene, framed in dull gilt and hung above the fireplace.

entirely appropriate selection for a room of very sunny exposure.

In choosing a color-scheme, it should also be borne in mind that certain colors reflect light, while others notably absorb light—and, as this involves the question of artificial illumination, it has an important bearing upon the choice of color for living room decoration. As a rule, the most satisfactory results attend the selection of a rather light tone for the walls, ceiling and woodwork, unless it be that a room possesses many windows or that the style chosen for its architectural development demands a darker treatment. While the light colorings are, perhaps, less rich in effect than the more intense shades, they can easily be enriched by the introduction of harmonizing dark hues in the accessories of the room. Thus, in a living room having walls of cafe-au-lait color, a ceiling of pale ecru and woodwork to match the walls, velvet hangings of claret color, with chair-coverings and rugs carrying the same glowing hue, can be depended upon to create an effect of the utmost richness—yet with no undue absorption of either the natural or the artificial light.

* * *

RATHER than risk a wrong choice in color combination, many inexperienced home-decorators decide upon a one-toned harmony with a sense of perfect security: and then proceed to carry out that harmony so exhaustively, that they achieve an extremely monotonous effect—monotonous to an irritating degree! A living room all in tans and browns—the floors, the woodwork and the furniture of dark brown oak; the walls of brown; the ceiling of tan; the rugs, the hangings and the chair-coverings all of brown and tan combined—would undoubtedly be harmonious: but it would be just as surely deadly dull. Can you not visualize the change which would be effected?

by the introduction of subtle touches of jade green, coral, Copenhagen blue or burnt orange in lamps, chair-coverings and curtains? Or by soft mulberry, old blue and olive green, combined with the prevailing tan and brown in a decorative chintz for cushions, draperies and other accessories?

The one-tone harmony—that is, a color-scheme produced by a gradation of the tints and shades of one color—is really never satisfactory unless safeguarded from undue monotony by some contrasting note, as it lacks the power to stimulate the eye and the imagination. And, if it is to be truly glad some, a living room cannot be altogether devoid of stimulating color!

While a room individually may express just the idea it should—cheerfulness, restfulness, welcome or comfort—its good effect may be nullified altogether, because of a lack of harmony between it and the colorings of the adjoining rooms. There should, therefore, always be a proper transition of color from one room to another. For the amateur decorator, this can be achieved very satisfactorily through the use of harmonizing wallpapers throughout the communicating rooms of a house. Nor need this uniformity of treatment predicate monotony! In a small house, for instance, the walls

ness and distance. Applied to the walls and woodwork of a room, it confers a restful air of wide spaces. The delicate gray-green of poppy leaves, the faded yellow of old parchment and the warm creamy-gray of putty are other space-creating colors especially suited to living room decoration. If any of these be chosen for the walls, the woodwork can be painted or enameled in the same tone: which will not only add considerably to the apparent size of the room, but facilitate the use of furniture of various types without discord. In the living room having gray-green walls and woodwork, for instance, let us use a plain, oblong rug of brownish-red, merely bordered in a darker shade—matching the brick hearth and facing of the open fireplace which centres one wall. For the covering of the Chesterfield and its attendant armchair, a changeable corded velours in gray-green and henna can be selected. For the mahogany chairs used in the room, gray-green poplin in a two-toned stripe would be particularly effective if the same material were used for long, straight hangings at the windows. Then—for that stimulation which is so desirable in a living room—wicker is available: great, roomy wicker chairs, enameled gray-green and cushioned in a chintz, patterned in henna, blue and gray-green on a light gray ground. For

of room, there is a very pleasing alternative arrangement, whereby two settees are placed at right angles to the fireplace with a reading-table conveniently located between them. For the smaller room or for the room of square contour, armchairs and fireside-stools are infinitely preferable around the fireplace, with a reading-table placed either in the centre or at one end of the room.

A badly-lighted piano does not invite use. The piano should, therefore, if at all possible, be placed where the daylight will fall over the left shoulder of the player and where, after nightfall, no artificial light will shine in the eyes of the player.

No living room is complete without books. That is, then, a very good reason for providing built-in bookcases in the living room. These should invariably be finished to match the standing woodwork of the room. Whether they be of open-type or glass-doored is a matter of personal preference: but their shelves should be of adjustable construction. To avoid both stooping and stretching, the shelves should not be carried too high and the lower portion should be devoted to drawers—which will be found useful for maps, plates, portfolios and other library paraphernalia.

* * *

appearance, all pictures should lie close to the wall, instead of being tilted forward. It is also desirable to so hang a picture, that its centre comes within easy range of the eye. Pictures depicting the Ascension, or other religious subjects, can, of course properly be hung somewhat higher to convey the idea of worship. Landscapes showing mountain scenery can also be appropriately raised. When pictures nearly of a size form a group, the spaces between them should be uniform: for this creates a sense of repose.

In choosing pictures for home adornment, it is surely not necessary to urge that pictures which have become banal through a too-general use be omitted. Many splendid pictures have, alas! become, by their ubiquitousness veritable bromides in the modern Canadian home. When satisfactory reproductions of other equally good pictures are obtainable at very moderate cost, there is certainly no reason why each home should not possess a distinctive pictorial character, bespeaking thereby the individuality and discernment of the owners in matters artistic.

The value of abundant natural light we apparently appreciate to the full nowadays, for no longer do we enshroud our windows in layer upon layer of both diaphanous and light-obscuring fabrics. Instead, in all well-regulated homes, the windows are usually treated with curtains of fine net, voile marquisette or scrim next the glass and with inner curtains of a heavier fabric, straight-hanging, pushed well back to the sides and topped by a shallow valance or a shaped lambrequin. Thus do we cater to the entrance of light by day: but what of the evening hours?

Many living rooms, that are admirably lighted by day, are altogether inadequately illuminated by night—simply because their owners have not yet grasped the secret of successful illumination. By its very name, the living room suggests that a diversity of activities may be expected to proceed simultaneously in it. The provision of several distinct lighting centres, would therefore, appear to be absolutely essential, if real livableness is to ensue. That banishes the former idea of one central ceiling fixture being considered all-sufficient. With that type of illuminant used exclusively, the light is thrown where it achieves no useful purpose whatever—it is productive, perhaps, of a general glare, but certainly not of anything that conduces to enjoyment.

Instead of this archaic mode of lighting, how much better is a system whereby well-shaded lights in various parts of the room create several agreeable scenes for family work and play! Lights, there should be, near the piano, beside the bookcases, upon the desk, near the fireplace, beside the davenport and upon the reading-table—each available for momentary or special service, yet each contributory to the brighter illumination required when the living room is in use for general entertaining.

And, of course, there is a fireplace in the ideal living room. In addition to its well-nigh uncanny hold upon human affections, a fireplace has certain other attributes of interest. For instance, it possesses wonderful architectural possibilities; which, if developed, can impart to a room that in all other structural details may be mediocre an air of refinement and individuality. A rightly constructed fireplace is, too, an aid to ventilation—and in a much-used living room good ventilation is of decided importance.

Books, music and the glow of an open fire! Add to these flowers, and we have an assemblage of what might appropriately be termed living room essentials—an assemblage that, properly employed, can be depended upon to convert any living room into a place of contentment and charm.

* * *

The nurses and students at a certain London hospital were rehearsing a Greek play—in English. They were to perform it at a concert in aid of their exchequer.

There was a dear old lady at the rehearsal. She seemed a little mystified. Eventually she turned to the girl beside her and said, in a puzzled voice: "Let me see, dear—Euripides—was he before Venizelos?"



The simply-paneled walls and the exquisitely-carved mantel, which, with all the woodwork, are finished in pale parchment yellow, form the background for this charming living room. The one large rug is of plain velvet in a yellowish-green shade, bordered with a slightly darker note. Sheer curtains of ivory net are used next the glass, with inner hangings and artistically-outrigged lambrequins of a printed linen, patterned in Chinese red, blue, yellow and yellowish-green. The treatment of the French casements is interesting for a two-fold reason: it conforms with the treatment of the other windows and it permits the opening and the closing of the casements without the slightest disarrangement of the draperies. The lighting fixtures of dull brass carry shades of parchment: and a parchment shade is used on the table-lamp of dull blue pottery. Blue again appears in the cushions and in the tile of the fireplace, which shades from green to blue.

of the hall might be hung with a fawn oatmeal or grasscloth paper, the living room walls with a wide-striped paper in two tones of fawn, the dining room walls with a fawn-colored foliage or block-patterned paper and the walls of the kitchen painted a cheerful light fawn. Here, the variation in pattern would be sufficiently stimulating to adequately balance the uniformity of coloring: and the neutral-toned walls would be ideal as a background for the richer hues of furniture and fitment.

Unless the family budget warrants frequent changes in decorative treatment, it is, indeed, always wise to eschew pronounced colorings in wall-coverings and to avoid distracting patterns in hangings and furniture-coverings: more especially in a room so constantly used as the average living room of today. There, of all places, a pleasant sense of restfulness should predominate. And, happily, that is not a quality difficult to impart!

Do you know that lovely amethystine-blue that floats like a veil over distant mountains? It is a hue of spacious-

the lamps: what could be more appropriate than tall vases of light gray pottery, shaded in soft gray-green over rose? A bit of burnished old copper, a piece of quaint blue china, possibly some cool green Wedgewood, the colorful bindings of books, a dewy rose in a clear glass vase—the room is complete!

In promoting restfulness of effect in a living room, the placement of the furniture is also of importance. Above all, that placement should be logical. Instead of a helter-skelter disposal of furniture, there should always be a grouping of related pieces, with a proper regard for both natural and artificial light. And each arrangement should suggest and invite use. Around the fireplace, for example, there are opportunities galore for hospitable and inviting arrangements of furniture. Many homemakers have a predilection for the placement of a davenport directly in front of the fireplace, with a long reading-table to back the davenport. This, although frequently found in small rooms, is, nevertheless, successful only in long rooms of fair width. For the same type

HAVE pictures a logical place in the living room? A few worth-while pictures, yes: but only when much care has been lavished upon their selection and upon the creation of a suitable background. As a rule, it is better not to attempt the use of any pictures on a patterned wall, as there is apt to ensue a hopeless confusion of line, destroying the good effect of both pictures and wall.

Frames should be chosen, not only in relation to the pictures but also with regard to the room in which they are to be hung. They should not be of too pronounced coloring: nor should they be of very ornate design, lest they distract the eye from the intended interest—the pictures. Bright and dull gold frames should not be hung close together, as each suffers by the juxtaposition—one becoming garish and the other dingy by comparison. When mats are necessary, they should be wider than the frame. If two or more matted pictures are to be grouped on the wall, it is desirable that the mats be of the same tone and harmonious with the background. In order to avoid a restless

Movie Scenes and Stars



Miss Lois Wilson, one of the "Paramount" stars



On this page are pictured scenes from two plays which marked the early success of the film drama. The upper illustration shows a scene from "Queen Elizabeth" produced by the Famous Players in 1912. The great French actress, Sarah Bernhardt, played the leading part. Below is a picture of the coronation scene from "The Prisoner of Zenda," another Famous Players production of ten years ago. In this, the well-known Canadian actor, James K. Hackett, played the hero's part.



ONE of the many things that have come or will come to this Canada of ours as a result of the great war, is that Canada is finding herself. Canada did not start out after the manner of the late Kaiser, to make a place for herself in the sun; but the result has been nevertheless achieved, and according to such splendid proportions that she is admired throughout the whole world for the stand she took at the beginning of the struggle, and for the attitude she was able to maintain through five years of conflict such as the world had never seen.

In this brief article I want to say something about Canadian Spirit. The discussion must necessarily be fragmentary, for to deal in detail with any one of the various thoughts set forth would call for a volume.

Some of us who were born up here in God's country under the best old flag that ever swung out to the breeze, have known for a long time something about the spirit of Canadians and of Canada. But Canadian spirit as awakened, or aroused, a few years ago, is no longer a static thing; it is a dynamic force that knows no bounds and will stop at no barrier. And lest I appear to boast, let me say that boasting in that sense of the term is far from my desire. In the first place the enlightened, intelligent press of Canada would not stand for such a thing; and in the second place it is not necessary to boast,—just plain, unvarnished facts will fill the bill.

As regards the place Canada filled in the war, she has been backward in the matter of taking praise to herself. But Canada has not lacked praise by any means. From the very outset to the present time the spirit of Canada as exemplified in the men who did her fighting, has been not only the envy of the whole world, but has drawn forth praise even from our enemies.

And this is the more marked because of the fact that we did not go over seas to "knock hell" out of one William Hohenzollern, although we came near doing that little thing once or twice; we did not go over to win the war for the allies, or to "wind up" the watch on the Rhine, or any such thing; but as an integral part of the world's greatest empire, Canada heard the Macedonian call, and took her place out on the frontiers of civilization, where with drawn sword she learned the meaning of that watchword of her gallant ally,—"*ils ne passeront pas.*" And this was in the main we believe the spirit of all the allies. It was a serious business, undertaken in a serious spirit; the result aimed at was serious.

It is nauseating to matter-of-fact Canadians to read the unwarrantable claims set forth in a portion of the press of the adjoining Republic. To be perfectly fair, it is a small portion; and yet, even in the sane editorials of some of the great national magazines there is a whole lot of talk about the spirit of "America," which in itself is all right; but in the next sentence the same thing is restated in such terms as would lead a citizen of Mars who had just landed on this little clod of earth to conclude that America is the United States and the United States America.

No, we don't like this spirit of bragadocio, Uncle Sam; but in spite of it all we think the world of you. You belong to our kith and kin, and perhaps that's the reason we can see each other's faults so clearly, and speak of them so frankly:—a sort of family prerogative.

But Canadian Spirit is our theme, and we just dabbed the brush in once or twice to make a background against which this splendid quality may be the more readily seen.

Now, we cannot write down a complete formula and call it Canadian Spirit. You know how difficult it is to analyze the spirit of an individual. The same

is true of a family; and yet we speak of a man having a beautiful spirit; and we also speak of the family spirit. And were we to put on paper a small part of the things which we think go into the makeup of the family spirit, we would need much paper,—and patience.

To-day is Canada's psychological moment. If the nineteenth century was the golden age for the United States, then the twentieth century belongs to Canada. Almost every week our population is augmented by contingents from across the ocean. Read what this same thing meant for the United States during the last fifty years. And Canada has the advantage in that she may profit by many of the mistakes made by Uncle Sam. We already have immigration laws that are far ahead of those of the United States in many respects, and in the course of a few more decades, let us hope that we shall have an abundance of splendid material out of which to mould real Canadianism. These men and women, wisely chosen for our land, are real assets; and properly introduced to the resources of our land, the forests, mines, and the fertile fields, is there any good and sufficient reason why we should not look forward with a great degree of optimism?

BUT now, that thing which we need and must have in great abundance in order to make all these things pan out to our satisfaction, is that which forms the caption of this article, Canadian Spirit.

One might write Canadian Spirit in one word. We could put down Democracy and let it go at that; but of all the words in our language there is probably no word more abused than this. Every writer or speaker has his own meaning injected into the word, and anything that does not measure up to his peculiar standard lacks all the essential qualities.

But democracy from the Canadian standpoint is a stately thing. It is not the "democracy become the aristocracy," but rather conversely. For take it how you will, a young country like ours, bound to the mother land by such strong ties, receives just that amount of old country backbone needed to make our Canadian democracy a dependable thing. And it is the dependable thing we want; no other need apply.

Now, let me tell you some of the things that I feel must enter into Canadian Spirit. Other things will of course suggest themselves to the reader, but these will serve to stir up your minds by way of remembrance. I say remembrance, for I am not bringing to you through the medium of this publication new things. This is not Athens but Canada, and we have something else to do other than "hear some new thing." These things that I remind you of you know as well as I, and you have been reminded of them before. But unless we are reminded often we are apt to lose interest and forget. But forgetting means failure for us to-day, my good friend!

Just as we are at the most important turn of the road, so we face the most critical stage of our national existence. And that is why I feel like reiterating "Forgetting means failure." We are coming out of the adolescent period, and the bones and sinews of our national life are becoming mature. And just because there is a tendency to feel "grewed up," so there is a danger that we, like Topsy, snap our fingers at antecedents and say we "just grewed." And this is the one thing we must steer clear

of. To just grow up like Russia for instance, would be a calamity indeed. There must be guiding principles, however simple; and these principles must, to change the figure, become the very warp and woof of our national life.

First, then, let me bring to your attention this basic axiom: In order that the real Canadian Spirit may be developed, we must have a sincere appreciation of Canada as the peculiar property of Canadians. By this I do not mean mere flag-flapping. We all know how easy it seems for some to carry their patriotism where the Irishman is said to carry the chip,—on his shoulder. And there are scores of people who would spend hours in applauding patriotic speeches or talking loyally; but when it comes to real appreciation of Canada for her own peculiar worth, they are not there with the goods.

In a recent book catalogue there appeared the following sentence in connection with an author's name, "He is a Canadian to the core." As I sat musing, the beauty of this expression seemed to grow. I thought of the apple that looks red and rosy on the outside, but when it is cut the core is bad. And over against this, the apple that is not so fine in appearance, but it holds its worth all the way through. Now, my ideal Canadian is one who is sound all the way through,—one who has a finely developed sense of proprietorship, and who can say with emphasis,

"This is my own, my native land!" Possibly some one may object to this and say it is narrow, and we are living in an age of broad things. A young woman who had never been out of her own native province, went a few weeks ago to the United States. After a little she wrote to some of her friends, "No more of old slow Canada for me." That woman has yet to learn one of the cardinal principles of travel,—the further you go afield, the more you appreciate your own home town.

No, sir, this will not do! What we want and must have is the spirit that feels proud to say "My own, my native land." We are right willing to admit that Canada is slower than Fifth Avenue; but so far are we from regretting that fact that we feel rather proud of it. For while the throngs that crown the busy marts of the great American cities are "tripping the light fantastic," over here in God's country we are anxious to make good. And in order to make good the spirit of Kipling's great poem has become a fact of our lives,—

"Soberly under the white man's laws,
My white men go their ways."

Yes, we want to make good, and we are making good; and one thing that is going to help us in attaining the ideal, is a high appreciation of "Our own Canadian Home." And without this appreciation we cannot make good.

Apropos of this I heard an interesting conversation recently between a whitewashed Yankee who had gone from Canada a few years ago, and one of the "Make-good-in-Canada" type. Said the first, "O, this place makes me tired. I cannot see that any improvements have come about in the last ten years or more. I think it is the last place that God ever made."

"You're right" replied the other, "and if that is so, it must be that God, like man, profits by former mistakes."

And right here let me say, we would not have the reader interpret our meaning as otherwise than a sane, sensible appreciation. We don't want swagger! We don't want untrue, or exaggerated

statements! That sort of thing is unpleasant to people of good common sense. And that is why some of the paragraphs in certain American magazines fail to win our approval,—it is contrary to the spirit of the day.

An editorial in one of these publications some little time ago had the following: "The Central powers were victorious for four years less ten days; Then Foch with the United States troops in the vanguard, won his way to victory in one hundred and fifteen days."

NOW, with all due regard to our good cousins across the border, and with all deference to Marshal Foch, the real truth of the matter is that the power of Germany was broken before Foch took command, and months before a Doughboy set foot on European soil. A statement like the one quoted is swagger pure and simple. It makes one feel like the late Elbert Hubbard must have felt when he would say "pass the formaldehyde?" No, we want warm hearts and all that sort of thing, but may the dear Lord help us to keep cool heads in these years of reconstruction.

Another factor which must hold a big place in this Canadian Spirit, is what we are going to call the "Pull-together idea." Not very euphonious? Well, never mind that part of it, it is practicable; and if there is one thing that is needed and badly needed in this old Dominion of ours today, it is the working out of the "Esprit de Corps." And this implies a great degree of brotherliness, a subordinating of the personal interests to the interests of the whole body. This article is being written in the midst of a general election, and while the writer does not care a Continental for any or all the parties, there is one thing that it seems to me is more apparent than ever before, and that is that there are hundreds and hundreds of people who would be highly indignant were one to challenge their loyalty, yet these selfsame individuals put the interests of their party, and in many cases their own personal interests before the interests of the nation. And this is so in many other walks of life as well as in politics. Surely even the most conservative reader will agree with me that this is not the "Esprit de corps." This is not the spirit of the whole body, or to be more specific, a regard for the welfare of the nation.

Do you know why some of the great nations of the past reached the point of greatness? There were many contributing causes, but one thing that loomed large was the willingness to sacrifice personal aims and desires for the good of the country. And conversely, lack of this same quality has wrought the downfall of many a kingdom. In spite of the fact that the great German war machine was the most wonderful the world had ever seen, came a time when the people did not trust their leaders, and even the leaders did not trust each other. One of their military men recently indicated that this was the prime cause of his nation's defeat.

And our Canadianism is not a matter of place, and therefore is not confined to the limits of our own Dominion. A man who is once a Canadian is always a Canadian, no matter where he may live his life. He may find it necessary for a time to sojourn under some other flag but he retains his loyalty to his own country. And when the time comes for this ideal Canadian to return his feet fairly burn with impatience. Or to quote again,

"His heart within him burned,
As home his footsteps he has turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand."

But the spirit that we speak of now is the spirit that should be developed right here in our own country and should

(Continued on page 68)

Journal Juniors' Page

BY BERTHA E. GREEN

Illustrated by Geoffrey Grier

THE ROARING LIONS

IN the Northland is the bush, the forest of spruce and pine, of fir and cedar, of balsam and hemlock with the poplar and the white limbed birch. There is snow in the Northland, for winter-time is long, and one year came when there were four lions, frosty, snowy, saucy lions, in the great woods. Let me tell you about them.

One night, at the very end of February, a little, white owl sat on the tip of a baby cedar-tree. He was lonesome, with nothing to see but the trees, and the deep shadows, and the twinkling stars. There was nothing to hear, either, nothing but the snapping of frosty twigs, or the booming of cracking ice. So he was lonesome; but he kept on looking and listening.

There was a "fluff, fluff" of soft wings below the little owl, and a reedy, piping voice called:

"Come down off your perch."

The little white owl chuckled, for he knew that voice, then replied:

"Saucy as ever, aren't you, Feather-toes. But never mind; I'll come down."

The little owl dropped to the ground like an overgrown snowflake, alighting just in front of a plump, white bird. This was Feather-toes, the Ptarmigan. He was not quite so fluffy as the owl, but he was better dressed, for he had feathers even on his toes.

"Anything doing around here, Snowball?" asked Feather-toes.

The little white owl shook his head slowly.

"Nothing at all," he replied. "I was just hoping you had brought some excitement with you."

Then the two white birds both wagged their heads, and looked very solemn.

"Though skies are clear,
You never know
Whether or not 'tis going to snow,
In feather, flake or flurry;
But if you cease
To use your eyes,
On you will come as a surprise,
A snow storm, in a hurry."

The two white birds heard this sung by someone quite near them, and before the song was ended, the little cedar tree was shaken violently and all the snow on its branches pelted down on Snowball and Feather-toes.

"Why, it's Inna Hurry, the hare," laughed Feather-toes, as he shook the snow from off his back.

A large white hare came around the cedar tree in two long jumps, wagging his long ears excitedly.

"I'm just in time to tell you that the three of us are going to be lions to-morrow."

"I'd rather be myself, thank you," said Snowball, the owl.

"Not me," remarked Feather-toes, "this weather is too cold for lions."

Inna Hurry, the hare, laughed; "Oh, I just meant make-believe lions. The month of March is coming in like a lion, so I thought we might as well be lions for four or five weeks too."

"What's that noise you're making, Snowball?" asked Feather-toes.

The owl had his round head stretched out as far as he could get it, and from his wide-open bill came most alarming sounds. The little owl brought his head down with a jerk, and said sharply:

"Roaring like a lion, of course. You fellows had better practice some yourselves."

So the three of them practiced roaring for a while. The best Feather-toes could do was a stuttering squeak, while the hare whistled through his nose, then through his teeth, then through both together, until it sounded just like a popcorn roaster.

While they were "roaring," March came on a rough, blustering North wind, and did some roaring himself. He brushed the snow off all the trees, and

shook his own snow-clouds until the drifts were everywhere. Inna Hurry, Snowball, and Feather-toes, had taken refuge beneath the little cedar-tree, which was almost roofed over by a white drift.

All that first day the three make-believe lions never saw the sunlight, and never roared a single bit. The second day, they ventured out, though not far from their cedar-tree shelter. The snow was whirling so that it was hard to tell one cedar-tree from another.

But, as the month went by, bright days came, quiet days of clear skies and warm sunlight. There was a firm glistening crust on the snow now, and the hare and the two birds went each his own way for hours at a time. Once every day they met together and "roared," just to prove that they were lions; and each time March came on the North wind, and roared angrily himself.

But on the last day of the month, when the three of them "roared," there

The hare sat still for a while grumbling to himself, then said at last:

"I didn't care much about being a lion. I can whistle better than I can roar. I guess I'll keep on being Inna Hurry, the hare. Lambs are too slow for me. Me be one of them? Bah!"

But March came in like a lamb, for you could hear the South wind say so through the pine-trees.

• • •

THE TALE OF WISE SAINT PATRICK AND THE SPOTTY FROGS.

WHEN good Saint Patrick was but a lad in Ireland, he tended sheep near the mountain of Slieve Mis. It was lonely, but he grew to like the place, so, in after years, when he became a saint and the greatest man in the country, he often came back there.

Up to this time, there were no holidays in Ireland, so Saint Patrick, who

The frogs had their own king, too, who was the richest, as well as the biggest frog in all Ireland. His palace was under the water of a little, round lake, where he lived with his forty sons and their families. There was mud at the bottom of the little lake, but underneath the mud there was sand that was almost all gold.

The frog-king loved the shining yellow gold, and he and all the other frogs who lived in the lake gathered the golden sands, day after day.

The gold-digging frogs and their king had been told about the great holiday Saint Patrick had proclaimed, but they were so busy getting rich they forgot about it entirely.

All the folks in Ireland were out in the morning in their fine suits and their gay dresses. The foxes, and the deer, and the birds were all out, too, and so was Saint Patrick. There he was, walking through the country, wearing a sprig of shamrock, and wishing everyone "the top of the mornin'."

Never had the good saint been so pleased, until he noticed that the king of the frogs, and his forty sons and their families, were not out observing the holiday. Straightaway, Saint Patrick went to the little lake where the frog king lived, for, said he to himself: "I'll just give them a piece of my mind, that I will."

Now the frog king heard the footsteps of Saint Patrick, and remembered that this was the day they should be out and making merry with the rest of the folk. There was no time for anything at all, for Saint Patrick was now quite close to the lake. So it was, that they left their gold-digging at the muddy bottom of the lake, and when Saint Patrick came near the shore, he saw the frog king, with his forty sons and their families, just as they hopped out of the water to the land.

Their beautiful, green suits were all spotted and streaked with the brown and black mud from the bottom of the lake where they had been working, and the King's suit was the spottiest of all.

The frogs looked at Saint Patrick's angry face, then they looked at each other, and, turning, every one of them jumped just six feet out into the water again. All around the shore of the lake there was not a frog to be seen, but Saint Patrick would have his say, and he called:

"Show your noses, and listen to what I have to tell you."

Then all around the water of the lake, just six feet from the shore, appeared a ring of frog-noses, and the frog king's nose poked up in the centre.

Saint Patrick shook a finger at them all, and said:

"Everyone of you spotty frogs is a disgrace to the green coat he wears. I've half a mind to banish you to foreign lands to keep company with the snakes that I drove out of Ireland. It's only your green coats that save you from that, but, because you all forgot that this was Saint Patrick's Day, and kept on working, and dirtying-up your clothes, I lay this penance on you."

This little lake shall be your home as long as there's an Ireland. You shall dig and dig for gold in the mud and sand, yet never grow richer. All the folks will talk about you. I'm not going to let them forget about you, either, for, though you may hide your potty backs, some of the gold you dig will float upon the water in the summertime. It will make a ring of bright, bright yellow just where your noses show this very minute."

The first Saint Patrick's Day was all of fifteen hundred years ago, but there is still in Ireland, a little lake where live green frogs with spotty backs, and where, each summertime, some six feet from the shore, appears a golden ring of yellow water-lilies, risen from the sands beneath the waters of the lake of the spotty frogs.



"I'm just in time to tell you that the three of us are going to be lions to-morrow"

was no North wind, and no roaring March. Instead, the South wind blew gently, bringing with it warm-looking, woolly clouds, and through the pine branches came a soft "a-a-ah, a-a-ah."

Inna Hurry, the hare, wrinkled up his nose, wagged his left ear, and said: "No more roaring. We're not lions any more; we're lambs."

"Bah!" said the owl.

"Bah!" said Feather-toes.

"Exactly," said the hare, "we're lambs. March is going out like a lamb, so we'll be lambs too."

"I like roaring," said Snowball, the owl, "I won't be a lamb. I'm going off by myself where I can be a lion just when I like. Be a lamb? Bah!"

"Me, too," said Feather-toes; "catch me turning into a lamb after being a roaring lion. Bah!"

The two feathered ones without another word, each went his separate way.

liked good times as well as anyone, made up his mind, and said:

"Through all the land, the Seventeenth of March shall be a holiday. It is by way of being my birthday, too, which makes it all the better. Everybody will stop working, and put on his best clothes. It is the order of Saint Patrick, and it is myself will see that everyone obeys."

Long before that holiday, Saint Patrick's Day, as it was called from the first, there was much washing, and dusting, and brushing of clothes, for everyone wished to look his best.

No, not quite everyone. You must understand that, long before this, Saint Patrick had driven all the snakes from Ireland. A land without snakes was a land of safety for the frogs, who soon were as plentiful as grasshoppers in a hay-field.



The Transplanting of Ann Young

BY LUCRETIA D. CLAPP

"I AM the Resurrection and the Life." The minister's voice in solemnly rising inflections came through the open window. It was an afternoon in early summer. Long pulsating lines of heat beat down from a cloudless sky on the dusty road and the dry fields. The flowers in the small square front yard and the lilac bush by the gate showed gray with dust. The whirr of locusts and the drowsy drone of bees filled the sleepy silence.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life." Amelia Young sitting in the front room in her place among the mourners looked about her at the assembled company. She sat very straight and stiff in her plain-fitting black dress. The minister's voice in its irritating monotone came to her as from afar. With a strange sense of detachment she tried to bring herself to realize that the still form lying before her in all the insignia of death was her father, and that this was her father's funeral sermon; his just due and tribute after years of homely toil.

The room smelt damp and musty. The two north windows had been thrown open to admit the light and each object in the room took on a startling familiarity. There was a marble-topped table between the windows. It had a bead mat on it and a lamp. There was a china card-basket and two books bound in red and blue. Amelia found herself trying to read their titles, although she knew them by heart. On a shelf with a lambrequin were tall red and white vases. They held bunches of dried grasses. There were some small shells on the shelf and a string of gilded cones. Over on the floor in the corner was a huge conch shell. Amelia remembered the few rare occasions of her childhood when the best room had been opened and she had been allowed to hold the shell to her ear. Even now she could hear the sound of the sea. There were some pictures on the walls; portraits of her mother's people, and one, a picture of her father as a young man.

Amelia's eyes rested on each of her relatives in turn. Aunt Maria and Uncle John and their two children sat together on the hair-cloth sofa. They had driven over that morning. Aunt Maria was crying softly. Uncle John shifted his feet now and then uncomfortably, and with a curious sound that made itself fearfully felt in the somber silence. He kept his eye fixed on the cornfield to the west of the house. Men might come and men might go, but the question of crops remained ever uppermost.

Cousin Delia sat on the opposite side of the room, from Amelia. Every now and then she drew out her handkerchief and gave a furtive dab at her eyes, but for the most part she busied herself with looking about her. A gleam of sunshine, quivering across the carpet, rested on the lower part of the marble-topped table; it caught and held a few particles of dust in its radiance. Cousin Delia watched it until she knew Amelia had seen her steady gaze and knew on just what it rested.

Amelia did not cry. She sat very erect in her straight chair. Her face was pale and her lips were drawn tightly together. She was a tall, spare woman. She had light blue eyes and her hair, of a light indeterminate brown, was drawn tightly back from a broad, high forehead. She had her father's plain features.

Old Mrs. Young in her black dress and her black cotton gloves sat next to her

daughter. She was a little woman with thinly parted gray hair. She cried continually until her face was red and swollen. She made no movement. Once she cried out aloud. Amelia looked sternly up at her. After that she cried quietly into her handkerchief.

The afternoon was very warm. The grass in the front yard seemed to shrivel and shrink in the fierce glare of the sun. There was a round shell-bordered bed of clove pinks and their spicy fragrance floated in through the windows. The yard sloped a little down to the gate. Just outside there was a long row of buggies.

Amelia kept her eyes fixed on the glancing mote of sunlight. Only once did her glance rest on the long black coffin in the middle of the room. Then she seemed to see instead her father's gaunt, thin figure as he lay in bed that last day. His face showed a yellow pallor against the pillows. Amelia sat beside the bed crocheting some coarse lace. The habit of work was too strong upon her to be laid aside even in the

strangely set, rose and poured out some medicine. Mrs. Young's sobs broke out afresh. The paroxysm of coughing past, Ephraim tried to speak again.

"You an' Andrew," he began, "hed better," the words seemed torn from his throat, "you an' Andrew—I allays knowed 'twould be all right." His voice trailed into silence as he sank back on his pillows. The room was hot and still. Suddenly a shudder passed over the old man. It was only an instant, then all that was mortal of Ephraim Young lay rigid beneath the bedclothes.

Ephraim Young died serene in the knowledge that through his daughter Amelia his failure and shortcomings would be set right. The place had belonged to his wife and to her father before her. Her children had been born and had died there. Amelia was the only one left of a large family. Ephraim Young was a good man, but he lacked initiative. The first few years he had managed the place successfully. Then came a year of failure. The one that followed was not much better.

one summer night long ago. There were pale stars in a still paler sky and the scent of the pinks in the front yard was very sweet.

Today, as Amelia sat listening to the monotonous drone of the minister's voice, while the sunlight of the June day crept across the faded carpet in rays of burnished gold, while the fields and meadows of her childhood's home rolled away from her on either side bound by a low line of softly shadowed hills, something of the simplicity and the pathos of that faith in which her father had died content, touched her heart, yet had no power to pierce the shell of her New England pride.

With that forgetfulness of all save good which is death's legacy to the living, poor old Mrs. Young, her little, bent body shaken with grief, looked up every now and then into her daughter's face. She clung tightly to Amelia's arm as they passed out of the house. In the front yard was a group of men in their Sunday black clothes, friends and neighbors Amelia had known from her childhood. Andrew Vane was among them. Cousin Delia, walking just behind, looked sharply at Amelia. The latter, though she did not turn her head, knew that Andrew Vane was looking at her. She noted his stooped shoulders and the dust of his unbrushed Sunday coat.

On their return home from the cemetery Amelia went straight upstairs and took off her black dress. Then she set about getting supper. Her mother sat in the front room with Uncle John and Aunt Maria and Cousin Delia. There was a long, painfully empty space in the middle of the floor. Cousin Delia's voice suddenly clipped the silence. "Wan't that Andrew Vane I see out in the yard this afternoon? Seems to me he looked kind o' peaked." She leaned forward. She had a small, thin face and little piercing black eyes. "I allays had an idea there was somethin' 'tween him an' Melia." She looked sharply at Ann. Just then the door opened and Amelia came into the room.

After the early supper Cousin Delia and Aunt Maria and Uncle John started on their long homeward drive. Amelia and her mother stood at the gate and watched them until they drove out of sight. Then they went back into the house and sat down together in the empty sitting room.

The day was slowly hushing into silence. The sun sank in a yellow glory behind the purple hills. Across the fields the shadows wheeled and lengthened. A belated butterfly, resting in its flight, poised an instant on the window sill, its delicate wings outspread. Over on his own porch Andrew Vane sat alone in the dusk of the summer night. The rings of smoke from his pipe floated slowly upward.

For a long time Amelia and her mother sat together in silence and strange reserve, until the darkness gathered and the stars came out one by one. Then they went upstairs to bed.

The next morning Amelia rose at the usual time. The very relentlessness, the utter inevitableness of death shows itself in the fact that we pause in our busy lives only for an instant at its threshold before we take up once more the shuttle and the threads and begin again where we left off. Amelia slept with her mother. The old woman watched her furtively from the bed, as she dressed in the early morning light. The younger woman's face wore a look of

(Continued on page 58)

CHANGE

By Constance I. Davies

Oh, that we might hold what most we love,
That time would only pity us, and spare
Our treasures grown so dear—that God above
Would heed our grief, nor strip our lives so bare!

The rose in all its perfect beauty falls,
Its scatter'd fragrance on the breeze is blown;
The bird that now across the meadow calls,
Ere summer goes, will all too soon have flown.

And not alone the flower and the bird,
But friends we love, in such a little while,
Must pass forever with a fond last word,
And leave but memories of a voice, a smile.

presence of death. Mrs. Young sat at the foot of the bed. Her little thin body shook in an agony of sobs which she tried in vain to repress. Some medicine bottles and a glass covered over with an envelope and a spoon stood on the dresser. Out of doors the rays of sunlight lay long and level across the summer fields. Now and then a bird shadow darkened the window. The smell of the pinks was sweet and spicy.

Ephraim's eyes moved restlessly back and forth from his daughter's calm face to his wife's quivering one. His long fingers plucked at the coverlet nervously. When he spoke the words came with an effort.

"The old place'll hev to go," he began, "ness—". He paused a moment. "I've kinder ben lettin' the payments slide a little, lately. Didn't seem like there was much use. I seen Andrew one day an' he said 'twas all right. He said as how it wouldn't make much difference anyway. I knowed right along 'twould be all right some day 'tween him and 'Melia.'" A spasm of coughing seized the old man. Amelia, her lips

Where another man would have forced a rich yield, Ephraim succeeded in getting but a mere living; where another man would have ventured ahead, Ephraim held back.

The place was badly run down. Then Old Hiram Vane, Andrew's father, whose broad yielding acres touched those of the Youngs on the left, offered to take the farm. The years went on, Ephraim meeting the payments as best he could. Hiram died and the place fell into Andrew's hands. For years Andrew Vane had been in love with Amelia Young. He was a good-looking young man; mildmannered, with blue eyes and features almost as delicate as a girl's. People wondered what he could see in Amelia Young with her plain features and her still plainer figure. He was considerably younger than she.

Ephraim had carefully concealed from his wife and daughter all knowledge of the affairs of the farm. To the younger woman, the truth when it did come had all the force of a double blow. Calm in her pride but with white lips, Amelia had given Andrew Vane his dismissal



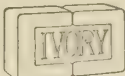
Whenever soap comes in contact with the skin—use Ivory.

HOW can you decide whether the soap you are using is the best to be had? Though its virtues be suggested in the pictures of pretty faces and extolled in claims almost impossible of fulfillment, the practical man — or woman — determines the *real* worth of a soap by asking these simple questions:

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| 1—Does it lather abundantly? | 5—Has it the whiteness that indicates highgrade ingredients? |
| 2—Does it rinse easily? | 6—Has it the unobtrusive fragrance that refined people prefer? |
| 3—Does it feel mild? | 7—Does it float? |
| 4—Has it the purity to insure perfect safety? | |

If you must answer "No" to any of these questions, you are not enjoying the greatest possible satisfaction that soap can give.

If your answer is an unqualified "Yes", you undoubtedly are a user of Ivory Soap. All seven of the fundamental qualities that soap should have are developed to so high a degree in Ivory that its superiorities are an open book to its millions of users. They *know* that Ivory is as nearly perfect as soap can be, and they are given fresh proof of it every time they use it for toilet, bath, shampoo, nursery and fine laundry.

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A Variety of Comment

THE painting which has been photographed and is reproduced on this page, "When Daffodils Begin to Peer," is one of the most attractive spring scenes in our National Gallery at Ottawa. The gladness of the early days of spring sunshine seems reflected in the faces of the young girls who are a part of the season of promise.

As early as February, the daffodils begin to appear in shop windows, artistically arranged in a bowl, forming a centre-piece at an afternoon tea or brightening the interior of the limousines that pass in the day.

We have an especially friendly feeling for these sunshine-tinted flowers which come to us, just as the Earth is rubbing her eyes after her winter sleep. We are grateful for their gladness, envious of the gold that blossoms in their petals. They make the dulllest room look bright, set the darkest corner aglow with floral fires. Who would condemn such heartsome decorations? They are a part of all that makes life gayer and tenderer than it would be without the poetry of Earth. We need the flowers to-day more than ever, to remind us of Nature's resurrection and circle of eternal change which yet brings back what seemed to have vanished.

The most charming feature about floral cheeriness is its unconscious gladness. We become bored by the human being who is always "glad" and telling us about it. She very often jars upon our sadder thoughts and inevitable regrets. Perhaps, it is because she suggests a galvanic gladness, a forced gaiety, which is more trying than tragedy.

Not of this order is the golden mood of the daffodils. It is the unconscious gladness of the child, the good cheer of a spring-time that has forgotten what it meant to be sad. The daffodils just open their sunny hearts and let us know that there is always light somewhere that the flowers of yester year are not dead, but blooming again in a world that welcomes them more gladly than ever. They are more than a comfort—they are a joy, as they come to us with sunlight after sorrow, glory after gloom. "And then my heart with pleasure fills,

And dances with the daffodils."

The daffodils have been a fit and favorite subject for many an artist and many a poet. Bliss Carman, whose new book of poems is a comfort and inspiration to any lover of beauty, has written these lovely lines on the flower which makes the day golden.

"What matter if the sun be lost?

What matter, though the sky be grey?
There's joy enough about the house,
For Daffodil comes home to-day."

"Oh, who would care what fate may bring,
Or what the years may take away!
There's life enough within the hour,
For Daffodil comes home to-day."

WOMEN have been blamed for not being more patriotic in their buying. Recently in Montreal three representatives of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association submitted to a cross-fire of questioning from members of the Local Council of Women on the question of prices and quality of Canadian-made goods as compared with those of imported goods.

The visitors attended by special invitation of the women who while desirous of patriotically supporting made-in-Can-

ada goods felt that in certain lines Canadian products did not come up to the standard of other goods on the market, and thought that a talk with the manufacturers would clear the air and assist both sides.

Mr. D.— declared that women in the past had not been as patriotic as they might have been and had persistently demanded American footwear, though Canadian was as good. Many women who thought they were wearing American shoes were wearing Canadian for Canada only imported five per cent of her shoes.

The public had to be educated to the fact that Canadian values were as good as any others.

Women were largely to blame for keeping up prices by their demand for freak shoes in which styles changed overnight. No price the retailer could ask under these circumstances ensured him a safe return for the continual changes of style left him with stocks on his hands which he had to get rid of at nominal prices.

Replying to a question as to whether all associations of manufacturers were not primarily concerned in keeping up prices, Mr. D.— said that the shoe manufacturers to his knowledge did not make enough profit during the war

to carry them over the present slump. They did not charge enough and consequently the trade today was in a bad state. This statement was received with open dissent by the women and Mr. D.— declared that the subject was open to careful examination by anybody. The war price of shoes was based on cost and the trouble was that the manufacturers did not get enough and in consequence the shoe industry was not at the present time a proposition it was profitable for any banker to handle.

One member of the audience attacked the retailers. "I have bought shoes for many years through the wholesale and I know enough of the trade to know there was never any justification for a retailer to charge more during the past seven years than he charged in 1913. Women are to blame for paying the price asked," she said.

Another member asked why, when farmers in the West practically had to give hides away, the price of shoes kept high. The speaker explained that hides obtained straight from the farmer were often worthless owing to the way in which they had been removed and other causes. The best hides came from the butchers in cities, and these brought a fair price. The poor hides

made inferior leather which no woman present would wear.

The speaker referred to the world-wide reputation which British goods had built up. That reputation was built on honest goods and there was no reason why Canadian goods if handled in the same way should not achieve the same result.

A second visitor presented a brief for Canadian cottons, urging that not only did the purchaser of these goods get sound value but better value than if she bought imported goods, because on the latter there was a much larger percentage of profit. Canada, on account of its relatively small population, could not attempt to make the variety of lines produced in the United States or in Great Britain and therefore confined herself to staples. The demand for the very fine lines, termed "novelties," in the trade, was so small that it did not pay to make them. It was better in the interests of Canada to stick to staples and make these lines in large quantities than to make small quantities of many lines.

That the feeling in favor of Canadian-made goods was growing was evidenced by the fact that production had increased four hundred per cent. during the last seven years. The demand was still greater than the capacity to meet it though new machinery was being rapidly prepared. Imports were not nearly so serious as was generally supposed. Canadian mills having turned out in 1921 goods to the value of \$63,000,000 while only \$8,000,000 worth was imported during the same period. This was made up largely of novelty lines not made in Canada.

Time was when it was the custom to ask for English and American goods and this demand was maintained as far as woollens were concerned. The idea persisted that English tweed or cloth was better than Canadian at the same price. This idea was to some extent kept alive by the tailoring trade which reaped a larger profit on English lines. Canadian lines became known and marked and were subject to constant cutting by rival manufacturers. During the war, the speaker claimed, Canadian mills had worked on a smaller margin of profit and had given better value than any other country in the world. The industry was now in a prosperous state and only one mill in the country was not working full time. The workers were getting a fair wage, and there was no unemployment.

Dr. Grace Ritchie, England, asked if it were not true that stockings made in Canada were often inferior to English makes. A third manufacturer, in replying said Canadian stockings were equal to English at the same price. There had been a prejudice in the past against marking things Canadian in origin. The demand was for English and American goods and in order to ensure sale Canadian goods had often been sold as English and American and had at once found a ready market.

Dr. Ritchie, England, asked what guarantee under these circumstances the purchaser had when buying Canadian goods that they were really made in Canada. It was explained that in the days when Canadian cotton goods were sold as English they bore no stamp,



WHEN DAFFODILS BEGIN TO PEER

By Elizabeth Adela Stanhope Forbes

(Continued on page 69)



The Little Paradise Her Heart Desires

EVERY home loving woman has an ambition to make her home a thing of beauty—a harmony of color, inside and out.

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Girls No Longer Wanted

BY F. C. BECKETT

THE decree has gone forth from one of Canada's largest banks that women are no longer wanted as employees and that those now employed, with the exception of stenographers, be gradually dismissed commencing at the end of the year. A survey is being made by the management in order that no employees may suffer an injustice from the order which has issued from the office of the General Manager to branches throughout the Dominion.

The management of the bank in question takes the stand that the bank's system of promotion has been entirely upset by its women employees. Most of the men who enter the service of the bank, the management declares, make the work their life work whereas women do not. In the words of the manager "they keep their ears open for the marriage bells."

took up the work during the war in order to relieve men for war service took a long time to settle down and when a girl resigned to get married or for any other reason, her place was filled by a man.

Another bank manager who was interviewed stated that girls do not consider the work as being permanent. Most of them expect or hope to marry which means that new employees have to be "broken in" with the result that a lot of time is wasted and many mistakes are made in the process. Moreover it was impossible to transfer a girl to a small branch in an out-of-the-way community and as banks are constantly opening new branches it became necessary to have well trained men in readiness to move at short notice.

According to another bank manager a great many girls who took men's plac-



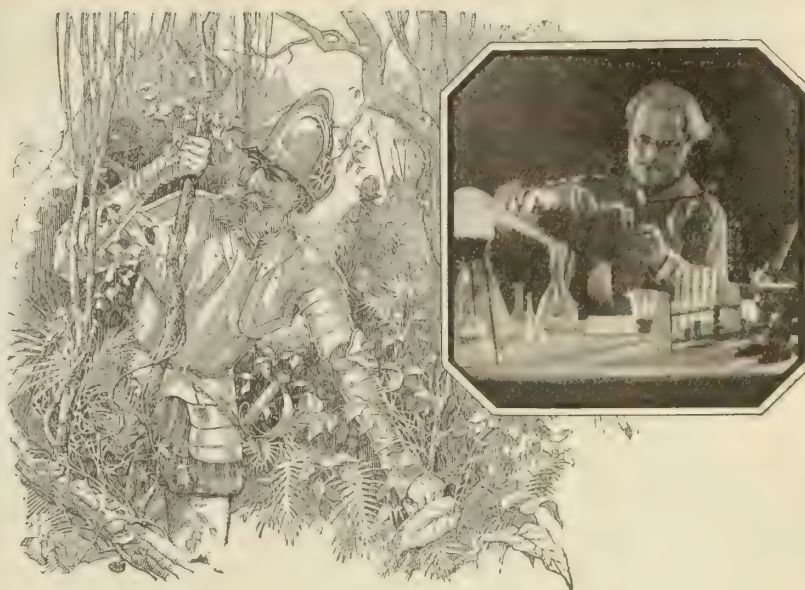
WILL SHE DISAPPEAR ?

While a great many girls will be up in arms at the decision which will in all probability be followed by most, if not all, of the other banks in Canada, there is a good deal to be said for the arguments put forward by various bank managers who were interviewed after the order was given out. One manager states positively that men are better fitted for banking work than women and particularly so in respect to the positions of teller and accountant. He also stated that he found that women did not take so much interest in their work as men and that although the rules of the bank were strict a good many girls wasted time in "tittivating" their hair every few minutes, in disappearing every now and then to powder their faces and in engaging in frivolous conversations with other girls. There was no denying that the majority of the bank's female employees were efficient and trustworthy but many of them who

es during the war still "hang on" to their positions although they do not need to work for a living and thus they deprive men of positions, contributing thereby to the number of unemployed. He instanced a case of a girl drawing a salary of over one hundred dollars a month, whose parents are in comfortable circumstances and recently bought a new bungalow. The girl is herself a property owner and has no need whatever of the money and yet she "hangs on." The management did not like to dismiss her so she continued to draw the salary which a returned soldier—many of whom in Canada are on the verge of starvation—should have. And this was by no means an isolated case in that particular bank.

Still another manager admitted that every girl who left his bank's employ was replaced by a man. "Men take

(Continued on page 25)



Why the Human Body Grows Old Sooner than Necessary

"There's a Reason"

POOR old Ponce de Leon followed a delusion and found a disappointment.

Metchnikoff was a great scientist. He followed facts and found why the human body grows old sooner than necessary.

He found that food that passes too slowly through the intestines (as many starchy, heavy and "refined" foods do) creates conditions which amount to an ageing of the body.

"Auto-intoxication" is one of the terms used to describe what happens. Hardening of the arteries is one of the results.

Sense Instead of Magic

There is no fountain of eternal youth, of course. But there is an extension of youth, through proper feeding and care of the body.

One of the distinctive qualities of Grape-Nuts as a food is that it helps to avoid the conditions pointed out by Metchnikoff, and by many others since his time, as being the real beginning of old age.

Grape-Nuts has wide popularity because of its delightful taste, its economy and its unusual nourishment—but it has a larger merit than that.

Finding the Life Elements

The processes that make Grape-Nuts—including continuous baking for 20 hours—act upon the nutritive solids, producing a food which is par-



tially pre-digested, and develop in Grape-Nuts its own natural sweetness from the grains.

Whole wheat and malted barley flour—from the grains which are richest of all in the food elements needed by the body—is used in making Grape-Nuts. All the nutriment of the grains is retained, including essential phosphates and other mineral salts, intended by Nature for the building of human bone and brain tissue and for feeding the red corpuscles of the blood.

A Sad Waste Stopped

Often, in making the so-called "refined" or whitened cereal products, these most vital of Nature's gifts are thrown away. Grape-Nuts contains the necessary "roughness" to stimulate quick and complete functioning in the digestive tract.

Grape-Nuts delights the taste with the richness and sweetness of its flavor. Served with cream or milk, it supplies the body with what scientists have found to be an unusually accurate balance of food elements needed for body-building.

Grape-Nuts puts no burden upon the digestion—and it passes naturally through the digestive tract without causing fermentation or creating any of those disturbing conditions which are so common, and which have been identified as a first and principal cause of the ageing of the body.

"There's a Reason"

These are scientific facts about Grape-Nuts

CANADIAN WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

PROVINCIAL SUPERINTENDENTS

British Columbia - Dr. D. Warnock - Victoria, B.C.
 Alberta - Miss Bessie McDermid - Edmonton, Alta.
 Manitoba - Miss Myrtle Hayward - Winnipeg, Man.
 New Brunswick - Miss McCain - Fredericton, N.B.
 Nova Scotia - Miss Helen J. Macdougall - Truro, N.S.

PROVINCIAL SUPERINTENDENTS

Ontario - Mr. George N. Putnam - Toronto, Ont.
 Parliament Buildings.
 P. E. Island - Miss Bessie Carruthers, Charlottetown, P.E.I.
 Quebec - Miss Eleanor Roach, Macdonald College, Que.
 Saskatchewan - Miss Abbey DeLury - Saskatoon, Sask.

FEDERATED WOMEN'S INSTITUTE NEWS

By Elizabeth Bailey Price

FROM NOVA SCOTIA.

THE Women's Institute, which organization had its birth in Canada, is spreading to many lands, and is becoming world famed for its record of achievement. In Nova Scotia the growth of the movement has been rapid, and the story of the work accomplished



A WESTERN SECRETARY

Mrs. V. S. MacLachlan, Secretary of the British Columbia Women's Institutes, National Convener of the Standing Committee on Public Health and Child Welfare.

is most inspiring. November marks the end of the Institute year and this year closes with seventy-three branch Institutes in existence in the province, and with prospects of a substantial increase in the early days of the new year. Along with the increase in numbers has come an even greater increase in interest, and the circle of influence is ever broadening. Under the motto "For Home and Country," the Institutes are doing a work of which they may be justly proud.

The work of the Institutes is under the supervision of Miss Helen Macdougall, Superintendent, whose headquarters are at the Agricultural College, Truro. Associated with her in the direction of Institute affairs are the Conveners of the Standing Committees:

Home Economics, Mrs. W. W. Baird, Nappan Station, Public Health, Mrs. Hugh Dickson, M.D., Central Onslow. Home and School, Miss Dora Baker, Ass't. Rural Sc., Director, Normal College, Truro. Agriculture, Mrs. L. A. DeWolfe, Truro. Legislation, Mrs. D. C. Hilton, Carleton, Yar. Co.

These conveners were appointed at the Convention in June and have since been busy preparing plans for the future. At a recent Conference, an outline of the proposed work was given, this work to be carried on with the co-operation of corresponding committees in the local branches.

The Home Economics Committee intend to send out information and instruction on Better Home Making, Labor Saving, Nutrition, with special attention to the feeding of children.

The work of the Public Health Committee will be to supplement the work of the Public Health Nurse and to collect and distribute information on Home Hygiene and Home Remedies.

The encouraging of Home Gardening, the exchange of seeds, the study of forestry, and the establishment of Women's Institute booths at the County Exhibitions is part of the program of the Agricultural Committee.

Any Institute will be able to secure information in regard to the laws by applying to the Legislation Committee, who will interest themselves particularly in such laws as those relating to Mother's Pensions, Schools, etc.

A programme of suggestions has been prepared by the Home and School Committee, which, if carried out by the Institutes would tend to more closely ally the home with the school, and make the work of the school more effective.

At the last Convention, a resolution was passed urging that greater attention be paid to the teaching of patriotism in the schools. The Institutes are vitally interested in this and The Home and School Committee have prepared an outline of ways in which true ideas of patriotism may be instilled into the minds of the children. This programme is to be submitted to the Institutes for their approval.

With an advisory committee made up of women specially adapted for the work assigned them, and with a Superintendent, whose efficiency has been so well proven, the new Institute year will open with prospects for almost unlimited development.

Alberta Conferences.

Alberta Women's Institutes have just completed their itinerary of constituency conferences, some forty-five in all. These gatherings are of immense value to the strengthening of institute work. Not only do they stimulate it by the interest inspired by the speakers, but they are direct organized mediums through which

various phases of institute work can be carried on—especially through the standing committees.

They form the direct link through which the branch can work through the constituency, the constituency in turn through the provincial and the provincial through the national.

Institute work is carried on through its standing committees, such as child welfare, public health, immigration, agriculture, national events, laws, home economics, education, publicity.

This year at each conference conveners were appointed to take charge of W. I. work along these various lines. These conveners will report to the provincial conveners, who will have as their committees all the constituency nominees in that particular phase of work.

For instance in publicity the constituency convener passes along to the provincial convener the news of all the institutes in her constituency. The provincial convener in turn culls out what is of national importance and passes it on to the national convener.

This constituency organization has been completed—a fund has been established, a president and secretary-treasurer elected. By this means the special needs of each community will be carried forward to its maximum capacity—such as can only be accomplished by complete organization.

FROM NEW BRUNSWICK

In April during the Public Health week, inaugurated by the Minister of Health, lectures were given by leaders in this work for the purpose of educating along Public Health lines, and in this the Women's Institutes heartily co-operated, many meetings being held among the various branches of this association.

A fitting tribute to our organization is the pleasing reference to Women's Institute work by Lady Byng of Vimy,

cultured wife of our new Governor-General:

"I am interested in public work. One thing is especially linked with Canada, and that is the Women's Institutes. I started one in the village of Thrope-Soken, Essex, Eng. with the assistance of Mrs. A. T. Watt of Victoria, B. C. the founder of this movement in this country. I am proud of the fact that ours was one of the first in England."

In view of the interest aroused in our organization from cottage to castle, let us cast off every ill befitting weight of race, creed and jealous agitation and press onward toward the goal of our ambitions, a better community, a better nation.

Many fine addresses were given, but none were appreciated more than that of the national president, Mrs. Todd. "It was an honor appreciated by all," says the Maritime Farmer, "that Mrs. Todd, the national president consented to be present. By her quiet unassuming manner, her friendly way, her sound judgment, and practical address she won the hearts of all."

"She urged upon all to stand together, that the whole was greater than the part. Energy must not be scattered. We must pool our gifts."

"Every common interest," continued Mrs. Todd "is a door to larger things. An intimate interest between teacher and community is a good thing. Community halls have arisen in a splendid way, bringing the facilities for good music. Let us sing 'O Canada' as a victory song—a march—not a dirge."

"Hospital work, libraries, health work is open to all."

"There are two things to be developed in our democracy—leadership and obedience to leadership. All should know the best methods of procedure and all of the helps of 'Big Business.'"

(Continued on page 22)



FOR HEALTH—IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

This shows Saanich War Memorial Health Centre on Baby Clinic day. Reading from centre:—Dr. Bapty; left, Miss Buckley, school nurse; to right, Miss Murray, district nurse; Miss Carter, nurse-in-charge.



Do not omit the nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream

Every normal skin needs two creams

*One cream to protect it against wind and cold
Another to cleanse it thoroughly*

For the following complexion flaws you need a protective cream made without oil

Windburn, roughness. Extremes of heat and cold, sharp winds, dust and dirt and smoke, all leave their mark upon unprotected skin. To guard against the devastating effects of wind and cold, protect your skin with Pond's *Vanishing Cream* before you go out. It acts as an invisible shield, preventing dust and dirt from clogging the pores and guarding against windburn and chapping. This softening cream cannot possibly make the face shiny, for it disappears the moment you rub it on and there is not a particle of oil in it to reappear.

Shiny Skin If you use Pond's *Vanishing Cream* as a powder base, rubbing it lightly on your face and neck just before powdering, you will not be embarrassed by a shiny nose or forehead. This dry, greaseless cream is absorbed at once by the skin, leaving a soft, velvety surface which holds the powder many times longer.

Tired, lifeless skin. When your skin needs instant freshening — when it feels tense and drawn and tight, smooth a little Pond's *Vanishing Cream* lightly into it. Notice how quickly the tired muscles of the face relax, how the color brightens and the very texture of the skin seems to take on more vigor. Pond's *Vanishing Cream* is based on an ingredient famous for its softening, soothing qualities.



Before going out into the cold air smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into the skin.

For the following flaws a cleansing oil cream is needed

Blackheads. Blackheads require a deeper, more thorough cleansing than ordinary washing can give.

Before retiring, wash the face with warm water and pure soap. Then rub Pond's *Cold Cream* well into the skin. This rich oil cream works its way so deep into the pores that it gets at all the dirt and purges the skin of every particle of grime. Do not omit this nightly cleansing if you would have a clear, lovely skin.

Wrinkles. Only a cream with an oil base can successfully fight the fine lines that are the beginning of wrinkles. Oil lubricates the skin and restores its elasticity, keeping the little lines from fastening themselves on the skin and becoming real wrinkles, which are almost impossible to eradicate.

At night rub a generous amount of Pond's *Cold Cream* into the skin. This rich cream acts as a tonic, rousing and stimulating the skin and supplying the oil that is needed to ward off wrinkles. Particular attention should be given to the fine lines about the eyes and mouth and at the base of the nose. Rub with the lines, not across them. Too vigorous rubbing is often harmful, but gentle, persistent rubbing is always helpful, no matter how sensitive the skin.

POND'S
Vanishing Cream



POND'S
Cold Cream



Start today the use of these two creams

Begin today the use of the two creams every normal skin needs. Both creams are so delicate in texture that they will not clog the pores. Neither cream will encourage the growth of hair. They come in both jars and tubes in convenient sizes at 50 cents each. Any drug or department store can supply you. The Pond's Extract Co., Toronto, Canada.

**MADE
IN
CANADA**

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.,
183 Brock Ave., Toronto, Canada.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs — enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name

Street

City Province



A Better Sweeper

Made to Do More Work
and to Last Longer

Carpet sweepers may look the same—but they differ greatly. Not only in method of operation, but in strength and durability. The Bissell method is radically different from any other. It is more than four wheels, a box and a rotating brush. It alone has the famous "Cyco" Ball Bearing principle which allows the brush to come in correct contact with any kind of carpet, giving maximum sweeping power. And the average life of a Bissell is 10 to 15 years.

BISSELL'S

"Cyco" Ball Bearing

Carpet Sweeper

—Priced as Low as \$6.25

There are other models as low as \$5.50. Toy sweepers 35c and up. All prices are slightly higher in West, South and Canada. Even when there is an electric cleaner, the Bissell is still indispensable. The handiest and most efficient sweeping tool ever perfected. When you think of sweeping think of Bissell's.

At dealers everywhere. Booklet on request.
BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.
of Canada, Limited
Niagara Falls, Ont. (Factory), and
240 Erie St., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Oldest and Largest Sweeper Makers.
"Put your Sweeping Reliance on a Bissell Appliance"

Corns

Lift Off with the Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between toes, and calluses, without pain, soreness.



Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from Page 20)

"We must have a big vision. We have in the institutes the finest units in the world. Mass these units for home and country."

Other addresses were one by Mrs. Harry Crocker on "A Delegate's Duty," by Mrs. Lawlor on "A Model Institute Meeting," when she went thoroughly into the parliamentary procedure that should govern all institute meetings. "How to Make Institute Meetings Interesting," by Mrs. W. J. King of Smith's Creek, her suggestion being, an annual community picnic, attend regularly, choose a good leader, prepare an instructive roll call, prepare programs six months in advance, make them include home nursing, sewing, agricultural subjects, get the girls in the community interested and above all "Boost."

Hon. D. Mersereau, Minister of Agriculture, was another speaker, who stated that he would do all in his power to get the institute bill through the coming session. Mr. Harvey Mitchell, the deputy Minister, in his address, said that the Department of Agriculture was ready at all times to receive suggestions from the rural women and is ready to render as much assistance as they possibly can. Other addresses were: Child Welfare, by Mrs. Richard Hooper and Mr. R. W. Maxwell, on Vocational Education. The following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, that this Women's Institute, met here in convention, express its intense gratification at the results achieved by the referendum taken in New Brunswick on Oct. 10th and

Whereas the voters of New Brunswick have twice in eighteen months voted against the sale and importation of liquor in the Province of New Brunswick, and

Whereas on both occasions, intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes have been strongly opposed by large majorities.

Therefore, be it resolved that this Women's Institute in convention urge the Dominion Government to put into operation the New Act at the earliest possible moment.

Further resolved, that this Women's Institute Convention urge the Provincial Government to enact such amendments to the existing Prohibitory Act as may make it more effective for the purpose for which it was enacted.

And further resolved, that we believe the time has fully come when a much more vigorous enforcement of the Prohibition Act be undertaken.

In connection with the foregoing resolution, it was moved and seconded that a committee be appointed to present this resolution to the Premier at Ottawa, and to the Premier of this Province, Mrs. Harvey to be convener of this committee with power to choose her own assistants.

Further moved and seconded, that this resolution be placed in the hands of the Temperance Alliance, with the request that it be published in the press of this Province.

Last year's Resolution re Mothers' Pensions was re-affirmed.

Whereas, in the opinion of the Women's Institutes in convention assembled, there is need of some provision being made for the students attending the Provincial Normal School in Fredericton.

Therefore be it resolved we memorialize the Government to take steps toward providing a residence for the students of that institution.

Whereas the Province of New Brunswick, in every part of it, is benefited by the development of industries, and

Whereas raising and manufacturing of Flax has unlimited possibilities, and

Whereas the encouragement of Hand-craft is a step in keeping with the modern onward march of events.

Therefore, be it resolved that the Women's Institutes of N. B., in conven-

tion assembled, earnestly petition the Provincial Government to aid in every way, financially and otherwise, the development of these industries.

GREETINGS TO CANADIAN INSTITUTES

Mrs. William Todd, national president, Federated Women's Institutes of Canada has received the following greetings, from Lady Denman, chairman of the National Federation of Women's Institutes, England.

These are of interest to every W. I. member in Canada and read as follows: "The news that the Canadian Women's Institutes have formed themselves into a national Federation is arousing much interest in this country and it is with the greatest pleasure, as chairman of the National Federation of Women's Institutes of England and Wales, I send greetings to the National Federation of Canadian Women's Institutes."

"It is our sincere wish that the year 1922 may be a year of great growth and prosperity for our sister federation. We believe that the National Federation will achieve the same measure of success as has been attained by individual Canadian institutes and by provincial organizations, a success which has always been an inspiration to us in this country."

"The Institutes in England and Wales are formed on the model of Canadian Institutes, and they were first organized by Mrs. Alfred Watt, M. B. E. who gave to the country the benefit of Canadian experience. In 1917, when there were 137 institutes, the National Federation of Women's Institutes of England and Wales was formed. At that time the work of forming new Women's Institutes was in the hands of the Ministry of Agriculture, but since 1919 the whole work of the organization has been done by the National Federation, which has been assisted by a generous Government grant."

THE ONTARIO WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

OUR SILVER ANNIVERSARY

These are of us, they are, with us, All for primal needed work, while the followers there in embryo wait behind,

We to-day's procession heading, we the route for travel clearing,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

The thought force of rural Ontario expresses itself in action. The 19th of February, 1922, marked the 25th anniversary of the day when the men and women of the country took definite action in organizing the first study centre for better home-making and community building in Saltfleet Township, known later as the Stoney Creek Women's Institute.

The Women's Institutes were organized as a sister society to the Farmers' Institutes, with the purpose of giving similar care, study, and service to the country home and its human content, the family, as was given through the men's organization to the barn and field and their grain and cattle contents. In each neighborhood, one afternoon or evening a month was set aside by the girls and women of responsibility in home-making to be devoted to this study, followed by a social half hour together.

Co-operation was the underlying principle of these non-partisan, non-sectarian groups, "For Home and Country" their inspired motto, and their "handful of aims:" better homes, better people, a better community, a better and happier social life, and a better and more scientific agriculture. With the simple working formula, "if you know a good thing, pass it on," they drew out of the well of practical experience to help each other, discovering and developing as they did so a wealth

of talent in themselves and others which more and more profoundly influenced Provincial life and action.

The Women's Institutes early had the sympathetic support of Ontario Agricultural College and the Department of Agriculture, and before many years, a further Trinity of co-operation was achieved—that of the Home, the College, and the Government. The result of this was the gradual evolution of what is the first State Department of Home-Making set up by any Government, the Institutes Branch of the Department of Agriculture of the Province of Ontario.

This carried out the profoundly great and true vision of the pioneers in the movement, that home-making was not just a woman's job, but the basis of strong and sound nation-building, and the business of men and women, colleges and government. This working partnership between rural home-makers and the government has brought about a condition of affairs which a quarter of a century ago existed merely as a dream of the imagination. A large and well-qualified Departmental lecture staff is at the service of the home-makers through the Institutes Branch, the results of college research and university culture are being placed at their service through the Extension courses, and Government Departments, especially those of Agriculture, Education, and Health, find the Institutes one of the most effective channels through which to reach the whole people.

The officers of the first Branch were: Hon. President, Mrs. Hoodless, Hamilton; President, Mrs. E. D. Smith, Winona; Secretary, Miss Nash, Stoney Creek.

There have been three Superintendents of the Institutes, Farmers' and Women's Branch: Mr. F. W. Hodson, Dr. George C. Creelman, and since 1904, Mr. G. A. Putnam, under whose guidance there has been steady expansion and development during the last eighteen years.

The idea has extended far beyond the bounds of Ontario now, the other eight provinces having also organized until there are Institutes from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Belgium, England, Scotland, Wales, Australia, New Zealand have followed suit, eagerly seeking information as to methods of work and results from the Governmental Reports, Hand-books, and Bulletins issued from time to time, and from personal investigation of the Branches themselves.

It is with humility, and a sense of serious responsibility, therefore, that Ontarians, regarding agriculture as their basic industry, mothering as the greatest of sciences, and home-making as one of the most important professions, face towards the second quarter century in this work of nation building through an intelligent and increasingly scientific attention to the production and development of a high type of citizen.

PROGRAMME PLANNING.

By Emily J. Guest, M. A.

The key note of success in the Branch Institute is Programme Planning. The Board of Directors of the branch will find this one of their chief and most interesting duties. First find out what the members want, then arrange the programme. There are various ways of doing this, partly by suggestion, partly by inquiry, roll calls, the Suggestion Box, and, a very good method, by devoting half an hour at the April or October meeting or both, to discussion and suggestions of items.

Of these suggestions the secretary keeps a record for the assistance of the committee in mapping out an attractive, well-balanced programme for the ensuing six months of the year.

(Continued on page 24)

"The First Year I Made \$475 —and Worked Only in My Spare Time"

Here is the actual experience of a woman who learned how to turn spare time into money. Read how scores of others are doing it-right in their homes

By MRS GEORGE POOL

LIVING on a very small income always calls for courage and strict economy, even when one is in the best of health. But when sickness comes, and big unexpected expenses begin to pile up, it takes a stout heart indeed to face the bills without being filled with despair.

My husband makes a very modest living, but with careful management it was sufficient for our needs. We had no luxuries, but we got along fairly well—until I fell sick. Then followed weeks of worry and doctor's bills, and finally it was decided that the only thing that would really remedy my trouble was a very serious operation.

There were no two ways about it—I had to have the operation — so I did — although we had no idea where the money was to come from. My husband worried about it a good deal, and we both started trying to save, in order to pay the doctor, in time.

All this time I felt that I ought to find some way to help pay our debts, but I wasn't very strong and couldn't do any work that I would have to leave my home to do.

If I Could Only Find Some Home Work

I read the papers and magazines eagerly and considered various things I might do, but everything I thought of always had some big objection—either it didn't pay well enough or required too much effort for my health, or something.

Finally, one Sunday I was reading a magazine and saw a page advertisement that started with the words, 'Make Money in Your Own Home.'

I read in this article how women everywhere were turning their spare hours into dollars by making socks on a hand-knitting machine called the Auto Knitter. The firm agreed to take and pay for all socks made according to directions by owners of the machine.

This looked practical for me, as it was light work that I could do in the house, so I decided to write for particulars.

When the company's free literature came I studied it eagerly. It was so convincing and reasonable that I felt more certain than ever this was, indeed, the money-making home work that I was seeking. I had such faith in it that I decided to borrow money enough to order one of the "Auto-Knitter" machines. A friend helped me and I was soon the happy possessor of a way to make money and help pay our debts.

I Started Making Money Almost at Once

With the machine came a fine illustrated instruction book that showed what to do, step by step, and it wasn't long until I had mastered it and was turning out fine, well-knit wool socks to send to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company in Toronto.



"In a month and a half I made, in all, 429 pairs of hosiery."

As soon as I had sent a shipment back came my pay check for the work, together with an amount of yarn to replace that used in the socks sent. The company was always very prompt and the work called for so little effort that I kept at it quite steadily.

In three months' time I had made enough in my spare time to pay back what I had borrowed and my large doctor's bill too. It made me very happy to be able to make extra money at home, for my husband stopped worrying. Besides, I knew the Auto Knitter would help us to have more comforts for our home in the future.

At first I worked only for the Company, sending them shipments of socks and getting my checks back promptly — but soon friends and neighbors learned that I had a knitting machine, and began to give me orders to do knitting for them. Before long I had worked up quite a little home business and could have done more if I had more time to give to it. I have never worked full time — only when I had it to spare — but in the first year I had my Auto Knitter I made \$475.00.

Extra Money Problem Solved

Things went along much more smoothly now, although my health was still far from perfect. I was able to help my husband in making our living, as I bought all my own clothes and helped to run the house.

Then last October I had to have another operation. Of course I dreaded it, but this time the prospect did not fill me with despair as before, for I knew that the trusty little Auto Knitter would help to pay the doctor's bill—and so it did.

When I was over the operation I put an ad. in the paper and the result was surprising. I received more work than I could hardly do.

In a month and a half I made, in all, 429 pairs of hosiery of various kinds—men's socks, and boys' and girls' stockings. I also made several pairs of mitts.

The people were so pleased with my work that they kept coming back for more, and told others about me. Also three women who saw what lovely work my Auto Knitter did wanted machines for themselves and so I was able to sell three machines for the company.

I could write a good deal more about how the Auto Knitter has helped me but I have told enough to show what a God-send it has proved in helping me and my husband to pay our debts and live better.

We Guarantee a Permanent Market

Mrs. Pool's experience, told here in her own words, is simply one of many. Letters are continually coming in from men and women all over the country telling of similar successes in making money right at home with the Auto-Knitter.

The beauty of the Auto-Knitter home-work plan is that you never have the least bit of trouble disposing of the standard socks that you make on your Auto-Knitter. We enter into a contract, agreeing to take all the standard socks you knit and send to us, paying for them at a fixed guaranteed price per pair.

This contract doesn't restrict you at all. You can work for us as much—or as little as you please. If you wish to work for a home trade, selling the socks to local stores, or direct to your friends and neighbors, as Mrs. Pool has done, you are perfectly free to do so. But we are always ready to take as much of your standard output as you care to send, paying you good wages—on a piece-work basis—for the time you put in.

Write for Liberal Wage Offer

Of course you are interested. No matter where you live — on a farm, in a small town, or in the heart of a great city — you have the spare-time problem to consider. You want to turn your leisure hours into dollars. And so you would like to know all about the knitting machine that has meant so much to other people. By all means, write to the Auto-Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Company, Ltd., Dept. 433, 1870 Davenport Road, Toronto, Ont., and find out about the pleasant occupation waiting for you—Auto-Knitting. Learn what other folks are doing, and the substantial amounts that even a part of your spare time may yield you.

Remember that previous experience in hand-knitting is not necessary. An inexperienced person without special talent can learn to operate the Auto-Knitter, and turn out standard socks.

You will never regret writing for information about this remarkable machine. Send your name and address now, and find out all of the good things that are in store for you.

Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd.,
Dept. 433, 1870 Davenport Road,
West Toronto, Ont.

Send me full particulars about "Making Money at Home" with the Auto-Knitter. I enclose 3 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name
Address
City Province
Can. Home Journal, 3-22.

Send
This
Coupon

With
ONLY

40^c

Pan and
Cover, 60c

For this
85c.

One-quart
(Wine Measure)

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Stew Pan

This special offer makes it possible for you to prove on your own stove that "Wear-Ever" utensils—made of hard, thick, cold-rolled sheet aluminum—are most satisfactory and economical.

Send coupon for this "Wear-Ever" stew pan today, and if you wish to give a friend a serviceable present—mail 40c for each pan desired (or 60c for pan and cover).

NORTHERN ALUMINUM COMPANY, Ltd.
DEPT. 10 TORONTO, ONTARIO

Dept. 10,
Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Toronto.
Enclosed find 40c. (in stamps or coin), for which send me prepaid 1-quart "Wear-Ever" aluminum stew pan. (Enclose 60c. for stew pan and cover.) Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Name.....

Address.....

Dealer's Name.....



Look for the "Wear-Ever" trade mark on the bottom of each utensil.

WEAR-EVER



TRADE MARK
MADE IN CANADA



Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from Page 22)

AIM TO HAVE THE PROGRAMME:

1. Seasonable
2. Balanced i.e. (a) an address or paper (b) a demonstration or exhibit with discussion following (c) and, if possible, a social half hour at the end, in all not more than two hours.
3. Cover the interests of all in the home.
4. Draw out as much local talent as possible.
5. Have as many members as possible taking part.
6. Interest both girls and women.
7. Be progressive from year to year.
8. Consider community interests.

THE STUDY OF THE HOME.

This may be encouraged by the president and committee drawing from the members suggestions as to what they would like taken up at the monthly meetings under such heads as:—food, clothing, housing, furnishing, cleaning, labor-saving, health.

The Study of the People in the Home can be dealt with under such sub-heads as,—the family, education, friends, division of work, financial arrangements, play and recreation, music, reading, manners.

THE STUDY OF THE COMMUNITY.

This may be taken up along such lines as:—Civics, the school, community health, neighborhood recreation, community beauty, neatness and progressiveness, church co-operation, school fairs, naming and beautifying country homes, cleaning and improving roadsides, parks, cemeteries. Short Courses and their desirability.

KEEP THE PROGRAMME BALANCED.

When the list of suggestions is complete, it may conveniently be arranged into three divisions:

1. Those topics which can best be dealt with in papers and addresses.
2. Those which require to be seen done, i.e. exhibits or demonstrations.
3. Those in which a number or all of the members take part, as roll calls, discussions, debates, spelling matches, games, community singing, the social half hour

From these three columns an attractive, well-balanced programme can be arranged to suit the season and the states of the majority, keeping in mind that the programme is not solely for those of literary tastes, the practical minded, the mothers, nor the girls, but "for the equal good of all".

Each month's programme should be so planned as to contain features one or other of which should interest every member. For example, where there is a paper or address, there should also be a demonstration or exhibit bearing on practical matters. Many people learn more from seeing than from hearing. Nor should the social half hour be neglected. The social mind needs to be developed in the country. There must be friendliness and sympathy to ensure co-operation.

HAVE AS MANY AS POSSIBLE TAKE PART.

This is good for the Institute and good for the members. It may be done by getting the members to take their turn in acting as hostesses for the social half hour, in responding to roll calls, taking part in the discussion, contributing to demonstrations or exhibits, and by deciding by ballot vote of all present when judging for prizes. Besides this, each should, of course, contribute what she can in the way of papers, talks or demonstrations to the programme; also as far as possible each should take her turn at acting on the branch Board of Directors.

COMPETITIONS, NOTICE BOARDS, SUGGESTION BOXES.

In some places the Institute principle of co-operation is being worked to a logical conclusion by encouraging competitions for standards of excellence rather than the old idea of competition against persons for 1st, 2nd and 3rd prizes.

For instance, all competitors who made 100 out of a possible 100 points would be considered as first prize winners, of 90 second, and of 80 third. This method has the virtue of raising the general standard of achievement in the community and of doing away very largely with the rivalries and jealousies of personal competitions.

An Institute notice board placed up in a store, post office, or other frequented centre, on which items of interest and forthcoming events are posted, has been found to work well in some places.

A permanent Suggestion Box at each meeting into which members may drop ideas and suggestions has been found a helpful feature also.

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

Send your programme to the papers and write up bright, newsy accounts of your meeting for the local press.

HERE AND THERE AMONG THE BRANCHES.

Shelburne serving a large area, one of the best farming sections in Ontario, had long felt the need of a Rest Room for the women and children who had nowhere to wait except in the stores. The Town Council had made an effort to provide accommodation which had not been successful, so about two years ago they offered to equip two toilets, a lavatory, and provide an adjoining room, heated and lighted, if the Women's Institute of the town would undertake to furnish and maintain it, an offer which was gladly accepted.

The Institutes in the county joined with their contributions, and, with these, and funds from bazaars and sales of home-made cooking, the rest room was furnished comfortably and in good taste.

There is a paid attendant to clean the room daily, and the Town Constable keeps on the fires. The room is closed at 6 p.m. except on Saturdays when it remains open until 10 p.m.

The cost of furnishing was \$100. and its maintenance amounts to \$50. a year. The Rest Room not only serves its purpose as an accommodation but has been a stimulus to work for the Shelburne Branch, and the means of drawing together many of the Branches in the County.

The officers of one branch, justifying their claim to be considered in good standing notwithstanding small numbers, write as follows:

"We consider we do very well to keep ten members with two houses burned down, six vacant, and two bachelors living alone within a radius of four miles, and poor roads to travel on. However if we cannot get the grant on our ten members,—and it is practically impossible to get more,—we shall try to carry on without it as we do not want to drop our branch."

"Alliston had its heroes and we did not intend to forget them. What form was our memorial to take? We needed many things but most of all we needed a Library, and we wanted a memorial not only of stone and wood, to recall to us our victorious dead, but one that would give service to the living as well, so with this object in view, we started to work in real earnest on a Memorial Library.

We got in touch with Mr. Carson, Inspector of Public Libraries and he gave us all information regarding the establishing of a Library. We had on

(Continued on page 25)

WHERE
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CASH'S
WOVEN NAMES

Elsie Evans



**MEN'S SHIRTS
and UNDERSHIRTS**
Inside the collar band
near maker's name.



**WOMEN'S
SHEER BLOUSES**
Inside of peplum
at the back



**MEN'S PYJAMAS
and DRAWERS**
On outside of waist
band near button.



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**MEN'S SOCKS
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Across back seam inside
at top, it reinforces &
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HOUSEDRESSES and
CHILDREN'S FROCKS**
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DOUBLE GODETIA, DOUBLE PINK—Very handsome.

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THE GEORGE COOKE CO., LTD.
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Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from Page 24)

hand about \$200.00 for a start. The active members of our Institute joined our Library Board. We rented a room, put in some furnishings to make it as attractive as possible, so that it might be a Reading Room as well as a Library. We bought one hundred and fifty dollars worth of books, being very careful in our choice, keeping our fiction down to forty per cent. We also got three Travelling Libraries from the Department, and with these we opened our Library.

We have endeavored to put on our book shelves only the best of books, and have been particularly careful of the class of literature our young people read. We have a paid librarian and our Library is open every Tuesday and Saturday afternoon and evening.

We put forth a special effort to make Canadian Authors' Week a vital thing in our town, to show our readers that we can get the very best right here in Canada. We have a Story Hour on Saturday afternoon for children from six to twelve, and have had an average attendance of twenty-two. The Story Hour is conducted by the secretary.

We have on our shelves over one thousand volumes and a membership of two hundred and sixty. Every returned man and his family are free members. If you could drop into our Library any Tuesday or Saturday night, I think you would realize just what it has meant to Alliston, and how very much worth while it has been to work for it.

It may perhaps interest Canadian Institutes to have an outline of the organization, which has been built up and the work which has been done during those four years.

First as to organization. The policy of the National Federation is settled and the executive committee is elected at the annual meeting. Each individual W. I. has complete self-government provided that it adheres to the general policy laid down at the annual meeting. Each W. I. may send a delegate to this meeting and may nominate and vote for the executive committee. At the last annual meeting there were 2,070 Women's Institutes, 1,300 delegates attended and 52 nominations for the executive Committee were received.

In addition each county has a County Federation, which deals with county matters, helps W.I.'s, forms new W. I.'s, gives all information as to speakers, educational facilities and generally does all the mothering of the W. I.'s, which means, very often, the difference between success or failure of the Institutes of that county.

The work of the National Federation may be divided into the following headings:

1. It has schools for voluntary organizers in Institute methods. There are now 210 Voluntary County organizers, who are appointed and trained by the National Federation on the recommendation of the County Federation, and who, on appointment, work under the direction of the County Executive Committee. This ensures that the W. I.'s follow the same broad principles and practises in all parts of the country.

2. It trains teachers in handicrafts, when no teachers are available from the Government Education authorities. This ensures that the W. I. members will, in time, produce work of a high standard.

3. It sends organizers to speak at schools or Conferences arranged by the County Federations for the instruction of presidents, secretaries, treasurers or

members of Committee in their duties. As far as space will allow W. I. members are admitted to these conferences, as it is considered advisable for members to know the duties of their officers.

4. It arranges the work of various organizers, who now number only 5, and who only visit counties particularly in want of help.

5. It allocates various sums to each county from the Government Grant.

6. It publishes the Women's Institutes Journal called "Home and Country," which now has a circulation of 19,500. It publishes leaflets, a Handbook, etc. Each County Federation may publish literature if it wishes to do so, and many counties have a leaf of their own news inserted in "Home and Country".

THE HOUSE ON THE CORNER

By A. C. Pulver.

WHEN the roaring winds of a wintry night are sweeping across the fields and over the hills, bombarding the shutters with chill blasts from out of the North, and you are snugly secure indoors; comfortable in the cosy depths of the Grandfather chair with a seasoned briar going full steam ahead, and your stockinged feet, warmly braced against the friendly fender of the cheerfully glowing base-burner,—have you ever meditated over the beacon light, beckoning hospitably, through the inky blackness, from "The House on the Corner"?

If, perhaps, you haven't ruminated on the expressive significance of all that it symbolizes; then you don't live on a shadowy side-road, away from the sociable clatter and buzz of the main highway; but if it so happens, that the fell clutch of circumstance, has cast your lot on an obscure sweet-cloved pathway, through the township; far removed from the telephone and gas line, then "The House on the Corner," grows into your life, as a bulwark of defence, against the elusory foibles of daily destinies.

In one specific locality I know of, a certain House on the Corner plays a memorable part in the life of the community, and its removal would be akin to blighting the bloom of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and knocking the spokes from the wheels of progress.

This house is full of large-hearted people, abundance of good-will, and a telephone. The consortment represents a sympathetic asset to society far and near.

If ever a cold-blooded nickel-plated telephone grew warm from insistent and constant tinkling, then the telephone in "The House on the Corner," is red-hot most of the time.

It is a magic communicator, of the mishaps, sorrows and joys, of a narrowing circle of families. It has revealed to distant friends agitation, excitement, and perturbation, and has brought in pacification, calmness, and soothing appeasement. When old Mrs. Smithers up the road, gets a bad heart spell at twelve o'clock midnight; the alarmed Mr. Smithers, hastily tucks his flannel nightrobe into his overalls, and splashes down the road with a lantern, to "The House on the Corner". And when old Mrs. Smithers' daughter in town, has an urgent message for Mother, or a trivial communication, "The House on the Corner" is notified and someone cheerfully splashes up the road to the Smithers' homestead.

When Charlie Taylor's red cow gets the colic, Charlie goes on the double to

the Corner House, and calls 3097 for the veterinary, some miles away. When Sandy McDougal wants to know how much hogs are worth on Monday morning, down at the station stock-yards, he makes a straight bee-line across the fields, to the self-same House on the Corner, and Sam Brown takes a short cut in the same direction, to find out what his balance amounts to, at the bank in town.

And when Dick Jones, from the big city, steers his eight-cylinder into the ditch on a slippery, sodden night, he gets down on his knees, and thanks the Powers that Be, that the light on the corner radiates hopeful rescue.

"The House on the Corner" is a stronghold of fortitude, and a disseminator of confidence and optimism.

By virtue of its very location, good works seem necessarily to flow from it. The Lady of The House on the Corner, is the first one called, to cheer the sick, and comfort the needy; and The Man of The House on the Corner, lends a helping hand to the lonely new-comer in the midst of strangers. It is a busy life, full of thrills, and suspensions, that the family in the House on the Corner, live. The House, itself is not a mark of stately pretentiousness in the landscape, but somehow it has "Home Sweet Home" written on the four walls, and in every nook and crevice. It is a real home, full of true greatness, and requires no large stage, and no gorgeous settings, to emphasize or attract attention to its inherent qualities. Perchance in the inscrutable system of that mysterious Thing called Life, "The House on the Corner", has not just happened to be there, but instead, is a Providential arrangement, in a very definite plan. Who can tell?

Assuredly, it stands out as a relevant factor, in a Great Scheme to assist one small collection of souls on their way.

Girls No Longer Wanted

(Continued from page 19)

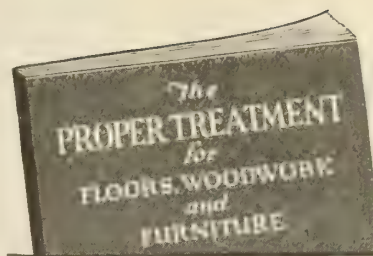
the work more seriously" he said. "They settle down quicker and give far more attention to their work. And another thing, they are not intent on rushing off on the stroke of four o'clock to pink teas and pre-nuptial showers and although we do not mind these hurried exits once in a while they are rather too frequent and upset the dignity of the profession."

While one will agree that women may leave a bank or any other institution to get married and, in cases of opening branches in outlying and sparsely populated districts, there would be difficulty in sending a girl however efficient to fill the position—many women will disagree with the statement that members of their sex do not take the work seriously and that they "upset the dignity of the profession."

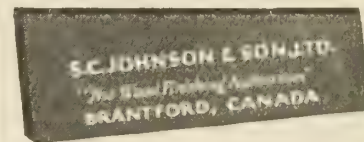
There is even a possibility that other professions and trades will follow in the lead of the banks, particularly so as there is a tremendous amount of unemployment throughout the world.

The Woman had been invited to take a motor ride with Mrs. Brown, a lady with more money than blood. The sedan brought its passengers in reasonably close proximity to Mrs. Brown's chauffeur, whom that lady addressed facetiously as "Willum," making many little jokes for his benefit, and including him to a great extent in the conversation.

Returned to the hotel Mrs. Brown linked her arm into that of the Woman, whispering confidentially, "You may perhaps have thought me rather familiar with 'Willum,' my dear, but you know he is not just an ordinary chauffeur. He eloped with his last employer's daughter!"



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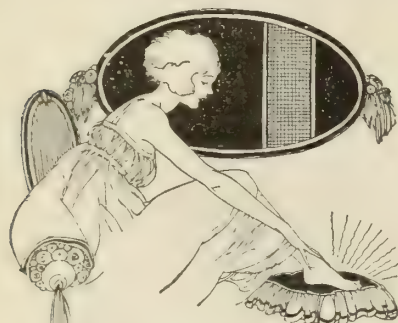
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TORONTO

March Patterns and Prices

For Page 47:

9911—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3 3/8 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—1 yard 40-inch contrasting—5 yards ribbon. Interesting features of this frock are the Florentine neck-line, sleeves set into large armholes and the stunning embroidery in design 12668 carried out in fine silk or silver braid.

9819—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 1 7/8 yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—3/8 yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeves. The dress is slashed and closed at left side-front and has flowing sleeve sections which are embroidered in design 12667. The embroidery may be in metal thread or silk floss.

9907—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 5/8 yard. Size 36 requires 4 7/8 yards 40-inch Moroccan crêpe—¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeves and vest—7/8 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Gathered side panels drop below the skirt in the fashionable uneven hem-line and an effective touch is given to the blouse by embroidery in design 12596. This quaint embroidery makes a most attractive border to be worked in flat satin or outline stitch with heavy silk floss.

9926—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 7/8 yard. Size 36 requires 3 1/8 yards 50-inch Poiret twill. The dress is embroidered in an allover effect with metal thread in design 12612. Or the design may be covered with flat embroidery braid.

9940—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 3/8 yard. Size 36 requires 3 7/8 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—½ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe. The dress is smartly girdled and a trim note is afforded by embroidery in design 12592 carried out in contrasting silk floss, or the design may be beaded in tiny beads to match the girdle.

9911—35 cents.

12668—blue or yellow, 40 cents.

9819—35 cents.

9907—35 cents.

12596—blue or yellow, 40 cents.

9926—35 cents.

9940—35 cents.

12592—blue or yellow, 50 cents.

12667—blue or yellow, 40 cents.

12612—blue or yellow, 75 cents.

For Page 50:

9840—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 5 1/8 yards 36-inch dotted foulard.

9823—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 9853—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 8 1/8 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—7/8 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The dress is beaded in design 12574 which may be carried out in steel, jet, crystal, chalk or colored glass beads.

9847—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 1/8 yards. Size 36 requires 3 1/8 yards 40-inch crêpe satin for dress—2½ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe for blouse. The dress is gathered across the underarm seams and shirred trimming pieces are adjusted over the gathers.

8896—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 5/8 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. The front and backs of the blouse are gathered to shaped bands which extend over the shoulders forming part of the sleeves.

8717—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch crêpe satin. The

only note of trimming on this simple little blouse is the embroidery, 12630, which is applied to the front of the blouse and also to the short sleeves. The design may be worked with silk floss in long-and-short stitch.

9327—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch check silk—3/8 yard 36-inch taffeta for collar and vestee.

9570—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. No. 9308—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 26 requires 1 3/8 yard 54-inch tricotine.

Prices

9840—35 cents.

9823—35 cents.

9853—35 cents.

12574—blue or yellow, 75 cents.

9847—35 cents.

8896—30 cents.

8717—30 cents.

12630—blue or yellow, 30 cents.

9327—35 cents.

9570—30 cents.

9308—30 cents.

For page 52:

8823—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for one size only. Requires 3¾ yards 36-inch batiste with trimming-bands cut bias—1½ yard lace insertion. The nightgown is made with large armholes finished with a bias band of self material, and the neck is finished with a similar band.

9834—Ladies' Short Kimono or Dressing Sack. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch dotted swiss—2 3/8 yards lace banding—2 3/8 yards edging—2 yards ribbon for bows. The dressing sack is made in two sections, seamed along the shoulders, and may be tied together under the arms to form a sleeve effect.

6706—Ladies' and Misses' Short Kimono. Designed for 32, 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 36-inch flowered voile—¾ yard 36-inch plain voile for ruffles—1 yard ribbon.

7118—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 36, 40, 44, and 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3 3/8 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—2¼ yards ribbon for bows.

8048—Ladies' Step-in Combination. Designed for 36, 40 and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch nainsook—5½ yards insertion. The charm of this combination is enhanced by graceful embroidery, in design 11977, which may be worked in white mercerized cotton in raised satin, stem and eyelet stitches.

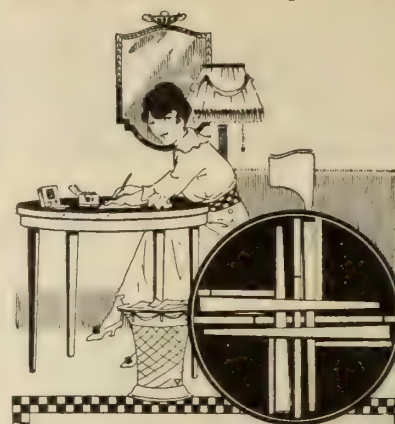
8650—Maternity Dress. Designed for 36 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—1 yard 40-inch dotted Georgette crêpe—2 1/8 yards 36-inch lining for underbody and top of gores.

9929—Ladies' Kimono. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 27-inch challis—1 yard 36-inch satin for collar and trimming-bands.

9924—Maternity Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 6 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—¼ yard 18-inch organdy vesting—7/8 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Beading in design 12574 makes an attractive border for the surplice waist. Tiny glass, chalk, steel or jet beads may be used. If preferred the design may be carried out in embroidery in French knots and darning stitch in rope silk metallic thread or chenille.

9226—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 1/8 yards 40-inch washable satin—8¼ yards insertion—4½ yards edging—1½ yard ribbon. Embroidery in design 11900 makes a dainty trimming for the surplice corset cover, and may be worked in self-color silk floss in raised satin, outline, and eyelet stitch.

(Continued on page 39)



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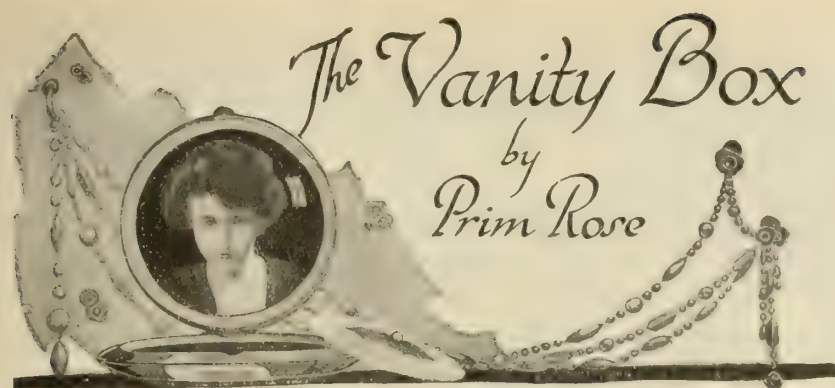
"I like school 'cause every day after school
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AS an after-school lunch Jell-O takes the edge off the growing child's hunger without giving an excessive burden to digestion. It pleases his natural taste for a sweet, but is not a sweet that will bring him to his evening meal with an impaired appetite.



THE New England background above is one of eight sectional pictures that illustrate our new Jell-O book. Write for a free copy. Or if you wish a book of Jell-O menus, send us twenty cents in stamps. Our address is on our package.



MARCH is not a kindly month, although it may be needed to make the circle of the year complete. March tears our hair from the security of the net, and burns the cheeks when the sun and the wind are combining their forces. It is a perfect virago of a month, and no one is sorry when it breathes its last, even if April comes in with a shower.

Hence it is well to be prepared for March and not to take its lamb-like moods too seriously, for it can become

of the wind and then we wonder why the face becomes so deeply brown, and lament the weather. Of course there is always the recourse to the cream jar and the soothing lotion. By the way, I wonder what we should do without the trees and the shrubs, when the sun and the wind have done their worst. There is the almond from which the healing milk is obtained which both softens and whitens; there is the olive which means suppleness and softness

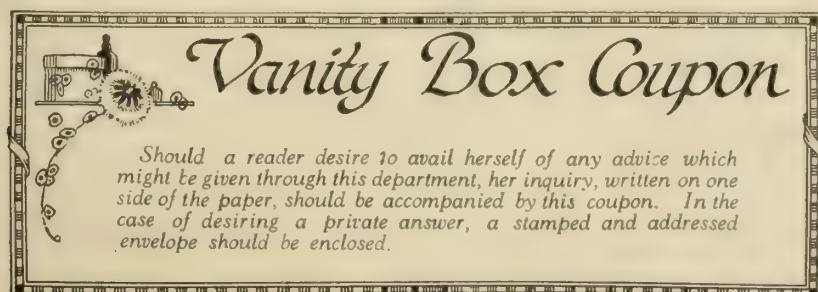


A CHARMING PICTURE OF LADA
In "The Musical Snuff Box"

the lion on a moment's notice—and sometimes without the notice. We laugh at the wide-brimmed hats and the thick veils which our "foremothers" wore, but they were wise in their day and generation and wished to keep the skin unroughened and fair. We carelessly expose the skin and the eyes to the glare of the sunshine and the sweep

and which the Greek wrestlers used to keep the body supple and pliable. There is, of course, the palm oil, which was a helpful feature in the boudoir of Cleopatra and which is still an indispensable element in modern "keeping fit." There were renowned beauties in the olden

(Continued on Page 31)



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Unique Events in Canadian Music

A Great New Carillon of Bells Coming to Toronto—The rise of the Contralto, Jeanne Gordon

By Hector Charlesworth

THE completion at Croydon, near London, England, of an immense carillon or peal of bells for installation in the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Toronto, has aroused a great deal of attention on both sides of the Atlantic. The first trial of the bells in the form of a musical recital on them, which took place at Croydon a few weeks ago prior to their shipment to Canada, was attended by royalty in the persons of Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Albany, the daughter and daughter-in-law of the late Queen Victoria. The progress of the bells has been the subject of much attention in the British illustrated press.

The city of Toronto, when this carillon is installed, will have three fine sets of what in colloquial language are termed chimes. One has for many years been installed in St. James Cathedral and within recent years a very fine set of bells capable of playing beautiful melodies has been placed in the Timothy Eaton Memorial Church some three miles away from St. James. This third acquisition is a gift to the Metropolitan Church by one of its oldest supporters, Mr. Chester D. Massey and they will

little of them; with the growth of walled cities in Western Europe bells came into use for summoning purposes not only in connection with religion but warfare. The founding of big bells and the making of them in different sizes to produce musical scales seems to have arisen in the age of monasteries and cathedral building.

Singularly enough the bell-ringing as a musical art is distinctly English in origin and history. A carillon as distinguished from the old fashioned peal of bells, means a set of chimes which is operated by mechanical devices. Of such character are practically all of the important sets of bells in Canada; and such has been the traditional method in vogue for playing melodies on bells in France and Belgium for centuries. Monkish artificers showed a great deal of ingenuity in devising appliances with wires and levers to operate chimes in high steeples and towers. But in the English countryside there sprung up, nobody knows just when or how, a school of individual performers who learned to use bells almost like an orchestra, the music being made by a chief ringer and several trained com-



At Croydon, England, a carillon of bells weighing seventeen tons was recently played in recital before being sent to Canada. Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Albany attended the recital. The photograph shows Princess Beatrice inspecting the bells.

be a permanent memorial to his late wife. The loveliness of the effect when the music of the bells is heard on a summer evening is not easily described.

Toronto does not stand alone among Canadian cities in the possession of noble chimes. Several of the older churches in Montreal are similarly endowed. The famous Church of Notre Dame has a set of bells that is famous all over America; and one of its bells, certainly the most immense in America, if not in the world, is a civic institution. It is known as "Le Grand Bourdon" and on the rare occasions when it is sounded its profound and resonant tones are so widely diffused that they drown all other sounds in the immediate vicinity, and are heard for miles.

The identification of bells with religious observances is a time honored practice among all Christian communities, although they do not seem to have come into general use until the early middle ages. In pre-Christian times humanity seems to have known very

panions under his direction, who learned to ring what are known as "changes" and passed on the art from generation to generation in their parishes. Often this art was an hereditary calling adhering in certain families. Elderly men born in the smaller towns of England recall from boyhood persons highly skilled in this calling, though otherwise simple and unlettered individuals.

In Canada, however, it would be impossible to find trained hand ringers, so we have to be content with mechanical devices. The tones created by the two systems necessarily differ somewhat; for with the carillon or mechanical system, the sounds are produced by striking stationary bells with hammers; while in the case of hand-ringing the clapper creates the sound as it strikes the swinging bell. Necessarily the latter condition involves a great deal of specialized science and skill of hand among performers.

(Continued on page 32)

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MOIR'S Chocolates



The Vanity Box

(Continued from Page 29)

times who resorted to the strawberry for lotions and who had lettuce creams which they highly esteemed.

In the March days all these balms or soothing agencies should be used, if we wish to avoid early tan and sunburn from which we shall not be rid in a few days. Wherefore, take your March precautions in time, use a softening lotion before you go out on a windy day and after you come in:—before washing the face.

* * *

In that delightful early book by Sir James Barrie, which has almost been forgotten in the tremendous success which has attended "Peter Pan" and "Dear Brutus," the sketches called "A Window In Thrums," you may remember that the woman weaver expressed contempt for the small-handed woman and wondered how anyone could see anything admirable in a small hand. The community was almost strictly utilitarian, and a small hand did not make for success in the work of weaving and was consequently held in no esteem. As social standards have changed, and the urban woman has almost usurped the limelight, the small and dainty hand has come to be admired. The usefulness of woman's hand has been lost sight of in the consideration of its beauty. So often one hears the wail from the young housewife: "Just look at my hands! And they used to be so nice and soft!" Now, this may sound like a foolish cry, but the world would be a sadder place than it is, if woman had become quite indifferent to her appearance and comeliness.

The experienced housewife knows that it is possible to cook and do various household tasks and still have very presentable hands. There are several inexpensive and effective "preservatives" which keep the hands from aging. For instance, as we said last month, a bottle of vinegar near the sink will soften and whiten the hands which are shrunken and wrinkled after being in hot water. The use of a daily and nightly cream is not a folly, but a sensible measure to take in preserving the texture of the skin, for roughened hands are not only unsightly, but are more easily infected than those which are kept in comfortable condition.

Here is a home-made cream which is worth while. One-half ounce white wax, one-half ounce spermaceti, One ounce lanoline, One ounce coconut oil One ounce orange flower water, Two ounces oil of sweet almonds, tincture of benzoin, three drops. Mix all, adding the orange flower water and the tincture of benzoin last.

* * *

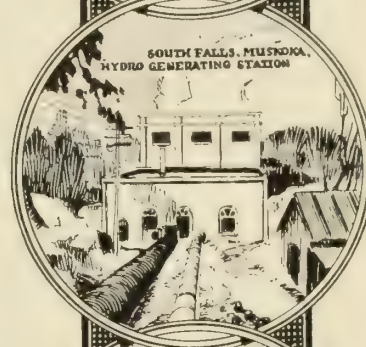
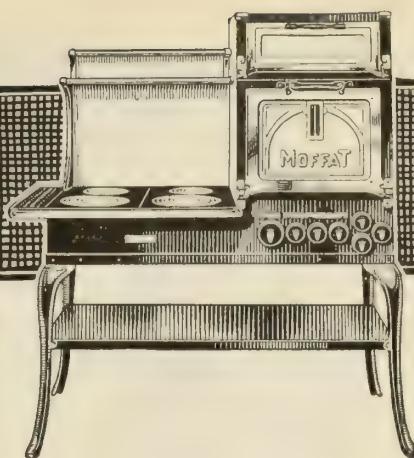
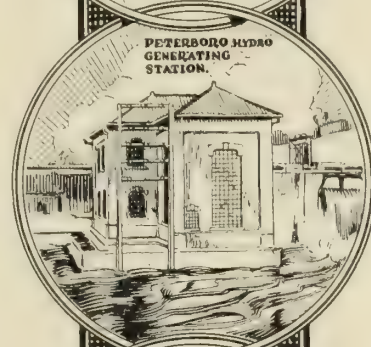
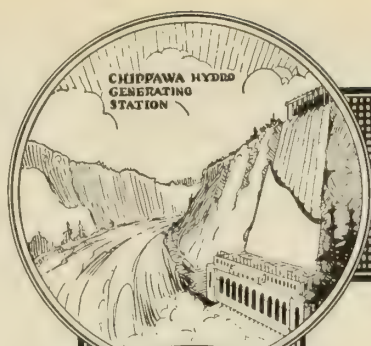
THE LETTER BOX.

PEGGY. So yours is the very common affliction of falling hair:—only you seem to have a severe case of descending locks. From what your letter says, I think your general health is not of the very best just now. You need more fresh air, a tonic:—and, after a while, a new spring hat to put you in the best of spirits and make you feel that the world is very much worth while and that your hair is going to come in and, what is more important, stay in, to oblige a lady. An abundance of dandruff nearly always means that the hair is not likely to remain luxuriant. In fact, dandruff signifies that diet and digestion are not what they ought to be.

* * *

ANNABELLE. I have sent you the names of several creams which are good for the affliction which you take so seriously. Of course, you may make up your

(Continued on Page 33)

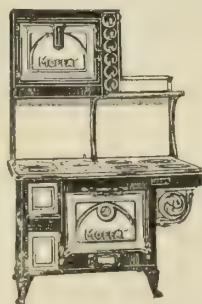


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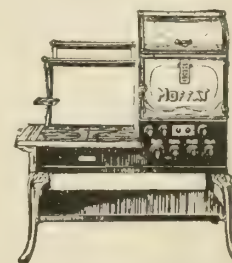
Do you know that electric current at 2 to 3 cents per K.W. hour is cheaper than coal, wood, gas or oil for cooking, and in many centres in Ontario the rate is only 1 cent per K.W. hour.



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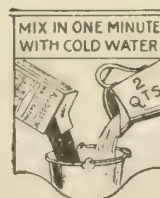


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Unique Events in Canadian Music

(Continued from Page 30)

The British hand ringers had a great many quaint traditional names which they apply to different combinations of bells, all of which have a definite significance for the expert; for instance there is the "Bob" or "Single"; "Double Bobs" and "Triple Bobs"; "Grandsire Triples"; "Caters" (probably from the French "quatre"); "Stedman" (named after a famous bell-ringer of the seventeenth century, Fabian Stedman) "Minor", "Maximus" "Surprise";—all of which terms are used by the "conductor" to direct the labors of his assistants. Formerly these used not only their hands but their feet, placed through loops in the ropes to achieve their effects.

Old though it is as an art, bell-ringing does not seem to have been codified as a branch of musical science until about three hundred years ago; but societies or guilds of ringers existed seven hundred years previously. There is in existence

for his victory over Bonnie Prince Charlie at Culloden, the latter organization changed its name to "Cumberland Youths". Up to 1914 these two ancient societies were still in existence and included in their membership most of the gifted "change ringers" in England. There are also old provincial societies, especially one at Saffron Walden, Essex, founded in 1623, which still holds an annual bell-ringing festival. Incidentally it may be said that the commonplace phrase to "ring the changes" on such and such a subject, comes from the vocabulary of bell-ringing.

* * *

IN New York just now they are talking of the "new American contralto," Jeanne Gordon of the Metropolitan Opera House. As sometimes happens in such cases Miss Gordon is not an American but a Canadian and very proud of that



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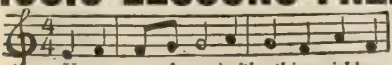
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MADAME JEANNE GORDON

a patent roll issued in the name of Henry 111 in 1255 A. D. by which the Brethren of the Guild of Westminster "are appointed to ring the great bells there in the enjoyment of the privileges and free customs they have enjoyed there since the reign of Edward the Confessor."

After the reign of Elizabeth, when music in all branches began to be taken up scientifically, and treatises written thereon, allusions to the practice and methods of bell ringing became frequent. In 1637 there was founded the "Society of College Youths" to practise the art on the six bells of St. Martin's, College Hill, a church destroyed in the great fire of London, 1666. The society continued in existence however, and later another known as the "Society of London Scholars" was founded. In 1746, in compliment to the Duke of Cumberland

fact. But her rise has been unprecedentedly rapid. The Metropolitan Opera House, owing to after-the-war conditions is the greatest centre of the art of singing in the world. Between it and the Chicago Grand Opera, America now possesses almost all the more eminent song-birds before the public to-day; for the very good reason that it is able to accord them much higher rewards than Europe. Under the circumstances Miss Gordon's rapid rise to a premier position within the brief space of fifteen months is phenomenal. Not infrequently do foreign singers rapidly attain high eminence on this continent, but in almost every instance investigation shows that they have already served a considerable apprenticeship in European opera houses that.

(Continued on Page 33)

Unique Events in Canadian Music

(Continued from Page 32)

for instance, is the case of Jeritza, the reigning sensation of to-day as it was that of Galli-Curci five years ago. But Jeanne Gordon has found her place in the sun almost without an apprenticeship in operatic methods, without foreign training and without the adoption of a foreign name.

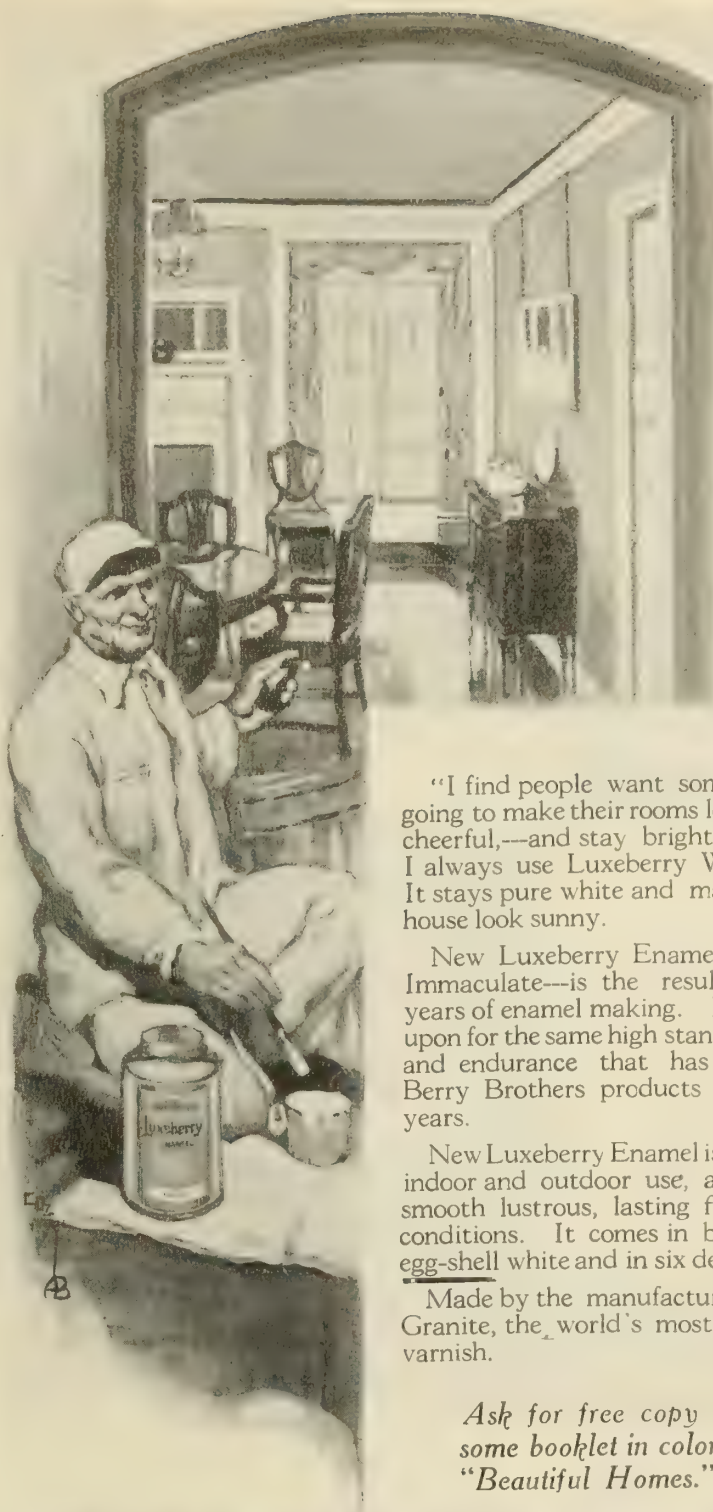
As a girl she was known as Ruby Gordon and is a native of Wallaceburg, Ontario, the only daughter of the late David A. Gordon, who was Member for West Kent in the House of Commons from 1904 until his retirement in 1917. She was one of eight children, the others being brothers, and was educated at Havergal Hall, Toronto, and the Toronto Conservatory of Music under Dr. Albert Ham, who taught her singing and theory, and whom she cherishes in high esteem as her original master. After graduating, she became a concert and choir singer in Detroit, the nearest large city to her Wallaceburg home. As she reached womanhood she developed remarkable personal beauty; and a gift for dramatic expression, which had manifested itself in girlhood, steadily developed. Two or three years ago Creatore, the band-master, decided to start a touring Grand Opera Company of his own, and set about looking for fresh and beautiful voices which would not cost too much money. For the sake of experience Miss Gordon enlisted with his forces and her talent not merely as a singer but as an actress amazed the experienced Italian routine singers who formed the backbone of the company. The rumor of her gifts reached the great impresario, Signor Gatti-Cazazza, of the Metropolitan Opera House who offered her an engagement. Her debut was made in the latter part of November, 1920, in the role of the aged gypsy woman, Azucena in "Il Trovatore."

Though very tall and lissome, Miss Gordon converted herself into an aged crone and acted and sang so superbly that she was called before the curtain again and again. This season she was promoted to a first position and has divided all the principal contralto roles in the more important productions with Madame Matzenauer a much older singer of world wide experience. Here she has taken precedence of many noted artists long identified with the Metropolitan. It was the writer's recent privilege to judge of her both as an operatic artist and a concert artist all within the space of five days. He was present at the farewell performance of the great Russian basso Chaliapin, in New York on January 26 when she sang the leading role in "Boris Goudonoff". Her beauty and aristocratic distinction as well as her noble singing led to her being called before the curtain again and again. A few days later, January 31st, she came to Toronto to sing under the baton of her old master Dr. Ham at the concert of the National Chorus; and the emotional power of her ballad singing as well as her personal magnetism, captivated every listener. Few indeed are the singers of any land who can boast of so sudden a rise to eminence, but everyone who has heard Miss Gordon recognizes it as a triumph of sheer ability.

The Vanity Box

(Continued from Page 31)

own cream, if you wish, but most of us prefer the preparation already skilfully mixed:—and the modern one is thoroughly reliable. It is necessary for you to find out just what is best suited to your own particular kind of skin. An oily skin does not call loudly for lanoline, but needs an astringent. After you have found out whether your skin is oily or the reverse, you will be in a position to search for the very best cream in your class of preparations.



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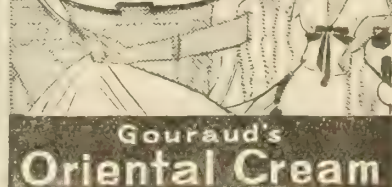
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Paint and Varnish

By Nina Moore Jamieson.

Righteous women who get their house cleaning done on schedule time, will give me a cold eye when I confess that I have only just finished mine. Finished today when the thermometer was steaming around the ninety mark, and the whole outdoors was about half-fried. The finish was with a paint brush and executed upon my little old wooden chairs. Wooden—well, I mean not upholstered, or cane bottomed, or leather-seated or otherwise diverted from the plain old Kitchen pattern.

We got these chairs years ago at a neighbor's sale, eleven of them at ten cents each. They are hand made, I am told, and are as solid as chairs can be. The worthy lady who originally owned them, had them painted a handsome black, but time and friction dissipated the paint, and they fairly shouted for a fresh coat.

I hope it may be generally appreciated when I say I bought a gallon of yellow floor paint not so very long ago. I say this with a feeling of conscious pride. A gallon—a whole gallon! And such a magnificent yellow! When I soused it on the floor around my oilcloth island, it was gay enough to dazzle the most worldly-minded person. Therefore I dimmed it with varnish stain—and turned to other lines of labor.

For painting and varnishing floors will give any one a weary feeling in the knees—except perhaps, some professional performer whose knees are used to the work. Mine weren't, nor was I inured to the fearful penetrating odor that goes with the business. "Turps," said the little paper label on the bottle, but the glass was in raised letters, and spoke of Irish whiskey, so it is hard to say whether the smell belongs to the Turps or the Irish, or the combination.

The paint can said nothing about itself except to give its serial number, and to state that it was floor paint of the purest, the finest, the most expensive, the most durable, the quickest drying, the longest lasting, the best-looking, the most utterly and completely satisfying kind known to man. It did not say that after the operation of changing the countenance of a fair sized room, the operator would have a twenty-pound headache and the whole house would reek like a paint shop.

No—it said none of these things, because the manufacturers knew that if they could sell their paint, and induce some zealous house wife to start dabbling in it, one gallon would never do her—never! That gallon has ensnared me. No new hat this season, no chocolates, no chewing gum. For you see, as soon as I painted the dining room floor, I saw that the pantry wanted a lick, and then when I came out to the kitchen, the shabbiness of that erstwhile satisfying place was most disturbing. More paint!

Not only did the kitchen floor need doing, but the ceiling—well, that ceiling! We have been using a lot of pine roots in the stove, and my excellent John always takes the stove lid off so that he can look in and see how the fire is getting on. Forthwith the pine smoke comes out to see how he is getting on, and that is how the kitchen ceiling gets so "grim-my"-looking, as Aunt Susan says.

I did not put yellow floor paint on the ceiling—that's where I had to plunge in for half a gallon of cream paint. Then the bristles began to peel out of my brush, and it took six pounds of butter to buy me a new one. However, we are progressing nicely, for the kitchen and the dining room are, of our eleven rooms, the ones we use most.

Having brushed up the most conspicuously-needed, paintable areas, the chairs next caught my eye. So I took out the five kitchen chairs, to give them a new face. This rested my knees, and took the cramps out of my back, for I set them up on a box and sat down on a stool beside them to work. The day was warm, heavy, sultry, and very little breeze was in the air, but still the outdoors openness saved me from poisoning myself with the fumes of that highly-recommended paint.

Continued on Page 40



Hair Is Such a Care!

But brushing is so soothing to the scalp and so satisfying in results if you use a Keystone solid French Ivory or solid Ebony Brush.

The long, stiff, glossy, pure-white, Russian bristles penetrate through the hair, and stimulate the hair roots to send forth new, soft, thick lustrous hair.

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SPRING SUITS WITH VARIATIONS

BY CHARLOTTE M. STOREY

IN the Springtime a woman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of suits. That's not exactly what Tennyson said, but it's what he might have said if he had been writing about clothes instead of love, because it's true. No spring wardrobe is "one hundred per cent efficient" without a suit. And this spring's suits are wonderfully versatile. A skirt and a coat no longer have the exclusive right to be called a suit. Your spring suit may consist of a jumper that is a sleeveless dress, or even a dress with sleeves in it, and a jacket or a hip length cape, when it becomes a frock suit.

This variety of type is refreshing; it carries us away from the monotony of sameness that usually prevails in the suits. It gives us two costumes instead of one, and either cape, jacket or dress are usually interchangeable with other wraps or dresses. This is an advantage for it gives us more changes, without really having more pieces in the wardrobe.

When the suit includes a guimpe dress, it is made of only one material, but when the dress has sleeves, quite often the top, that is the long waist, is made of some kind of silk, Roshanara crepe perhaps, and frequently of another color, grey, for instance with navy blue. The reason for the silk top is that the cloth sleeves would make the suit too warm for any but early in the spring, and the

idea of the dress and jacket or cape, is to make a very practical costume for both spring and summer.

One might as well admit in the beginning that navy blue is supreme, and while fashion magazines speak of many materials, tricotine and Poiret twill are used for fully three-quarters of the models that will be found in the shops when the spring fashion openings take place.

Of course there'll be homespun tweed—real Canadian homespuns—and wool jerseys, both of which are top-notch where sports suits are concerned, and their merits should be considered before purchasing a spring suit.

But the regulation tailored suit of navy blue tricotine, has never been more dignified, attractive or wearable than are those of this spring. One reason for this is that the materials and coloring are both so beautiful. The tricotines, in even the medium priced garments, are beautifully fine and the colors are so clear. Then the trimmings are more conservative and better chosen. Last year it was the fashion to cover a suit with bugle beads which was rather foolish and inappropriate; but this year, there is an abundance of black silk braid, narrow soutache braid, strappings of self material, black floss embroidery, sometimes touched up with French knots of white silk floss, or perhaps metal rings with braid or straps of the material

drawn through them. There is also metal thread stitching, which, while not new, is used by some of the best houses this spring again. Except on novelty suits, the girdles are very narrow, not more than an inch wide; but on one or two novelties which one has found while browsing around the show-rooms where advance models are to be found, wide satin sashes were used, one of them having white on the reverse side of the ribbon and deep black silk fringe across the ends. The sleeves are wide from the elbow down.

Misses coats are cut in box style, some of them very full in the back, almost like a cape, and there are cape coats also. One of these was virtually a cape in the back with the sides buttoning to the sleeves and in some inexplicable way forming the top of them while the unders belonged to the coat front. This model was in beige color.

Returning to the misses, whom we left rather unceremoniously, they have mostly elected to have Peter Pan collars which fasten with a single button or two string ties made of the material and terminating in a couple of small balls also of the material. For the sake of variety, there is the short Tuxedo collar which is open all the way down the front or fastens at the waist with a single button.

* * *

STRAIGHT line coats with just the suspicion of a curve under the arm, are what will be shown for the rest of women-kind. They will measure about thirty four or thirty-six inches in length and have a mannish notched collar reaching to the waist where it will fasten with link buttons and the sleeves will be long with a slight flare over the hand. Some of the seams are open to the waist and the linings are as attractive as the outside. That is one of the things to which one's attention has been called repeatedly this spring—the linings. Some are plain and some are printed but usually, they are of a very nice quality.

Some of the novelty suits are not more than twenty-eight inches in length and have three-quarter kimono sleeves and so much does one hear about suit jackets with capes hanging from the shoulder that they can scarcely be called novelties. They are very swagger looking.

But one might write indefinitely of tailored tricotine and twill suits so interesting are they, were it not that tweeds must have some attention. All winter long, women in New York have been wearing what they call homespuns, but there are *homespuns* and *homespuns*. There are the beautiful cloths made on hand looms by the women of rural Quebec, for which the American tourist has been willing to pay almost any amount of money. Like prophets, these goods have not had as much honor in their own country as was accorded them elsewhere, but if indifference survives the showing of Canadian homespuns, which we shall see this spring, then we must surely be lacking in appreciation of truly beautiful things.

Our Canadian manufacturers are also entitled to a good deal of credit for the very clever homespuns they are turning out in their mills, and many of the spring sport suits will be made of them. They will be in such colors as orchid, olive, canna, Dutch blue and jade green. Lovat shades will be used extensively and one must not fail to give notice that white will be ultra fashionable in all suitable materials. There is something about a white suit that suggests peacefulness and repose of spirit; we never should have thought of wearing a white suit during the war, and one cannot help but be glad that they have come into fashion once again, for they are like the harbinger of happier days.

Everybody in fashion circles has been on the qui vive over the knickerbocker suit. A Toronto man made the prediction that by next summer, every smartly dressed woman under thirty would have one in her wardrobe and would wear it, not only when she went golfing, hiking etc., but that she would be wearing it down town as she attended to the everyday affairs of life. One is not so sure that they will be quite so generally worn. They would be fine for the knocking about in the woods next summer.

Possibly some of you may wonder what a knickerbocker suit is any way that it should work such a transformation in feminine ideals, to say nothing of clothes. Well, it is simply a tailored tweed or jersey suit coat with a pair of knickerbockers instead of, or as well as a skirt; and by the way, some of the suits which go with it are "wrapped" around the figure, and fastened on the side. Some of the knickerbockers are made to wear with a belt and others fit snugly around the waist with buttons down either side. They are loose at the knee and gathered into a band, or else tight like riding breeches and button over the knee on the outside of the leg. It goes without saying that one wears a tailored silk shirt with this suit.

Plain and heather jersey cloth will be worn in sports suits.

* * *

BUT suits aren't all there is to the out-of-door, spring costume. There are capes; capes that are to be so important that they should be spelled with capitals and treated to the utmost respect. They are to be the *vogue* for spring.

They are turned out in the loveliest of Normandie and other soft finished



The Spring mode calls for a swagger cape, whether the costume be a suit or a dress

Continued on page 43

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"To the Last Man," by Zane Grey, is a tale of a feud which lives up to its title.

This writer has become famous for stories of the desert and of the far places where man is face to face with Nature and life becomes stern and simple. Life in the lonely places has its sordidness, even as the life of the slums has its own problems and, in this latest story, Zane Grey shows us how grimly hatred can work its will in a small community. It is a dramatic narrative, and, of course, it will soon be a screen tragedy (Published by Hodden and Stoughton, Toronto, Price, \$2.00)

"Their Friendly Enemy," a story for Girls by Gardner Hunting, (published by the Macmillan Company, Toronto, price \$2.00), is an entertaining account of how two young girls attempted to "run" a paper in a small town and of

atmosphere and filled with hairbreadth escapes.

"Conn of the Coral Seas," is the alliterative title which Beatrice Grimshaw has chosen for her latest story of the far islands of the Pacific. It is a tale of many perils, with this super-Irishman, Conn, the hero, who is expected to surmount all difficulties and brave all dangers. He seems to enjoy all the discomforts of the cannibal-inhabited region, and, of course, a heroine by the name of Devidre finds her way to the remote spot and gives him the opportunity to "rescue" a lady in distress. This is a thoroughly entertaining romance, fairly dripping with pearls—which line the walls and carpet the floor of a thoroughly mysterious cave. The descriptive passages are Miss Grimshaw's most vivid

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how a capitalist in the community made it his object to use the paper against the public interest. It is a realistic tale of to-day and there is about as vivid a description of a fire in one chapter, as you would find.

"The Wednesday Wife," by Juliette Gordon Smith, (published by the Macmillan Company, Toronto, price \$2.00) is an unusual and well-told story of a household in Algiers. The anxious reader may fear that it is a tract in favor of polygamy, but you find that, in the end, the hero asserts the superiority of the "one-wife" creed, and makes Altra, the "Wednesday Wife," his sole consort. This is the more conveniently accomplished, as the spouses of "Monday" and "Tuesday" have died of the plague. It is a book convincingly Oriental in

and picturesque work. Yet, after considering the natives and the crime waves, one is inclined to prefer Canada to Meliassi. (Published by the Macmillan Company, Toronto, price, \$1.75)

"The Moon Out of Reach," by Margaret Pedler (published by Hodder and Stoughton, Toronto, price \$2.00) is a story which centres around a foolish and attractive heroine of the name of Nan Davenant, whose love affairs are unusually tangled in their course. There is an artist who is very much a cad, there is a primitive cave-man kind of lover called Roger and there is, of course, a married one—Peter, who forms the trio of Nan's admirers. Peter is the best of them, and in the most kindly fashion.

Continued on page 37



"Yes, this is a Paramount Night."

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PARAMOUNT PICTURES

listed in order of release

February 1, 1922, to April 1, 1922

*Ask your theatre manager when
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Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"Saturday Night"
By Jeanie Macpherson

Betty Compson in
"The Law and the Woman"
Adapted from the Clyde Fitch play
"The Woman in the Case"
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production

"One Glorious Day"
With Will Rogers and Lila Lee
By Walter Woods and O. B. Barringer

George Melford's Production
"Moran of the Lady Letty"
With Dorothy Dalton
From the story by Frank Norris

May McAvoy in
"A Homespun Vamp"
By Hector Turnbull
A Realart Production

"Boomerang Bill"
With Lionel Barrymore
By Jack Boyle
A Cosmopolitan Production

Ethel Clayton in "Her Own Money"
Adapted from the play by Mark Swan

John S. Robertson's Production
"Love's Boomerang"
With Ann Forrest
From the novel "Perpetua"
By Dian Clayton Calthrop

Constance Binney in
"Midnight"
By Harvey Thew
A Realart Production

Pola Negri in "The Red Peacock"

Bebe Daniels in
"A Game Chicken"
By Nina Wilcox Putnam
A Realart Production

William S. Hart in
"Travelin' On"
By William S. Hart
A William S. Hart Production

Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid in
"Forever"
By George DuMaurier
A George Fitzmaurice Production

Gloria Swanson in
"The Husband's Truism"
By Clara Beranger

Wanda Hawley in
"Bobbed Hair"
By Hector Turnbull
A Realart Production

Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"Fool's Paradise"
Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story
"The Laurels and the Lady"

Constance Binney in
"The Sleep Walkers"
By Aubrey Spaulter
A Realart Production

Jack Holt in
"While Satan Sleeps"
From the novel
"The Parson of Panamint"
By Peter B. Kyne

Marion Davies in
"The Young Diana"
By Marie Corelli
A Cosmopolitan Production

Thomas Meighan in
"If You Believe It, It's So"
By Perley Poore Sheehan



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The trimming is of soutache braid, designs for which may be easily obtained in any art needlework department. Your collar may be the youthful Peter Pan or if worn with fur neckpiece the collarless suit is good.

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"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"



SPRING MILLINERY

BY C. M. STOREY

THE millinery buyers have been to Paris and home again. If there is one thing in particular for which we do not seem to be able to get along without Paris, it is inspiration for our headwear. The millinery buyers were the first to resume their Transatlantic buying expeditions, and many of them have been making regular trips ever since. There is something distinctive about French millinery, and it is not only the models they bring back with them, but also the inspiration they get in hat Mecca of Fashion, which makes the journey so worth while.

Spring hats are both large and small—trig little tailored hats to wear with the Spring suit, and larger ones with all kinds of curves and quavers in the brim, and a generous crown that fits quite closely over the head.

Nearly every wholesale and retail house that one visited showed a different type of small hat, which, of course, is something upon which we may congratulate ourselves, for we shall find plenty of variety in the millinery parlours when we start out on the important question of buying a spring hat.

In the first place do not be surprised if you find very few straw braid hats. There will be straw a-plenty, but it will

There are tricorues and bicorues in all their variations, and a few small pokes. One of the hall marks of the season's hat is the short back. Usually the back brim is about half the width



Straw cloth with black-and-white catochon



Horsehair turban with Bioux feathers

be in the form of straw cloth—a fabric woven out of fine flexible straw, which lends itself to drapery or a smooth covering for a buckram shape. Then there is cellophane cloth and the genuine old-fashioned hair cloth, some of it almost as heavy as that which covered the old-fashioned sofa in the old-fashioned parlour of childhood days; also lighter weights, some of which are quite transparent. One also finds straw braids, used mostly on these early models as a trimming. Some are narrow like a cord and others half an inch wide with a gold or silver edging. These metal edges are to be very fashionable and are found on many of the narrow millinery ribbons. One model for which this is used was made of a copper-colored baronet satin in a boat shape with a coronet across the front, one-half of the coronet being covered with strips of the braid over-lapping each other showing the gold edge, and a large rosette of the braid over the left ear. Cellophane braids come in these narrow widths and are especially pleasing when combined with transparent crowns of tulle.

Many of the small hats have narrow, visor-like brims in the front which give a softer and more becoming line than where the hat rolls directly off the face. Some milliners have aimed at getting the same effect, with the pointed front, which comes out a little over the face, and then turns up sharply

of the front and to get this effect a milliner will sometimes lay a pleat or two across the back of the brim and then tack a velvet bow on as if the pleats were there to support the bow, and incidentally, one has seen a wide front brim pleated in somewhat the same way to get the broad effect which characterizes so many of the medium and larger sized hats.

Most of the models shown so far are composed of one or the other of the materials named, but now and then one finds a Milan or picot straw used in the crown and straw cloth or mohair in the brim.

But if there is variety and novelty in shape and fabric there is even more in the trimming. There are feathers and flowers, and sea-shells and matches, and Chinese characters which may mean anything from long life and happiness to a laundry ticket; there are ivory cabochons and jet girdles, also crystals and rhinestones, each very decorative in its place



Milan straw with bead and silk embroidery

Perhaps the newest and most fashionable trimming that we see on the dressy hats will be what is known as bioux feathers. These are the plumage of the Chinese duck, given a slight cure treatment. While they feel crisp and papery to the hand, they are really very



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Look for the name Horrockses on the selvage

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Louise Bowles, Epworth, Va., writes: "Received certificate from U.S. School of Music. I highly recommend your school and wouldn't take anything for the help it has given me."



M. N. Little, Mason, Va., writes: "Have come out of your course as a victor. Now have students."

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2893 Brunswick Bldg.,
New York City

(Continued on page 43)

The Book Corner

(Continued from Page 36)

his wife:—but we must not spoil the story. It is comforting to know that the writer does not resort to the sordid device of divorce to make the dreams come true.

"One," by Sarah Warder MacConnell, is a novel which deals with the struggles of a wife who desires to "retain" the affections of a husband who is given to philandering. Alethea is really very patient with her tiresome husband, Frederick Haviland, about whose charm we are told continually, but whose manliness is not in evidence. The book, indeed, is so utterly neurotic that the reader would like all the windows open after perusing the last chapter. Frederick's affections do not appear to be worth "retaining" and Alethea, herself, is too emotional to be anything but a bore. One longs for a good, old-fashioned tale with a hero and a heroine who "lived happy ever after," rather than this dirty and dismal story. (Published by the Macmillan Company, Toronto, \$1.75).

"The Hidden Places," by Bertrand W. Sinclair, (published by the Ryerson Press, Toronto, price, \$2.00) is a story of war's aftermath which tells of the suffering of Hollister, a man whose face had become so torn and twisted through injuries received in the war that he was repulsive to the sight, although he was, in no way, crippled in strength. He had been declared officially dead and his wife had married again. He finds a refuge in the wilds of British Columbia, where the beauty of Nature went far toward restoring the shattered nerves of the hero. Myra, his former wife, appears on the scene and another and finer woman, Doris Cleveland, comes into the story and, through her physical blindness, becomes a comfort to the man who is in such great need of sympathy. It is a story of physical and spiritual conflict, with the hope of better things at the end.

March Patterns and Prices

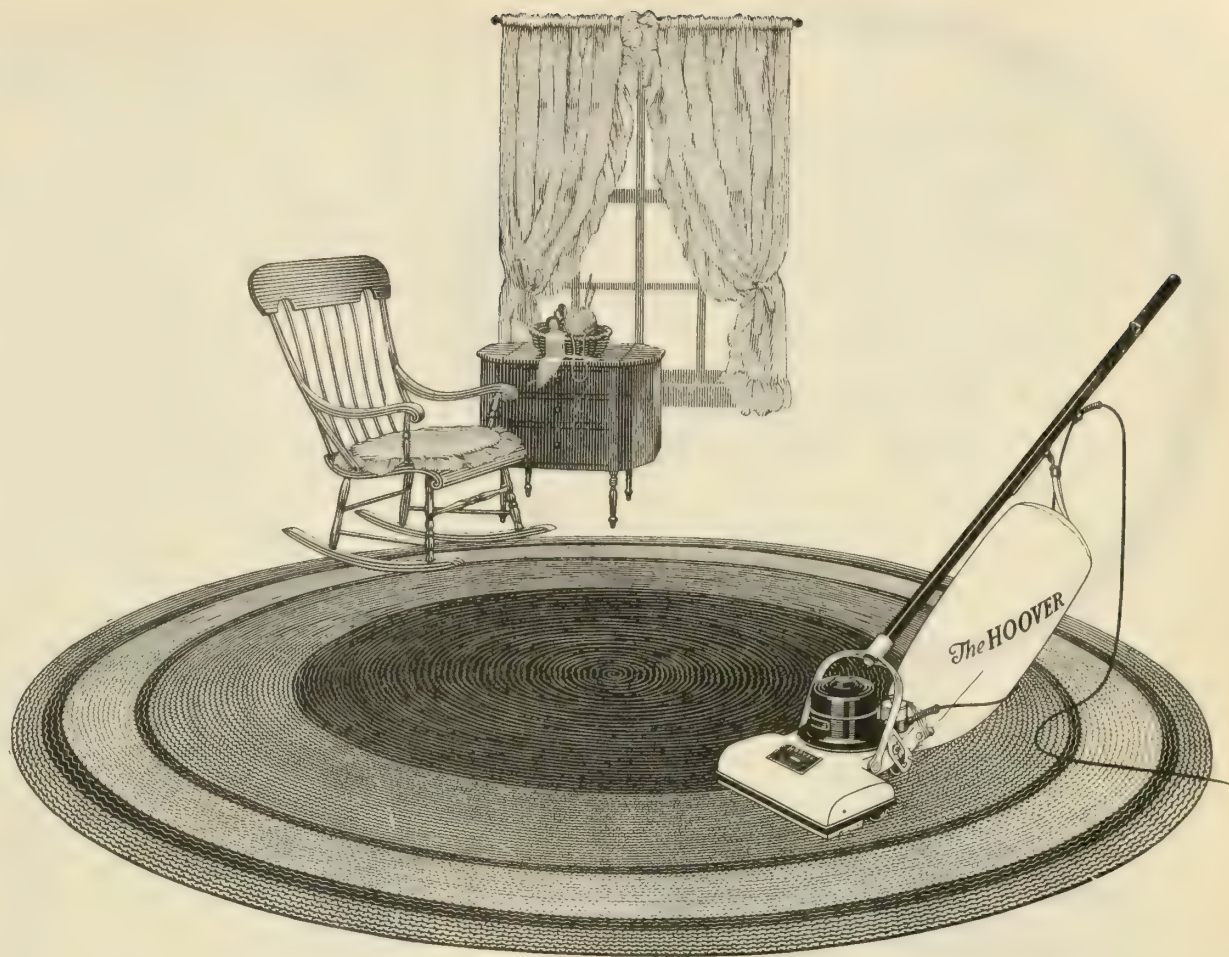
(Continued from page 26)

9925—Maternity Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 3/4 yard. Size 36 requires 7 yards 36-inch taffeta—7/8 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The front of the waist is embroidered in design 12600 to be worked in contrasting color silk floss in flat satin or outline stitch.

8555—Ladies' Camisole. Designed for 36, 40 and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 7/8 yard 36-inch radium silk—7/8 yard lace insertion. No. 6877—Ladies' Two-piece Bloomers. Designed for 26, 30, and 34 waist. Size 26 requires 2 yards 36-inch radium silk—1 1/2 yard lace insertion. The camisole is embroidered in design 11572 and is worked in raised satin stitch with self-color silk gloss.

9821—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3 5/8 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. No. 579—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1 3/8 yard. Size 26 requires 2 5/8 yards 32-inch pongee. An attractive braiding design, 12426, forms a border on the bottom of the blouse and trims the sleeves. It may be worked in soutache or embroidery wool.

8823—30 cents.
9834—30 cents.
6706—30 cents.
7118—30 cents.
8048—30 cents.
11977—blue or yellow—35 cents.
9929—30 cents.
9226—30 cents.
11900—blue or yellow, 30 cents.
9925—35 cents.
12600—blue or yellow, 30 cents.
8650—35 cents.
8555—30 cents.
6877—30 cents.
11572—blue or yellow, 20 cents.
9924—35 cents.
12574—blue or yellow, 75 cents.
9821—35 cents.
9579—30 cents.
12426—blue or yellow, 25 cents.

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Shoes press the soft rug nap upon this dirt, largely sharp grit. The nap is thus ground off. Your rugs grow threadbare.

The Hoover electrically beats out all such germ-laden, nap-destroying dirt from rug depths. By thus safeguarding health

and preserving your rugs from wear, over and over it pays for itself.

In addition, The Hoover electrically sweeps up stubbornest litter, erects crushed nap, freshens colors and cleans by air—in one rapid, dustless operation.

Have an immediate free demonstration in your home of The Hoover and its air-cleaning attachments.

Made in Canada, for Canadians, by Canadians, and backed by the Guarantee Bond of the oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners, The Hoover is obtainable in four sizes, all moderately priced, on easy terms.

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The Canadian Home Journal

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Fresh, wholesome bodies.

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Maybelline

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MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

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Chapped Skin -
Burns, Scalds, etc..

17-21

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FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON
New York City

Gouraud's Oriental Cream

Paint and Varnish

(Continued from Page 34)

Little flies came and webbed themselves in upon the sticky surface. Mosquitoes sang and danced upon my more-or-less sunburned neck, and when I smote at them with my yellow-daubed fingers, I often missed them, but always got in a blow somewhere. One large patriarchal old fellow with a stinger like a garden hose, came and posed on my left wrist, until I made a swipe at him with my right hand, forgetting to lay down the brush, first. That's how the yellow floor paint got on my shoes, and skirt, and on the grass, and on the flowering currant bush. But sure, that's the life of the paint industry, so why should any one complain—except that the mosquito escaped, and afterwards wounded me severely on the ankle?

The five chairs took some time. They each had four legs to do, inside and out, and six or eight rungs. It is hard to make the paint stay on these miserable little surfaces, and if I keep on at this sort of thing I'm going to have a permanent scowl from looking so closely at them. Then the backs have a lot of wiggly little spindles in them, and there comes a time when the whole chair is painted and there isn't a blessed handhold on the thing to let a person move it by. I put my hand on the under side of the seat, and endeavored to carry them out into the middle of the lawn, so that they could dry in the sun, and still be out of my way.

Two went over to their destination, as pleasantly as you please, but the third dropped against me like the fainting heroine in a melodrama. And I knew a word to say, but I did not say it.

Of course, about this time, I thought of the chair in the pantry, and the chair on the verandah and the chairs in the bedrooms. They had to have their dose too. My enthusiasm was waning, but who would quit, for weariness, when it is only a question of painting chairs? So I kept on, going strong, until it came time to get supper.

That was yesterday. Today, with a darning needle, I picked out the embalmed flies, and the bristles from the brush, which had taken lodgings in the paint. Then, with the very same brush, I went at the varnishing. Of course the brush had been cleaned of paint in the meantime, washed, and dried. I cannot see that it is a bit better than the old brush, only that it has more bristles to come out.

Varnishing is most satisfying work. It covers up the little flaws in the paint, and gives an aristocratic, worldly-wise air to even the plebeian yellow paint. And it is easy. The varnish stain goes on with little whirls and flurries, and follows the track of the brush in delicate frost-like patterns.

Now, my chairs—Ah, if the man who shaped out the quaint rungs and spindles half a century ago, could only have looked ahead to see what those chairs would have come to! If he could only have known that telephones, and tractors, and automobiles, and electric light plants and airplanes would be every day affairs to them! He had no thought of the rural free delivery of mail six days in the week the year round!

He made the chairs for a low log house—it is standing yet. The great square timbers of it are still solid, and the old-fashioned fire-places have seen the time when they became unadmired in the changing styles—but once again are opened up and used. In fact, I believe the new owner of the house boasts about them to his city friends. Two fire-places, beams in the ceilings (say nothing about the white wash conscientiously applied to them by the original dweller in the house,) and oak floors!

Meanwhile, thank the stars the chairs are finished, and with them the spring house cleaning ends. Now on with the campaign! I must save up and buy more paint, for the handsome chairs are making the bed rooms look shabby, and I see that both the front hall and the back hall (and the stairs of course,) need more than a passing glance—and the whole outside wood work of the house begs for new covering!

NORTHERN ONTARIO

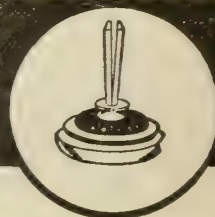
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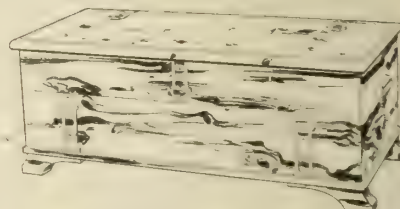
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9928—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe— $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeves and side sections of blouse— $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The flowing sleeves are given a very smart effect by an allover design, 12612, which may be carried out in flat embroidery braid. Or if preferred, fine silk cord may cover the design couched down with metal thread.

9899—Misses' Overblouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 9904—Misses' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. The costume in size 16 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe for overblouse— $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard 54-inch Poirer twill for skirt. Distinctly smart for all sorts of sports wear are these silken overblouses worn with plain tailored skirts. Added smartness is given by the novel embroidery, in design 12596, which

forms a deep border on the blouse and covers the sleeves from the elbow to the lower edge. Silk floss in shades of dull Egyptian red, bright blue and yellow may be used effectively with a touch of black to give tone.

9913—Misses' Jumper Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine for skirt and jumper—1 yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for blouse— $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch satin for binding. Charmingly youthful in its line is this frock of crêpe de Chine and Georgette. The jumper forming a bodice effect is worn over the skirt and cut down low in front. The skirt forms a panel effect front and back while the sides are trimmed with bands bound with contrasting satin.

9912—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years for misses, and 34 to 44 bust for ladies. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 16 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch printed foulard

— $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch satin. Paris sends us many frocks that combine as this does two silken materials and among the favorite combinations foulard and satin hold a prominent place. The dress slips on over the head, and the neck, in the smart bateau outline, may be finished with a cording of satin or foulard.

9911—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years for misses, and 34 to 44 bust for ladies. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 16 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 32-inch dotted swiss— $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40-inch organdy. There is a delightfully youthful air to this frock that adapts it to the needs of the young girl.

9900—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard. Size 16 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch beige Canton crêpe for blouse— $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards Malay brown Canton crêpe for skirt and cuffs. A separate slip-on blouse with wide sleeves set into large armholes is combined with a two-

piece gathered skirt to form this good-looking frock. The blouse is elaborately embroidered in design 12667 to be carried out in single stitch embroidery in contrasting color floss. The embroidery forms a border on the blouse and above the cuffs.

9901—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years for misses, and 34 to 44 bust for ladies. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard. Size 16 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54-inch tricotine for dress— $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 36-inch dotted foulard for blouse.

9928—Price 35 cents.

12612—blue or yellow, 75 cents

9912—Price 35 cents.

9900—Price 35 cents.

12667—blue or yellow, 40 cents.

9899—30 cents.

9904—30 cents.

12596—blue or yellow, 40 cents.

9913—35 cents.

9911—35 cents.

9901—35 cents

New Sleeve Arrangements and Original Trimmings Lend Chic



Dress 9928
Embroidery 12612



Dress 9912



Dress 9900
Embroidery 12667



Overblouse 9899
Skirt 9904
Embroidery 12596



Dress 9913



Dress 9911



Dress 9901

New Spring Styles Show the Charm of Variety

9851—Ladies' Long-waisted Basque. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9849—Ladies' Four-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 3 yards. The costume in medium size requires $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch taffeta— $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for yoke and cuffs— $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The snugly-fitted basque, which closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm, is gathered at the underarm seams and has short one-piece sleeves that are adjusted in the armholes of a front-closing underbody. Another attractive feature of this costume is the round inset trimming-pieces to which the side gores of the skirt are gathered. Embroidery, in design 12601, trims the skirt and also the lower edge of the basque. It may be carried out in running, outline, or

chain stitch with silk floss, embroidery wool, or metallic thread. Beading could also be substituted using steel, jet, or iridescent bugles.

9535—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard. Size 36 requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards 40-inch Roshanara crêpe— $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40-inch red Roshanara crêpe for collar and trimming. The only note of trimming on this simple one-piece dress is the chain-stitch embroidery, design 12668, which is applied to each side below the sash. It may be developed in rope silk or filo.

9864—Girls' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch China silk for underdress— $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch pongee. The overdress has inset yokes which extend over the shoulders, and the lower edge

of the dress is cut in pointed outline which forms an uneven hem-line.

9927—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch dotted foulard—2 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe for sleeves and side sections— $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The fashionable uneven hem-line is achieved in this frock by dropping pointed side panels below the skirt. The flowing sleeves and the side sections are attached to a front-closing underbody.

9763—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch Moroccan crêpe— $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeves—

6 yards ribbon. The sleeves of this smart little frock are gathered to straight wristbands which are finished with bows and ends of ribbon. An allover effect is given to the upper part of the dress by embroidery, in design 12612, which may be worked in silk floss, embroidery wool, or metallic thread in running stitch.

9851—35 cents.

9849—35 cents.

12601—blue or yellow, 30 cents.

9535—35 cents.

12668—blue or yellow, 40 cents.

9864—35 cents.

9927—35 cents.

9763—35 cents.

12612—blue or yellow, 75 cents.



Basque 9851
Skirt 9849
Embroidery 12601

Dress 9535
Braiding 12668

Dress 9864

Dress 9763
Embroidery 12612

Dress 9927



Spring Suits With Variations

(Continued from Page 35)

cloths for which there are a legion of names; also in tricotines, Poiret twills, serges, Jersey cloths and homespun. There will also be capes made of the same materials as the dresses, Canton crepes, for instance, but they belong to the summer costume, rather than to that of the spring.

It doesn't matter much whether your cape is long or short, it will be in the fashion any way, and like the bottom of the skirts, the bottom of the cape is quite likely to be uneven. There is a trig, tight collar to which some one has tasked the jaunty name of Johnnie. This buttons right up to the neck, but may be left open if one desires, without spoiling the effect. But, mostly, the collars are large, some of them being gathered or pleated in the back and some are pleated all the way around and stand up around the neck like a picket fence. A few are cut square across the back with shawl fronts. There is really a great deal of variety in detail of both capes and coats this spring.

For convenience, there is a slash in either side for the arms and these slashes are sometimes finished with a cuff which is wider at the bottom than at the top, and if there is embroidery on the garment, it is very likely to be found around this slash. Many of these capes are braid trimmed and there is more diversity of color in the capes than in the suits, for while many of the capes are in blue tricotine, some are in pretty sand and grey shades, while most of

the soft finished cloths, are shown in the beige, reindeer, taupe and earthy browns.

If one prefers a coat to a cape, there is a splendid variety to fall back upon. The cloths used are about the same as for the capes, the backs hang straight or have quite a generous sweep, the sleeves are as prodigal as the day is long and many of them have the trimming concentrated on the sleeves, the fronts are plain and are fastened with buttons sewn on in groups, as for instance, two at the neck and two more at the waist.

Sports coats, thirty-six inches long, made of polo cloth, tweed or fancy velours will also be there for your choosing—swagger looking garments with raglan sleeves, a mannish collar and large military pockets and buttons.

Then, there is the utility coat. Who has not possessed one of those English-looking man-tailored utility coats, does not know what she has missed. They have the irresistible virtue of never going out of fashion and rarely ever wearing out. But we no longer sing the exclusive praise of the English-made coat, worthy as it is, for there are many Canadian makes which are equally desirable. They are made of English and Canadian tweeds in beautiful soft textures and color mixtures, excellently tailored and faultless as to style. Also, there are English gabardines, rain proof, but without any rubber in them, which one does not hesitate to recommend to this discriminating woman.

Spring Millinery

(Continued from Page 38)

pretty dripping over the brim of a hat, and are used in any quantity from a small mount or pin-wheel to a bandeau half way round the brim. The sea shells are among the most talked-about trimmings that one will see this year and come in many shapes and sizes from the little flat fluted ones to rather large snail shells. High coronets are completely covered with them and sometimes they are grouped together on the crown.

There are also a great many hat pins with ornamental heads used as a trimming rather than a utility. They are different from the hat pins we have been accustomed to. One of the new styles is of clear cut crystal and a great many have brilliants used in colored galalith.

Sometimes two hat pins alike in all but color are stuck at opposite angles on the front of the hat, as for instance, a model with a purplish crown and a brim covered with rows of blue and purple shot ribbon on which there are blue and purple pins. This was a Lewis model brought over from Paris for the opening, and because it came from so famous a maker, the use of different colored pins is important.

One of the smartest models among the more youthful styles was an exception to the rule, and made of navy picot straw entirely. The crown was dome-shaped and the brim up-rolling like a saucer, but very short across the back, and the only trimming, a bow of wide navy grosgrain ribbon with ends but no loops, and a band of the ribbon on the under-brim.

A pretty brown horse-hair model had a quill and ornament carved out of brown

ivory, or possibly an imitation of ivory. An interesting brown Georgette poke had as its only decoration an uncurled short ostrich plume drawn through the crown at the back with the end of the plume hanging under the brim. A transparent horsehair in a rich walnut shade had the brim shirred over a tubular cord and a brown velvet ribbon bow on the back. The brim was rather wide and flat and the effect extremely pleasing.

The dressy hats are abnormally large and the side trimmings accentuated. Rumor has it that lighter colors are to be worn this spring, but nearly all the important models are in black, brown or navy blue. The large hats especially come in black, and the trimming is usually on the brim often over-hanging it, especially if it be ribbon or feathers. One of the large French models was of the heavy satin with a pattern embossed on it and a cire finish. This had an extremely wide brim and was worn slightly tilted instead of straight.

A little later there will be flowers. And such flowers! There will be "roses and lilies and daffy-down-dillies" and fruits of all kinds. Buyers returning from Paris say they have never before seen such flowers. The roses are large and crusty and the wild flowers as natural as if freshly plucked from the fields; also wheat, dyed to match the color of the hat and luscious looking fruits.

In the lighter shades one sees all the bright yellows, especially tiger lily, beige which is combined with navy, there is some grey, a great deal of white with black and periwinkle blue. Canna is the new red.



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Mail Order Department.

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Importers of Fine Linens

NEW BIRKS BUILDING

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Daintiest of Clothes for the Brightest of Children

9902—Girls' Dress. Designed for 4 to 10 years. Size 8 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 44-inch blue serge— $7\frac{1}{8}$ yard 36-inch gray crêpe de Chine for blouse— $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards braid for trimming. The dress slips on over the head and is made with long shoulders and large armholes.

9898—Girls' Blouse. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 32-inch pongee. The round neck of the blouse, the front slash, and the bottom of the short sleeves are finished with embroidery in design 12596 and may be worked in flat satin or darning stitch in bright colored mercerized floss.

9939—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch tricotine— $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch satin for lining.

9903—Girls' Cape. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 12 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard 54-inch velours— $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch taffeta for lining. Embroidery in design 12624 is applied to the cape in the form of rows of darning stitch and arrowheads worked in heavy rope silk. No. 9629—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2 yards 54-inch wool Jersey.

9906—30 cents.
12236—blue or yellow, 25 cents.
11742—blue or yellow, 25 cents.
9855—30 cents.
12564—blue or yellow, 30 cents.
9902—30 cents.
9898—30 cents.
12596—blue or yellow, 40 cents.
9939—30 cents.
9903—30 cents.
9629—30 cents.
12624—blue or yellow, 25 cents.



Set 9906
Embroidery 11742 and
12236



Dress 9855
Appliqué 12561

Dress 9902

Blouse 9898
Embroidery 12596

Coat 9939

Cape 9903
Dress 9629
Embroidery 12624

9906—Infants' Set. Designed for one size only. Requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch batiste for dress— $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch nainsook for Gertrude petticoat— $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch nainsook for gathered petticoat— $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard 36-inch flannel for pinning blanket and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch flannel for shirt. On one of the petticoats embroidery, in design 11742, is applied and the round yoke of the little dress is also embroidered in design 12236. The dainty sprays may be



worked in raised satin stitch and eyelets in white mercerized floss.

9855—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard 54-inch tan wool Jersey— $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 54-inch brown wool Jersey. Below the slashed pockets the blouse is trimmed with appliquéd motifs of brown Jersey couched down with wool in design 12564.



"and then—he kissed me!"

"The month's bills had been pretty high, business wasn't any too good and Bob was worried. So when he came home one night and found a beautiful new rug in the living room, he naturally was a bit cross.

"I admit we needed a rug badly but we couldn't afford it for months—particularly a beauty like this."

"But, Bob dear," I hastened to explain, "it cost only \$9.00."

"For a minute he just stared. And then—he kissed me!"

* * *

You will be as amazed as this young husband at the economy of Congoleum Gold-Seal Art-Rugs. Though they reproduce the warm colorings and rich patterns of expensive fabric rugs they cost only a fraction as much.

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9 feet x 3 feet \$4.50	9 feet x 6 feet \$ 9.00	9 feet x 10½ feet \$15.75
9 feet x 4½ feet 6.75	9 feet x 7½ feet 11.25	9 feet x 12 feet 18.00
	9 feet x 9 feet 13.50	

Prices to points in the West, such as Winnipeg, Edmonton, Vancouver, etc., are slightly higher to cover extra freight charges.

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This Gold Seal identifies the one and only grade of Congoleum made. It is pasted on the face of all genuine Congoleum. Read it—it means exactly what it says. If your Congoleum Gold-Seal Art-Rug or Floor-Covering does not give satisfaction, your money will be refunded without question.



The rug shown is Gold-Seal Pattern 380. In the 9 x 6 foot size the price is only \$9.00.

Announcing Gold-Seal Congoleum By-the-Yard

Gold-Seal Congoleum can also be obtained in roll form for use where it is desired to cover the entire floor. It has the same waterproof, sanitary and durable qualities that have popularized Gold-Seal Congoleum Rugs. Made in a 2 yard width to sell at 85 cents per square yard.



Whipped Cream Cocoanut Cake

4 oz. butter, rind of one-half orange (grated), 3 eggs; 1 small cup milk; 1 large cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cornstarch; 3 level teaspoons Magic Baking Powder, flavorings (vanilla and rose); $\frac{3}{4}$ pint cream; 1 small fresh cocoanut (grated), 1 cup sugar

Cream butter, adding grated rind of orange, then the sugar, working well in, then the well beaten yolks of eggs, and milk. Sift together the flour, baking powder and cornstarch and stir in gradually, then the well beaten whites of eggs, and lastly one teaspoon each of vanilla and rose flavorings. Bake in well buttered jelly tins in quick oven. When baked turn out and allow to cool.

Whip cream stiff, adding three tablespoons confectioner's sugar and one-half teaspoon each vanilla and rose flavoring.

Cover top and side of each layer with the whipped cream and sprinkle over the grated cocoanut. If unable to obtain fresh cocoanut use Baker's canned cocoanut.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED

TORONTO, CANADA

WINNIPEG

MONTREAL



Frocks and Blouses Like These Show the Charm of Spring Style



Dress 9911
Braiding 12668

Dress 9819
Embroidery 12667

Dress 9907
Embroidery 12596

Dress 9926
Embroidery 12612

Dress 9940
Embroidery 12592

These are Pictorial Review Patterns. If your dealer cannot supply them, send direct to Pictorial Review Co., 263-267 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

There is a curious legend of ancient Greece in which we read that Psyche was assigned the difficult mission of descending to Hades to bring away a fragment of beauty in a box for the gods to sample and lo! when the lid was lifted, there issued—a vapor.

BEAUTY has ever been as elusive, as mysterious, as intangible as the legendary vapor. And mysterious it must remain. Through the ages, men's goddesses have been veiled, and the woman who would be the true artist of herself must know that piquancy is in concealment, not exposure.

THE Mohammedans have a saying that "To Eve, God gave two-thirds of all beauty," and beauty is the birth-right of every woman. But through the multiplicity of the ages we have departed somewhat from the ideal in the Garden of Eden, and if we place our mirrors in a good light and look at ourselves as critically as we look at another woman—we see the truth.

EVEN if we have that loveliest and most desirable and quite the most undependable thing in the world—Youth—it is seldom that our bodies are slim in *just the right* places. And the wisp of a corset that will coax away the tiny imperfections of youth without detracting one bit from our precious comfort, will save us, a few years hence, from the injustice of looking older than we are.

AGE is a treacherous and resourceful antagonist and when cold cream and massage dispel the evidences of advancing years from well-cared-for hands and face, age seeks revenge by a tell-tale padding of the hips and thighs. If we foolishly have attempted to keep, with exaggerated corsetry, a disproportionately small waistline at the expense of this other more important dimension, or have permitted our figures to unbecomingly sag through lack of proper support, we have put our birthdays where anyone can count them.

BUT just because you must wear corsets, there is no reason why other people should know that you do. This matter of designing for type is the whole secret. The Type Corsetry that Gossard artistry has created conceals itself from the appraising eye of your best enemy. Every type of figure has been individually studied and treated as a special problem, and the Gossards designed for your needs will coax, restrain, supplement—easily, gently, naturally, and bring you by hidden ways to the very most of which your figure is capable. Because they will not attempt to change you radically or make you conform to some fleeting style tendency not inherently becoming to you, you will never have that "tied-in,

pinched-together look," that "corseted look," that is just as fatally ageing as its sagging uncorseted reverse.

WHY go on buying just "a corset," when at any of the best stores and specialty shops, a skilful corsetière will unfailingly select for you a Gossard that will make you look so much better and feel so much better, and be forever sure you are not missing something in the mirror that your friends see when you are looking the other way? The cost of Gossards is well within the price you would expect to pay for such superior artistry and workmanship, and they offer an unequalled value in wearing service that makes their purchase a true economy.

"THE Gift of Eve." So we have named a tiny book that is just off our press. It is not pretentious but it will be cherished by every woman who appreciates the importance of that quiet distinction that ever marks the woman of good taste. To you we shall be glad to send it, if you will trouble to write your request to our home offices at 363 W. Adelaide St., Toronto, Canada.

The Canadian H. W. Gossard Co.
Limited

363 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Canada
Chicago New York London Sydney Buenos Aires



Gossard Brassières

EVEN if you are quite naturally "trim," a certain, sophisticated restraint above the low top corset is still the part of wisdom.

GOSSARD Brassières, like Gossard Corsets, are made for types; materials and shaping conform unerringly to individual needs. They are made for those women with a true perception of beauty and an appreciation of that faultless detail that is the certain stamp of superior quality. Their unusual wearing service alone will amply justify their nominal cost.

G O S S A R D
F R O N T L A C I N G
C O R S E T S

The Vogue Demands Straight Lines for the Mature Woman



Dress 9840

Blouse 9823
Skirt 9853
Beading 12574

Dress 9847

Overblouse 8717
Embroidery 12630Blouse 9570
Skirt 9308

Overblouse 9327

These are Pictorial Review Patterns. If your dealer cannot supply them, send direct to Pictorial Review Co., 263-267 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

The LETTERS of a YOUNG BRIDE

May 10.

Dear Eleanor:

We have just returned from Bermuda! And to you, my dear, I am writing my first letter as Mrs. William T. Carleton. Bermuda! What a fairyland of dreams! I shall never forget it. The deep, crystal water—the age-old sea—the quaint little shops—the white-roofed houses. And best of all, the soft, silvery nights and the big silvery moon.

Billy and I are very, very happy. Sometimes I have to pinch myself to see if I am awake. Life is so different.

Can't you come to see us some time soon? Our apartment isn't very large, but I know we could find room for you somewhere. And I have so many things I want to tell you.

June 15.

Dear Eleanor:

Sorry to hear that you are so busy with your sewing that you can't come now. I can't imagine gay Eleanor at the sewing machine making her own clothes. Fortunately, I don't need a new thing this summer. You know father gave me the money for my trousseau, and it was wonderfully complete.

Anyway, it's lucky I don't need any new clothes—we've had to get so many things for the apartment. Billy said last night it seems as though we'll never get through buying the things we just have to have. He thought the firm would raise his salary when we were married—but they didn't and I know he's worried a little. He's such a dear. Come when you can.

September 27.

Dear Eleanor:

Such a week! Tuesday, Billy's mother called me up and invited me to come over to a tea she was giving Thursday afternoon. I knew who would be there and I simply had to have something new. So I got right on the car and went down to Blaine's. Eleanor, do you know what they asked for a half-way pretty afternoon dress? Sixty-five dollars! I went to four other shops and the lowest price I found for anything that I could wear was \$49.50. Well, I didn't have that much to spend on a dress and I didn't have the heart to ask Billy for it, so on Thursday I put on that henna tricotelette I had a year ago.

But, Eleanor, when I got there and found all the other women with smart new fall clothes, I felt positively ashamed of my appearance. It seemed as though my dress had "last year" written all over it. No one said anything, of course, but some things are understood. I came home and just lay down and cried.

I finally decided to ask Billy for \$25 extra, figuring that I could save the rest out of the house allowance. But when he came home he looked worried himself. He wouldn't tell me at first what the trouble was, but after supper he came up and put his arm around me and said, "Honey, do you think that you could cut corners a little next month? My life insurance comes due the 20th and it's going to be just a bit hard to meet it." Well, you can imagine how my own plans vanished when he said that. What am I going to do, Eleanor? I've simply got to have a few new things. What *can* I do?

October 5.

Dear Eleanor:

I guess I've read your letter twenty times. When I think of all the pretty new clothes you have, I fear I'm just a bit envious. But to think you've made them all yourself! And you believe I could do the same? Oh, wouldn't it be too wonderful if I *could*! And you say you learned at home? Why, I always thought one must put in years in a shop or go away somewhere to school to really become a dressmaker. But I shall know all about the plan you suggest in a few days, for I have written the Woman's Institute. Yes, I had heard about the Institute, but I never thought of it as meaning anything to me. Thanks so much for telling me. If 140,000 other women and girls can learn so easily at home, I am sure I can learn, too.

December 10.

Dear Eleanor:

Oh, yes, I know I've neglected you, but truly I didn't realize it had been two months since I wrote you last. But they've been such wonderful months. You see, I heard from the Institute just a couple of days after my last letter, and when I saw that here was exactly the thing I needed, I put in my membership and took up the Dressmaking Course at once. And within a week I was busy with my first lesson. Eleanor, I never found anything so fascinating in my life. One just can't help learning. And when I realized what it was going to mean to me I could hardly lay the lessons down.

At first I wasn't going to tell Billy, but how could I keep such news from him? And he was so interested. He said he thought it was a fine thing to have something so enjoyable to do afternoons. After all, why shouldn't a woman learn dressmaking, just like a man studies law or medicine—or business? Well, after the third lesson, I made the loveliest blouse. Billy says it's the prettiest I ever had, and think, it cost just \$1.65 and really I couldn't duplicate it down town for less than \$5.00. Besides, I've made two apron dresses, a



Painted by Neysa McMein

camisole, the dearest negligee, and a plaited skirt, and now I'm at work on my first nice dress. I can hardly wait till it's finished.

December 16.

Dear Eleanor:

Oh, I must tell you. I wore the new dress to a party this afternoon and everyone said it was the most becoming thing I ever had. The girls insisted on knowing where I got it, and when I told them I made it myself they were simply amazed. Marion Holt wants me to make a dress for her. Imagine! "Madame Louise, Modiste!" I wonder if I could?

March 11.

Dear Eleanor:

My, but I've been busy. But let me go back to the beginning. The very day after the party Marion came over. Said she was really serious about wanting me to make her a dress, so I said all right, I would. You see, she never seemed able to find anything in the stores that was really suited to her type. But I saw just what she needed. One of the most important things I have learned from the Institute is the designing of dresses that are really becoming. You know—just the right lines, the right material, the right fabric and shade, and just the right touch of color and the right finish to make it distinctive. Well, I never enjoyed anything so much as planning and making that dress for Marion—and it was a beauty, if I do say it. Marion was so delighted she insisted on paying me \$20 for making it and said she wanted me to make all her clothes in the future.

Well, that was the beginning of my venture. Others came and wanted me to make clothes for them, and the result is that every hour I have been able to spare from my own work the last three months has been taken up designing and making things for folks here in town. I've finished half my course with the Institute, I have more pretty clothes of my own than I ever expected to own in one season, and best of all, a bank account that's growing every day!

Dear Eleanor:

June 21.

It seems I always have good news to tell you these days. And this time it's best of all. Two weeks ago we bought the dearest little house out here in Maplewood and now we're all settled. When Billy first heard about the house he came rushing home one night, half in joy, half in despair. It was a wonderful bargain, but he had to pay a thousand dollars down.

"I've saved \$600 since the first of the year," he said (you know he got a raise in January), "but where can we get the rest?" Well, I fairly flew up to my room, and down the stairs I rushed with my own bank book. Of course, Billy knew I had made some money sewing, but when I showed him a balance of \$572, he just rubbed his eyes and stared. But I sat down then and there and wrote a check for \$400 and put it in his hand. And—well—I couldn't get my breath for a minute—Billy was holding me so tight! And two big tears stood in his eyes. "Louise, dear," he said, "you're the greatest little woman in the world!"

So we're here in our own home, Eleanor. Tonight after supper we sat out on the porch—just quiet and happy—and the moon came up big and round and silvery and just seemed to smile its blessing. "It seems to me," Billy said, "I've seen that moon before—I think it was somewhere in Bermuda." "Yes, Billy

dear," I said, "it's our honey moon. It's going to shine on us forever."

P. S. You really must come to see us now, Eleanor. There's a little room waiting for you, for I want to entertain—quite in state, if you please—the one who showed me the way to happiness.

WOULDN'T you, too, like to have prettier, more becoming clothes for yourself and your family for less than half what they now cost you? Wouldn't you like to have two or three times as many pretty dresses at no increased expense?

You *can* have them, for through the Woman's Institute of Domestic Arts and Sciences you can learn easily and quickly, right in your own home, to make them yourself at merely the cost of materials. You can save at least \$25 on a suit priced at \$40 in the stores, for every item of material it contains would cost not more than \$15. On a dress retailing at \$20, you can save \$12 or \$14. Even on a blouse or a child's frock, or a little boy's suit costing \$5, it is easily possible to save \$2.50 to \$3 by buying the materials and making it yourself.

Are such savings as these worth while? What would it mean to you to be able to save half or two-thirds of what you spend for clothes each season? Think of the other comforts or little luxuries you could enjoy or the money you could put away.

There is not the slightest doubt about your ability to learn. More than 140,000 women and girls, in city, town and country, have proved by the clothes they have made and by the dollars they have saved and earned, the success of the Institute's methods.

"I have more pretty dresses than I ever had in my life," writes one young mother. "Just think, six new dresses and two hats, and last season I really shed tears for want of a decent dress."

Another mother, when she had half completed her course, made her daughter's complete trousseau. Altogether it would have cost \$650 in the stores, but the materials came to just \$189.15. "So you see," she writes, "I made the magnificent saving of \$460.85."

It makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail, and it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day, or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you desire and just when it is convenient.

Besides learning how to make every kind of garment at a saving of half or more, you learn the all-important secrets of distinctive dress—what colors and fabrics are most appropriate to different types of women; how to adapt garments you see in the shop windows, on the street or in fashion magazines; how to design, plan and create original effects, etc.

The Institute's courses are so complete that hundreds of students, with absolutely no other preparation, have opened up shops of their own, and enjoy large incomes and independence as professional dressmakers or milliners.

Remember that every claim made by the Woman's Institute is borne out by its six years of experience in successfully teaching dressmaking, millinery and cookery in the home. The Institute is now the largest woman's school in the world. Its growth has been made possible only because it has rendered a service worth many times its small cost to every student.

Send for Handsome 64-page Booklet

The Woman's Institute is ready to help you, no matter where you live or what your circumstances or your needs. And it costs you absolutely nothing to find out what it can do for you. Just send a letter, post card or the convenient coupon below to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 31-C, Scranton, Penna., and you will receive, without obligation, the full story of this great school that is bringing to women and girls all over the world, the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes and hats, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business.



WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 31-C, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked below:

- | | |
|---|------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Home Dressmaking | <input type="checkbox"/> Millinery |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Professional Dressmaking | <input type="checkbox"/> Cooking |

Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

Dainty Lingerie and Negligees Make an Unfailing Appeal



These are Pictorial Review Patterns. If your dealer cannot supply them, send direct to Pictorial Review Co., 263-267 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Fashion Gives the Smart Blouse and Costume Attractive Lines

9897—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 32-inch gingham— $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40-inch organdy.

9940—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard. Size 36 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards 36-inch dotted swiss— $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 40-inch organdy.

9914—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 9545—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. The costume in medium size requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 32-inch check gingham for the dress— $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard 40-inch voile for blouse.

9430—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$

yards 32-inch gingham— $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40-inch organdy.

9732—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe.

9821—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 32-inch check gingham.

9897—35 cents.

9940—35 cents.

9914—35 cents.

9545—30 cents.

9430—35 cents.

9732—35 cents.

9821—35 cents.



Dress 9940

Blouse 9914
Skirt 9545

Dress 9430

Dress 9732

Overblouse 9821

Overblouse 9897

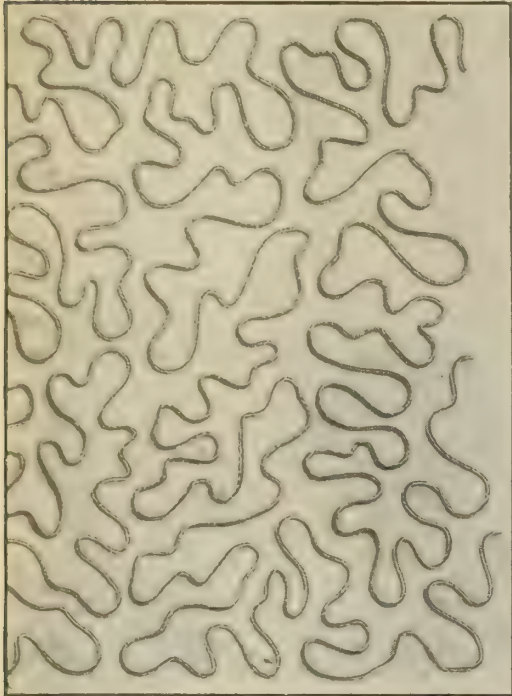
These are Pictorial Review Patterns. If your dealer cannot supply them, send direct to Pictorial Review Co., 263-267 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Effectively Decorative Designs for Clever Needlework



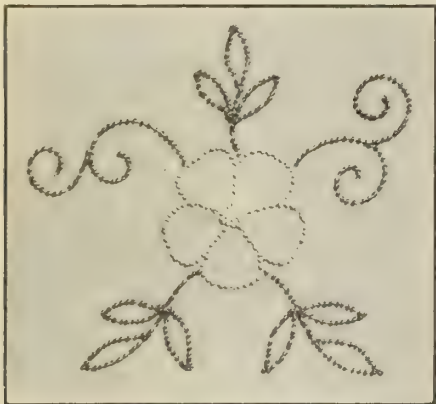
12095—Embroidery or Beading Border

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12095, blue or yellow, supplies 3 yards of 1 1/4-inch border, 20 cents (1/-). This is a very decorative design for trimming children's garments, in colored embroidery, beads or wool in outline and



12425—The Use of Braid is Sponsored by the Mode

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12425, blue or yellow, 75 cents (3/6), supplies 3 yards of braiding border 14 inches deep and a yoke design to match. The yoke motif requires 6 3/4 yards of braid; one yard of border requires 22 yards.



12572—A Dainty Motif for Beads or Embroidery

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12572, blue or yellow, 25 cents (1/3), supplies four motifs 7 by 7 1/2 inches and six motifs 4 3/4 by 6 inches, also 3 1/2 yards of beading or darning-stitch border. The smaller motif is best applied to blouses while the larger one may trim the skirt.

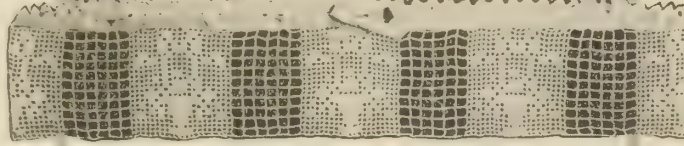
The Pictorial Review Company's Crocheting Directions No. 254 A-B-C-D, 20 cents (1/-). The filet camisole yoke No. 254 D is unusual in design, and its simplicity makes it very appealing. It is made of No. 40 crochet cotton with a No. 10 crochet hook.

The Pictorial Review Company's Crocheting Directions No. 253 A-B, 15 cents (9d.). The scarf end No. 253-A shown in the center boasts a triangle of filet crochet work in a graceful basket design, the flowers and leaves and handle conforming harmoniously to the three-cornered shape of this attractive and dainty motif.

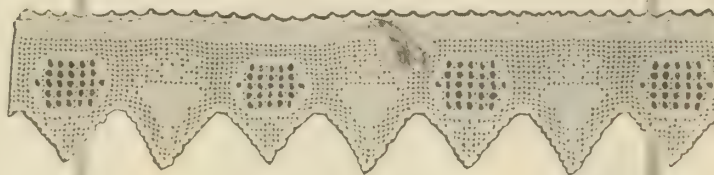
An attractive set of breakfast linens is No. 253-B. Hemstitching and filet crochet combine to give it a lightness of effect and a charm that is very unusual. The filet is made with No. 100 crochet cotton and a No. 14 crochet hook.

No. 254 A—A Filet Crochet Yoke in Pointed Effect

THIS yoke, which may be used for a camisole or nightgown, is made of No. 40 crochet cotton with a No. 10 crochet hook. Ribbon straps or crochet bands may be added. The filet yoke below is in basket and lattice design with crocheted straps. Both of these designs are excellent combined with crêpe de Chine for lingerie sets.

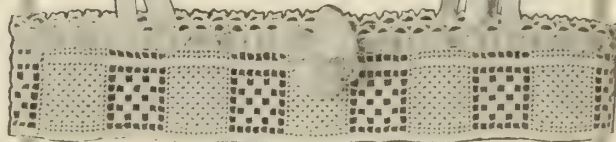


No. 254 B—Of Pretty Design is the Filet Yoke Above

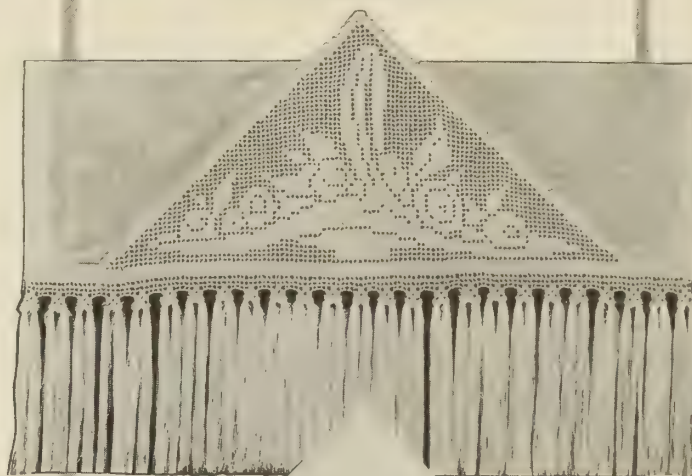


No. 254 C—Another Yoke in Pointed Style

The lattice effect which is so extremely smart in the world of lingerie just now is part of the yoke design No. 254 C. The lattice squares alternate with an urn motif. Shoulder straps of ribbon or crochet bands may be added, or for evening wear elastic may be run through the top.

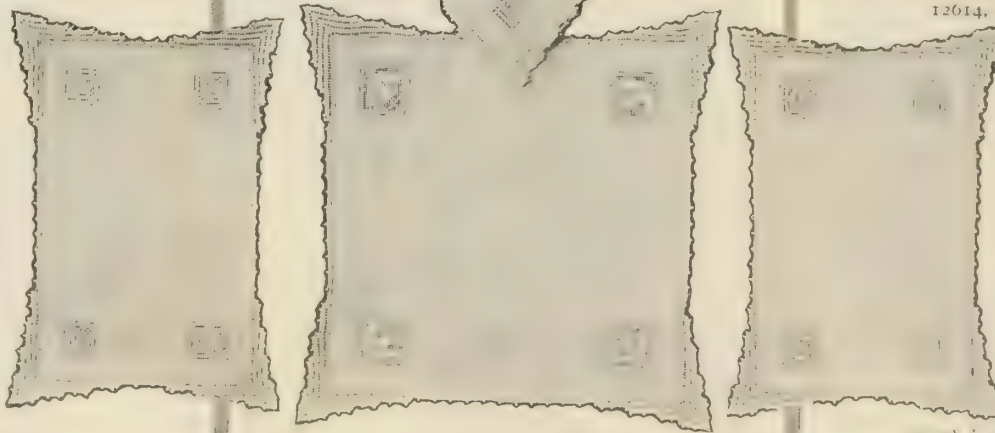


No. 254 D—Square-patterned Yoke

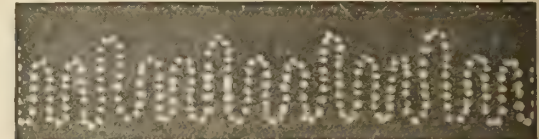


No. 253 A—Attractive Basket Design

Filet Crochet Motif for Scarf End

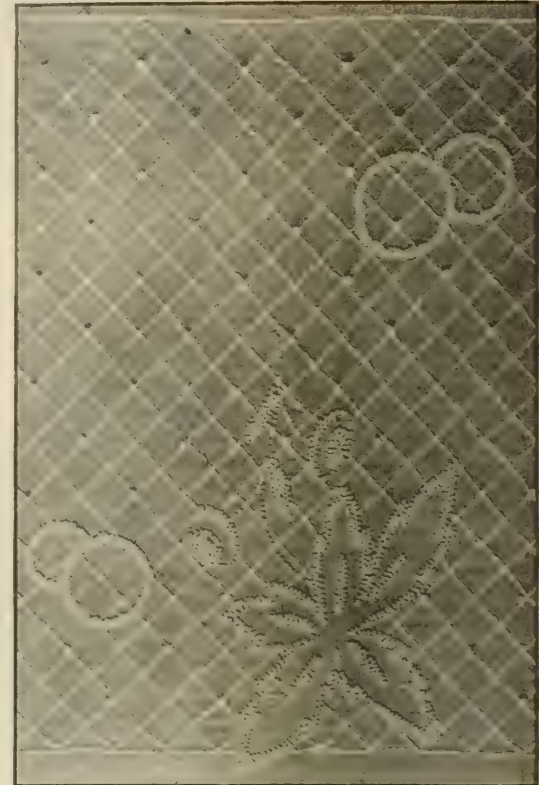


No. 253 B—Breakfast Linens of Charm



11347—An Excellent One-inch Border

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 11347, blue or yellow, 20 cents (1/-), supplies 4 yards of 1-inch border. For braiding one yard of border, 5 1/2 yards are required. Such a design would be correct on a frock or blouse, and is equally attractive in beads or French knots. Wooden beads, gaily painted, steel and crystal and glass, and colored sealing wax are some of the newer ideas in such decorative borders, adding the note of color and light that the mode demands.



12557—A Combination Bead and Embroidery Border

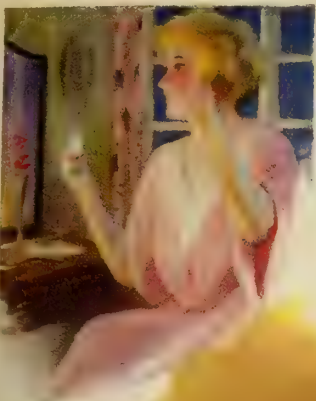


12614—A Morning-Glory Motif

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12614, blue or yellow, 25 cents (1/3), supplies 4 different embroidery motifs with one duplicate of each. These designs may be worked in darning or outline stitch in silk, cotton, chenille, wool embroidery or metallic threads. The circle motif could be covered easily with flat braid.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12557, blue or yellow, 75 cents (3/6), supplies 4 yards of 1 1/2-inch beading and embroidery border. The cross-lines may be beaded or outlined in rope silk. The apparent simplicity which is the chief charm of this design belies its actual elaboration. The beauty of the result, however, well repays the effort spent upon it.

AN increased interest in embroidery as a decorative note in trimming is to be observed on many of the smartest models now being shown. Highly colored silks, and with metallic threads and steel beads much in evidence, such needlework is the ideal medium for giving the needed brilliancy to every article of milady's outer apparel. The gulle is a favorite place for the introduction of this kind of adornment, and next in favor is the border on wide sleeve or skirt.



Pompeian Night Cream

The Cold Cream for Beauty



Why Is He Fascinated?

Such bewitching loveliness, such glorious beauty—no wonder he is fascinated. The rich, youthful color of her radiant skin but emphasizes the tenderness her eyes betray. You, too, should learn her secret of girlish charm and lasting beauty.

Every night before retiring she uses Pompeian NIGHT Cream (the cold cream for beauty). It brings while she sleeps the beauty of a soft, youthful skin.

Just try this simple treatment every night before retiring: First, coat your face thickly with Pompeian NIGHT Cream, patting it gently into the pores. Then, with a soft cloth remove the surplus cream, which will bring with it all the day's dust and grit.

Next, wring out a cloth or towel in warm water and lay it on the face. Pat it gently—do not rub. Now, rinse the face in cool—not cold—water. Dry without rubbing.

Then, again apply Pompeian NIGHT Cream (the cold cream for beauty), and leave it on the skin to "youthify" you through the night. It brings beauty while you sleep.

Pompeian NIGHT Cream is for sale at all druggists at 50c and \$1.00 a jar.

GUARANTEE

The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Co., at Walkerville, Ontario, Canada.



"Brings Beauty While You Sleep"

TEAR OFF NOW

To mail or to put in purse as shopping-reminder

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY
3 Wyandotte Ave., Walkerville, Ontario, Can.
Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (stamps not accepted) for 1922 Art Panel. Also please send five samples named in offer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Province _____

Naturelle shade powder sent unless you write another below.

Get 1922 Panel—Five Samples Sent With It

"Honeymooning in Venice." What romance! The golden moonlit balcony! The blue lagoon! The swift-gliding gondolas! The serenading gondoliers! Tinkling mandolins! The sighing winds of evening! Ah, the memories of a thousand Venetian years! Such is the story revealed in the new 1922 Pompeian panel. Size 28 x 7¼ inches. In beautiful colors. Sent for only 10c. This is the most beautiful and expensive panel we

have ever offered. Art store value 50c to \$1. Money gladly refunded if not wholly satisfactory. With each order for an Art Panel we will send samples of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, DAY Cream (vanishing), BLOOM, NIGHT Cream (an improved cold cream), and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a talc). With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Please tear off coupon now and enclose a dime.

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY, 3 Wyandotte Ave. Walkerville, Ontario, Canada.



"Its fragrance brings you instant charm."

Copyright 1922, The Pompeian Co.



Genuine
Fuller Brushes
carry this tag in
addition to the trade
mark. Look for both!

Fuller

Immaculate Floors

UNDER radiators, into nooks and corners—nowhere can dust and dirt hide from the Fuller Wonder Mop. Its soft, fluffy strands gather and hold dirt until shaken out. It may be washed and put through the wringer—losing none of its dust-absorbing qualities. Both sides are always ready. It's light and convenient to handle.

We are the largest buyers of brush material in the world, therefore, get better quality at lower prices.—So do the users of Fuller Brushes. Genuine Fuller Brushes carry the Fuller Red Tip Tag and the Fuller trade mark on the handles.

No stores sell Fuller Brushes. Representatives, trained in the science of housekeeping, call and demonstrate them in your home. There is a Fuller Man living in your vicinity. You will recognize him by the Fuller trade-mark button he always wears.

Fuller Brushes are made in Canada of materials bought in Canada. Designed by and for Canadians.

Write to-day for "The Handy Brush Book"—It's free.

Fuller Brush Company, Limited

Head Sales Office: Toronto.

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Branch Offices in
17 Canadian Cities

FULLER BRUSHES

69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC



Cross-Stitch Embroidery

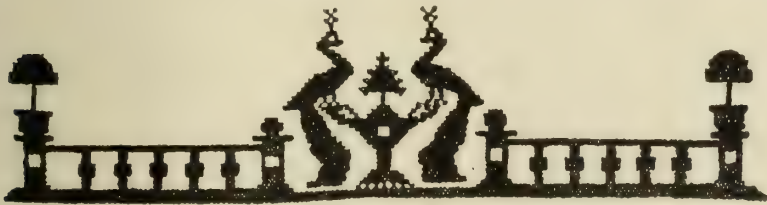
BY MARY W. STRICKLAND

IT is a matter of conjecture among craftsmen to-day as to what has brought about the revival of the cross-stitch embroidery, once so universally done, but which, for years, has been relegated to the attics and almost forgotten. Of late, people have awakened, either to the artistic value of their grandmothers' samplers, or merely to an appreciation of their quaintness and humor, and have brought them forth to decorate walls with their soft, faded beauty. Even this was done long before any one thought, or attempted, themselves to make use of the old stitch, a fact which seems strange when one sees how comparatively simple this stitch is and how very effective. Almost any one who can handle a needle should be able to do cross-stitch, but, of course, to execute really good things requires some artistic skill and an eye for good color schemes.

One thing to which might be attributed much of the newly awakened interest was an exhibition held in London, in the spring of 1900, by the Fine Arts Society, at which were shown samplers made during a period of two hundred and fifty years. These samplers were loaned from almost all quarters of the world, and the interest created by them was quite remarkable. Those who arranged the collection discovered that the samplers dated as far back as 1648, and that then occurred a sudden and

earliest, and certainly the simplest stitch employed in embroidery. Originally it was used only on a canvas cloth with a square weave; but later, it was made possible to use any kind of plain material, by the aid of a coarse open-work canvas which is stiffly starched and basted over the desired material. The squares of this serve as a guide, and when the work is finished the threads of it can all be pulled out. There are several kinds of canvas stitch, but beside the ordinary cross-stitch, which is most used, some of the finest and most beautiful things are done in what seems a much more difficult stitch but which is practically the same thing. This is done on very loosely-woven linen, and the background is worked all over with cross-stitches, which, being drawn very tightly, pull apart the threads of the linen, giving it an open-work effect. The design is left in the plain linen.

The shape of the old samplers was according to the way the linen was woven: generally long, narrow strips, with rough, irregular selvages, and almost never hemmed across the ends. They were, at the very beginning, a sort of memorandum book for patterns, and were worked all over with portions of designs to serve as guides for future copying. There were no books of letters as we have now; so that all the different styles of letters which could be used in the marking of the household linen were



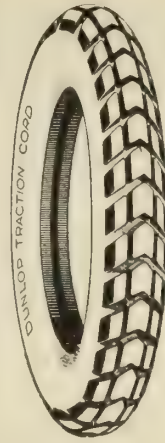
perplexing stop. None can be found before that date, but they must have existed previously, for Mr. Marcus Huish of London, who has gotten out a very beautiful book upon the Exhibition, entitled "Samplers and Tapestry Embroidery," says that these earliest ones "are writ all over with the evidence that the sampler was then a fully developed growth, and these must have been the descendants of a long line of progenitors." We know that they existed long before the date given, from references which can be found in writings of earlier dates. Shakespeare and Milton both mention them, making it evident that samplers were common early in the sixteenth century.

More exhibitions, such as the one held in London, would, without doubt, bring back the best and truest ideas in cross-stitch. Some of our museums have splendid specimens of the different varieties of cross-stitch, which are not generally on exhibition, but which should be shown, as well as the old Japanese and Persian embroideries as examples of the work of our own people. Ruskin once wrote an article on the arrangement of a museum, setting aside six rooms "for the exposition of the six queenly and muse-taught arts: needle-work, writing, pottery, sculpture, architecture and painting." He also specified that the room for needle-work should contain beside rare old works, "The counter-panes and samplers of our lovely ancestresses."

Cross-stitch—or as it is sometimes called, canvas stitch—was probably the

worked upon the samplers; sometimes in the form of Biblical texts, or quaint verses, or simply the alphabet. This continued for years, until some ingenious spirits began to decorate their samplers; first with flowers, and later, animal forms were added. Flowers lent themselves quite readily to the domestic artist, as they were less rigid in their outline than animals, and could be made into really graceful and pretty designs. Birds and beasts, however, become necessarily rather crude in outline when put on to canvas; but this very crudity only adds to the quaintness of the design and gives it a piquancy that comes as a delightful change after ordinary embroidery. The angular lines of antique jewelry and furniture are in course of revival, and why should not embroideries follow in the course? But in following, it is best to copy not only the style, but when possible, the designs themselves. It would be very difficult to improve upon these, and as there is an infinite variety, one can, with a little ingenuity, arrange them in very effective patterns. There are numberless pattern books to be had; generally, in this country, in little old-fashioned, out-of-the-way shops.

William Morris, who took an interest in all simple and lovely things, succeeded in dyeing the lovely old pinks, blues and greens, which seem faded in the samplers, although in reality they are not; but it is next to impossible on this side of the Atlantic, to obtain any of his silks.



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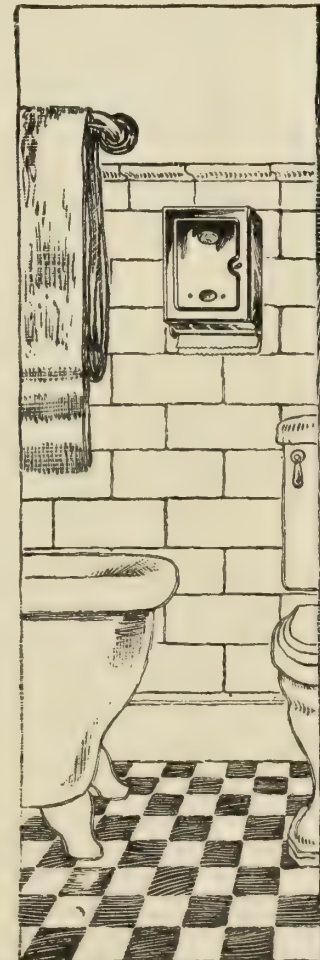
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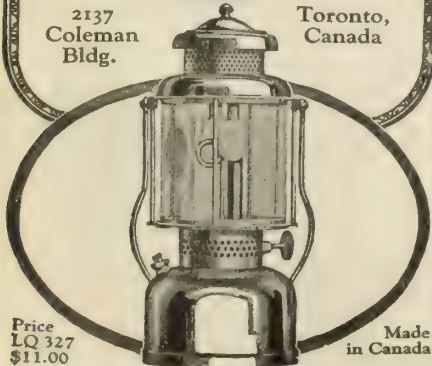
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The Transplanting of Ann Young

(Continued from Page 14)

settled resolve. She finished dressing and went down into the kitchen and set about getting breakfast.

The air was fresh and cool. The dew lay heavy and each separate blade of grass glittered in the sunlight like a tiny jeweled sword. There was a sudden step on the porch, a shadow crossed the kitchen window and the next moment Andrew Vane stepped across the threshold. He went straight up to Amelia. His face, in spite of the gray about the temples, still retained something of its boyishness. He looked as he had looked that night long ago under the stars. He began to speak hurriedly. "I came to tell you, 'Melia, that I want you should stay on in the old house, jest the same, you an' your mother. It ain't goin' to make one mite o' difference. I—"

He got no farther. Amelia turned on him almost fiercely. The dish she held in her hands trembled. "You needn't say another word, Andrew Vane. D'ye think I'd stay on in this house when it an' everything in it belongs to you? I want nothin' that ain't my own by rights. This place is yours an' you're goin' to hev it. I guess 'twon't take mother an' me long to git our things ready. I couldn't never pay up to you ef I worked my fingers to the bone. The place is yours, Andrew Vane, an' you can hev it."

Amelia finished speaking and went on with her preparations for breakfast. Andrew Vane stood looking at her for a moment, then he crossed the room and went out again into the early morning.

Amelia was mixing something in a yellow bowl when her mother came downstairs. "What be you doin', 'Melia?" "I thought I'd jest stir up some cake." The old woman looked at her sharply. She sat down to the table, but ate scarcely anything for breakfast. Afterward she sat in her rocking chair by the kitchen window. She watched Amelia when she thought the latter did not see her. "What be you stirrin' up the cake for, 'Melia?"

"I thought mebbe we'd better hev a little in the house."

Old Mrs. Young was silent a few moments. Then she spoke again timidly, as if afraid of the sound of her own voice. "What be you goin' to do, 'Melia?"

"What am I goin' to do?" Amelia turned and looked at her mother. "Well, I guess there ain't but one thing to do as I kin see. D'ye s'pose I'm goin' on livin' in a place that don't belong to me? We're goin' away, you and me. We're goin' off to another town. We'll take the money that's in the bank. 'Taint much, but I reckon it'll keep us 'bout as long there as 'twill here. Then I'm goin' to do some o' that knitted lace."

Amelia spoke rapidly. She scarcely paused to take breath. The old woman looked up at her with a pitiful shrinking. "Oh, 'Melia, I can't never go. I can't never go, nohow."

"Now mother, there ain't no use o' you're goin' on so. We've got to go, an' we're a-goin'." Amelia's face was grim. She did not look at her mother.

"When be we goin', 'Melia?" "We're goin' jest as soon as I kin git ready. Tomorrow, mebbe."

"Oh, 'Melia, I can't never go." The old woman rocked back and forth. The morning sunlight filtered through the kitchen window and on the pots of red geraniums on the sill. The tar fields were flooded with the warm light. "Ef—er you only felt it to marry Andrew Vane, 'Melia—" Ann Young began, then she fairly shrank before the look in Amelia's eyes.

"Now, mother, you jest see here. I ain't a-goin' to hear one word. I don't want Andrew Vane an' I ain't a-goin' to hev him neither. There ain't no use o' you're sayin' anythin' more 'bout

it. D'ye think I'm goin' to be beholden to any man?"

The old woman did not speak again. Amelia went about her work swiftly and silently. She had a man's strength in her thin arms and narrow shoulders. At noon she set out a lunch on the kitchen table. Mrs. Young did not eat anything. Amelia drank her tea and ate her bread in silence. In the afternoon she gathered together the few things they were to take with them. Her mother followed her from room to room. She cried now and then piti-

CHASING THE WINTER.

By Bertha E. Green

NEARLY every one believes in signs. With the reappearance of some winter-sleeper, or the return of some feathered friend from the South, you say: "Spring is coming soon;" or when the first shy woodland flower blossoms, you say: "Spring is here."

With many of us the Robin is the herald of Spring. It may be you look for the woodchuck, or the raccoon, to leave his den, or for the chipmunk to scold you every morning. Any one of them may mark the coming of Spring to you, but I listen for Sandy Andy.

He is a big fellow who seldom comes near enough to most of us to permit of anything like an intimate acquaintance. But he is not one bit shy about letting you hear what he has to say.

Gandy Andy is my pet name for the Canada Goose, and I listen for his "Honk! Honk!" that will tell me this winter will soon be over. He is the only weather sign of coming Spring that I have learned to trust, for he is not given to making mistakes.

It happens, somehow, every year, that I always hear him first at night. In his Spring flight, Gandy Andy travels as if he had no time to waste, and, with wonderful sureness, he follows his set course Northward through the darkness. "Honk! Honk!" comes the cry, and I know that he is leading the flock that is fanned backward and forward in line, like the spreading arms of a V.

He is not a tireless traveller, by any means, although a strong one, and seems to have certain places along the route where he rests on his journey from the far South. His nesting grounds are away to the North, and to most of us Gandy Andy is merely a "bird of passage." It is my familiarity with, and my nearness to one of these resting-places of his, that I owe many opportunities of seeing him at close range.

A large bird is he, three feet or more from bill to tail-tip, and with a fine spread of strong wings. Watching him as he stands with his two webbed feet well apart, you notice first the well-rounded head poised gracefully upon the somewhat long neck. The dark, brownish feathers of the neck and head are shown off well by the white patch, broad under the throat, and narrowing to a point up and back of the eyes. The body is somewhat heavy in appearance due partly to the magnificent feathered coat that Gandy Andy wears. The tail is square-ended, and dark, and the under part of the body as far forward as the legs, is white.

There is no mistaking him: one look will tell you who he is. You know him at once, too, by the hollow wedge that is the formation of every flock of wild geese in migratory flight. But above all, there is his harsh "Honk! Honk!" unmusical it may be, but none the less welcome, for it tells me that Gandy Andy is on the wing, and I know that Spring will follow fast.

fully. "Oh, 'Melia, I can't never go. I can't never go, nohow." She repeated the words over and over like a little child. "Ain't you goin' to take none o' the furniture, 'Melia? Ain't I goin' to hev my rockin' chair?"

"No, I ain't." "What's goin' to become o' all them portraits in the parlor? Your father's, too. I can't go, 'Melia. I can't go. I ain't never ben to any other place." Her voice had grown sharply querulous.

Amelia did not speak. She went about her work with the air of one who has known beforehand just what was to be done. The afternoon was soft and brilliant. The birds, building their nests in the eaves of the old house, flew back and forth with sharp twitterings. Across the way a man's figure moved back and forth in the sunlight. It was Andrew Vane at work in his fields. When the afternoon drew to its close their few belongings stood packed and ready. Neither woman ate any supper. They sat together in the sitting room and watched the sunset linger on the hills. It was still early when they went to bed.

Once, during the night, Amelia, lying with wide-open eyes, heard her mother's voice in its childish repetition, "I can't never go. Oh, 'Melia, I can't never go."

In the gray dawn the two women arose. Ann Young's old fingers shook as she dressed herself. After breakfast Amelia washed up the dishes and packed them away with the rest of the things. Then she put on her hat and sat down to wait. The gray mist lifted slowly from the fields. In the front yard the clove pinks hung heavy with dew. The color trembled on the hills.

Ann Young sat in her rocking chair by the kitchen window. She had on her best black dress and bonnet and a little shawl pinned about her shoulders. She rocked back and forth holding her cotton gloves tightly in one hand.

"You'd better set right here, 'till I come back, mother." Amelia rose. "I'm a-goin' down to see about a wagon. We'll go jest's soon as I git back. You'd better jest set still."

Amelia was gone longer than she expected. She hurried as she turned the corner of the dusty road and came in sight of the old home. The smell of the pinks reached her, sweet and pungent in the soft morning air. She went in at the kitchen door. The room had the strange stillness that the absence of a human presence always lends. The rocking chair beside the window was empty.

"Mother," she called. There was no answer. She went on to the front parlor. As she opened the door the damp, musty air struck her as with a chill. "Mother," she called again, sharply. In the silence her father's portrait and those of her mother's family stared down at her from the walls. She closed the door and went on upstairs. One by one she went through the empty rooms. Then she came downstairs again and out into the kitchen. A wagon had driven up to the door and stopped. Amelia went out and told the man to drive on. She went back and forth across the yard calling in a high shrill voice that carried far across the fields. Andrew Vane hoeing in his garden paused a moment.

It was almost an hour before she went into the house. The stillness seemed to flaunt itself in her face. She sat down in her mother's chair beside the window. The sunlight quivered across the sill and on the pots of red geraniums. She had not stopped to take off her hat and she still sat with it on. Her tall figure was sharply erect.

The sun climbed higher and higher. Long bars of light lay across the floor.

(Continued on page 71)



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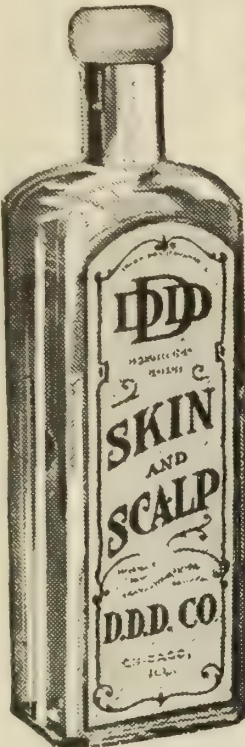
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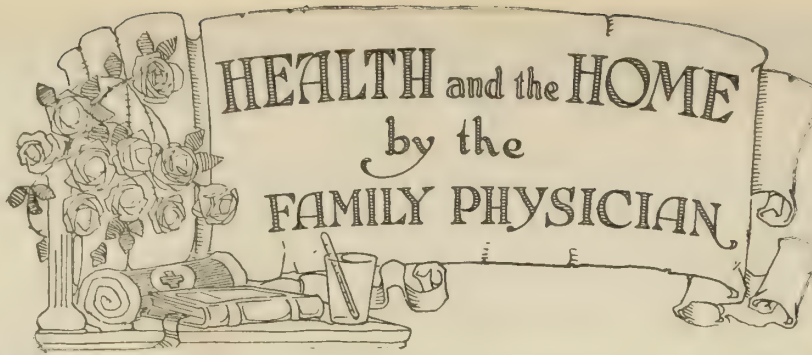
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WHAT I SAID TO THE OTHER PATIENTS

"Nothing but the truth, you know. No Canadian would want to say anything else. How could you lie to the patient—the patient who trusts you and looks to you for help!

This does not mean that it is necessary to try to tell the patient at once all you know, or all you do not know. But what you do say let it be true. She is not asking you about yellow fever, but about cancer. Tell her about cancer.

So I told my terrified patient—"Now I am going to tell you all about it, and then you can judge for yourself. You are terrified because you fell down and bruised your chest, and it hurts you when you draw a deep breath, and some one told you that cancer often 'starts' from a bruise like that.

"First of all do you think that is likely? You have probably fallen down hard on the icy pavement once every winter at least and bruised yourself. Everybody else falls down every winter. I have fallen down and bruised myself three times this winter already. You have seen a good many winters, perhaps forty or more. So have I. Neither of us has ever had a bruise develop into cancer yet."

"If you read up the subject in all the medical books on my shelves in this office you will not find one instance of a bruise causing a cancer."

No wonder you smile. You have judged for yourself and you feel cheerful again. Relieved from its terror, your mind has begun to work again. By the time you get your March "Canadian Home Journal" you will have forgotten all about that bruise, and you will not be able to find the place.

Now let me tell you how Mrs. A., Mrs. B. and Mrs. C. protected themselves from cancer. When Mr. A. married Mrs. A. she had a little brown "mole" or "birthmark" or whatever else you like to call it, on her cheek. The A. family went on and prospered, the children came, they grew big, and Mrs. A. never thought about that little mole. She had too much else to do. But one day Johnny said to his Mother—"Mother, that little brown spot on your cheek looks bigger."

"Don't talk nonsense, John" said his father, "It isn't a bit bigger than it used to be, and you shouldn't make personal remarks about anybody's appearance, especially your Mother's." John blushed, for he was getting to be quite a young man, and said "Excuse me, Mother, you know I did not mean to be rude."

So John was excused, but before his father went to bed that night he did say to his wife that perhaps she had better go in and ask the Doctor about the brown spot to-morrow on her way home from market.

Wise man!

What did the Doctor say? He said, "No, I don't think it is of the least consequence. But there is only one way to be sure, and that is to get rid of it, and then you will never need to know anything more about it. They can just give it a few treatments in the X-Ray Department in the Hospital and it will fall off your cheek in a few weeks and leave the skin underneath as soft and smooth and red and white as the rest of your face and you will forget which cheek it was."

So that was what happened. They are very careful at the Hospital. They just applied the X-Rays to that one little brown spot and no where else. Mrs. A. went back in about a fortnight for another treatment. After five or six treatments the brown spot fell off one day when she was washing her face. The skin underneath was a little redder than the rest of her cheek for a few days. But very soon you could not find the place, and Mrs. A. forgot which cheek it was. Do I think Mrs. A. would have had cancer?

I do not know. What I do know is this. Whenever any such spot begins to grow you had better get rid of it at once. Then you will not need to know whether it is going to be a cancer or not.

Rontgen Rays, or X-Rays, were a wonderful discovery. Radium is as wonderful. Perhaps it is even more wonderful than Rontgen Rays in the treatment of cancer.

Now about Mrs. B. There was something that was not quite right. Never mind whether she was surprised to find one day that there was a wee little hard lump in her breast that she never had noticed before. Or did she notice that a wart had begun to grow bigger and feel harder? Or was there a tiny bit of discharge from one of the natural orifices of the body—a discharge that she never had observed before? Or was there a little stain of blood somewhere that she could not account for?

It may have been any one of these things, or it may have been something else. But it was something she did not quite know about. And she did not wait even one day. She went to see the Doctor that very afternoon.

And the Doctor said—

"Mrs. B., I am glad you came to me as soon as you noticed it. Will you tell Mr. B. that this little lump can be removed quickly and easily to-morrow, and that then you will be quite safe, as far as I can see? No, I do not think I would wait till next week. It would be easier and more satisfactory at the Hospital, and if your husband will call me up I will just arrange for it to-morrow. Yes, Friday is a good day. It will not hurt nearly as much as having a tooth out, and then we shall see that you are quite safe."

That was years ago, and Mr. and Mrs. B. have forgotten all about it.

If it was not a lump, but something else, the Doctor would have known just as well what to do about that "something else."

And Mrs. C.? Dear Mrs. Mary C., she was one of the best little mothers that God ever made. She came trembling that day. She said when she told her husband that she was going to my office that afternoon to show me the lump in her breast, he said to her, "Mary, I just feel sick at the thought of it. I am afraid it is cancer. I can't go out to work this afternoon."

"So I left him lying down on the sofa," said Mrs. C. "He took it awful hard."

"Well, never mind," I said. "Show me the lump and we will see what we can do."

Yes. It was a lump. But, thank God, it was not near that sacred place where rests the baby's head. It was

(Continued on page 69)



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Child of Grace

(Continued from page 5)

tor!" She seized Hector with both hands.

"You go and tell William that it isn't true. Ask him if Annie Guay has been saying things to him this summer; and tell him that it isn't true."

She knew that William could hear every word she said; but he wasn't believing her. He was wondering how she knew about it if it wasn't true. He wouldn't understand if she said that she had seen it when she looked at him. Oh! what could she say? Hector was ready to be thrown at William like a stone from a catapult; but how could she throw him? Then she knew.

"Tell him," she said to Hector, knowing, oh joy! that every word would sink into what William described as his somewhat over the average ability, "tell him that Annie Guay told me things about him, but that I didn't believe them. Tell him that's how I knew. I guessed it just this minute. Tell him that she did the same to us both."

William understood; he believed without waiting for Hector to tell him. But William's understanding was a mere preliminary which, once it was over, scarcely engaged Vanessa's attention. Annie, whose appropriate demonstration remained, was a principle and a girl.

Poor Miss Guay wept after her mind had been thoroughly gone over and hung up to dry in a clear cold wind of enquiry. She had never suspected that Vanessa was capable of anything like this. How could a person of her experience be expected to know that Vanessa whose ignorance as far as she could judge extended indefinitely, could be

intellectually so rough in the handling?

"You say it was a lie," urged Vanessa firmly. "Now you say you won't tell another."

"Don't you be so mad," sobbed the mental sufferer.

"I can be far madder if I want to be," interjected Vanessa, with a depth of unexplained meaning.

"I won't tell him any more about you," faltered Miss Guay, choking on her unwonted tears.

More! More about her! There was no possibility of doubting that Vanessa could be far madder. But as to what was then said, she never could remember, and Annie's account of it was too fragmentary.

* * *

"Oh, Mrs. Stetter, ma'am, I am so glad to see someone again who has always been kind to me!" Annie was ready to give her confidence now to anyone who would take it. "Oh Mrs. Stetter, oh ma'am, she said it would take more than a hundred years for lies to work out on me."

Mrs. Stetter sniffed; she wanted to have boarders, but when she had them she wanted them to know what a trouble they were. Glorious was the supper of which Miss Guay partook that night, while Mrs. Stetter stood by, forming a habit of disagreeing with the rest of the household when they thought twice about Annie. And in this indirect manner did Vanessa triumphantly contribute to a distinct reformation in Miss Guay's character. Vanessa herself never felt quite young again; but, nevertheless, if she had been Mr. Stetter, she would not have married his wife.



How Puffed Grains Disappear

The question with a million mothers is—Where do Puffed Grains go? Girls use them in candy making. Boys eat them like peanuts in the hungry afternoons.

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Keep them supplied

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice, however used, supply whole-grain nutrition in the ideal form.

The grains are steam exploded. Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is easy and complete.

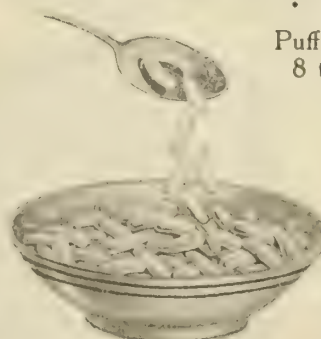
• They are Prof. Anderson's inventions — the finest grain foods in existence.

Don't regard them as mere tidbits—just some regal breakfast dainties. What greater food can you imagine than Puffed Wheat in milk?

Be glad the foods are tempting. Before they came, most children got too little whole-grain diet. They can never get too much.

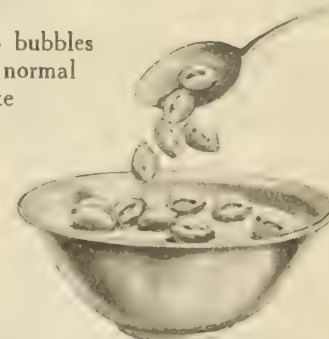
For between meals these are ideal foods. Digestion starts before they reach the stomach.

Puffed Rice Puffed Wheat



For breakfast, Puffed Rice with cream and sugar — the finest cereal dainty.

Puffed to bubbles
8 times normal
size



For supper, Puffed Wheat in milk—whole wheat with every food cell blasted.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Canada

Saskatoon, Canada

Canada's Thermopylae

(Continued from page 8)

eralship and self-sacrifice, "for the public good and the advance of religion," if you will, as the Jesuit Relation puts it, had saved the colony.

The Hurons who had deserted and survived afterwards bore the news to the outside world, but confirmation came, strangely enough, from another quarter. Eight days after the end of the struggle there passed that way Pierre Radisson, one of the greatest of early Canadians, explorer, adventurer, and really the father of the Hudson's Bay Company through his later representations to London promoters. Radisson was returning from his fourth voyage, in which he had explored the Upper Lakes, when he came upon the remains of Dollard and his party after the Iroquois had done their worst and fled. "It was a terrible spectacle to us," he wrote, "for we came through eight days after that defeat, which saved us without doubt." "There was not a tree but was shot with bullets," he adds.

Posterity has recognized the dauntless heroism of Dollard. A few years ago, Mlle. Guerin, a Montreal writer, in recalling the magnificence of the incident, appealed for recognition by Canada, crying:

"Call back thy heroes from their graves and bid them live again in monuments of bronze and stone. Choose some bright spot where youth, throughout all time, may gaze upon heroic youth, and there in imperishable letters carve the name of Adam Dollard, Sieur des Ormeux."

The appeal has been answered. Both in Montreal and at the foot of the Long Sault monuments in bronze and stone do honor to the memory of Dollard. In Lafontaine Park, Montreal, a worthy

memorial to Dollard was unveiled in June, 1920, and a simpler shaft was erected at Carillon. The Montreal memorial, has impressive reliefs and a group in bronze by Alfred Laliberte, the Montreal sculptor. The group presents Dollard with sword in hand, head boldly erect, courage and resolution in every fibre of his body, listening to the voice of French Civilization, represented by a woman standing behind and above him, with uplifted arm, urging him to avenge the death of his last companion, lying at her feet. It is a stirring and vitalizing record for all time of a venture which called forth the lion-hearted qualities of the early Canadians. At the top of the main shaft of the monument is a bronze figure of a head representing Canada. The altar piece on either side of the shaft is decorated with two low reliefs representing, "The Oath," and "The Departure of the Soldiers for the Long Sault," in both of which the solemn grandeur of the episode is feelingly and dramatically presented. At Carillon the simple shaft erected in the quiet village, a few yards from the river's edge, bears in relief a rough portrait of Dollard and another presentation of a symbolic head, suggesting Canada.

The human tide ebbs and flows past the major monument in Montreal, recalling the glorious exploit to the citizens of the metropolis, and the simple shaft gives dignity and fame to a village far from the currents of commercial traffic; and both form a worthy link between the Old Regime, with its wonderful color and still more wonderful episodes, and a day of settled, orderly life and too great neglect of the past. The end.

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The most disagreeable task of the housewife has been—dishwashing. Three times each day has that grim task called forth its array of soaps, powders, rags and towels. Three times each day has it left her hands red and burning, her nails broken and split, and her temper sizzling. But this need no longer be—

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The Garden of Desire

(Continued from Page 4)

"I don't blame the inhabitants for not getting out that way," Andrews remarked, peering downwards. "Surely you aren't going to attempt to go down there?" he questioned turning to Winthrop.

Winthrop was fastening the uncoiled rope beneath his arms. His face had on it an expression Andrews did not care to see—the rapt, aloof look of the devotee. And beside him stood Ito, stroking his beard and staring down into the valley. "It is long enough to reach that ledge there," Winthrop pointed. "And there seems to be easier going down below. Now, lower away."

He let himself over the edge of the cliff, and Ito and one of the men began to lower slowly. Andrews could see the grotesque yellow robe flutter from beneath the fur coat, as Winthrop spun around in mid-air. Then the rope slackened and he was visible, standing on the ledge.

"We can do it," he called up, making a trumpet of his hands. "There is a path downward."

"Truly devils live there," cried Ito, pointing with a contemptuous finger. A grey cloud had blotted out the valley beneath. "Devils," he repeated, "his features working convulsively, and those who mock at the temples of the gods."

He made a step forward, calling to Winthrop in a voice that was hoarse with passion. Then with a gesture of contempt, he flung the end of the rope over the edge of the precipice.

"Nevertheless will he mock the sanctity of the temples," he said grimly.

Andrews stood watching as if turned to stone. He saw Winthrop gaze at the coil of rope that hurtled by him; he knew that he had understood Ito's murderous action in the light of his menacing words. But Winthrop gave no heed to the hillman or his anger. Instead Andrews could see that he was peering through rifts in the cloud, at the Garden of Desire. And presently, with a wave of his hand, he started downward.

From the ridge Andrews watched him with fascinated eyes, as his figure grew smaller and smaller in the distance. The obscuring cloud had drifted away, and the wonderful coloring of the Garden of Desire now stood out like an illustration of the "Arabian Nights." With a fixed gaze Andrews stood entranced, until Winthrop—now a midget in size—waved a diminutive hand to show that the path curved. He swung to the right and in another moment was out of sight.

Andrews watched until there was no longer a possibility of his friend's return. Then in matter-of-fact fashion—for aloof from civilization men do strange things—he turned about to take vengeance on Ito. From the doing of which he was only prevented by one of those little things fools call accidents. In his eagerness to watch Winthrop he had unconsciously drawn perilously near the edge of the cliff, and as he swung about, his foot slipped and he fell forward on a sharp spur of rock. But for Ito's ready arm he would have rolled entirely over the precipice. He could feel Ito's clutch on his arm, then his head struck on the jagged rock and he remembered no more.

When he came to himself, after interminable days of pain, the little caravan was not far from Peshawar, and Ito was by his side. "The sahib has been very ill," said the chief of the hillmen gravely. "He must not talk."

Andrews looked at the scenery, which he vaguely recognized. The scoundrel then had saved his life, and had brought him back along all that dangerous road.

And Winthrop? He beckoned feebly. "Do you get the five hundred rupees?" he asked in a whisper.

Ito shook his head, his eagle face stern and set. "There are bigger things in a man's life, sahib, than all the gold in Krishna Lal's treasure-room," said he, with dignity.

Number Twenty-One, Crow Lane

(Continued from Page 7)

Scarcely knowing what she was doing, Mrs. Burke went slowly downstairs. Tom looked up. "The letter. What does it say?"

"Letter," said Mrs. Burke, "what letter? Oh, how stupid of me! Sure, I forgot. It's nothing at all at all. Just a notice of an auction sale of books somewhere," she lied cheerfully.

"Oh, is that all? An auction sale. I don't think I shall trouble to go. I can't see any too well, and auctions are not what they used to be, Mrs. Burke."

The days sped on. The first of the month arrived, and quickly the calendar raced to the middle of November. On the fifteenth, Mrs. Burke made up her mind. There were only a couple of weeks left, and Mr. Tom must find somewhere to go. She waited till late in the evening, when he was most likely to be alone, then, with the hateful letter in her hand, she reluctantly descended the creaking stair and pushed open the door of the shop. There were no lights except for the fitful gleam of the dying fire, and it seemed unusually still, even for this time of day. Mrs. Burke stood for a moment listening, and then, suddenly, she heard the low dismal whine of the little fox terrier. She stole over to the shabby chair near the grate.

Old Tom was sitting there, staring into the fire, a happy smile on his face. The charred old briar pipe had fallen from his fingers and lay broken on the floor. Beside him, the dog crouched, a look of bewilderment in its big brown eyes.

For a minute Mrs. Burke bent silently over the chair. Then she sank down on her knees.

"I won't have to tell him, after all," she said simply. "Thank God!"

The Quitter Comes Back

(Continued from Page 6)

"We were living over one of the richest veins of copper in British Columbia, honey, and didn't know it. The geologists traced it from the Crab Creek mine straight through the back of our farm. ('Our'—wasn't Tom a dear!). Then to cap that along comes the railroad with an offer for the whole thing. They want land for a station and sheds on the line of the new branch they're building. It's a long story and the railroad people wanted it all even before the news about the copper leaked out, but I was able to compromise; sold the back half to the mining company and the front section to the C. P. R. They can have it out. Now where'll we go and what'll we do?"

"Oh, Tom, I'm so glad. You deserve every bit of it. I wish I felt that I did. But," she said, very humbly wise, "let's go back, dear, to another farm just like that one. I won't be branded,—isn't that what your cowmen say?—as a quitter. (Tom laughed). I'm going to show these people here that I can 'make good'—I've heard you say that yourself!"



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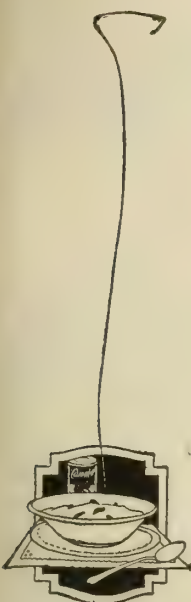
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Cream Tapioca Pudding—1½ cups water, ¼ cup pearl tapioca, ½ cup Carnation Milk, ¼ teaspoonful salt, 3 tablespoonfuls sugar, ½ teaspoonful vanilla, 2 eggs beaten separately. Soak tapioca one hour in enough cold water to cover. Cook in a double boiler until transparent. Mix sugar, salt, milk and egg yolks slightly beaten. Combine by pouring hot tapioca slowly on egg mixture, return to double boiler and cook until it thickens. When thick remove from fire and fold in whites of eggs beaten stiff. Add flavoring and chill. This recipe serves six people. Always mix Carnation Milk and water thoroughly.

In the Carnation Cook Book you'll find tested recipes for eight delightful puddings besides a whole host of other good things to eat. Write the Carnation Milk Products Co., Limited, Aylmer, Ont. for a free copy.



A Variety of Recipes

A Sweet Sandwich—Slices of brown bread buttered and cut thin. Spread with dates stoned and chopped fine and mixed with chopped nut meats and moistened with fruit juice. These are delicious.

Sweet sandwiches can be made in great variety, in fact there need be no limit to the different kinds. Preserves of all kinds can be used for making dainty sandwiches, these should not be too liquid, or if they are, should be thickened before use with some macaroon or cake crumbs.

Sausage Sandwiches—Fry the sausage until brown on all sides, and when cool mix into it a little chopped celery, a few chopped pickles, and season with paprika and a little lemon juice. Spread thin slices of bread with butter and place on them crisp lettuce leaves, and then place the sausage between.

Tomato Sandwiches—Select very firm tomatoes, do not peel but cut them into thin slices with a very sharp knife, and spread on a clean cloth for a few minutes. Have bread which is at least one day old, trim off the crust, spread the end of the loaf with a little thick boiled dressing and slice thinly. When the requisite number of slices have been cut, lay on some of them the drained slices of tomato, dust with salt, pepper and paprika and cover with the remaining slices. Cut into the desired shapes with a sharp knife or fancy cutters and place in the refrigerator for one hour.

Tuna Fish Sandwiches—Cut bread in one-fourth inch slices, toast and remove the crusts. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add two tablespoonfuls of chopped green pepper, and cook for five minutes, stirring all the time. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour and stir until well blended, then add one-half cupful of milk, three-fourths cupful of strained tomatoes, a pinch of baking soda, two cupfuls of grated cheese, and when the cheese is melted add one-beaten egg, salt, pepper, mustard and paprika to taste, then add one cupful of flaked tuna fish. When heated spread between slices of the prepared toast.

Salmon may be substituted for tuna fish in above recipe.

Fig Sandwiches—Chop one-half pound of figs, add one-third cupful of grated maple sugar, one-half cupful of boiling water, and the strained juice of one-half lemon. Mix these ingredients, and cook in a double boiler until thick. Spread between trimmed slices of buttered bread.

Pimento Sandwiches—Cut whole wheat bread in slices and spread with the following pimento relish. Mix one-half teaspoonful each of salt, mustard, onion juice and powdered sugar, add two yolks of eggs, then gradually add one-half cupful of olive oil. As it thickens add slowly one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Cook one-half cupful of shredded lettuce for ten minutes in one cupful of boiling water with one-half tablespoonful of vinegar and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Cool and drain. Then add one-half cupful of chopped pimentos and mix well together.

Oatmeal Wafers—Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter in one-third cupful of milk, when cold, add one cupful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, three tablespoonfuls of grated maple sugar, one-third cupful of rolled oats and one-half cupful of fine oatmeal. Mix together and roll very thin, cut into squares or bars, and bake in a moderate oven.

Hominy Gems—Pour one-half cupful of boiling water into a bowl, add one-fourth cupful of cooked hominy and one teaspoonful of salt, and allow the mixture to stand until the hominy absorbs the water. Then add one cupful of scalded milk, one cupful of corn meal, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and four tablespoonfuls of melted butter.

When cool, add two beaten eggs and three teaspoonfuls baking powder, and beat well, then bake in hot greased gem pans in a moderate oven until ready.

Potato Biscuits—Press one cupful of hot potatoes through a sieve, add four tablespoonfuls of butter, one-fourth of a yeast cake dissolved in one-half cupful of lukewarm milk, three teaspoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one beaten egg and flour enough to make a soft sponge. When very light add more flour and knead to a soft dough. Roll the dough one-fourth of an inch thick, cut out with a cutter, place on warmed buttered tins, brush over with melted butter, cover with another layer of biscuits, brush with melted butter, and put in a cool place until the morning. Let them rise in a warm place, and bake in a hot oven. Serve hot.

Drop Cakes—Beat one egg, add one-third cupful of sugar and beat again, then add one-half cupful of milk or water, one and one-third cupfuls of flour sifted with one teaspoonful of baking powder and a pinch of salt, lastly add one teaspoonful of melted butter. Drop by spoonfuls into smoking hot fat and when brown drain on kitchen paper and serve hot with maple syrup.

Baking Powder Biscuits—Sift four times two cupfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Cut and rub in two tablespoonfuls of butter, then add enough milk to make a soft dough. Roll lightly on a floured baking board to three-fourths of an inch thick, cut out with a round cutter, place on greased baking tins and bake for twenty minutes in a hot oven.

Breakfast Rolls—When making bread dough, reserve three cupfuls of the dough. Beat in four tablespoonfuls of melted butter and one-half tablespoonful of sugar, place in a buttered bowl, brush over with melted butter, cover and allow to rise in a warm place. Form into round balls, brush over with butter, let rise again, and place on buttered baking tins and bake in a hot oven.

Egg Biscuits—Sift into a bowl two cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Cut and rub in four tablespoonfuls of butter, add two beaten eggs, then gradually two-thirds cupfuls of milk. Mix well and drop by spoonfuls, one inch apart, on a buttered baking tin and bake in a hot oven for ten minutes.

Parker House Rolls—Heat two cupfuls of milk, when cool add one-half of a yeast cake dissolved in one-fourth cupful of lukewarm water, sift in two cupfuls of flour and one teaspoonful of salt, beat thoroughly and allow to rise in a warm place. When spongy add one tablespoonful of sugar, one-fourth cupful of melted butter and flour to knead. Allow to rise, and when double its bulk, shape into balls, lay on a greased tin, and when risen to double their bulk, press with floured handle of wooden spoon, almost dividing the roll. Brush one-half with melted butter, press the two halves together and allow to rise. Brush over with beaten egg, and bake in a hot oven for fifteen minutes.

Corn Cake—Mix and sift into a bowl one-half cupful each of flour and corn meal, one-fourth cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of baking soda, then sift again and add two beaten eggs and one-half cupful of sour cream and beat for fifteen minutes. Butter a baking pan and heat it very hot, pour in the mixture, then pour over three-fourths cupful of sweet milk and bake in a hot oven for forty minutes. Cut in pieces and serve hot with butter and syrup.

Table talks

By Mrs. Knox

Speaking of Prunes---

LET me tell you of an interesting table talk that I recently had at a club meeting. One of our members told me how each Monday she planned her menus for the following week. Then from her original ideas, cook books and magazine recipes she studied how to make and serve many old familiar dishes in entirely new and different ways, saying that my cook books had been most helpful in teaching her new ways of serving rice, fresh and canned fruits, left-over meats and vegetables, etc., which naturally was pleasing to me.

She gave me her original recipe for serving the old standby—Prunes—in a whip, by combining them with Knox Sparkling Gelatine. It is so good that I am giving the recipe below.

PRUNE WHIP

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water ½ cup sugar
1 cup prune pulp Whites of two eggs
2 tablespoons beaten stiff
lemon juice 1 doz. chopped nuts

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Put prune pulp, lemon juice and sugar in saucepan, and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Add soaked gelatine, stir until cool. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in whites of eggs beaten until stiff, turn into wet mold or paper cases, sprinkle with chopped nuts.

Send for My Recipe Book

In my booklet "Dainty Desserts" you will find other prune recipes such as "Oriental Cream," "Prune Jelly" and numberless other recipes that are easy and economical to make—yet each with some individual touch that makes it different and new. There are also recipes for meat and fish molds, relishes, salads, desserts of all kinds, candies and invalid dishes. Write to me for it. Just enclose 4c in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name.

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A Variety of Recipes

An Excellent Fruit Pudding.—Grate the rind of one lemon into a bowl, then add its strained juice together with one pound of currants, one-half pound of seedless raisins, one-fourth pound of chopped candied citron peel, one cupful of flour, one-half pound of bread crumbs, one teaspoonful of powdered nutmeg, one-fourth pound each of seedless raisins and chopped preserved cherries, four beaten eggs, one cupful of milk, one teaspoonful each of baking powder and salt, one-half pound each of chopped suet and grated maple sugar. Mix and pour into a well greased mould, cover with a greased paper and steam steadily for six and one-half hours. Serve hot with the following vanilla sauce. Cream together one-half cupful of butter with one cupful of powdered sugar, add one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, two tablespoonfuls of fruit juice, and beat well. Just before serving stir in one-fourth cupful of boiling water and one stiffly beaten white of egg and beat until frothy.

Carrot Pudding.—Scrape and boil one pound of carrots until tender, then drain them and mash them to a pulp, add one and one-fourth cupfuls of chopped suet one-half cupful of grated maple sugar one cupful each of currants, seed-

then cool and bake in two crusts. To make the crust, cut and rub three cupfuls of butter into eight cupfuls of flour, add one cupful of sugar, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, and three beaten eggs. Mix and chill before using. Do not use too much flour when rolling out the pastry.

Mince Meat Roly Poly Pudding.—Chop one-half pound of suet and cut and rub it into one cupful of bread crumbs and three cupfuls of flour, add one-fourth cupful of sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and enough sweet or buttermilk to make a stiffish paste. Knead until smooth, on a floured baking board, roll out, and spread a thick layer of mince meat over it, except one inch all round, which should be brushed with water. Roll up and tie in a scalded and floured pudding cloth and boil or steam for four hours. Serve on a hot platter with the following jam sauce:—put one-half cupful of water into a small saucepan, add three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and four tablespoonfuls of raspberry or strawberry jam. Allow to boil for ten minutes, then add one-half teaspoonful of lemon extract and a few drops of red color. Strain and use.



A Welcome Basket

ed raisins, seedless raisins and chopped candied orange peel, one teaspoonful of baking powder, two cupfuls of bread crumbs, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful each of powdered nutmeg, mace and ginger, three beaten eggs and one-half cupful of milk. Pour the mixture into a well greased mould or bowl, cover with a greased paper and steam steadily for four hours. Turn out and serve hot with ginger sauce. This makes a delicious pudding and some people prefer it to plum pudding. Another Method. Put three-fourths cupful of breadcrumbs into a bowl, add three tablespoonfuls of butter, one-fourth cupful of brown sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt and one-half cupful of boiling milk. Allow these to stand for fifteen minutes, then add two grated raw carrots, one-half teaspoonful each of powdered ginger and nutmeg, one teaspoonful of baking powder, the yolk of three beaten eggs, and the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Mix well and pour into a buttered fire-proof dish, and bake in a moderate oven until firm to the touch and nicely browned. Sprinkle with sugar and serve hot with custard sauce or hot milk.

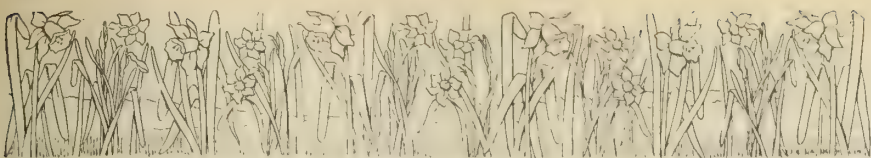
Raisin Pie.—Soak three-fourths cupful of seeded raisins in one cupful of water for two and one-half hours, add one beaten egg, one cupful of sugar, the grated rind and strained juice of one lemon, and two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch mixed with one cupful of sugar. Stir and cook until the mixture thickens,

Orange Pie.—Cream one and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter with one-half cupful of sugar, add the beaten yolks of four eggs, one-half cupful of milk, the grated rinds and strained juice of two oranges. Mix and bake in one crust. Frosting.—beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth, add three tablespoonfuls of sugar and one-fourth teaspoonful of orange extract and beat again until smooth. Spread over the pie when it has cooled a little and return to the oven to brown.

Pumpkin Pie.—Line a square greased tin with pastry. Mix together one and three-fourths cupfuls of steamed and well strained pumpkin with two-thirds cupful of brown sugar, two cupfuls of milk, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, three beaten eggs, one-half teaspoonful each of powdered ginger and cinnamon, and one-half teaspoonful each of vanilla and lemon extracts. Pour into the prepared tin and bake for thirty minutes in a moderate oven. When cold sprinkle over with sugar, cut in pieces and serve. Squash can be used in the same way and makes a very good pie.

Prune Pudding.—Well grease a plain mould or bowl, and coat the inside with brown sugar. Wash one pound of prunes, and allow to soak in boiling water for one hour. Make a suet crust according to directions for roly poly pudding, and roll it out rather thin. Cut a

(Continued on page 65)



A Variety of Recipes

(Continued from Page 64)

round from this, and lay it at the bottom of the mould or bowl. Put a layer of the prunes, stoned, on the top and squeeze over it a little lemon juice, then place another round of pastry, pour over some honey, then more pastry, more prunes, and so on until the mould is full. The last layer should be of pastry. Cover with a scalded and floured pudding cloth, plunge into boiling water, and boil for four hours. Serve with lemon sauce. Dates may be used instead of the prunes.

Raised Cake.—Make a sponge at night with two cupfuls of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one yeast cake dissolved in one-half cupful of lukewarm milk, adding enough lukewarm water to make a thick batter. Beat well, cover and allow to rise in a warm place over night. In the morning cream together one cupful each of butter and sugar, add the grated rind and strained juice of a lemon, four beaten eggs, one pound of seeded raisins, one-fourth pound each of chopped candied citron peel and chopped almonds, one-half pound of chopped English walnut meats, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt and three cupfuls of flour. Mix all these with the sponge and turn into two buttered loaf pans, and set where they will keep warm until double their original bulk, then bake in a moderate oven for one and one-half hours. When the cakes

between trimmed slices of buttered bread.

Pimento Sandwiches.—Cut whole wheat bread in slices and spread with the following pimento relish. Mix one-half teaspoonful each of salt, mustard, onion juice and powdered sugar, add two half cupful of olive oil, as it thickens add slowly one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Cook one-half cupful of shredded lettuce for ten minutes in one cupful of boiling water with one-half tablespoonful of vinegar and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Cool and drain. Then add one-half cupful of chopped pimentos and mix well together.

Lettuce Sandwiches.—Shred lettuce with a little salt and just a dash of paprika and lemon juice. Lay the lettuce on a thin slice of buttered bread, press a slice of peeled tomato on the top and finish with another thin slice of buttered bread. Cut into neat sandwiches and serve.

Chicken Sandwiches.—Chop cooked chicken up fine, add to each cupful of chicken, one tablespoonful each of chopped celery and parsley, one-half cupful of blanched and chopped almonds, and enough highly seasoned mayonnaise dressing to make a paste that will spread nicely. Spread between slices of buttered brown bread.

Another Method: Chop enough can-



Sardine Sandwiches

are cold, ice with yellow frosting made from the yolks of two eggs, one teaspoonful of grated lemon rind and the strained juice from one-half lemon. Cook one cupful of sugar with one-fourth cupful of water until it forms a soft ball when tested in cold water, then pour gradually on to the yolks of eggs, beating all the time, then beat until thick enough to spread. Sprinkle the top with chopped coconut and chopped almonds. The other cake should be covered with the following frosting, beat one cupful of butter to a cream, then add gradually two and one-half cupfuls of sifted confectioners' sugar, beating constantly, then add three tablespoonfuls of strong coffee. Put the frosting roughly on to the cake with the aid of a fork, then sprinkle with chopped English walnut meats. If chocolate preferred to the coffee, omit the coffee and beat in two squares of melted chocolate, and flavor with one-half teaspoonful of vanilla extract. To keep the coffee strong reduce black coffee in a cool place until firm by boiling it until a thick decoction is secured.

Fig Sandwiches.—Chop one-half pound of figs, add one-third cupful of grated maple sugar, one-half cupful of boiling water, and the strained juice of one-half lemon. Mix these ingredients, and cook in a double boiler until thick. Spread

ned or cooked chicken to make one and one-half cupfuls of meat add one-fourth cupful of cooked chopped tongue or ham, four tablespoonfuls of chopped nut meats, and one tablespoonful of cream, mix well and spread between thin slices of buttered brown or white bread.

Cheese Sandwiches.—Season butter with red pepper and mustard, and spread it on some plain crackers. Put a slice of mild cheese on the top, and cover it with another cracker.

Another Method. Season the butter as above, and mix into it an equal quantity of grated cheese, and spread a layer of this between two crackers. A little thick cream may be added to the mixture if desired. Almost any kind of cheese may be used for making sandwiches, and cream cheese is very suitable. Bread and butter may be used instead of the crackers. Cheese sandwiches are a very good accompaniment to a green salad.

Pineapple Sandwich.—Cut from stale cake oblong slices, or make small sponge cakes and split them open. Spread each piece with grated pineapple and press together, cover with powdered sugar and decorate with shredded almonds. Pass with these a cold soft cooked custard.



"Good home-made food promotes happiness and contentment"

The Royal Baking Service

from The Royal Educational Department

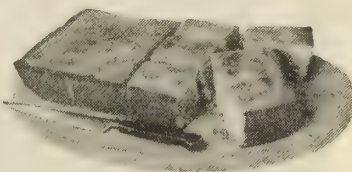
EDITOR'S NOTE. Who would believe such delicious hot breads could be made so easily and quickly! It will pay you to watch the magazines for this service to users of Royal Baking Powder. Here the Royal Educational Department gives concisely much valuable information, saving you time and money. On these pages you will find tested short cuts, new recipes, and many useful suggestions which are proving so helpful to the busy housekeeper.

ROLLS called "Little Royal Dinner Loaves" abroad and closely resembling yeast rolls, but taking one-tenth the time to make the popular **Butter Cake**, too, ten minutes from mixing bowl to table, and both made from plain biscuit dough! With a slightly different way of handling the same dough you can easily make them. "Light and little handling" is the rule for biscuits, but do not be afraid to knead the dough for rolls. Shape rolls into even, smooth pieces in any desired form, place on a baking sheet, or in muffin or gem pans, and let them rise in a warm place, just as you do for yeast rolls, only for about half the time, and then bake quickly. We have made hundreds of these rolls—

Piping Hot! Crisp and Buttered!

they are truly delicious—the kind you cannot buy.

Baking too makes such a difference. Biscuit dough baked on a griddle, or iron frying pan, or even on an electric plate on the table, will give you light feathery butter cakes or "ovenless bread." Use muffin rings or biscuit cutter if you like, though shaping with the hands is all that is necessary; bake slowly until puffed way up and then turn and bake on the other side—ten minutes is ample. Split and butter while hot and serve immediately.

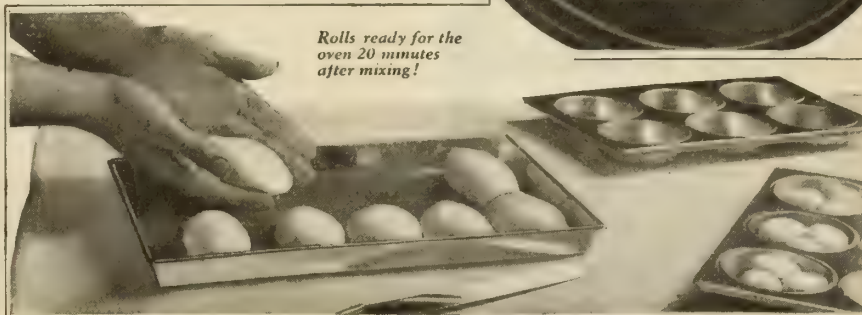


It is a satisfaction to butter a piece of corn bread that doesn't crumble. Try this delicious recipe for breakfast. It will be a welcome and wholesome change. Muffins, too, are always popular, but give your family "good" muffins with crispy crusts and feathery insides, without "tunnels." Do not always make them with ordinary white flour—try part graham, gluten, rice or corn for variety. Long beating of the batter becomes unnecessary when Royal is used and quick baking improves the muffin. Do not place the muffin pan too near the bottom of the oven but put on a shelf where the heat is more uniform.

Did you ever taste those delicious sticky and famous Philadelphia Cinnamon Buns? Do you want to know how to make them easily and quickly? Then send for the New Royal Cook Book and special sheet of Breakfast Breads. They are Free. Address—

Royal Educational Department

ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY
1410 William St., New York



This is the fourth of the Royal Baking Service

Cut these out and Put in Your Cook Book

NOTE—Royal cans are always full weight indicated on cover. To avoid spilling the powder, shake down contents before opening and hold bottom of can firmly. Slowly twist off cover.

Corn Bread

- 1 cup corn meal
- 1 cup flour
- 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1½ cups milk
- 2 tablespoons melted shortening
- 1 egg

Mix and sift dry ingredients; add milk, shortening and beaten egg; beat well and pour into greased shallow pan. Bake in hot oven about 25 minutes.

Biscuits, Rolls, or Butter Cakes

- 2 cups flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
- 1 tablespoon shortening
- ½ cup milk

Sift together flour, salt and baking powder, rub in shortening; add milk, and mix lightly to smooth dough; turn out on floured board.

Biscuits.—roll or pat out lightly, cut with biscuit cutter and bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes, or without rolling drop with spoon on greased baking sheet and bake as above.

Rolls. knead well to make smooth. Cut dough into small pieces to make rolls about 4½ inches long by two inches wide. Form each into smooth roll with square ends. Place on greased pans far apart and stand in warm place 20 minutes; brush with butter, and bake in very hot oven 10 minutes, brush again with butter. Bake 5 minutes and serve hot or after kneading cut into small equal pieces, roll in floured hands, let rise, and bake in muffin tins as above; or divide into smaller pieces rolled into balls, place three in each muffin tin, let rise, and bake as above for Clover Leaf Rolls.

Butter Cakes. after mixing to smooth dough divide into pieces of equal size; shape lightly with floured hands and bake on greased griddle, iron frying pan or electric plate; allow to brown on bottom, rise well, and then turn, baking on other side until brown and thoroughly cooked; or bake as above in greased muffin rings; or, instead of shaping in hands, pat out on floured board, cut with biscuit cutter, and bake as above. Split while hot, butter, and serve immediately.

Graham Muffins

- 1 cup graham flour
- 1 cup flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
- 1 cup milk
- 1 egg
- 2 tablespoons molasses or sugar
- 3 tablespoons shortening

Mix together dry ingredients, add milk, beaten egg, molasses and melted shortening. Bake in greased muffin pans in hot oven about 25 minutes.

An Unfailing Rule

- For biscuit doughs—
- 2 level cups flour
- 4 level teaspoons baking powder

This proportion is standard.



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The Most Remarkable Child in History

BY CHARLES L. GARTNER

TEN years ago—in March, 1912 to be more exact—the most remarkable child in the history of the world was born. In March, 1922, he celebrates his tenth birthday and yet, in this short space of time, he has more than outgrown the infant class. If the truth be told, before the baby was four years old his daddy thought it best, for the welfare of the child and all concerned, to secure the services of a foster-parent. With the acquisition of his second papa, and the careful attention of his real father, the child grew so big that now his name is a by-word in every civilized country in the world, and more people worship him every day and night of the week than is possible to conceive. People who never heard of Washington, Napoleon, Paderewski, Shakespeare, Longfellow or the Prince of Wales, pay homage to this child. The baby—but he is only that in years—speaks the only language known all over the world—the language of the picture.

The "child" is the motion picture; the "daddy" is Adolph Zukor, and the "foster-parent" is Jesse L. Lasky.

There has been a great deal of discussion as to the true date of the birth of the motion picture. Although the

blage it is not difficult to guess what the plot would be. Promiscuous distribution of rifles, revolvers, blank cartridges and a few horses, and the picture was finished with the exception of the filming of it.

When Adolph Zukor, then president of the newly formed Famous Players Film Company, announced, in 1912, that he had secured the services of the incomparable Sarah Bernhardt to appear in a screen version of her own stage success, "Queen Elizabeth," the amusement world, especially in America, laughed—and refused to believe. The announcement was almost universally accepted merely as a cheap means of getting publicity for the new company, and for its head.

This announcement was taken with so much incredulity because, at that time, there wasn't an actor or actress of any reputation who would perform before the camera. The majority of the legitimate state stars regarded the motion pictures as a cheap form of amusement, more of a fad than anything else, and slated to die quickly. No one was willing to risk his or her reputation by appearing in any film, as they were considered degrading. Adolph Zukor, who

The appearance of Mme. Bernhardt in "Queen Elizabeth" had the effect desired by Mr. Zukor and it was not long before the American stage stars were being initiated into the mysteries of a motion picture studio. The success of "Queen Elizabeth" prompted Mr. Zukor to film prominent players in their greatest stage successes, figuring that the thousands of people all over the country who were unable to go to the big cities to witness the performance of these successes, would be just as satisfied to see them enacted upon the screen. His suppositions were correct and for the first time the people of Jonesville were able to see the stage successes of our most prominent stars without travelling out of town.

With the combination of the Famous Players Film Company and the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Film Company in 1916, Mr. Zukor, who remained the head of the big concern, took another great step forward. With large resources back of them, this company released success after success until today it has become a well known fact that fully seventy per cent of the big productions put on the market are Paramount Pictures, the brand name under which the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation releases its productions. In fact four of the most popular pictures made in the last year, and which incidentally were NOT advertised as million dollar productions, are "The Sheik," "The Affairs of Anatol," "The Little Minister" and "The Great Moment" all Paramount Pictures.

These four pictures are representative of the progress of the motion picture for, while "Queen Elizabeth" was an excellent production, especially for the time it was released, the facilities for the making of photoplays to-day are so far advanced over those of 1912 that an apt comparison is hardly possible. Only in point of dramatic art does "Queen Elizabeth" stand out today, for this generation, and perhaps no other, will ever see the equal of Sarah Bernhardt, the magnificent.

Where the director of those days was frequently also the camera man, the director today is a combination of the artist and student of dramatics. And the camera man today is an expert, and one who takes his job as his life work, always striving to bring improvements into his calling. Where the background of "Queen Elizabeth" was merely painted scenery, the modern motion picture "atmosphere" is the real thing, many producers sending their companies to film stories in the exact locale. And where it is impossible to send the players to the exact spots mentioned in the story, thousands of dollars are spent in getting faithful replicas. This was the case in Paramount's "The Little Minister" starring Betty Compson, which had as its locale the little village of Thrums, Scotland. A complete Scottish village was built for this picture, and before production work was even started many weeks had to be spent in weary research work in order to get all the details of costumes, habits, etc., correct.

But the motion picture is still advancing, and it is not unreasonable to assume that, ten years from now, films of to-day will be looked upon to be as crude as "Queen Elizabeth" looks to us now.

An astronomer was entertaining a Scotch friend. He showed his visitor the moon through a telescope and asked him what he thought of the satellite. "It's a right," replied the Scot, who was an enthusiastic golfer, "but it's awfu' fu' o' bunkers."



A TRIUMPHAL SCENE

This shows Sarah Bernhardt as "Queen Elizabeth" in the film play originally produced in the year 1912

motion picture, as a motion picture, had existed for some years prior to March, 1912, it was on this date that Adolph Zukor presented to the world, "Queen Elizabeth," the first big five reel feature in which a famous actress was starred, and in which any great amount of attention was given to furthering the dramatic excellence of the films. "Queen Elizabeth" was a five reel picturization, with Sarah Bernhardt, of Mme. Bernhardt's greatest stage success.

Prior to the release of "Queen Elizabeth" the motion picture was nothing more than a much abused commercial product, manufactured by a combine which thought of naught else but personal gain. The movies in those days were so crude in action and dramatic quality that a favorable comparison between them and the modern motion picture feature is impossible.

The old time "thrillers" invariably consisted of a girl, a man in a soldier's uniform, about fifteen "Indians," and a lot of open country. With this assem-

up to that time had been a theatre owner, had tried to get the producers to raise the standard of their productions, but they refused. Mr. Zukor resolved to enter the producing end of the business and accordingly formed the Famous Players Film Company in 1912.

Realizing the necessity, and also the difficulty, in getting good players to act in films Mr. Zukor thought that if he got just one prominent actor or actress to make a picture, the rest of the members of the profession would not hesitate to follow suit. After trying in vain to convince the American Theatians of the future of the motion picture, Mr. Zukor sent a representative to France to try to persuade the greatest of them all, Sarah Bernhardt, to appear in a picture version of one of her greatest stage successes, "Queen Elizabeth." Realizing that through the camera would be the only way of preserving a living record, for future generations, of her art, Mme. Bernhardt consented and appeared in one of the first five-reel pictures ever made.



A doctor who had been overseas for nearly four years during the war came in rather wearily the other day and seated himself with a sigh in the most comfortable chair in the living-room. "Tired?" questioned his wife, with a sympathetic movement towards the tea-cups.

"Thanks. I'll have a muffin as well." After a few moments, the refreshed toiler regarded the world more cheerily and even went so far as to say: "That's a pretty waist. What are those shiny things on it?"

"Nail heads," was the reply. "Did you have a hard day?"

"Easier than usual. It wasn't that, I've just met some chaps from England and France—and another from Italy—and they seemed to think that there may be another war."

"If there's going to be another war," said his wife impressively, "what is the use of bringing up our boys so carefully? You saw for yourself just what war means."

"I think those chaps were all wrong," was the reply. "If the women of the world will only bring up their children to be gentle and tolerant there will be no more wars. Salute the flag, by all means—but respect the other man's salute, too."

* * *

THERE is a curious feeling among all sorts and conditions of people regarding money from the Government,

"Yes" was the reply of a mature spinster:—"for a foreigner or for a Canadian who is not of Scotch descent."

* * *

THIS is a world of uncertainties in which anything unexpected may occur. In this column for February there appeared a sentence of reflection on the probability of woman's accepting bribes or being guilty of graft, in connection with matters political. The opinion was attributed to a man, who had, indeed, been even more cynical on the subject than we reported. He believed that woman would be easily tempted by an Easter hat or a new gown:—whereas, man would be nobly above such a bribe. There followed, however, a paragraph discussing this question:—but this paragraph was lost to sight when the page was made up. Consequently, an indignant reader who accuses us of sympathy with the cynical man, though she is quite excusable in her protest, is mistaken as to our own attitude. We believe that woman will bring more seriousness, a keener sense of responsibility to the act of voting than does her brother. However, we also believe that it will be long before many women will seek political office. Mrs. Ralph Smith has retired from the speakership of the British Columbia Legislature and Mrs. Arthur Murphy ("Janey Canuck") may thank her lucky stars that the British North

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or anything in the nature of public aid. "Yes, I believe in Mothers' Pensions," said a bright-eyed alert woman the other day. "I worked hard to get them for others, but I should work my own fingers to the bone before I would let any of my children profit by them."

Now, the speaker is a widow who was left fifteen years ago with three small children to support—for the amount of life insurance proved sadly inadequate for the family's needs. So, the mother worked in a variety of ways to provide for and educate the two boys and the only girl. The elder son is now a successful physician, the daughter is a dietitian in a Western hospital and the younger son has finished a course in electric engineering—and the mother, at fifty-two years of age, has recently written a play which has been accepted by the movies.

"But why would you have been so unwilling to profit by the Mothers' Pensions?" asked an inquisitive friend.

"Oh," said the Lady of Independence. "I'm a good Canadian of Scotch descent, and, if I can't support the family, it will be because I'm dead. But, of course, I think the Mothers' Pensions a very good thing."

America Act does not admit a woman to the Senate of the Dominion. Mrs. Murphy would be bored to death in the Senate and would give up the position in disgust, to go and hunt for coal mines in Northern Alberta or go fishing in the Peace River. Nothing so dull as the Senate for that "blithe spirit," Janey Canuck!

Of course there will always be a few women who will wish for political office, but, even in such instances, you will find their activities centreing upon matters of public health and child welfare. The women who do choose a political career will take their housewifely instincts with them and will set to work to make the youngest citizens healthier and happier. In other words, even in Parliament, women will "mind the children and take an interest in housework." Those who imagine that the feminine forces of Canada will go Bolshevik on "Red" are quite mistaken. There is no Madame Defarge in Canada—or, rather, there is no sisterhood of that type. In a constructive policy "For Home and Country" will be found the Canadian woman



A SUMMER COOKING SCHOOL

An out-door oven in rural Quebec, where the family requires an extensive supply of bread



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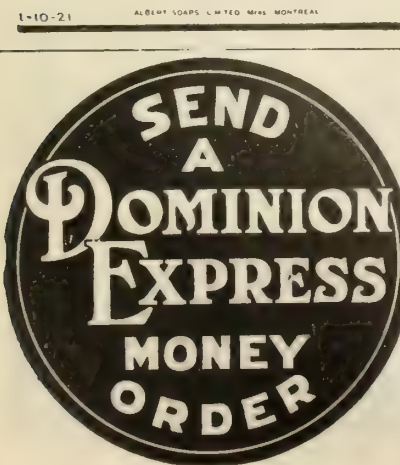
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Baby's Own Soap



The Canadian Spirit

(Continued from Page 12)

keep pace with the development of the nation. And I want to point out a few of the ways in which this "Spirit of the whole" may be shown.

On thing, and we have already intimated this, that would contribute largely would be Canadians all pulling on the same rope in the great tug of war when the interests of Canada are at stake. I would like to see one, just one, general election, where the old bludgeons of racial and religious differences were not wielded. Now, I do not know at first hand, for I have not had the opportunity to be amongst the people of the upper province to find out; but I have a sort of lingering suspicion, as Uncle Josh says, that one would find a pretty fair amount of Canadian loyalty there.

Politics at the present time is but a mere game. We have a few statesmen. And if some of the budding statesmen of our nation are at all anxious that their name shall go down to posterity, they will need to develop the "All-Canadian" spirit to its limit. And it will take a mighty lot of developing before it reaches the limit, believe me.

Now, the working out of this spirit of pulling together is the more necessary to-day, because we are fast becoming a nation of nations. I think if I were taking up my abode in some other country, and found upon my arrival there that the people were all working harmoniously, I should naturally conclude that it was a good place to live. If on the other hand, I found every fellow working for himself and the devil pretty close to the hindmost, I should just as naturally try to have a little Canada of my own right there. If, then, these men who are coming to our shores to make Canada their home, find a real "esprit de corps" when they reach here, it rather strikes me that they will be willing to allow themselves to become part of the concern.

There is no evading the fact, the so-called "Wop" is becoming a factor in our Canadian life, and our only safety lies in being able to assimilate him. He is the main good material, and we want to use him; but first and foremost we must see to it that he is a good Canadian.

In passing let me also say, that a serious menace to the "esprit de corps" in any body is the financial danger. The Savior of mankind was betrayed because there was a profiteer in the little group of disciples. "Judas was a thief and carried the bag. That tells the whole story, and the chief difference between this early thief and some of his twentieth century descendants is the fact that Judas had self respect enough to go and hang himself. In other respects they are much the same.

We thought, that is some of us thought, that when the war became a thing of the past profiteering would soon disappear. We regarded it as a sort of necessary evil; but like toothache and chilblains the profiteer still lingers with us, and is just about as welcome. And it is not all with the big concerns. In fact many of these who are in the limelight could not continue very well; but in many a country town you will find a Shylock behind the counter waiting for his pound of flesh. Not long ago I was being waited on by the proprietor of one of the leading stores in a certain town. The price quoted on the article in question was just about two hundred per cent. higher than it should have been. He was charging the price of four or five years ago and knew it, for when I demurred he offered to put the goods in to me at such a reduction that I was almost taken off my feet. Almost, for I did not buy.

We have mentioned briefly two of the things that go to make up Canadian Spirit,—a real appreciation of our land, and a spirit of unity. There are two

or three other things, and then I have done,—for this time.

I think I may say without any danger of having it challenged, that the Canadian Spirit may be and should be exemplified in good honest work. And I may say right here I am not theorizing nor speculating. I have beheld with my eye and have heard with my ear, and my little quoter of gray matter has done the rest. Everybody knows how that a few years ago the working man was ready and willing to do an honest day's work for an honest day's pay. But those halcyon days are past; the storm is upon us, and men in many instances work much harder to get rid of good work than they ever did to work their ten hours for so much per.

Of course this is not true of all the working men, and I hope it is not true of even the greater part of them; but I have had considerable to do with laboring men during the last year or two, and while my prejudices were all in their favor, I came out of it wondering if some of them were ever bothered with that little contrivance known as a conscience. Perhaps they are not being worn now; at any rate in many cases they seem to be conspicuous by their absence.

An attitude like this is detrimental to all concerned. Let us commence with the employer. It is not a fair deal to take a man's money for eight hours work, and then put in about half that time. When I agree to work for a certain amount per hour, then my time during those hours belongs to the man who pays that per.

But it is not fair to the man who is doing the working. The man who lies down on his job, or who lies down alongside of it, is untrue to his better self. Every hour I have the privilege to work I am fitting myself to tackle something bigger and better. And the man who spends a part of his time watching the clock and thinking of the pay envelope is, one of these days, going to develop into a first-class parasite. Good honest work is a blessing; I know whereof I speak.

Yes, one of the big factors that must not be ignored in our national development is the matter of work. For a time after the war it was inevitable that strikes should take place. Everyone was uneasy, and men entered strikes in much the same spirit that they went to a ball game. But now these things are beginning to fizzle out, and life is settling down once more. Now, the big watchword is WORK! And whether it be in the office chair as an executive, or an employee at the machine, let every man feel proud of the fact that he is a worker. Only real work, brain or brawn, will turn the trick for Canada.

Let us speak of raw material. We would not forget the human material that goes across the border year after year to find work of one sort or another. True, some of it is raw enough. Nevertheless we need these young men and women here at home. It seems too bad that the average young man has such a hankering after the Yankee dollar; and in many cases he will work at something "over there" that if the same thing were shown to him here, he would have nothing but everlasting contempt for you. Oh, if we could only get the real spirit that we believe is in the heart of every true Canadian to assert itself. I wonder if some of this thing is not due to the early training, or lack of training upon the part of parents and others. The writer has lived for several years across the border and has often noted the manner in which the young people are taught their duty to the Republic. We know that we have just as good material in our young men and women, there is just as much loyalty as

(Continued on page 69)



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The Canadian Spirit

(Continued from Page 68)

can be found anywhere else under the sun; but I fear that it is under-developed and lacks nourishment.

Why, in many cases, it is even held up to the boys and girls that if they wish to make good they must go to the States. We need a campaign of education along this line. We need to show our young people that Canadians have made good right here in their own Dominion. In most of the Sunday School literature to-day, which by the way comes from another country, the characters held up to the little ones are the great men of the Republic. Is a boy to be stirred to greater things, show him Abraham Lincoln; is truthfulness the theme, then there is George Washington and his little hatchet. And with all due regard to these great and good men, the Canadian halls of fame have portraits of men who "lived, felt dawn, saw sunset's glow" under an old bit of bunting we love to call the "Union Jack."

And the counters of the bookstores are piled high with all the yellow piffle imaginable from the cities of Uncle Sam, but in many cases if you ask for a Cana-

dian publication, you are told that they do not sell well. Not long ago I asked for a certain Canadian monthly in a bookstore, and the enterprising (?) proprietor informed me that it was a poor seller. I wondered why, for I felt it to be quite the equal of corresponding magazines from New York. So I asked if he had ever handled it, and he replied, "No, but it is seldom called for." I could not help retorting, "Get your customer acquainted with it, and you will find them calling for it." It strikes me that if the grocers were to display common sense as some of the news stands, the people would starve to death in short order.

These then, are some of the things that go to make up Canadian Spirit. There are many other things, but these are a few of the most important. But they must be worked out in the life of the nation to be of any use. Otherwise they become a mere "scrap of paper." Let us get to work with a "strong pull and a pull together," for remember the Irishman was more than half right when he told a boy that his "past was all ahead of him."

A Variety of Comment

(Continued from Page 16)

but to-day Canadian goods were marked. The recent rule that imported goods should be marked with the country of their origin had been withdrawn and the speaker suggested that the Local Council might do useful work by getting that rule put into force.

NOW that Canada boasts of several Cat Shows during the year, the recent proposal to establish a Cat Fanciers' Union is not so curious as it sounds. There seems to be no happy medium in the regard for the cat. It is either greatly favored or quite detested. Sailors seem to be fond of cats, soldiers seldom like them. Women are usually the cat fanciers;—and cynical men will say this is a case of affinity. "It may be all very well," says a writer in the "Montreal Daily Star," to combine with American Unions, but Canada is big enough to have a Union of its own, and our cats are as good as any other cats on the Continent. Indeed, they will challenge comparison with the feline tribe anywhere, on general principles. That cats are entitled to special protection on the score of their remarkable history and the high regard in which they have been held by people of prominence from the very earliest times, it would be easy to prove. Our worthy historians of ancient Egypt, Herodotus and Diodorus, assure us that for many centuries the cat was sustained in large numbers in the Nile Valley, was held sacred to an extraordinary degree, and was embalmed after death. There were special precincts

provided for them, and within these they were fed on bread and milk and on fish from the Nile. Special lands were dedicated to them, and the profits of these lands, known as the cat-lands, were devoted to the care and feeding of the cats. This, it has been recently suggested by a writer in the "Contemporary Review" explain why cats love particular places rather than persons nowadays. It is a sort of hereditary instinct, an inheritance from their halcyon days in old Egypt.

"Even in modern times, this respect for the cat has been a feature of the Egyptian administration. The Kadi used to have all the homeless cats in Cairo fed at his expense, and one Turkish Sultan actually bequeathed a garden near his mosque for the special benefit of cats. We do not anticipate any movement on the part of the Government or civic authorities here along similar lines, but there are excellent reasons why the interests of the cat should be safeguarded, and if, by the establishment of a Cat Fanciers' Union, people can be taught any more than they now know about caring for cats, treating them kindly, and ensuring that they are provided for during holiday periods when the household goes away, then by all means let us have that union established. The rhyme about loving little pussie because her coat is so warm has, we fear, become in many ways a legend of the past. It is time it was revived as a cardinal truth to teach the youngsters of to-day."

Health and the Home

(Continued from Page 60)

away up near the shoulder. And—Yes—Joy—I saw a little black place on the centre of it. Quite a lump, too. But the diagnosis was not in doubt for a moment. It was an enlarged gland. One of these nice, sebaceous, oily glands that take care of the skin. The duct out of which "sebum" should have come had got accidentally stopped up. And the secretion had gone on filling the duct for a year or more. The duct had enlarged and got filled up, packed tight, and that had made the lump.

"Mrs. C., it is all right," I said. "This is a little gland in your skin that has got filled up and hard and I will just squeeze it out for you and then there will be no lump. It will hurt a very little. So a bit of soft gauze and a firm steady squeeze—there was a "popping" report—a little explosion under

the pressure—and the lump was gone!

It was worth a thousand dollars to see Mary's face and no doubt one look at her husband's face would have been worth a thousand more.

So if you are afraid of cancer go to your own doctor to-day and get him to tell you all about it. What is it that makes you feel afraid? Tell him, and he will make it clear to you whether there is any real need for fear or not and what you can do to be safe and sure and not anxious or sorry. Do not neglect any warning about your bodily health. Do not pass over in silence anything about your body that is different from what it used to be, or that you do not understand.

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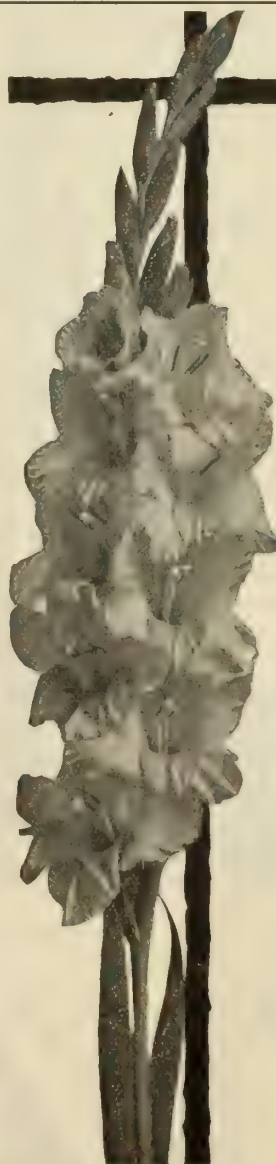
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The Master Workman

BY BURTON RICHARDS

IN a long, low work-room hung with models of all sorts, at a bench in a dark corner where the sun never found his way, patiently worked a lad.

For months he had toiled on, carefully fashioning a curve, smoothing an edge, ever striving, ever hoping. Anon he questioned an old man who stood near him. He, too, was patiently toiling, though his shoulders were bent and his hands so trembling that he could not steady the tools.

"And is it truly so?" the boy said, as he had said so many times before. "If I fashion the wood my best, if I am careful here and here, if I should make a perfect work, would I see Him? Would I really look upon His face?"

"Aye, aye, Lad, I ween so," the old man made answer. "There be those that say the Master notes only a perfect work and then there be those that say He shows His face to them who only strive if so be they be earnest and faithful. I do not know, Lad," and the old man shook his head sorrowfully.

"But thou hast seen Him, the Master Workman, hast thou not?" persisted the child. "Brother Pierre said—"

"Aye, Lad," interrupted the other angrily, "Brother Pierre should not talk, —nay, nay," checking his speech.—"I will tell thee, Lad. Thou'rt fond of me?"

For answer the lad drew close to his side and pressed his head lovingly against the old man's shoulder.

"Aye, Lad," he said, "it is well," and laid down his knife and drew his iron from the edge of the fire and made as if he would sit and talk. The lad waited long in silence; when he could wait no longer, he said gently, "Why hast thou made nothing but these, Father?" pointing to rows and rows of bowls on the shelf above them. The first rows were rough, some of them imperfect to the eye, but growing each better than the last to the middle shelves, where were rows on rows of perfect shapes, fair, without blemish. Again some of the last fashioned had lost some of their grace where the trembling hands had failed in their purpose.

The old man looked up from his reverie with a glance of pride at his handiwork.

"Ah, Lad," he said, "that is the story. I will tell thee. It was long, long ago in the days of my youth. I was such a lad as thou, here, I had worked long, even as thou hast, cheered by the hope of a glimpse of that marvelous face which men have been willing to die for, having once looked upon. I had questioned, even as thou hast questioned, and they had told me, even as I have told thee, that the work must be without flaw and perfect in the Master's sight. On this day I had striven from early morning to near sunset, Lad, on a flower, a single last petal of the passion flower of our Lord's crucifix. I had but just time to finish before dark and I wrought very earnestly, for who might know but that night the Master Workman would choose to come in to see our work? Just as I was fashioning an exquisite curve that made me weep for the very chasteness of its beauty,—I love the carving, Lad,—a voice called me through the window. I paid no heed, for was I not fashioning for the Master Workman? Naught should hinder. Again came the voice and this time it was the voice of a child. 'Please, for the love of God, give food.' Outside the window stood a little lad, smaller than thou, Son, and a blind old man. I cried out angrily, 'Get thee gone. I work for the Master to-day,' but yet they stood and the lad pleaded. I looked

at the flower, every curve calling me to its perfection, then I looked at the beggars, standing there, lone and hungry. Something in my heart stirred me to help. I rose and went toward the window. Halfway I turned back, so, Lad," and he turned his head to smile full upon the boy's eager face, "so, to look at the flower, and lo, it was red, Son, crimson as the wine in the holy communion. Then I stayed no longer, but hurrying to the bench I caught up a bowl that I had begun days before a piece of work but rudely hewn. With the chisel I clipped off a corner here, smoothed a roughness and not daring to look again at the flower I hastened to the town and returned with the bowl overflowing with food for the beggars. The old man blessed me again and again before he tasted the food but the child could scarcely wait for an 'Ave' so great was his need. I left the bowl with them. Darkness had fallen. I could work no more that night but I stole to the shop and crept in just to lay my hand on the beloved flower, to feel its beauty, to joy in the knowledge that I had made a wellnigh perfect thing. I thought, Lad, that must be worth the Master's notice. I sat by the bench, here, long, with my hand touching the precious thing, and so, sitting, I fell asleep.

"After long, perhaps, I woke gently, as one wakes under the skies with the breath of gentle wind. I was alone, yet a gentle Presence stirred among the woods and tools. I felt for the flower and lo, Son, again it glowed red on the crucifix like our Saviour's blood. I looked but saw no thing. I only felt a nearness of something sweet and pure and holy. Long I waited and the flower ever grew brighter until at last the Presence stood by me, and then, a voice, Son, that spoke to me e'en as I to thee now, a voice,—ah, Son, the beauty and tenderness of that voice"—and the old man paused as if loath to frame in common speech the glory of that remembrance. The lad laid his hand gently against the old man's cheek. He, too, was hearing the voice.

After a minute the old man resumed looking full into the questioning eyes before him.

"Ave, Lad, thou shalt know. The voice said, 'I have seen thy work. Well done, Son. Thy beggar's bowl is dear to me.'"

Again the man paused and laid his hand lovingly among his tools.

"Now thou canst see, Lad, why I have made bowls. I am always striving to make a bowl that shall bring me the joy of His face. There are many poor ones, but perchance, by and by,—I shall make one,—this one even here, perchance," and he took up the work which his aged hands were so painfully shaping.

"Ah if I only might see Him," the lad sighed as he turned to his bench.

THROUGH the long day they toiled, the old man full of hope, patiently guiding his tools with trembling hands, for might not this be the very bowl which should gain him the loved sight of the Master?

At night the bowl was done. In the eyes of the old man it was fair indeed. The others shook their heads and some even smiled, but he was joyous. "That will surely please the Master," he said, as he lovingly patted it and set it out on his bench that the Master should not fail to see it.

(Continued on page 71)



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The Transplanting of Ann Young

(Continued from page 58)

The kitchen stove stood black and cold. At noon Amelia arose and went out once more into the yard. "Mother, mother," she called over and over again, and her voice had in it a sharp note of pain. As she stood there in the noontide hush Andrew Vane came across the intervening fields. He had his hoe in his hand and he looked at Amelia, inquiringly. "It's mother," she began. "She's been gone since early this morning. I've been all over the house an' she ain't there. I don't know of anywheres else she could hev gone to."

Andrew Vane asked no questions. "You'd better go back in the house, 'Melia. I'll go over an' hitch up an' see what I can do. Don't you worry."

Amelia stood watching him as he went back across lots to his own home. Then she turned and went into the house. She sat down once more in her mother's rocking chair beside the kitchen window. In the middle of the afternoon she got up and made herself a cup of tea. She drank it hurriedly and took her place again at the window. She sat on dully all through the long afternoon. The air held in it a strange, expectant hush. The shadows lay still on the summer fields. At sunset she went upstairs. She was gone some time and when she came down again she built a fire in the kitchen stove and put on the teakettle.

The light waned on the far hills. It was just dusk when a little, bent figure came trembling across the yard and up to the kitchen door.

"Oh, mother, where hev you been?" Amelia's voice was high and strained.

Ann Young stood in the doorway, a pitiful little figure. There were wisps of hay in her thin gray hair, and her best black dress and bonnet were covered with dust and cobwebs. Her face was streaked with dirt. "Oh, 'Melia, I couldn't help it. I run away. I've been a-hidin' up in the barn loft. I got to thinkin' after you'd gone an' I couldn't stan' it no longer. Oh, 'Melia, I hadn't never been anywheres else in my whole life. I've been up there hidin' all day. I heard you a-callin'. I couldn't help it, 'Melia. But I've come back, an' we kin go now, can't we?"

She stood there, a little shrinking figure in the fading dusk. Amelia Young went up to her and put her hand on the old woman's shoulder. "You come right into the house, mother, an' take off your things an' set down in the chair. I've unpacked all the things an' put 'em back where they b'long. Now I'm a-goin' to get us some supper."

Old Mrs. Young began to cry. "Now see here mother. Don't you go to cryin'. You'll feel better after you've had a cup o' hot tea." There was a step on the porch and a sudden shadow fell across the floor as Andrew Vane stood in the doorway. "I'm goin' to make a batch o' warm biscuits, too. I've got the table all set, an' Andrew, you'd better come in an' hev some supper."

The Master Workman

(Continued from page 70)

Just then there was a commotion at the other end of the room and the voice of the lad, sobbing piteously. "Ah, my cup, my beautiful cup,—I surely hoped the Master would see it, my beautiful cup, it is gone,—"

The lad had been working for days on a tiny cup, delicately curved and thin to fragility, a marvel of skill for so young a workman. So beautiful was it, that the older workmen had stood by at times to watch the work. The lad had just taken it to the smoothing table and returning had but touched it lightly against a bench and had shattered it. His grief was pitiful.

"If the Master Workman comes to-night I shall have nothing on my bench, nothing for all these days,—" and his sobs arose again.

The old man turned thoughtfully toward his own bench and looked lovingly upon his bowl.

After all were gone that night, a bent figure stole into the work-room in the moonlight and hurried to the bowl. It was the old man and he had come to make the supreme sacrifice. Twice he lifted the bowl and twice he replaced it. "The lad is young," he murmured, "and I am old. The bowl is fine, it is my best. If the lad could see the Master's face,—but I love the lad,—" and he quickly took up the bowl and bore it tenderly to the lad's bench and set it there. "Such a fine bowl for a lad," he said to himself. "The Master must like it."

Then, lest his desire should change him, he turned to hurry away. There was a stir, a glory in the room, a pæan of joy in his heart. A radiance filled the air and at last he stood face to face with the Master Workman, and in fullness of love he fell asleep there in His presence.



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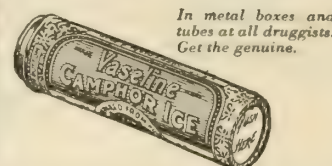
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Anecdotal



IN his amusing book, "More Bulls and Blunders," Sir J. C. Percy tells the following. A well-known character in the West died, one of ready wit, but not possessed of the best habits for success in life; yet his wife, sorely tried, kept things going with some show of comfort. She wept and showed great grief at the funeral, and wished to lie in the grave with him. When the last sod was planted, the mourners retired to the inn that stood close by the graveyard, and the usual comforts were resorted to by the chief mourners. One man paid special attention to the widow, and at last, taking courage in both hands, said, "Now, Mary, there's no use in breaking your heart for poor Mick that's gone. The likes of him was not within the four walls of the world, but I have been thinking of how he could to some extent

taking with him a small hand-bag. The train happened to be very late in arriving, so the M.P. engaged a room at the first hotel he came across. When the servant showed him to his room he noticed that the man did not seem very inclined to leave, and was looking at him somewhat suspiciously, so at last the M.P. asked him if there was anything he wanted to say. "Please, sir," said the man, "my instructions are, when a man hasn't any luggage, to ask him to pay in advance." "But I've got luggage," indignantly retorted the M.P., pointing to his little hand-bag. "I know, sir," answered the man meekly, "but you've stayed too long on that already."

* * *

A little fellow sat on a doorstep crying bitterly. Passers-by tried to con-



QUITE EXPLICIT!

1st Lady: Now don't you say nothink about nothink; you know what I ain't said nothink about.—2nd Lady: Not me, I shan't say nothink.

—From the Tatler

be replaced to you by offering myself, joining our bits of ground together, and what with the litter of pigs and the few pounds I have in the heel of the stocking it might make up to some extent the loss you have had." Mary wiped her eyes, and with bent head and swaying body mournfully replied, "Tom, I'm deeply grateful for the tender words you have said to the poor broken-hearted widow in her sorrow this day, but I am sorry you spoke too late, for Pat Doolan offered me the same consolation at the wake last night, and there, in the prsence of the corpse, I couldn't refuse him."

* * *

A certain Member of Parliament was to speak in a town up north, so he travelled up from London over night, merely

sole him, but without avail. Presently a sympathetic old lady came along. "What's the matter, little one?" she asked.

"Got my new trousers covered with dust," sobbed the boy.

"But they're clean now, dear," continued the lady.

"I know they are," wailed the lad.

"Then why do you still cry, child?"

"Cause mother wouldn't let me take 'em off when she dusted 'em."

* * *

The teacher was trying to make Bessie understand subtraction, and she said, "You have ten fingers; now supposing there were three missing, what would you have then?"

"No music lessons," said the child promptly.

Nothing So Beautiful

As a wealth of well-groomed hair

Nothing so beautiful and nothing more easily attained—if you know how. Satiny, silky, glossy hair is the reward of intelligent care. Follow the suggestions we give you here and prove it.

Begin by learning how to shampoo, for this is all-important. The first step is a bottle of Palmolive Shampoo, the blend of palm and olive oils. Use as directed and watch results.

First is the wonderful softness you have never before experienced after washing. There is none of the usual harsh dryness and flyaway brittleness.

Your hair is wonderfully silky in texture, with a beautiful satiny gloss. Most important, your scalp is healthfully cleansed from every trace of scurf and dandruff. Ordinary shampooing doesn't get these results. They come from the action of palm and olive oils, the softening, soothing cleansers discovered 3,000 years ago in ancient Egypt.

Olive oil for gloss—palm oil for richness

Olive oil possesses softening qualities which neutralize the drying effects of washing. Palm oil contributes body, richness and lasting qualities.

In combination they produce a thick, mild, profuse, penetrating lather which softens the scalp and reaches every root and hair cell.

This lather loosens the dandruff scales, dislodges and dissolves them, leaving the scalp and hair free to function healthfully.

The greatest benefit

This thorough removal of dandruff, which doctors call seborrhea, is most necessary, as even the accumulation on healthy scalps injures the hair.

The dry, oily scales clog the roots of the hair, preventing proper nutrition. Soon the hair begins to fall out. The blend of palm and olive oils



you get in Palmolive softens and penetrates the scales, loosening the cap-like accumulation.

Gentle massage forces it into the tissue of the scalp, leaving it healthfully purged and clean. Hair shampooed with Palmolive is never dry, harsh and brittle. The blending of these soothing oils leaves it soft, glossy and silky.

Trial bottle free

We will gladly send you a trial bottle of Palmolive Shampoo, free, if you will write a postal-card request. Just say "Send me the free trial bottle of Palmolive Shampoo" and sign your name and address. It will come to you by return mail, accompanied by a valuable book of directions for simple home treatments which beautify your hair and help it grow. Address Dept. B-260.

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The Blend of Palm and Olive Oils



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Economical — Thorough — Sanitary



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TORONTO, APRIL 1922

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



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PRICE TWENTY CENTS

Keep That Wedding Day Complexion



The blushing bride of today should be the blooming matron of tomorrow, retaining the charm of girlhood's freshness to enhance radiant maturity.

For bridal beauty should not fade, nor the passing of each anniversary be recorded on your face.

Keep the schoolgirl complexion which graced your wedding day, and you will keep your youth. With a fresh, smooth skin, no woman ever seems old.

The problem of keeping such a complexion was solved centuries ago. The method is simple—the means within the reach of all.

Cosmetic cleansing the secret

To keep your complexion fresh and smooth you must keep it scrupulously clean. You can't allow dirt, oil and perspiration to collect and clog the pores if you value clearness and fine texture.

You can't depend on cold cream to do this cleansing—repeated applications help fill up the pores. The best way is to wash your face with the mild, soothing lather blended from palm and olive oils, the cleansers used by Cleopatra.

Science has combined these two Oriental oils in the bland, balmy facial soap which bears their name. You need never be afraid of the effects of soap and water if the soap you use is Palmolive.

How it acts

The rich, profuse lather, massaged into the skin, penetrates the pores and removes every trace of the clogging accumulations which, when neglected, make the skin texture coarse and cause blackheads and blotches.

It softens the skin and keeps it flexible and smooth. It freshens and stimulates, encouraging firmness and attractive natural color.

Oily skins won't need cold creams or lotions after using Palmolive. If the skin is inclined to dryness, the time to apply cold cream is after this cosmetic cleansing.

And remember, powder and rouge are perfectly harmless when applied to a clean skin and removed carefully once a day.

Don't keep it only for your face

Complexion beauty should extend to the throat, neck and shoulders. These are quite as conspicuous as your face for beauty or the lack of it.

Give them the same beautifying cleansing that you do your face and they will become soft, white and smooth. Use it regularly for bathing and let it do for your body what it does for your face.

Not too expensive

Although Palmolive is the finest, mildest facial soap that can be produced, the price is not too high to permit general use on the washstand for bathing.

This moderate price is due to popularity, to the enormous demand which keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night, and necessitates the importation of the costly oils in vast quantity.

Thus, soap which would cost at least 25 cents a cake if made in small quantities, is offered for only 10 cents, a price all can afford. The old-time luxury of the few may now be enjoyed the world over.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited

Winnipeg

Toronto

Montreal

Manufacturers of a complete line of toilet articles.

Made in Canada

Volume and efficiency
produce 25-cent quality
for

10c



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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

A Monthly Magazine of Interest to All Progressive Canadians

OFFICE of PUBLICATION

RICHMOND and SHEPPARD STREETS
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EDITORIAL CHAT

THE April issue of this magazine comes to you in an essentially spring-like garb. Perhaps the delightful young person perched among the blossoms is a little in advance of the season; but you may consider her in the light of a pleasant little prophetess who wishes the world to know that spring is at the door. In the matter of seasons, you may have noticed that we have changed from the old times very much and are actually introducing straw hats in February. In fact, ever so many brides of the last month of winter had hats of navy-blue straw, to match the going-away suit. I don't know why brides insist on going away in suits of either nigger-brown or navy-blue; but, if you will write to Miss Storey about it I've no doubt she can explain, for she tells us about the fashions in four whole columns every month, and I have noticed that what she says comes true. Of course you are interested in the fashions, if you are a woman reader; and perhaps you'll notice what interesting pages of knitted or crocheted goods we have been getting. There is no use in denying that every woman is more-or-less interested in what goes into a hope chest. You know that, if you are not going to be a June bride, yourself, this year, you are going to make a camisole or some other dainty bit of lingerie, for a girl who has chosen the loveliest month of the year for her wedding. Wherefore, give heed to our pages, where the fancy things in needlework are displayed:—and your friends will have reason to bless your good taste and industry. There are many pages within our covers which will make you friends of ours; but there are no pages which will make more lasting attachments (so we have discovered) between publisher and reader than those which deal with "the styles." It is my fond belief that Eve must have been terribly lonesome without another woman to talk over fashions in fig aprons with her.

* * *

THERE are two writers who have more than once contributed to the pages of this magazine who are sending out books this spring:—and we are rather glad that the writers are women—Miss de la Roche, who belongs to Toronto by birth, and whom her New York publisher calls a "new American writer," has written many short stories and has now gathered some of these into a connected narrative called "Explorers of the Dawn." You'll miss one of the most unusual books of the year if you do not read about the adventures of the Angel, the Seraph and John:—and if you wish to know more about this delightful trio you'll find a paragraph or two in "The Book Corner," where we try to say a few words about the "Silent Friends" who come and tell their stories and impart their wisdom. John and his two small brothers are among the best and brightest who have come and we hope that you will give them a place at your fireside.

Then Miss Pickthall, whose book of poems, "Drift of Pinions," is one of the most exquisite volumes of verse produced in Canada, has written a novel, "The Bridge," a tale of the Great Lakes, which is a remarkable achievement in imaginative prose. Miss Pickthall was born in England, but has spent most of her life in Toronto and calls herself a "Canadian" in writing to "The Century," her New York publishers. We may come to the conclusion, then, that this writer, who was born in England, who spent her girlhood years in Toronto and is

now a resident of British Columbia, has definitely adopted this Dominion—which proudly claims her as a daughter. Miss Pickthall has recently sent us three stories for publication in the Canadian Home Journal, and we are sure that our readers will find them of absorbing interest. Watch for "The Blossoming," when the May number comes.

* * *

THE articles by Mr. Collier Stevenson on the various apartments of the house are continued in our April issue, and you are asked to step into the "Cheerful Dining Room." The rooms, as pictured and described, are all delightful:—but wouldn't you just rejoice in having all your meals for the summer months in such a dining-room as that which opens on a fair stretch of woodland? The walls, and the ceiling, we are told, are finished in a flat paint of a light ivory tone, while the wood-work is enamelled a slightly deeper ivory. We like to hear that the straight inner hangings are of a cool, quiet sea-green and we're quite sure that the mahogany furniture, upholstered in dark brown Spanish leather is all that it should be. The other dining-rooms are, doubtless, most attractive, also, but we insist on the one with unpatterned rugs and sea-green hangings:—with dashes of terra cotta as a brightening element. The other rooms will follow, in due course, and we know that you will find each article of interest.

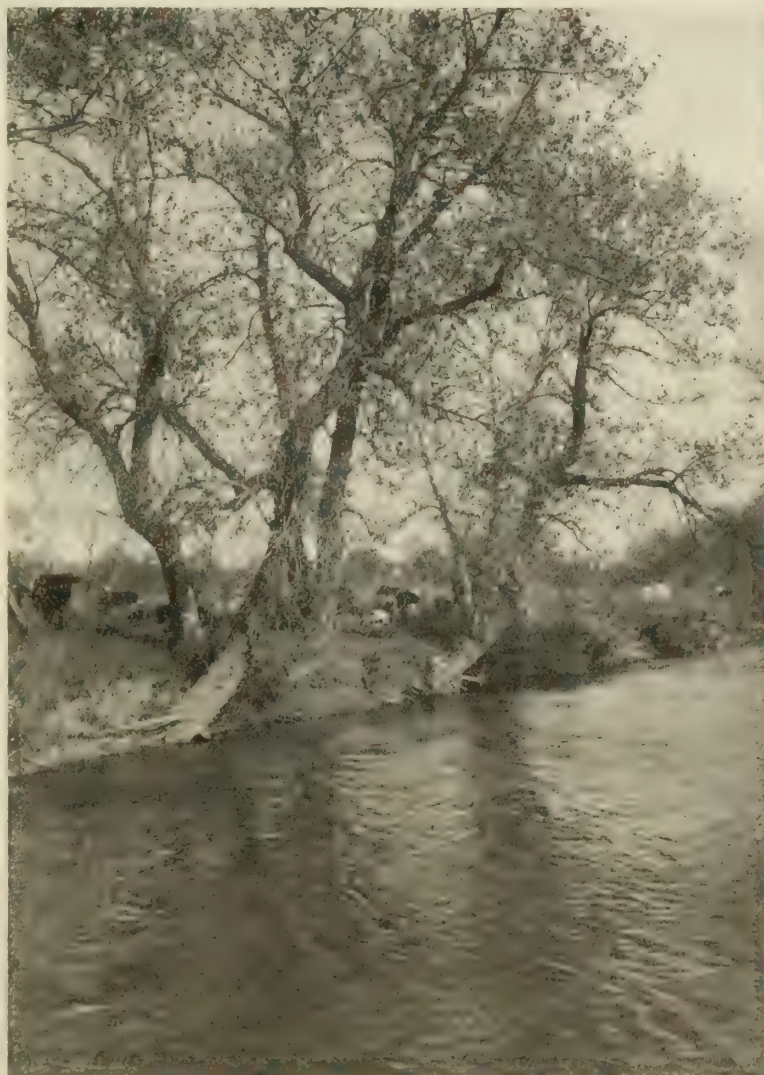
The serial, "The Idol of Youth," which opens in this month, is one which should be of the deepest interest to everyone who has an adventure-loving heart. It is not everyone who can dash about and rescue distressed damsels and win wagers from American plutocrats all in one evening, Russia, England and Monte Carlo have their place in these opening chapters:—and the heroine, "La Mysterieuse," is as fascinating a young creature as any dauntless hero might desire to win. Just what is going to happen at Monte Carlo we do not know:—but there are lost pearls and a wrecked, historic biplane—to say nothing of a wonderful dog named "Petro"—and you'll not be bored by a single page of this mile-a-minute Story.

* * *

YOU all know the old saying: "Let me make the songs of a nation and I care not who makes its laws." That is only a way of saying that music must be a part of the life of the community. This magazine is fortunate in having, as the writer of the musical department, Mr. Hector Charlesworth, who is known, nationally and internationally, as an authoritative critic on matters of music and drama. In our April issue Mr. Charlesworth writes on "Making Music Safe for Democracy," considering the present movement

for the spread of communal music. This subject is one in which all our readers are interested and should be helpful as giving the most advanced ideas and plans in connection with a movement which means the pleasure and enlightenment of the community. The article which Mr. Charlesworth wrote for us a year ago on "The Mendelssohn Choir" was reproduced in February for every programme of the cycle, a recognition of the accuracy and discernment of this writer on the happiest of themes.

Read about what makes for Community harmony.



This beautiful photographic study of spring comes from Mr. I. T. Parker, High River, Alberta

Makes paint look like new

The real naphtha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, and brings back the bright, fresh, clean appearance to painted woodwork.

**Helps the washing-machine**

It pays you to chip Fels-Naptha into the washing-machine to get the benefit of naphtha. The real naphtha in Fels-Naptha loosens the dirt before the washing-machine starts its work. Then the Fels-Naptha soapy water flushes away all the dirt.

For fine lace curtains

With no other soap can you wash lace curtains so snowy white and with so little effort as with Fels-Naptha. It soaks the dirt loose, and safely makes all filmy fabrics thoroughly clean.



Be sure the soap you use has real naphtha in it. Smell it! The clean naphtha odor proves there is real naphtha in Fels-Naptha.

Takes spots from rugs

How easily and quickly Fels-Naptha cleans and brightens rugs, carpets and draperies! The naphtha dissolves grease, loosens dirt and restores perfect cleanliness.



The double cleaner for easier housecleaning

Quickly, thoroughly and safely, Fels-Naptha makes everything it touches clean, sweet, sanitary. And a thoroughly clean home means better health for the family.

Because Fels-Naptha is splendid soap and real naphtha, combined by the original Fels-Naptha method, it gives a soap-and-water cleaning and a naphtha cleaning at the same time. That makes it different from all other soaps.

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is more than soap and naphtha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of splendid soap and real naphtha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners—a way that has never been successfully imitated! Begin using Fels-Naptha today.

FREE If you haven't had an opportunity to prove that Fels-Naptha is a superior soap for the laundry and all household cleaning, send for free sample. Write Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

**Soft blankets and
woolens**

White and fluffy they come from a Fels-Naptha wash! The real naphtha in Fels-Naptha loosens the dirt; the soapy water flushes all dirt away; the naphtha vanishes, carrying all odors with it. Then the woolens are clean through and through.

**Fels-Naptha by the carton**

Get a supply for housecleaning in this handy package—ten full-size bars of Fels-Naptha neatly packed.

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPHTHA ODOR

WITCH HAZEL

BY LILIAN LEVERIDGE

Illustrated by Maude MacLaren

disappointed not to be able to build this summer, but father's illness has put me back a year or two."

"How much do you lack now, Ross?" Hazel asked.

"If I had another three hundred dollars or so I wouldn't be afraid to make a start. Your Uncle Max suggested borrowing, but I hate debt like poison."

"Oh, so do I. Let us have patience and wait till we can start out free. But Ross, tell me about this drill and how it works. I never saw one."

"You must come over to-morrow and see it for yourself. It's quite a ponderous piece of machinery, run by a gasoline engine, and it requires three men to manage it. I'm rather interested in machinery, and am sure I could undertake a job myself. I was glad of the chance to come with Mr. Cox, as I knew you'd be here. In fact, that is why I offered for the job."

"Mr. Temple is extremely anxious to get a well. He had a machine similar to this one there last year, and he has spent hundreds of dollars on it al-

"Let me just shut my eyes a minute—there! I see it all so plainly."

"It's a dear little dove-grey house, nestling on a green hillside above a broad blue lake, dotted with white sails. There are windows on all sides, and quaint little gables in the roof. A veranda runs nearly all round. Rambling roses and clematis, jasmine and ivy twine around the veranda pillars, and ferns and flowers fill in every odd corner. Little flower beds and pretty shade trees dot the sloping lawn. A flower-bordered pathway winds down to the rocky shore, where wild flowers and grape vines run riot and have their own sweet way."

"There are not very many rooms in this little house, but every one is neat and bright and altogether homey. The front door opens into the hall, the folding doors lead from the hall into the brightest of parlors on the right, and on the left—"

"Oh, wait a bit," he interrupted. "Don't slur over that parlor, please. I want to see it."



"Well, little Witch Hazel," he whispered. "How would you like to exchange your city office for this?"

ready, but it seems there is no water on his place. I heard him tell Mr. Cox that if he would undertake a contract to dig a well, he would pay three hundred down for the job, but not a cent if the undertaking proved a failure. Mr. Cox wouldn't agree to those terms, it seemed too risky."

A fire of excitement suddenly kindled in Hazel's eyes. "Three hundred dollars!" she exclaimed. "That's the very sum you say you need to start our little house. O Ross!"

An answering spark kindled in the grey eyes that met her own. "That very thought has been haunting me ever since," he smiled; "but Girlie, it's too perilous a scheme for me to entertain. I can't afford to lose. Let us forget it. Come, tell me about your little home of dreams—the kind of home you'd like to have. Let's just amuse ourselves awhile."

"That will be lovely," she answered with a low, happy laugh, nestling contentedly against his broad shoulder.

And do you know, Ross, the rod would turn for me. I'd like to see if I could find any water at Mr. Temple's."

"You would, eh?" laughed Ross. "All right, so you shall. I'll cut you a hazel rod, and we'll go over at once if you say so. And see here, if you can find water over at Mr. Temple's, I'll hire the outfit and take the contract."

"Ross! Will you really?"

"Cross my heart."

What madness was this that had so suddenly seized upon them both? Had the moon bewitched them?

Both were pale and somewhat tremulous when, half an hour later, they lifted the latch of Mr. Temple's garden gate. To the group on the veranda Ross laughingly stated their errand.

"Jiminy!" ejaculated Mr. Temple. "If Miss Drew can locate water on this place and you will dig down to it, I'll add another hundred. But mind, sir, not a red cent unless you produce the goods."

"I quite understand that, Mr. Temple," replied Ross, "and I accept your conditions. However, the whole project hangs on this little hazel switch."

"Exactly. Let's get that question settled right away. Miss Drew, are you ready for operations?"

Miss Drew was ready, and the whole household, ten persons all told, followed her lead across the moonlit grounds—hither and thither, forward and back, "every which way."

At last—oh! thrilling moment!—the hazel turned, surely, unmistakably, in the fair diviner's hands. There was some excitement and much laughter, for no one except Ross and Hazel took the matter at all seriously, and they managed to hide their intensity of purpose in the general hilarity.

Early next morning the drillers tapped a water spring at Mr. Todd's, and before the day was out the apparatus had been transferred to Mr. Temple's back garden, where a hole had been dug a few feet down to the rock.

Two days of steady work brought no result. With what feverish energy Ross worked! And how many a pleading prayer went up in silence from the girl who listened to the incessant clang! clang! clang! of the drill!

Early on the third day a small part of the machine broke. As this could not be repaired or replaced nearer than Woodbury, Ross saddled Mr. Temple's fastest horse and rode himself on the errand.

On his way back, his eye was suddenly caught by a "For Sale" notice on a gate opening into what appeared amid its shrouding trees to be an attractive residence.

"I'll just have a look at it," he thought, "and see if the good folks can give me a drink."

Having tethered his horse he walked slowly toward the house. Although he was sure he had never been there before, the place looked strangely familiar. "When or where have I seen that dove-grey house with its veranda and cambering vines?" he mused.

And then it came to him in a flash—this was none other than Hazel's house of dreams. In every particular it agreed with her description. Surely she must at one time have been here and fallen in love with the place—indeed, it was a loveable abode. But the price would no doubt be far beyond his reach.

He went to the front door, and rang the bell.

When a buxom little o'd lady came to the door, he enquired in as casual a tone as he could command, the price of the house.

"Oh," she said with brightening eyes, "just step into the parlor, sir, and I'll call Mr. Moore. He'll tell you all you want to know."

Into the parlor of dreams he stepped, where he was soon joined by a little old man with white hair and bronzed face. "No, the place ain't sold yet," he said. "I'm jest askin' a thousand for it, but I must have the cash down as we want to move right away. It's worth a sight more than that, but—"

Ross scarcely heard the remainder of the sentence, for he was in a fever of suppressed excitement. A thousand dollars—only a thousand for this lovely home! Whv, he couldn't build a crude new house for that, and this home, so

(Continued on page 64)

THE IDOL of YOUTH

CNE-AM WILLIAMSON

Illustrated by G. W. L. Bladen

CHAPTER 1.

La Mysterieuse.

IT WAS Sunday, at Bournemouth. And I was just back from Archangel. I wanted to let out howl after howl, or stand on my head, or do something else even more unusual for a young man to do on the West Cliff in Bournemouth on Sunday.

What I did do was to walk mildly beside my great Aunt Sarah Talbot with somewhat the gait of a hare conscientiously constrained to keep step with a tortoise. It was after church (oh, yes, I'd found the pages of the hymns!) and the idea was to have a pleasant stroll till luncheon-time— I mean dinner time, because it was Sunday, when earnest middle-class stomachs refuse hot food at night. If we didn't fall below our present pace we should do a good quarter mile and back to Aunt Sarah's hotel (where I was visiting her) in the half hour remaining before one-thirty.

Aunt Sarah is a splendid woman, and has always been good to me. When my father and mother were killed in a railway accident while I was at Sandhurst, and left me with next to nothing, she would have paid to keep me on there, if she hadn't objected to the army. Instead, she did what she thought best: got me a job in a nice bank. The bank was at Wimbledon, where she lived. I didn't love Wimbledon, after Sandhurst, and I hated the nice bank. Even worse Aunt Sarah's eight-roomed villa, Marlborough Lodge. But it's an ill war that blows nobody good! The Great One broke out when I was twenty; and on August 4th, 1914, I bolted for the nearest recruiting office.

Since then, France, Belgium for me!—and after getting over a Blighty, Russia! Now I was back in England, and demobilised.

Dear Aunt Sarah had had to waive her prejudice against fighting, for her country's good; but she said it would break her heart if I wasted my God-given future in the army; and she'd invited me to Bournemouth to talk over plans.

God hadn't given me any future yet, and I thought secretly that wasting it in the Army would be better than anything Aunt Sarah was likely to propose. Still, a lot of that future depended upon her. If I were a good boy she promised to leave me eight hundred a year. Besides, I was grateful for what she'd done already, though I hadn't liked much of it at the time. Which is why the hare suited its pace to that of the tortoise, though no interest had been expressed in its late adventures in Russia.

When we'd discussed the sermon (it was Aunt Sarah's unvarying rule to discuss the sermon after church, before turning to worldly subjects) she said, "Well, my dear boy, how wonderful an English Sunday must seem to you, after all these years that the locusts have eaten!"

"It does," I answered with truth. "No locust would eat an English Sunday."

Aunt Sarah gazed at me with large, puzzled dark eyes. But she did not reprove my speech, because it was indubitable that English Sundays were not food for insects. Instead she made a

remark suited to my youthful intelligence, that Sundays were pleasant at Bournemouth.

"I think," she went on, "I should have taken this holiday for your sake, Christopher, on your homecoming, even if dear Doctor Gibbs hadn't ordered me a change of air after my influenza. I always feel the sea has such a solemn influence upon the spirit, or should have. And that's a blessed thing to start with in picking up the broken threads of life, as you're about to do. How does it make you feel?"

"Makes me feel as if I want to fly," something in me leaped up and blurted out.

"Oh, my dear boy!" exclaimed Aunt Sarah. "I trust you don't mean that. I hope and pray you haven't set your mind on adopting the career of—of an aer-e-o-naut."

Yes, she pronounced it like that. I gulped. As a matter of fact, I'd meant nothing but madness. It seemed like tempting Providence, however, not to take up the gauntlet, which happened to materialize in the form of a black kid glove dropped by Aunt S. at the moment.

Handing it to her I said, "I've always wanted to fly." And the sound of the words convinced me that I really had.

"I'm afraid I can't help you to take any such step," she warned me firmly.

"It wouldn't be exactly a step," I quibbled.

"What would you call it, then?"

"A—jump to glory."

Aunt Sarah didn't criticize the definition. She merely said that the good news she had up her sleeve for me was about the bank. Her old friend Mr. Dobson, the manager, had not only kept my place open according to agreement, but would give me a rise. I should begin life again as assistant cashier. "What did I think of that?"

I thought it was beastly but Aunt Sarah looked so kind and fat, like a beneficent bag, that I hadn't the heart to hurt her. I said it was decent of old Dobson, and sounded like a cushy job all right. But the Something untamed in me which had snapped out that it wanted to fly was now roaring in its cave against Dobson. I knew that Ypres and Archangel had spoiled me for a Wimbledon cashier, and that, even if I drove Aunt's white transformation in sorrow to the grave and forfeited all she had to leave I would not go back to gaol—I mean the bank—unless, perhaps, with a black mask and a revolver, to hold up the staff.

By this time we'd tottered home to the hotel, which was situated—so to speak—at the back of the Front. We all stoddged ourselves with too much roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, and apple tart. Aunt Sarah then, retired to her room for a "few winks," as coffee didn't agree with her, and I settled myself in what was advertised as the "lounge hall," with an illustrated Sunday paper and some Russian cigarettes—a souvenir.

Suddenly, among the epidemic of unattractive brides and actresses with intensive smiles, my eyes lit on a thriller.

It was the photograph of a bigish biplane (make undecipherable to my ignorance) displayed in a kind of open Place, in front of a gay looking building

of wedding-cake architecture, and surrounded by a particularly smart crowd of men and women.

Underneath the picture was an announcement: "Sensational Lottery at Monte Carlo. The celebrated Mascot of the famous dead airman, Sacha Kapieha, to be raffled for the benefit of French and Polish War Orphans. See page 3."

Monte Carlo! The look of that sunshiny Place, and the Casino, and the crowd, (to say nothing of poor Sacha Kapieha's aeroplane) sent a shock through my blood which relieved that roast beef, Sunday-afternoon feeling.

Ever since a Wimbledon neighbor had taken the vast sum of one hundred pounds from the Casino, and our parson had preached a sermon at him with a text condemning the flesh pots of Egypt, I had yearned to go to Monte Carlo. It was a place not to be mentioned except with condemnation before my Aunt, just as one wouldn't be rude enough to laud red rags in the presence of a respected bull. But secretly, for seven years (I was under eighteen when Mr. Jenkins of Willow Road, Wimbledon, came home with ninety-eight pounds in cash for himself and a fifty-franc Algerian shawl for his wife) I had felt that if I could go to Monte Carlo I should have some extraordinary run of luck. I'd even dreamed of the place on cold, wet nights in the trenches, to wake with a start and find that the "run" was that of a rat over my nose. Now I was seized, actually stabbed, by the sharp conviction that I'd only to get to Monte Carlo to annex that Mascot of Kapieha's for myself.

How easy to learn to work it, and then—and then—

And then, I heard a couple of waiters gabbling behind a screen.

It was a tall screen, separating the "lounge hall" from some humbler haunt where coffee was poured into cups and placed on trays; but it was not a thick screen, and the subdued voices of two vaguely Swiss youths distinctly reached my ears.

They were speaking a kind of French, which was also vaguely Swiss, if not German.

"I'll give you my tip from Ten for your turn with the next dinner of La Mysterieuse," said Number One.

"Her next will also be her last," replied Number Two.

"What? She is to be turned out of the hotel?"

"Not immediately. But Madame has given her notice that, if she cannot pay at least the bill of week before last, she must leave on Wednesday. Meanwhile, after to-night when dinner is supper and consists of cheap, camouflaged scraps—only one meal a day will be served: breakfast."

"Mon Dieu! Pauvre petite Mysterieuse! She herself told you all this? She has confided in you?"

"Not in the least. Does she look like confiding in me?"

"Ah, I have not seen her these many days, not since she has retired from public view. She may have changed—her pride weakened."

"She has not changed, my handsome camel! I heard what I heard when

Madame chatted to the cashier just now, as I took them their coffee in the room behind the office."

"But—this makes sick the stomach! What will become of La Mysterieuse? Has she nothing to sell?"

"I suppose that everything is sold."

"There is always the dog. It is a queer dog, but of a type loved by the English. I heard, while she still walked out with him, that it is a beast of fine points."

"Ah, I judge that La Petite would sooner die, and have the dog die with her, than sell him. And a dog one cannot pawn."

"Well, this is sad beyond speech! If I had savings, I would pay her bill. Do you think the story has leaked out in the hotel?"

"I think not, for I have heard no talk of it. People come and go. Those who have seen her are now few. Doubtless these few believe she has la grippe, like most of the clientele who disappear; or that she has left, quietly."

"You are perhaps right. But you have not answered me. Number Ten will give a good tip. He goes to-morrow morning by the fast train."

"Humph! When I sell something I prefer to know what payment I am likely to get. When Ten has departed—"

"But you say that to-night is the last dinner of La Mysterieuse. After that it will be too late."

"There will be three breakfasts."

"La Mysterieuse is for breakfast deep in her pillows, and one sees only the top of her head."

"Even that is better than most women's faces. Such hair!"

"For dinner I must make a firm price. My minimum is eight shillings. Will Monsieur Ten run to that? Or if not, will you guarantee the sum?"

"Sacred Chimney! But you are a miser—what the English call skinflint."

"I am not. It is you who wish to grind my nose. Bien! It is finished. For that word, skinflint, I will have no dealings with you."

Upon this followed a slight crash as of crockery. Broke also a word, short and sharp, last heard by me in the trenches. Then silence. But I had forgotten Monte Carlo and poor Sacha's wonderful aeroplane, which I could win if I were on the spot.

I would have sacrificed my ticket for the lottery—if I'd had one—for a sight of La Mysterieuse.

CHAPTER 11.

"It's up to Me!"

WHAT is more, I determined to have the sight, if it could be bought, wangled or noddled.

The only way, was through the man who held the power. I had to see him in order to know which one he was, since I couldn't ask each waiter in the hotel. "Are you the lucky beggar who serves her last dinner to La Mysterieuse?"

I jumped up. I whirled behind the screen. Only one living thing was visible in the passage thus revealed to me. It was picking up bits of a broken cup, and mopping the floor with a dirty napkin.

Was this the Johnny who wished to buy the turn, or the Johnny who had refused to part?

"Look here," I said, "I was sitting out there close in front of the screen, and heard you talk. I understand French, even your French, and heard your chat with your pal. I am intrigued. Are you the fellow who wouldn't sell—"

"No, Monsieur, I am not," replied the waiter, as he lifted himself from a crouching position and brushed crumbs from his knees. "I am not that stinky pork, I am the other he."

I was disappointed. But I might have known that the weaker vessel would be forced to clear the wreckage!

"Oh," said I, "The lady you were discussing sounded attractive!"

"She is, sir; though I fear unfortunate."

"I'd give a pound to be her waiter this evening," I remarked.

"Ah! 'T would be difficult to manage, sir," returned the vaguely Swiss youth.

"Not very. I could hand you the sovereign and you could renew your offer to your friend at a higher figure—say ten shillings instead of eight. Naturally you'd keep the change! I'd serve the lady in your place. And you needn't fear I'd disgrace the cloth. You yourself couldn't behave better."

"Monsieur is ingenious!" remarked the young man.

I smiled. But he wasn't the first who'd paid me that compliment. Any success I've had in the war and out, has come through being fairly ingenious in tight places. Among other things got in that way, was my M. C.

"Is it a bargain?" I pursued.

"I will do my best," replied the Swiss. "This is a small hotel, and I am just beginning in England my career. For me, a pound is still a pound!"

His career! He'd begun: his, while mine was trembling in the balance! I almost envied him. And to him a pound faithfully remained a pound while I, with no clear prospect now I was demobbed, would fling a sovereign away for the glimpse of a face maybe not worth a shilling!

The Swiss promised to come back as soon as possible with news, and I agreed to wait. No one had picked up the paper I'd dropped, and I had the aeroplane to return to; which was well, as the waiter's "possible" wasn't "soon."

Sacha Kapieha had been a Polish airman, flying for France in the war, and his machine had been of his own invention, or anyhow he'd made several improvements on another successful type. Just what the improvements were I was too ignorant to know; but Kapieha's record as a flyer was high in every sense of the word, and might have been more brilliant if a certain mystery had not been officially guarded concerning him till the last. That "last" happened to be the very day before the Armistice, when Kapieha was killed.

I was in Russia then, driving a tank; and if I'd heard how Sacha died I had forgotten. Now, in the paragraph that went with the picture, I learned that he'd been shot in a night-bombing expedition, but by a superhuman effort had brought his machine back over the French lines, and lived till he'd landed her, practically uninjured.

Kapieha's invention not having been taken up from the model, by the French Government, the inventor had built a test machine at his own expense. Its astonishing success being demonstrated, construction had begun on a grand scale; but Kapieha had continued with his own plane, which he believed in as a mascot. In a will he left all his decorations and this machine to a relative (not named by the paper) but the heir had never come forward, and could not be found. For such an eventuality, however, Kapieha had provided. If his possessions—including his plane—were not claimed within a year after his death, they were to become the property of France.

One year and a half had now elapsed, for six extra months' grace had been given, and the famous machine would be the second prize in the great lottery for the benefit of French and Polish War Orphans organized by the Administration at Monaco, who had bought the plane from the French Government. The first prize—offered by the Administration itself—was a hundred thousand francs; but Sacha Kapieha's "mascot" (to be on show in the Place du Casino for a fortnight, before the sale of tickets began) was the sensation of the lottery. Many new visitors would be attracted

by its presence at Monaco; and the generosity of the Casino would doubtless be repaid a hundredfold. I'd read all this half a dozen times, and brooded over the photograph of the Mascot, when my waiter appeared like a cheap Geni from behind the screen.

"The other fellow has sold me his turn with the lady's dinner, for twelve shillings," he informed me. "For myself I have left only eight."

I increased the eight to ten; and received instructions.

Dinner on week nights was at seven. But supper on Sundays was an hour later. Meals upstairs were served fifteen minutes in advance, not to interfere with the dining-room work. My man would carry the tray to the third storey, where the room of La Mysterieuse was situated; and I was to be on the watch near her door, Number 32. There the tray would change hands, and—the rest was up to me!

"If I may advise, however," went on the Swiss, "Monsieur would do well not to reveal himself as an admi—as a fellow guest. Mademoiselle is not in good luck, though the number of her room is a favourite one at Monte Carlo, as I have seen myself. But she is of a strange pride. And if she were not disagreeable herself, she might invite her dog to be. He is a large dog, of the type of bull."

"Thanks," I returned, "Once a waiter always a waiter—anyhow, for this even-

There was, it seemed, a certain competition in the matter of annexing chairs. Neither title, age nor profiteering counted. What you did was to arrive before others, squat firmly in the chair you wanted, and place books, (not knitting bags on Sunday) upon seats adjacent, according to the number of your party.

I had promised to keep Aunt Sarah's favourite corner for her; but she couldn't have trusted me with a sure trust, for she descended the stairway into the hall at precisely three forty-seven.

She was superficially smooth and sleek; but looked as people do look when they've been lying down, and want you to think that they've read or reflected rather than slept.

"Good boy!" she purred. "You haven't forgotten!"

"I had. But it was not necessary to explain. I was nephewly, and a few minutes later we were feeding a top layer of toast, cake, and blackberry jam to that sleeping dog, our Sunday dinner. For the time being it continued to doze, however, so we were good-natured; and while Aunt Sarah was sweetening her disposition with jam, I cautiously introduced the subject of La Mysterieuse.

"I was here in the hall reading," I explained, "and heard—er—a couple of men talking about some weird sort of girl in the hotel, shut up in her room, and never comes out; not got a penny, but owns a valuable bull: I mean dog."

"Oh, a horrid looking sort, was she?" I sympathized.

"Not precisely that. I'm a very truthful person, as you know, Christopher." (I know, from sad experience. She always told the truth, as it seemed to her, about other people, mostly myself, and my friends). "The moment I set eyes on that young woman, afterwards known as the Girl with One Dress, I said to myself, 'There's a creature who'll have a career, if she hasn't begun to have it already!' There was something about her, you know: an atmosphere. But I must admit, she was what many frivolous sort of people might call pretty. As for dress, it was handsome. Or it would have been, when it was in fashion. I heard ladies here who keep up to date with the modes as I don't pretend to do, say it must have been made as long ago as 1916. Even to my eyes it had the air of being outgrown."

"Oh, then the girl's very young?" burst from me before I'd stopped to think.

Again those dark eyes regarded me; full, heavily fringed with thick straight lashes like a cow's, though less liberal in outlook. "You seem to take an interest in her?" perceived Aunt Sarah.

"One must talk of something," I said.

"There are subjects, and subjects," I was reminded. "Especially on Sunday."

"Isn't the girl a Sunday subject?"



"I have nothing to live for—except Petro—and you see he was ready to go with me."

ing. That was my intention, even without your hint. But this Mademoiselle—I heard you calling her 'La Mysterieuse.' She must have a name, I suppose?"

"Her name in the hotel visitors' book is the last one that could be hers," said the youth. "It is Miss P. Smith, London. But you have only to look at her, sir, to see that she is not a Smith nor from London."

"Where should you say she is from?" I enquired.

"Doubtless Heaven knows," was the shrugged reply. "But Bouremouth is not completely Heaven! No one here can tell anything of the lady, where she came from, why she came, or who she is. All we know is that—that—she is, sir, very remarkable."

"Very beautiful, you mean?" I wanted to know.

"Monsieur will judge."

That also was "up to me!"

By this time it was three-forty-five; and no matter what shuffling Sunday might make in meals, tea was immutable. Though the world (according to most newspapers) trembled on the brink of bankruptcy, tea at the Bouremouth Homeland Hotel would appear in the hall at the hour of four.

Aunt Sarah turned a searchlight glance on me, but no Innocent of Pharaoh's time could have looked more open to the day.

"I suppose," she said, "they must have meant the Girl with One Dress."

"The Girl with one dress?" I echoed.

"That's what we ladies got to calling her," my aunt explained, "when she'd been here for over a fortnight and always appeared morning, noon and night, in the same frock. Also hat. At first we supposed her luggage must have been lost. But if it was, it's never been found. We imagined she must be waiting for someone. Surely she isn't still here? Everybody thought that she and her terrific dog had gone—at least ten days ago. Neither have been seen by mortal eye since."

I said nothing concerning the eye of the waiter; and, indeed, spread myself as thickly with indifference as Aunt Sarah spread jam on buttered toast.

"I don't know," I replied, "except that the talk sounded as if she were in the hotel, in dashed—I mean very—hard luck; going to be turned out because she can't pay her board, or something."

"Quite likely," remarked my Aunt. "She looked that sort."

"I shouldn't pick her out—judging you have done so, the Girl with the One Dress certainly appeared young, if nothing else. Her name was given as Smith—a circumstance suspicious in itself, as you would realise could you meet her. She might have been anything except Smith."

"I see," I said. I didn't exactly. But I hoped to.

CHAPTER 111.

The Girl with One Dress.

I went for a brisk walk at five, and returning at seven passed Aunt Sarah, still in the hall. She invited me to sit down with her and introduced Captain Christopher Malet to a Miss Pinch, whom my Aunt fancied because she taught in a Sunday School, and mentioned her income of a thousand a year. I soon excused myself, however, on the plea that I must dress.

"It's Sunday, Christopher," Aunt Sarah reminded me. "We don't dress for the evening on Sundays."

"I do," I said, for evening dress was obligatory if I hoped to look like a waiter.

"Indeed?" breathed my Aunt in polite reproval. "And where did you learn to do that?"

"In the trenches," said I in despair. "What—they dressed in the trenches?" squeaked Miss Pinch, aged almost anything from thirty to a hundred.

"On Sundays," I insisted. "I suppose you've heard of Dress Parade?"

Both ladies were silenced if not convinced.

At the appointed second, or a little before, I was waiting in the obscurity of a narrow corridor that ran into the main one close to Number 32. A few uneasy moments passed, and then I saw my fellow conspirator bearing towards me with a tray.

"This is all," he explained in a hoarse whisper. "I am not allowed to serve meals in courses to Mademoiselle. Don't let the *plateau* fall when you knock, or there will be the devil!"

With this last warning the big, flat oval of iron, covered with a not immaculate napkin, was deposited upon my outstretched palms, and my partner fled mouse-like by the way he came.

A glance showed me that the supper of Miss Smith was as obvious as she was mysterious; a slice of cold roast beef rouged by the juice of a small bit of beetroot; a square chunk of cottage loaf; a pallid morsel of "shape" sicklied o'er with Somebody's egg powder custard; and a glass of water.

Poor girl! I thought. And my heart bled for her like the beetroot, as I bumped the edges of the tray against a panel instead of knocking.

"Come in!" called a voice from the other side—a rather delicious voice if one could judge by two words; and then something hurled itself upon the door.

Could it be she? Had she, faint with hunger, fallen—perhaps swooned? Great Heavens!

It was difficult to turn the door-handle without dropping the huge tray which held the small supper, but I managed. (My ingenuity again!) And it wasn't the girl, but a richly brindled bull-dog—oh, a bull-dog of bull-dogs, a super bull-dog—who had shaken the door in its frame.

He squarely barred the way, and I realised that I should be at a disadvantage if obliged to defend the lady's supper and myself at the same time. But some of my best pals have been bull-dogs. I took it for granted that this one had common sense, and grinned at him. He grinned back, decided to let me pass, and pushed the door shut with his face, a neat trick.

Then, as I wheeled round a battered Japanese screen, I saw the girl.

She was sitting on a sofa with her feet up. She had not got on the One Dress. She was wrapped in a kimono, and her hair was down. "Such hair!" as the waiter had said.

The Kimono had seen its best days. But she—she was entering hers, so young was she, just on the threshold of womanhood while past the crudeness of flapperhood.

I saw in a second why she couldn't be Smith, or of London. She couldn't I thought, be of anywhere in England. She looked up at me with long eyes that were jade green in the cold electric light. And all that hair, tumbling over the kimono in wavy lengths, was dark as shadow that floats reddish-purple among cedars of Lebanon at sunset. She had the longest lashes I ever saw. They curled up to her low, straight eyebrows. Her nose was of a proud daintiness, her lips full, the short chin firm. It wasn't a sweet face, though it might be sweet. There was something wild, almost fierce about the girl, like the wildness of a trapped bird.

She stared at me. "If I'd known it would be a new waiter, I wouldn't have let Petro go to the door," she said. "He might have taken a dislike to you."

"Dogs don't," I answered. "Where shall I put the tray, Miss?"

"Will you pull up that bamboo table?" she asked, indicating with a delicate yet strong little hand a specimen of furniture never seen except in mean hotels.

I obeyed. The girl still stared. "I see why dogs don't take dislikes to you," she said. "You look more like a soldier than a waiter: an English soldier."

"I am—I mean, I have been a soldier, and I'm English all right," I replied.

"Where were you fighting last?" she wanted to know, as I removed a book from the bamboo abomination, and set down the tray.

"Russia," I said.

"Russia!" the girl, who had been reclining on pillows taken from the bed, bounded up to a sitting position. Petro approached her and asked with his eyes whether I were to blame for anything. I should have pitied myself if I had been!

"Poor darling, he takes too good care of me!" his mistress cooed. "Waiter, please give him that piece of meat on the plate. Then he will know you are kind, and he won't worry."

"But—but—if I give it to him, what will you have Miss?" I forgot myself far enough to ask.

"Oh, I don't like meat!" she explained. "I shall have plenty, with that bread and the rest of the stuff. Besides, Petro must eat; he is big and needs nourishment."

"You, though not big, also need nourishment, Miss," I ventured.

The girl shrugged her thin shoulders. "Nothing matters much about me, any

ever they were—no doubt she had given mostly to the bull-dog.

"Do you think I'm hungry?" she sharply questioned.

"No—o, Miss," I stumbled. "But I do like to see people have plenty to eat. This wouldn't be a supper for me. I'd be pleased to find you something better."

La Mysterieuse smiled, showing delightful little white teeth; also two deep dimples, one in each cheek. "What would you find for me?"

I wavered. But remembering that excited start of hers at the word "Russia," I rashly said, "Caviare."

The girl's green-grey eyes sparkled. "Could you really get me caviare?"

"Yes, Miss," I assured her. But mentally I ransacked Bournemouth on a Sunday evening for caviare, and failed a hundred times.

"Strange you should have mentioned it," she murmured. "It's the thing I like

He was here. There were other reasons, too. It's a long story. But I'm forgetting you're a waiter. You are really going to find me some caviare?"

I took the hint and blotted myself out.

On the way downstairs, two steps at a time, I made up my mind what to do. Stopping at my own cupboard of a room, adjoining my Aunt's, I grabbed a hat and an overcoat (converted British Warm) and while the gong wailed a chilly invitation to cold meats I made a rival noise by banging the front door.

As I did this, I was conscious of having caught a glimpse of Aunt Sarah gazing at my cloaked figure as at a ghost. What would she think, what would she say when I came back, was past praying about. But I'd cut German barbed wire at night in my time, with star shells splashing about the landscape, and on the Sabbath Aunt Sarah would hardly dare out-shell a star shell, on any provocation! I should live her down somehow.

The weather had changed, and one of those buffeting north-south, east-west winds that good old England can mix up in January tried to push me back into Aunt Sarah's arms. But I bolted into the teeth of it, steering for the sole place in Bournemouth where one might count upon caviare on a Sunday night.

CHAPTER IV.

Russian Caviare.

I HAD been in the place only two days but I'd spotted one hotel whose, front of serene splendour assured the world that it would never fail in any requirement. Caviare was a requirement! Besides, having been driven by boredom to read a newspaper list of visitors, I had seen at this hotel the names of enormously rich Americans, and other duchesses. I had also seen Rolls-Royces sailing up to the door, depositing people who looked as if they would shout for caviare instead of bacon for breakfast.

The lordly hotel in question looming half a mile from where ours squatted in unlicensed smugness; but my legs are long, and I sprinted there, despite the wind, in seven minutes. Once in the hall, I threw off my air of haste, and strove to resemble a demobilised duke as I asked to see the head waiter.

It was eight o'clock, and dinner was about to begin—*real* dinner. I was ushered into a dignified dining-room, and brought face to face with the authority demanded. Gasping, we recognised each other. He had been Belgian interpreter with our lot when I was at Ypres.

Steele determination to refuse me a table (if asked for) fled from his face. He could have thrown himself on my neck. I almost did throw myself on his. But there was no time to waste in caresses. A few seconds of gush, and I broke it to Monsieur Tiedelmans that I hadn't come entirely to see him.

"We never needed ammunition on the Ypres salient worse than I need some Russian caviare this pip Emma," I told him. "You've got caviare, haven't you? Don't say no! I can't bear it."

Tiedelmans was not a man to show surprise. He looked no more than gravely reflective. Then he said, "Unfortunately the last pot of Russian caviare has just gone up to the private sitting-room of Mr. Henry S. Horden, the American automobile millionaire. He arrived yesterday, on a tour of England. You have heard of him?"

"Yes," I replied. "Do you think, T., he's had time to eat it yet—I don't mean England, but the caviare?"

"Scarcely time," said T. (our old name for Tiedelmans at Ypres)—"But—"

"But any instant it may be too late. For heaven's sake, save me, old top!"

"Monsieur le Capitaine, what can I do?"

"Send up word that he mustn't eat the caviare—it's gone bad—will poison him. Jove! I'll tell him. Send me. I'm a waiter. What?"

"I cannot say the caviare is bad," groaned T. "The honour of the hotel—"

"Once I get in the man's room I'll make it all right—I swear I will, on my honour, which is as much to me as the hotel's is to you. See?"

He did see. A rabbit-youth on his staff disposed of my hat and coat. I was told to go to a door on the first floor, nearly opposite the lift. The number

(Continued on page 10)



La Mysterieuse

more. I care more for Petro than myself nowadays.

"She's had an unhappy love affair!" was the thought that jumped into my head. And it was a rude, unwelcome thought. It seemed to spoil things somehow, to butt goat-like into a dreamy place of enchantment, leaving no room for romance, only for awkward regrets.

The one thing I could think of to say—or rather, the one thing I dared to say—was, "I might bring a bit more food for you, Miss, if you could eat it."

She looked up at me with an odd look; and now that the first surprise of her strange beauty had cleared away, I saw that the girl was starved. It was merely because her bones were small and perfect that she had any beauty left. There was no colour in her face. The full, passionate lips that should have been red were but faintly pink; Such food as had been sent grudgingly to her room since the beginning of her troubles—what-

best to eat. For years I haven't tasted it."

"You'll taste it to-night," I promised. And I meant to keep my word, if I had to snatch the stuff from the mouth of the Mayor himself.

"Go then," said the girl. But she stopped me at the door. "How did you happen to suggest caviare?" she enquired.

"From being in Russia, I suppose," I floundered.

"Perhaps you thought I might be Russian? Well, I'm not."

"No, Miss?"

"I'm Polish. That is, I'm half Polish. The other half is American. But I know Russia. I know it too well! I've been a prisoner there—a sort of prisoner. Were you?"

"No, Miss, but I had a couple of narrow shaves. You didn't have your dog with you?"

"No. If I had, I shouldn't be in Bournemouth now. I came to fetch him.

HIS week-day rut was to puncture his time on the machine that relentlessly registered the defaulting minutes, after eight A. M., of the clerks of the London Mercantile Company, then to climb his stool and total columns, until six P. M. freed him to take the Clapham bus to a bandbox house in an endless street of pea-alike bandbox houses, where a noisy supper preceded an innocuous evening, followed by a bed disputed with a younger member of his large family. This was the January to December routine, broken by far-between holidays of minute-hoarding and searching for excitement, two summer weeks of pretense at the seaside, and an occasional afternoon purloined on that pathetic appeal of the unimaginative, "Family funeral, sir." Freedom he knew only in the abstract as the theme of popular songs bawled in the cheaper music halls. With fear he was better acquainted. It had been caned into him at the boarding school; it had thrived on anæmia; a vulgar-tongued mother ruled the fatherless boy by it; then the office had increased it—the junior clerks imposed on the trembling anxiety of the office boy to give slaving satisfaction. (It was not for them to know the distressful necessity of the weekly eight shillings to the family oil cruse.) Afterward, when he himself climbed to a junior clerkship and thence to his own ledger dignity, fear was increased proportionately by the large horde of eager applicants for his berth.

In the common destiny of his kind, luck accompanying him, he had come into the desk of second clerk and in his turn made some starveling feel the weight of authority. Then had he gone easily to bald-headed harmlessness, down through years of alarm-clock, bus, fog, ledger, daily paper, and Sunday church, with evanescent flashes of the soul-world—worrying yearnings of things felt within, strange discontents, revolts, impotent snatches at immortalities. Also had there been one short love affair that had ended in nothing. And so had his soul atrophied in the commonplace.

But abused nature was stirred to revolt by Stanley's "Darkest Africa" and the cheaper magazines. Everything published about the country he read with avidity. The foreign advertisement columns of the daily paper became his chief interest. And so for four months did he beat against his walling environment. Then, at last, came the advertisement he looked for; so cleverly cunning in its alluring vistas of sun, and palms, and blue skies, and open air, hour-to-hour bliss, that half England—the freedom-singing half—must surely have tendered their services. The gist of it was that a book-keeper, ambitious and fond of out-door life was wanted for tropical Africa.

To his application he received a reply asking him to call at the offices of the Royal Sokoto Company. This he accomplished through another resort to the family-funeral fiction. The offices of the Royal Sokoto Company were edified and upholstered as befitting the headquarters of a company that was a government in itself. The anæmic book-keeper tried to fill a sumptuous arm-chair while the chairman-director, an Earl in person, passed on his final approval—mostly a matter of impressing the applicant. During the interview he was addressed by the great man as "Mr. Gridley." Then, as being "the one selected out of thousands," he signed away three years of his life to whatever disposition in swamp and pestilence the company might wish to make of him, and solemnly coupled his signature to that of the Earl and witnesses—James Bright Gridley. The middle name he had hitherto been rather ashamed of as an affectation, but he resuscitated it now with peculiar satisfaction. He then returned to the offices of the London Mercantile Company and "gave notice." This was the only occasion in which he had ever met his employer without fear or servile "sir." He made the most of it. The two weeks following were spent in glorious preparation. And then, at last, he stood on the hurricane deck of the *Warragona*, a real deep-sea ship, and, extracting every ounce of sentiment out of the occasion, said good-bye to the Old Life, its dreary days of petty nothings and self-submergence, and eager-

THE JUNGLE BREED

By BILLEE GLYNN

Illustrated by G. W. L. Bladen

ly faced the New. He was mentally occupying the centre of a staged dream.

His fellow passengers consisted of an artillery major, two "palm-oil ruffians," a mining prospector, an orchid hunter, and a long, raw-boned Scotch Australian outbound to the Royal Sokoto Company on a second term of service. Amidst these the book-keeper sidled, ecstatically intoxicated, a gentleman among gentlemen, and utterly impervious to the snickers of the stewards and the bloody stories of the Oil Rivers with which the purser delighted to stimulate fright in the bosoms of the over-confident.

Remarked the purser, cheerfully: "We ship your sort every out passage, but I don't ever see 'em returning; though last trip we did pick up a bag of bones at Old Calabar, which we heaved into the Bay of Biscay."

Columbus, however, did not sight America with more suffocating heart-throbs than James Bright Gridley suffered at the first far-away glimpse of Teneriffe and the hilly coast-line of Stanley's Africa. Thereafter the Gold Coast, the Ivory Coast, then the Fever Coast, held him in entranced absorption over the taffrail. His mind, freed of its figuring gymnastics, was open to sensation, con-

him during his career on the Niger. But beneath this miserable outer garb lay latent values which Walker never owned; a submerged temperament and ideals, born partly of weak day-dreaming, which now saved him from the whisky debauchery of his companions, in spite of his desire to propitiate their esteem, and later preserved him inviolate in the common bestiality of the exotic, foul-reeking world of the jungle, where he was tumbled with Walker after five weeks of Romance.

It was raining when the *Warragona* reached its destination and sided to a rough jetty piled with trade gin. It rained as they hurried to a sheet-iron store over which lived the agent and his three assistants. And through the nightmare of the weeks that followed it continued to rain—torrential, down-pouring, slashing, deluging rivers; while low overhead stagnated a heavy pall with no hint of the tropical sun and blue skies that had enticed the book-keeper from the ordered walks of civilization. It was, indeed, as if the Creator had overlooked the Niger Delta in the first divisioning of land from water, and of the waters above the firmament from the waters below the firmament, and was

on his shrinking soul snarling contempt. And Walker took keen delight in penetrating his junior's disgusts and fears and playing them up. Thus one morning he happened on the book-keeper taking his precautionary quinine tablets. He caught his elevated arm ere the hand reached the mouth, and, digging iron-sinewed fingers into the soft flesh, swept the palm clear. "Good boy," he taunted, "follow mamma's directions; five grains night and morning; wrap himself in flannel; wear 'm cholera belt; avoid the night air." He caught up a whisky bottle and swallowed generously of the raw spirit. "That's the stuff to fight fever. Drink, you fool, drink!" The other drew back. "By God, I say you shall drink!" He caught the book-keeper by the collar. The latter swung on his heel, dodged, and freed himself—then, white-faced, drew his revolver and levelled its swaying muzzle on his tormentor. Walker sobered momentarily, drew himself stiff, and waited. Suddenly he laughed, and, focusing the other's eyes to his own bloodshot glare, reached out and took the gun from the unnerved hand. He emptied the breech into his pocket, then handed the weapon back.

"Take it, you fool, and thank your damn baby cheeks that you are alive. Little boys, mind, must not play with dangerous toys."

In his former existence, had he read of it, the episode would have fired the book-keeper to discontent with the



Gridley drew his gun and levelled a steady muzzle. For one brief moment, Walker thought to bluff it as once before. Then he saw the trigger finger contracting.

templation, and reflection. But the wonder of it was oppressive; those wide sweeps of blue, restful, lazy sea, the distant white surf-line, the bleached coast with its pantomimic suggestion of life, the starry nights, the golden sunlight and the reality of hitherto hearsay flying-fish. Then there was the whole long, blessed day for idleness, broken only by bugle calls to a sumptuous table and attendance.

To the others, when they began to notice his presence, Gridley was also object of curiosity; and to his fellow officer of the Company a butt for much vicious sarcasm. Walker and he had come to regard one another, finally with nothing less than temperamental antagonism. His obtrusive happiness jarred the other's bankrupt enthusiasm; his morning gymnastics and careful dressing, and his pleasure in such simple things as sunsets and tornadoes tantalized the elder man's whisky-promulgated buoyancies. Then, too, the cockney's years of servitude had dressed him in a miserable garb of petty economies, and a class snobbery that on one side made him absurdly condescending to the stewards, and, on the other, affectedly familiar with his betters. Walker dubbed him "Little Tupn'y," a name which clung to

finishing the task now. Vast bodies in oily flood flowed before the factory and lapped over the squelching swamp. The air was filled with blinding sheets of it; the swamp exhaled it in poisonous vapours. It dropped in heavy pearls from a walling, foliating mass of vegetation—fronded palms, tree ferns, giant mahoganies, knotted mangroves, and delicate cottonwoods—all draped in creeper and vine, and one monotonous washed green. It penetrated blanket, and mattress, and suit-case. It half smothered the human-like shrieks of parrots, and gave to the eerie night-cries of the jungle a choking gurgle. And it submerged the book-keeper in a drear, dreadful despondency.

Fearful as was the aspect of nature, however, the society to whom Walker contemptuously introduced him as "Little Tupn'y" was far more terrifying. Vainly did he labour to extract humour out of the coarse jokes hurled across the plank table to which they sat to "chop" under undisguised, sheet-iron roofing, to interest himself in the brutal stories told, and sociably to swallow drink for drink, and give vacuous laugh for vacuous laugh. Such efforts served only to clothe him in an ingratiating toadyism, and brought down

tame commonplace; but now the actual made him miserably afraid, filling him at the same time with impotent rage against Walker. And he had long hours in which to nurse his hate—for though the agent had assigned to him his duties, they were of the old dreaded routine without the former mental activity. At six A.M. the factory rose to three sharp beats on a cracked ship's bell. They assembled in the barren "chop-room" to a canned-goods breakfast, then each man went off to his work. Gridley had been given a gang of savages—naked, muscular, smelling, happy giants, any one of whom could have choked the life out of him without effort, but who sweatingly obeyed his piping orders as they unloaded strange cargoes from shallow-draft stern-wheelers which came puffing in from the unknown. He moved among them, a quaint figure in high-topped rubber boots, enveloping raincoat, and waterproof helmet, under which his mild blue grey eyes stared in a manner that showed the mind behind trying to grasp the new forces of life in which he laboured. So he checked and baled cargoes of glutinous rubber, loads of tusks and hides, barrels of shea butter, holds of kernels, and casks of palm oil—the whole emanat-

ing a rancid odour that impregnated the humid atmosphere of factory and compound. At regular intervals "gin-tanks" of twenty thousand tons nosed their prows into the delta's stagnation, and their cargoes of barter goods, transferred to stern-wheelers, were scattered to the barbaric world up river, where rumour said the sun shone brightly and there was also loneliness.

All the long, sodden day did the book-keeper live the "outdoor life" that had looked so enticing in the advertisement. Then at night he retired to his board walls and crept under his mosquito curtains to his floor mattress; not to sleep, but weakly to surrender himself to fearful contemplation of his three years' contract, and shrinkingly listen to the carousals of whites and their native women on the other side of the thin partitioning—shrill quarrelling, drunken endearments, or a foul curse, maybe, and a flesh-softened blow, followed by a manny's squeal. During long hours of wretchedness and revulsion the book-keeper lay there helplessly alive to such things. At other times the night would be alarmed by the watchman's sharp clanging of the ship's bell; and Gridley would turn out pell-mell with the rest to glimpse a canoe disappearing through the mists, hear a monotone chanting and tomtoming, see the blacks huddled in fright and whispering awesomely, and catch the indifferent comment of the agent: "Those ju-ju wizards again—who have they taken?" He would then creep back to his mattress and lie there in trepidation, visioning the bleached bones of the fetish grove in the hidden recesses of the jungle. Always, too, was rest broken by racking fits of fretful delirium. Sometimes the book-keeper investigated, and stayed to nurse—replacing the blankets fevered hands impatiently thrust off, administering hot lime drinks, and soothing the muttering, groaning recital of the shameful drama that had exiled the sufferer from a loved home. In the white dawn, the victim, finding him at the bunk-side, and recognizing in the heavy eyelids the night's vigil, would reach out an attenuated hand and gulp his thanks.

As time passed, indeed, and they learned more of him, the factory began to respect the book-keeper's aloofness. Not Walker, however—but he was shortly removed to the world up-river receiving orders from the Agent-General to accompany a cargo of new, small-silver coinage which the Company had shipped out in the hope of ending the bloody barter-quarrels which arose from the then clumsy approximation of exchange values.

With Walker gone, Gridley's spirits might have tended even toward something like cheerfulness. But one of the small colony happened to die just then—dropped out in whisky and fever delirium while the book-keeper nursed him in the hell of the jungle night. In all his life Gridley had never looked on death before—only the black trappings of it as it crawled in solemn pomp through London's traffic. His mother, careful soul, had seen to it that, like other children, he was properly inculcated in the creed, catechism and ceremonial of the orthodox English faith—but in the face of this terrible reality it fell from him somehow like a miserable vanity. Fearfully, and with morbid interest, he saw the naked, ebony figures shape out a rude coffin by the light of a hurricane lantern; at dawn saw the coffin dropped into the reeking mire of the swamp, himself reading the prayers for the dead from the Episcopal prayer-book; then joined in the whisky debauch in which the others tried to drown fear. But never for a moment did the intoxication touch the seat of his misery. His heart seemed to be beating against a wall of utter realization and horror. A nausea sickened his whole being—an insistent, gnawing hunger for the old city canons of windows and brick, the clack-clack of the streets, the clattery cheer of luncheon tea-cups and luncheon society, the voice and emanating presence of a white woman—a hunger at once physical and psychological that ate up his strength. And there were times in the weeks that followed, when the rooms rang with their nightly carousals, that he fell impotently to hopeless, uninspired prayer, much as a cureless

consumptive will take to a patent medicine.

At last his misery-face got on the nerves of the agent. The first romance-seeking victim dropped from a "gin-tank" was seized and put in charge of Gridley's savages, and the book-keeper sent up-river to await the orders of the Agent-General.

The journey was accomplished on the stern-wheeler, *Yetoga*. It seemed to be an unreal world through which they passed. Magic isles, glimpsed fancifully through blanketing rain, rose silently off either bow and slid astern to rise again next moment in exact reproduction of palm, treefern, and mahogany. The book-keeper, at first, misdoubted the pug-faced Nubian captain's pilotship. But on the second day they struck the main current of the Niger and were shortly steaming between straight walls of foliage, which in turn gave place to high-grassed plains. In five days they came to Ajaba, a collection of sheet-iron stores and offices dropped into the fork of the river and its tributary. Here lay the yacht of the Agent-General.

The book-keeper presented his letter and waited in a trepidation that re-

with old flintlocks. The whole composed a long black line of native canoes.

For the first time in his meagre life Gridley now found himself free of over-riding authority. He looked back along the snaky line of his command and his complete happiness lacked only an audience. The seventeen days were an ecstatic extravaganza. There were wonderful, soft-white, hushed dawns; there were long reaches of forest, lasting for whole days, where the canoe-men put aside their paddles and drew up stream by pulling at overhanging garlands. In the haunted depths, filtered in golden sunlight, monkeyland chattered and birds called to one another in drowsy notes, and gorgeous orchids and splotching patches of bright colour laughed from the shadows. Or, maybe, the river lost itself in broad, stilly, shimmering lagoons, dotted in feathery-plumed pampas islands at whose edges crocodiles dozed, half in, half out of the water, while across the quasi-painted scenery, swans, as from out a Japanese embroidery, came with lazy flop of wing, and long necks outstretched, challenging homage instead of marksmanship. Or again they reached the blue mountain that had

He was greeted with a sneer. "Why, it's Little Tupny! Has it lost its mamma?"

Through the book-keeper's frame vibrated a cold wave of rage, hate, aversion. He stepped to the mattress and silently thrust the orders of the Agent-General into the other's hand.

Walker read, then looked up in surprise. Quickly followed a thoughtful frown. He rose to his feet leisurely, still thinking. Then he spoke:

"Well, I'm glad you're here. Another day of it, and I would have turned the place over to the niggers. I'm sick to death of the hole." He spoke meditatively, arranging his words, and in a conciliatory tone. He pointed to his baggage, corded in a corner of the room. "I got my stuff ready—I can't stand the damned silence—I was cut out for company. You, now, will get on all right here."—He looked at the book-keeper, reading his anxiety to be in possession, and his old fear and dislike of himself. He cleverly played up that anxiety and fear in his next words. "I suppose you will want to take stock, which means a week's hustling and headache. I've got the balance sheets ready—looked to slip away at once; expected my relief would be an older officer of the service who would know how to handle this thing."

The book-keeper was surprised into offguard by the friendly manner of his enemy. Besides he was most anxious "to play the game" according to custom, to live up to the traditions of the Company, to be "gentlemanly." So he was beguiled into taking over, without an accounting, huge stores of cloth, salt, umbrellas, pomatum, rubber, palm kernels, gum-arabic, gutta percha and capsicum; also three iron-bound cases of small-silver coinage. Walker airily referred to these just before they went to the office to sign the papers:

"There's five thousand pounds there in those cases. Seeing that I was quitting the job, I didn't trouble to give the stuff out. You have only to see that the seals are intact."

So all through the transaction did the mind of the elder man dominate the younger's. The book-keeper moved in a dream, indeed, consumed with his feverish desire to be alone and happy. Finally Walker, with his cases of whisky and his O-K'd balance sheets, scurried away, and the little cockney king was enthroned. It was a real enthroning, too, compared with his previous state, a perfect realm of wonder and freedom into which he had come. His interpretation of it, however, was coloured rather by the melodrama of the cheaper magazines and the Africa they had inculcated in his imagination. Yet the life of the compound was calculated to feed romance.

Through the gates, from sunrise to sundown, flowed a kaleidoscopic pagentry that seemed to come from out the ages. The stone age was represented by a line of bearers armed with flint-headed spears and arrows, and staggering under the weight of the commerce of a petty chieftain. From the old testament of childhood, as it were, stepped wild-eyed John-the-Baptists, sages of the desert, with doleful prophecy and malediction; stern-faced, jutting-browed, high-cheekboned, swarthy Jobs, who squatted, cross-legged on the white-man's veranda and held forth to the fun-loving Negroes of the compound on the delight of the cooling palms, bubbling fountains, and hours of Heaven awaiting the Faithful; and sun-bronzed, sculptured Ruths, black-lashed, modest-eyed, balanced urns on buoyant heads, calabashes of herbs under spangled arms, or perhaps a picaninny athwart a graceful hip. Or, leaving biblical times, came ragged minstrels with piping reeds from out the court of King Arthur; and, occasionally, an emir, splendid, disdainfully incurious, white-robed and turbaned, booted and spurred, and flashing a jewelled sword hilt—a figure of the crusades, sitting his white stallion with perfect horsemanship, and contemptuous of the Negroes' taunts of "bushman" flung from the security of the white-man's law. Or it was a picture of Rome—Fulani, fierce, bare-headed, sandalled, and togaed, evoking in the book-keeper discontent with an education that

(Continued on page 40)

THE CHANGELING

By MARGARET HILDA WISE

*Love, you bad elfin sprite
Who said you might?*

*See, I have been bereft
Of my old self, and this is what you've left
For me, to take its place—
And if within my eyes you find a trace.
Of tears, or in my heart
A heavy stone, hid from my face apart,*

*Perhaps you'll bring again
My old free self, in pity for me then.
And yet—I would not change;
For this new self has brought sweet thoughts. 'Tis strange,*

*For likewise it has found
Beauties that even in common things abound.*

*But, Love, you elfin sprite,
Who said you might?*

called the inner sanctum of the head of the London Mercantile Company. But the Agent-General was a man of broad experience and sympathy. He made the book-keeper his guest while he figured out his disposal of him. Quietly he was studying his man. The result was evidently favourable to Gridley, for he was next day assigned to Oroko as agent. The big man took down a chart of the Royal Sokoto Company and discovered Oroko to him. With his finger on the spot he gave directions.

"Walker is at present in charge, but he has sent down his resignation. You can get away at once, say, at dawn to-morrow. You should do it in about seventeen days. I'll give the depot agent instructions to have canoes ready for you. Walker can come down by the same canoes. It would be wise to avoid the river villages on your way, as some of the chieftains might hold you up for 'dash.' You know what I mean, of course—exchange of presents."

With these brief instructions, the book-keeper set out in the gray dawn. He was accompanied by a little army of relief for Oroko—coloured clerks, compound labourers, and a guard armed

loomed dimly for days against impossible sunsets—then raced rapids, and skinned ugly sunken rocks with the book-keeper holding his breath and determinedly keeping his fingers from clutching the gunwale, so full was he of the pride of race and the importance of example. Thus the days passed, stirring his heart to strange sensations which he struggled painfully to digest. Moments there were, too, of real danger, when inquisitive hippos nosed around the frail canoes, or when the bloated, bow-legged chieftain of a clustering patch of rude huts, sliding down the river bank, demanded gin for the privilege of crossing his comic-opera kingdom. At last they sighted Oroko—a collection of white-washed sheds floating the Company's flag—and Gridley pushed forward, eager to begin his reign.

It was noonday siesta when he arrived and deep silence held. He passed into the compound gates unchallenged, and walked up to the house centering the sheds. Poking his nose into the offices and living rooms he eventually happened on Walker, sprawling on a mattress and bestially surrendered to a whisky bottle.

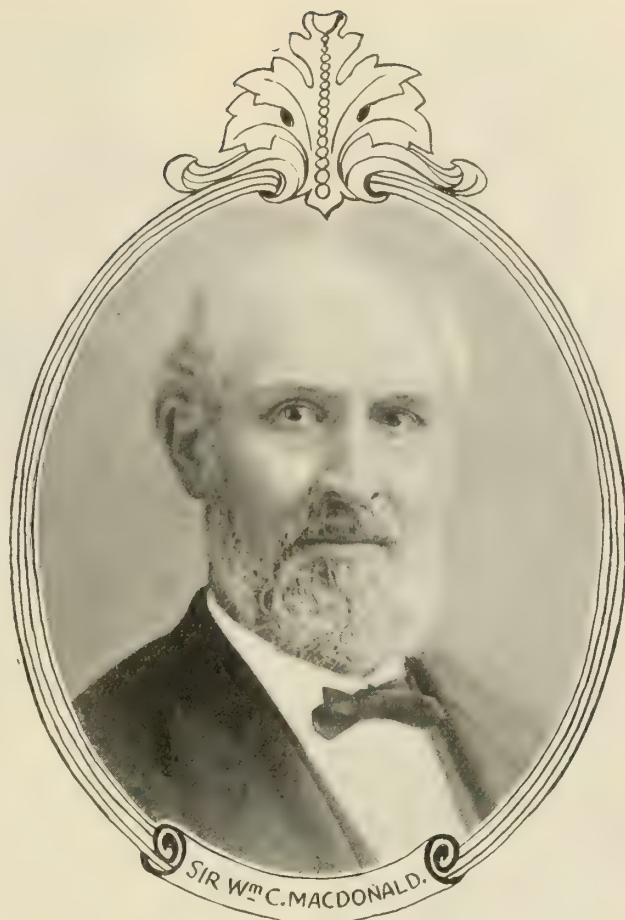
A GREAT BENEFACTOR

By JEAN GRAHAM

FAR eastward in the blue waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence lies the smallest but not the least of Canada's provinces. It is "The Island," to all its sons and daughters, and no other can equal it. From Prince Edward Island have come President Schurman, until recently the head of Cornell University, Ithaca, New York; President Falconer of the University of Toronto; the well-known novelist, Mr. Basil King; Sir Andrew Macphail, author and professor;—and that delightful teller of girls' stories, Lucy M. Montgomery. There was another "Islander" whose name is "writ large" in the benefactions bestowed by him on the educational institutions of his native land:—and, in years to come, no name will be remembered more gratefully by hosts of Canadian students than that of Sir William Macdonald.

academic careers, have devoted much of their fortune to endowing institutions which mean courses in university training for all aspiring students.

It must have been a sense of gratitude to his humble Alma Mater, the little academy at Charlottetown where he secured his modest share of education, that impelled Sir William Macdonald, after the Government had raised it to the dignity of the Prince of Wales College (without being able to meet all its needs in the way of buildings and equipment) to present the College with an extension that more than doubled its accommodation and enabled it to do such sound educational work that, at the recent centennial convocation of McGill University, no less than seven of its graduates were among the fifty-two distinguished men selected from two continents to receive honorary degrees.



THE gifts of Sir William Macdonald to McGill University made a total of more than twelve-and-a-half million dollars, most of which was given during Sir William's lifetime. While the Faculty of Science was possibly the dearest to Sir William's heart, every Faculty benefited during his life and after. McGill's Agricultural Faculty, Macdonald College at Ste. Anne de Bellevue (four of the main buildings of which are shown) was built, equipped and endowed at an expense of more than six million dollars. The McCord Museum building was purchased at a cost of \$142,000, while the Macdonald Park site, now occupied by the Stadium and the students' park, was purchased at a cost of more than a million and presented to the University. Students' activities received other gifts from this princely donor, as the McGill Union testifies.

Every gift to an educational institution, whether large or small, indicates on the part of the donor an appreciation of "the things that are more excellent" and a generous desire to give the next generation very opportunity for wider culture. When gifts have reached the proportions of those bestowed by Sir William Macdonald, it is only just, however, that the magnitude of his liberality should be emphasized, since it must indicate the ruling purpose of his munificence.

Sir William Macdonald was no sentimentalist. He disliked effusive thanks and he was reticent toward the public. He sought for no place in the limelight and was not easily enthusiastic in speech. "Deeds, not words" might well have

been his motto, and many a story is told illustrating his aptitude for acts rather than orations.

The well-known Montreal journalist, Mr. J. A. McNeil, tells this story to illustrate Sir William's practical appreciation of academic demands.

"A piquant story, showing the promptness with which Sir William acted when any crisis arose may serve to illustrate his true friendliness to the cause of education. A residential property encroaching upon one corner of McGill's somewhat cramped grounds came upon the market, in order to settle an estate. Thus, before the University authorities could arrange to finance its acquisition, there came the announcement one evening that a local syndicate had purchased it as a site for a fine hotel. Sir William Peterson, at that time the Principal of McGill University, hurried to Sir William Macdonald and laid the case before him. The latter showed but perfunctory interest at first; but as the agitated Principal expatiated upon the indignity which would be done the fine campus flanked by the noble group of buildings, given by Sir William, the Highland blood asserted itself. 'I'll not see McGill made the backyard of any hotel,' he declared. 'Leave it to me, Peterson?' The next morning he entered a bank of which he was a director and of which a member of the syndicate was a leading official. 'Tom,' he said; 'I hear you've bought the Joseph property for \$142,000.' 'Yes, Sir William. I want it for the University.' 'I'll give you \$142,500 for it. Send for the notary.' But, Sir

(Continued on page 69)



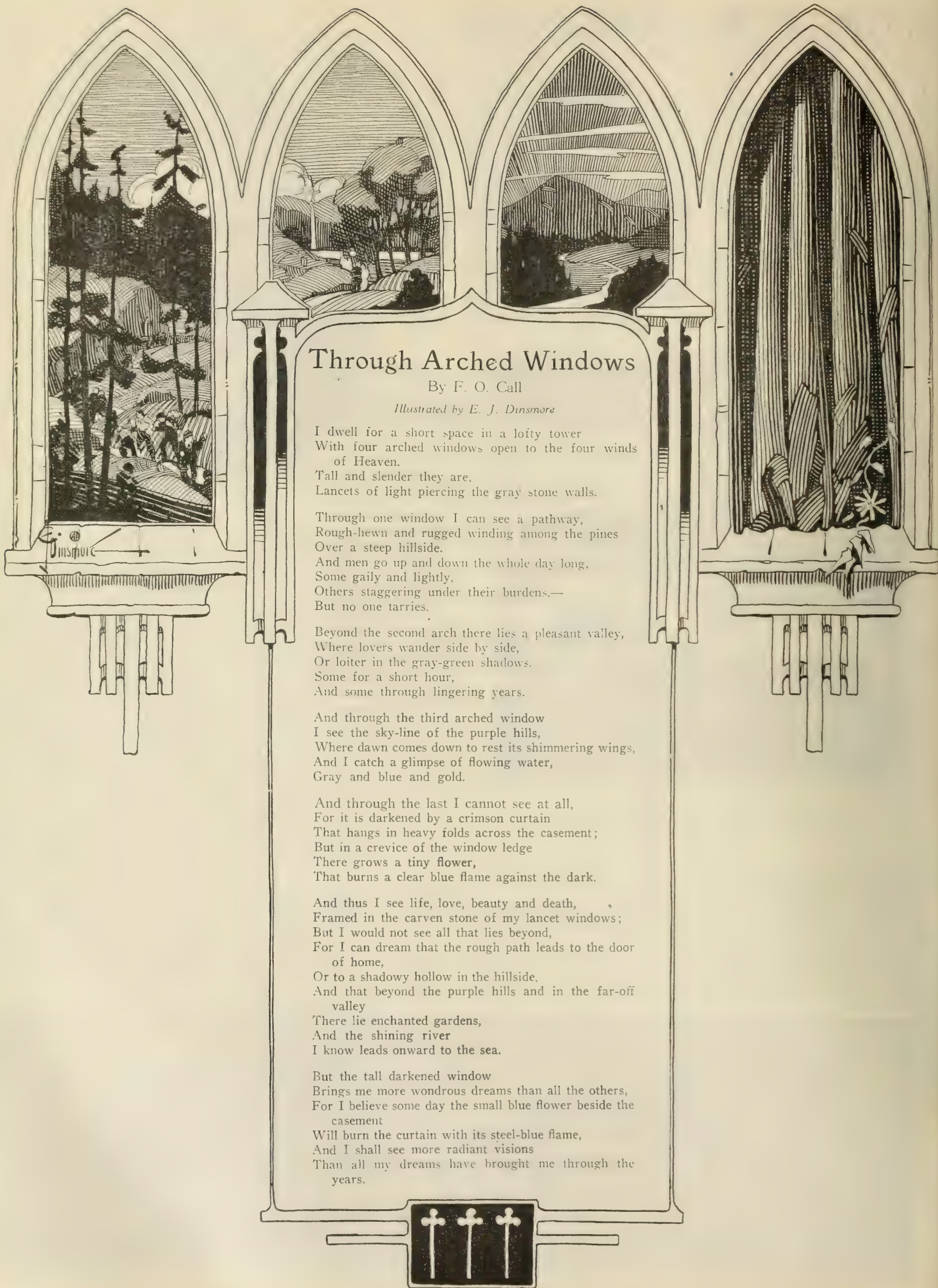
This group shows Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, in centre. Left (upper) is the Biological Building. Left (lower) is the Chemistry Building; right, Horticultural Building.

Education is valued to-day in a sense hitherto unknown. The great revivals of learning of the past affected, as a rule, but a small band of students:—but the educational movements of to-day are directed by those who strive to reach all. A college should mean the real democracy, for there is no royal road to learning:—and the honors are won by work and perseverance. It is the glory of a young country, such as ours, that some of her successful citizens to whose youth was denied the opportunity for

Success in the realm of finance was Sir William Macdonald's in so marked a degree that it soon was in his power to make what gifts he chose to institutions evoking his interest and sympathy. To McGill University he naturally turned, as a field for his educational benefactions, to such substantial purpose that there stand to-day a group of buildings, as noble a monument as man might wish, a living memorial of the man who took thought for the equipment of the student of to-morrow.



Macdonald Institute and Macdonald Hall, Guelph



Through Arched Windows

By F. O. Call

Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore

I dwell for a short space in a lofty tower
With four arched windows open to the four winds
of Heaven.

Tall and slender they are,
Lancets of light piercing the gray stone walls.

Through one window I can see a pathway,
Rough-hewn and rugged winding among the pines
Over a steep hillside.
And men go up and down the whole day long,
Some gaily and lightly,
Others staggering under their burdens,—
But no one tarries.

Beyond the second arch there lies a pleasant valley,
Where lovers wander side by side,
Or loiter in the gray-green shadows.
Some for a short hour,
And some through lingering years.

And through the third arched window
I see the sky-line of the purple hills,
Where dawn comes down to rest its shimmering wings,
And I catch a glimpse of flowing water,
Gray and blue and gold.

And through the last I cannot see at all,
For it is darkened by a crimson curtain
That hangs in heavy folds across the casement;
But in a crevice of the window ledge
There grows a tiny flower,
That burns a clear blue flame against the dark.

And thus I see life, love, beauty and death,
Framed in the carven stone of my lancet windows;
But I would not see all that lies beyond,
For I can dream that the rough path leads to the door
of home,
Or to a shadowy hollow in the hillside,
And that beyond the purple hills and in the far-off
valley
There lie enchanted gardens,
And the shining river
I know leads onward to the sea.

But the tall darkened window
Brings me more wondrous dreams than all the others,
For I believe some day the small blue flower beside the
casement
Will burn the curtain with its steel-blue flame,
And I shall see more radiant visions
Than all my dreams have brought me through the
years.

DANIELS was speaking when Nona entered; and since he had his back to the door, it was not until he noticed that our glances were directed behind him that he became aware of her presence. He stopped, and Mr. Leigh asked:

"What is it, Nona?"

Her answering smile included us all, as with that graceful swaying walk of hers she crossed the room and seated herself on the arm of her father's chair. Daniels' piggish eyes lighted at the sight of her, and his gross countenance twisted into what he doubtless considered a particularly ingratiating expression. He glanced at Mr. Leigh inquiringly.

"My daughter," said the latter simply.

It was an explanation rather than an introduction, and Nona seemed faintly puzzled as she bent her head in acknowledgment. It crossed my mind that though Daniels had introduced himself in the course of our conversation—the casual sort of talk which takes place between strangers encountering in the lounge of a summer hotel—he could not possibly know our names. If he realized the fact, it seemed to trouble him not at all, for he answered Nona's nod with a fatuous smirk that increased the vague dislike which I already felt toward him. Nona's fingers began to play with a lock of her father's hair, and through her lowered lashes she glanced at me as she spoke:

"Daddy, will it be all right to go to the Pavilion with Ron for a little while? It's such a glorious night—and I haven't had a dance for ages."

Mr. Leigh looked across at me with those grey eyes of his which never seemed to vary in expression. He spoke slowly:

"I don't know, daughter. The doctor said absolute quiet, you know."

"Oh, but daddy!" Her voice held that persuasive, caressing inflection which would make it impossible for any man to refuse her anything. "That was nearly a month ago, and now I'm as strong as I ever was. We won't stay long—just a few dances. Please, daddy!" her arm slipped round his shoulders, and she pressed her cheek against his hair.

A faint smile curved the lips behind the neatly trimmed beard. He spoke indulgently:

"I expect it's getting pretty dull for you youngsters now that everybody's gone. All right—trot along; only mind, Nona—no later than ten."

"I'll remember." She flashed me a triumphant smile as she stooped to kiss his cheek. "I'll be ready in about twenty minutes, Ron," she threw over her shoulder as she swayed across the room.

Daniels took his eyes from the doorway as he disappeared. I think he was about to make some comment, but he noticed something in Mr. Leigh's manner which made him change his mind; and after a brief silence he plunged, without any invitation on our part, into the narrative interrupted by Nona's entry. It was a tale extraordinary enough in itself; but coming from his lips as he sat there, stodgy and commonplace, puffing complacently at a fat cigar, its adventurous ring was utterly incongruous. He represented himself as a roving gentleman of fortune who had been stranded in Shanghai when the Russian revolution broke out. In his own brain (and one searched the thick-featured countenance in vain for any vestige of intelligence) he had conceived the scheme of hiring a squad of camera men and securing a cinematographic record of this gigantic political upheaval. He at once set about the forming of a syndicate; and though at first he was laughed at for his pains, the downfall of the Kerensky regime and the entry of Russia upon her experiment in Communism had worked in his favor, and eventually he had secured backing of half a million dollars. He set out upon his journey with half-a-dozen assistants; and I am sure that during all his arduous journey from Vladivostock to Petrograd—and I found it almost impossible to believe that anything under Heaven could induce him to undergo the physical hardships he described—his imagination was totally untouched by the magnitude of the events which he had resolved to record. He was going to take pictures which would be worth money—a colossal

THE RECKONING

By EDGAR W. McINNIS

Illustrated by Peter Sheppard

sum of money, in his estimation—and the thought captivated him to the exclusion of all other ideas.

He got his pictures. He told us some of the things he had photographed, and lingered with a nauseating enjoyment over the more gory scenes. The fanatic zeal of the Communist enthusiasts; the cold-blooded calculation of those who were eventually swept into power on the crest of a wave of idealism; the plight of the peasants, menaced alike by Red Terror and White Terror and only praying to be left in peace to their harvests—all this had passed him by. He saw only murder and rapine and debauchery, and the money which he would make out of his pictures of human misery. He had seen and photographed the Royal Family as they were being conveyed from Petrograd, and had later gathered from various sources a general if unreliable account of their ultimate fate. He told it all in a flat, complacent voice, without embellishments, and it was astonishing to realize how utterly he missed any true understanding of his story. He had absolutely no comprehension of the degradation which these proud Romanoffs must have felt when they, who had been little less than gods, were forced to give the most servile obedience to the semi-barbarians who were their captors. Nor did he attempt to visualize the contrast between the finely tempered aristocrats and the sullen moujiks who had overthrown them, nor to appreciate the manner in which he who had been called the Little Father would face the end as he had faced everything in life—like a gentleman. I was heartily glad to hear that the Bolsheviks had seized his vile films and made a public bonfire of them, and prejudice moved me to doubt his assertion that he had saved one by wrapping it around his body.

I left the room to meet Nona while he was still smacking his lips over the unsavory episode of a little school-teacher who had trusted him to save her from the Bolsheviks. He had indeed saved her—at a price which left her little reason to care into whose hands she fell. As I stepped into the hall it seemed that I had passed from an atmosphere of degradation into the cool, pure air

of a cleaner world. I was aware of a curious sense of relief from the oppressiveness of Daniels' presence. It was not simply that he seemed to leave a moral taint on everything with which he came in contact; it was something more personal—something that moved me to bitter antagonism. I had a sudden sense that I had narrowly escaped a violent physical quarrel; yet there was no ground for any such fear and I was puzzled to account for it.

No less puzzling was Mr. Leigh's attitude toward the man. His casual attention would excite no wonder in a stranger; but to me the fact that he had condescended to listen to the blatant vulgarities of Daniels—and to listen without any sign of impatience was something altogether remarkable. I vaguely fancied that under his calm manner there was an unwonted air of tenseness. I had then, of course, no cause to suspect the real truth—that he was studying the man with a fascinated preoccupation that noted every word, every gesture, with a terrible and delighted anticipation of which his politely aloof attitude revealed nothing. It is all dreadfully clear to me now.

NONA clattered down the stairs, clearing the last three steps with a jump that landed her, laughing, at my side. She slipped her arm through mine; and as we started down the narrow plank sidewalk that led to the Pavilion, the joy of her comradeship filled me with a great glow of happiness. A creature of many moods and sudden extremes of emotion, she had given me more than occasional cause, since our engagement three months before, to reflect somewhat gloomily upon the course of true love; but tonight her gaiety was accompanied by a subtle tenderness that was more than sufficient consolation for any pretty hurts she might once have inflicted. Her very fragility seemed to add to her elfin beauty—that vivid loveliness which her illness had only served to accentuate. To describe her I should have to write a poem in free verse, consisting mostly of adjectives. I could not help noticing the quick glances of interest and

admiration as we emerged from the shadows into the brilliant light of the open-air dancing floor; and my heart warmed to the thought that I must be the envy of every man in the place.

The orchestra had just crashed into a fox-trot with a rhythm that set our feet tingling. We swung into the measure; and then suddenly, in the way in which unwelcome thoughts will intrude themselves unbidden, I had a vision of Daniels, red-faced and corpulent, dancing with Nona as I was dancing now—his flabby, sweating palm pressing her close to him, his eyes bright with the sensual delight which I had seen in them only a short time before as he described the Russian school-teacher for our benefit. My jaw set with anger at the thought. Then I became aware that Nona was gazing up at me with an anxious expression.

"What is it, dear?" she asked softly.

"Just thinking," I smiled back at her.

"You shouldn't think things like that," she bantered. "You looked so fierce that I was afraid I'd missed a step, or something equally unforgivable."

"Nothing so terrible as that," I assured her. "It was something—oh, never mind. I won't let it happen again." Determinedly I put away all thoughts of my unwelcome acquaintance. There could be no profit in spoiling our evening by any reference to him; and to my relief Nona did not pursue the subject.

She was silent for the rest of the dance—indeed, the evening passed with little conversation of any sort between us. It was one of those hours of such untrammelled pleasure as to make any comment both futile and unnecessary; and it was with regretful surprise that I suddenly realized that we must leave. By tacit agreement we took the path along the cliffs leading back to the hotel. The low moon threw a path of broken silver across the water; and the dim light faded into a deepening purple that blended sea and sky into a single background of infinite distances. Only the faintest breeze stirred, bringing to our nostrils the keen tang of the sea; and the rhythmical beat of the waves on the sands below drifted up to us like some dim crooning lullaby. It was a night of enchantment—a night when beauty and silence and shadows were leagued together to blot out the workaday world; and if two lovers felt their hearts drawn closer to each other, and spoke under the moon of dreams too tender

(Continued on page 68)



Daniels was leaning forward in his chair, studying us both with a frowning intentness.

A DAUGHTER OF NIPPON

By NEATA M. STEEVES

Illustrated by the Author

IT WAS cherry-blossom time. In April, when these flowering trees are radiant with blossoms, no fairer sight can be seen, even in Japan. No other people can appreciate them as the Japanese do, and for centuries their poets have sung their praises and their artists painted their subtle beauties. The world is young again in cherry-blossom time and hearts that were sad become glad, for it is a gala season with men as well as nature.

Ito San in her jinrikisha was being taken by the trusty Japanese servant back to school in Torii Zaka. Her little hands held tightly the gift-box for the beloved foreign teacher, the principal of the school. As the jinrikisha glided swiftly beneath the over-arching cherry-blossoms she recalled a morning just like this four years ago in cherry-blossom time, when her father had first brought her to the foreign school in Torii Zaka Street. Her heart was aching that morning four years ago, she remembered it well. In fact, as she recalled it now, it seemed like another child and not herself at all; that little, timid, lonely girl who was going to be left alone in Tokyo while her parents and brothers were in England. Some day she too could go, her father had promised then, but in the meantime she must learn English and English ways.

Now, looking up into the cherry-blossoms overhanging the long avenue, she recalled it all, the farewell words of her father in the office of the school,—"Be a brave, good child, Ito San," he had said as he took his farewell of her and left her alone there. How strange it had all been then and how fearful her foreboding for the new life she was entering upon. She had seen long lines of girls passing through the halls to the classrooms, they had seen her too and had whispered, "A new girl," which made her feel lonelier still. Her awe, too, of the principal, with whom she had been left alone in the office, was so great that she had remained speechless with grief and loneliness.

She remembered being led through the long halls to the matron's room. It was then the new life began. That cheery welcome from Okoba San who seemed waiting for her and who seemed at once to understand the heart-ache, comforted her beyond words to express. Okoba San had kept her that morning with her, showing her the class-rooms, the great assembly-hall, the tennis-courts, the basket-ball grounds, the gymnasium and the foreign pianos in the little practise-rooms. In one room a pupil was practising and Okoba San had asked her to play for them, which she did with a shy smile of welcome to Ito San. How different the piano music had seemed to her from her koto music. Her koto teacher had always praised her skill. She wondered if she could ever become skilful playing the piano.

That is what she had thought then, the day her new life began. Now, she longed to touch again the piano keys and express all the gladness she felt in music. It seemed like a year's instead of a month's absence. Now, returning to the school was so different from that day so long ago when she had come filled with dread and fear and loneliness. Now, she felt she had never been so glad in her life, as on this spring morning, returning to school. The cherry-blossoms had never looked so lovely. She gazed with rapture up into the blossom-laden branches intent upon the happiness of the day and scene.

There was the gate-house of the school already in sight. Old Morimoto, the gate-keeper, seemed waiting to welcome her. She stepped quickly from her jinrikisha the moment it stopped, and hurried down the winding path bordered with dwarf pines. Ei San, the old gardener, looked up from his basket of pine-needles and smiled and bowed a welcome. Everyone was glad this glad morning and she gladdest of all, she thought.

She paused on the steps of the main entrance and in the Japanese way called "go men naisai" (may I enter), then suddenly laughed at her mistake and

rang the door-bell. She heard steps coming and as the door opened her happy heart expressed its gladness in the customary brief greeting, "tadaima" (I have returned). It was the principal, Miss Allen, who had opened the door to welcome her and whose eyes shone with the kindly welcome—"O kaeri" (it is indeed your honorable return). After many bows and greeting formalities Ito San followed Miss Allen into the office and, bowing again very low, said, "O sensei, sensei, I am so glad to be back again! I never was so glad! Here is a little worthless gift, please condescend to accept it." And she raised the gift with graceful ceremony in offering it to her teacher.

Miss Allen thanked her and placing it upon her desk took up a parcel and a

"Are you not glad to be back, little one?"

Ito San bowed low again to the floor and then began sobbing as if her heart would break. Okoba San waited in silence, too puzzled to continue her questioning. This was so unlike Ito San. She rose to go but Ito San bade her stay as she sobbed afresh and in broken words said:

"My father! Oh, my letter! What shall I do! I cannot be filial in this, it cannot be! Alas, alas!"

And she gave the letter to Okoba San, who, unfolding it, read therein the announcement of the completion of Ito San's marriage arrangements with Saito San of Kyotz, the son of her father's old friend.

Ito San had seen him for the first and only time at her grandmother's the day she had arrived in Kyoto. But no hint or word had been said then of her approaching marriage. She had only spoken a few words to him in the presence of her grandmother, who had said he came to bring greetings to the daughter of his father's friend.

"Alas! and this, then, is why I was taken from school to visit my grandmother so unexpectedly, that Saito San might look upon my countenance and decide whether he wished the completion of the marriage arrangements as planned by his father for him. I cannot, cannot marry him! I do not wish to marry anyone yet. I am only fifteen this month, Okoba San. Surely my father will forgive me if I refuse to obey his wishes."

OKOBA SAN as she listened knew that words from her were useless, and comfort, if it came at all, would not come at once. She moved to the window and looked sadly out into the

garden. She was recalling an occasion like this in her own life. She had refused to marry the one her parents had chosen for her and by this disobedience to her parents' wishes had been cast out and disowned. Life had been filled with many hardships since. Could she then advise another to do as she had done? to suffer as she had suffered at the hands of her relatives who looked upon her as unfilial and ungrateful?

But she longed to comfort this child in her first great sorrow, a sorrow of which there can be none greater in a Japanese woman's life. For to her marriage is as much a matter of course as death, and is no more to be avoided, it seems.

"Ito San, my child," she said, coming close beside her and lifting her bowed form, "I cannot leave you thus. Come with me. It is the school 'undokai' (play-day). I have gone early to see the cherry-blossoms at Mukojima. My morning's duties kept me from going with them, but we can go together now. Forget about your letter, put it away and come with me. The next car goes to Mukojima at eleven. I will come for you as soon as our lunches are ready. Come, child, the day is beautiful."

While Ito San waited there for Okoba San, the silence of the great school seemed unbearable. The gladness of the morning was like a far away dream. Life was different now. She could no longer be a happy school girl, but was now the promised bride of a repulsive stranger.

They were soon leaving Tokyo by a suburban car, flying past bamboo groves and rice-fields, and pretty gardens on the sloping hillsides. The beauty of the transformation of the spring over the landscapes near and far soothed Ito San's grief-stricken heart. But she remained silent, and Okoba San, who understood, spoke not, and they both gazed quietly out as the car hurried them on to Mukojima.

Leaving the station at the little village, they walked along the river-bank under the cherry-blossoms, watching the reflection of the pink trees in the quivering stream. The delicate tint of the blossoming trees against the blue of the April sky made a symphony of wonderful beauty. The songs of the birds and the warmth of the morning sun seemed to bring back to Ito San some of the gladness of the early morning.

Soon they came to a tea-house on the river-bank where the school girls were to leave their lunches. The old woman who came out with a tray bearing tea and cakes invited them to rest in the arbor of her garden. She told them in reply to Okoba San's inquiry that the school girls with their teachers had gone for a boat-ride up the river and would return for their lunches early in the afternoon.

Okoba San and Ito San, refreshed with the rest and the fragrant tea strolled on along the river and entered soon a little path that led through a bamboo grove into the rice-fields. Following this they came to a shrine, very prettily situated on a hillside, a waterfall near and a garden filled with tall flowers. They sat down in the shade of a wild camellia hedge to rest awhile. It was not long before an old woman came with pennies to the shrine. She clapped her hands in prayer. Ito San watched her intently, and as she turned to leave the shrine, their eyes met. The old woman started as one who sees a ghost, a great flash of light seemed to flood her face and she stood transformed from old age to youth. It was but a moment so and then bending low with age she bowed again and again as if in apology and hurried back into the path that led through the fields to a rice-mill.

Although they had rested there so short a time, when Ito San turned to Okoba San to speak about this strange incident, she found her fast asleep with her head resting on her soft kimono sleeve.

Ito San sat watching the strange old woman as she hurried along the path to the mill wondering where she had seen that



Ito San

foreign-stamped letter. "These arrived yesterday for you, Ito San. I hope your parents are well. You may go to your room now and open them, there are no classes to attend to-day," and then, as Ito San took the letters and turned to go, she added kindly, "We have missed you, Ito San, and we are glad to have you back again."

Ito San, entering her room upstairs, sat down on the cushion beside her little desk and, opening wide the sliding window-panels, looked out into the familiar garden below, fragrant now with spring blossoms. She took up her parcel and opening it read on the inner wrapper, "To be opened on your graduation-day." She took the letter from her kimono-sleeve and began to read it eagerly. Letters from England came at long intervals usually and she felt hungry for this one. Suddenly her face grew pale as death and her head sank down upon her desk. All the sunshine had left the morning, a great wave of darkness seemed to surround her. She sobbed aloud—"My father, I cannot—I cannot." Sobbing thus she remained for some time. A step outside her door aroused her and she heard Okoba San's familiar voice calling, "go men naisai." Thrusting the crumpled letter into her kimono sleeve she opened the sliding-panel door and bowed silently on her knees to the floor. Okoba San was amazed at this silent greeting, and after a moment said:



The Rice Mill

(Continued on page 19)

THE CHEERFUL DINING ROOM

By COLLIER STEVENSON

THAT there really are several strong arguments against the dining room as a household institution may not be immediately evident to the world in general: nor are these arguments at all likely to entirely dislodge the dining room from its time-honored pedestal, so long as personal predilections and conservative conventions continue to sway the public mind, especially in matters pertinent to the home, its equipment and its management. Nevertheless, so near to being indisputable are certain of the points enumerated against the dining room, they merit the closest attention on the part of both present householders and future home-builders.

Undoubtedly, the most serious of these objections concerns the waste of floor space which is involved in the perpetuation of a room solely intended for the serving and partaking of meals—a proceeding that, under ordinary circumstances, rarely occupies more than two hours of the twenty-four. Going a step further, however, we realize that more than valuable floor space is not being utilized to the full extent. A probably expensive suite of furniture is standing idle for the greater part of every day: the pleasant appointments and the artistic accessories of the dining room are remaining in unappreciated solitude, conferring no vantage of pleasure upon their owners except for comparatively brief intervals. Yet, despite its restricted utilization, the dining room is adding materially to the household work, entailing just as constant and as scrupulous care as though it were yielding a bountiful reward in the form of continued service. Is this condition compatible with either our much-boasted conservation or widely-heralded efficiency?

But, to dwell at length upon the disadvantages and the inconsistencies of the dining room as a household institution would be manifestly unjust, unless a remedy were suggested. Here, then, is the suggestion: to combine in the one

room of appropriate size the appointments incidental to a living room with those essential for a dining room. The success of such an arrangement is, of course, to a great extent dependent upon the degree of privacy afforded by the location and general treatment of the entrance

hall—and, too, in a large measure upon the mode of living maintained within the home.

For a household in which the interests are of the home, rather than of society, the combined living and dining room is, naturally, of especial appeal. The com-

bination is economical in space, in furnishing and in labour: it is undeniably convenient, and it is eminently home-like.

In even hinting at the practicability and the desirability of a combined living and dining room, cognizance is being taken of a radical change which has come about, imperceptibly but surely, in our attitude towards furniture. Twenty, or even fifteen, years ago, the idea of the chief room being furnished with "odd pieces" instead of a "parlor suite" would have been scorned: whereas, nowadays, the most charming living room effects are achieved in precisely that manner. And there is some ground for belief in the rapid, if quiet, approach of the time when the "dining room suite" will be as obsolete as its banished living room compeer. Anticipating that period, it may even now in some cases be futile to provide a separate dining room, largely to hold furniture which, owing to our changing standards, may in a few years be thrust aside.

This old world would, however, be dull indeed and its homes morbidly monotonous were all householders actuated by identical tastes. It is, therefore, fortunate that mankind holds to a wonderful diversity of ideals. As an instance, while many people may be interested in the combined living and dining room, it is safe to assume that a multitude of others have a pronounced leaning towards the entire separation of the two rooms. Let us proceed, then, to point out some of the features which should be incorporated in a dining room to promote its convenience and its charm.

• • •

JUST as it does in relation to a living room, exposure plays a prominent part in the planning of a dining room: and common sense indicates that one of the exposures be Easterly, if not directly Eastward, that the cheering rays of the morning sun may brighten the breakfast hour. A dining room, planned under ideal auspices, has, however, an additional exposure—this in a Southerly direction, to insure abundant sunlight nearly the whole day through.

As a rule, a fireplace is not looked upon as an essential feature of a dining room—probably because so many people under-estimate its economic value.



The walls and the ceiling of this spacious dining room are finished in a flat paint of a light ivory tone, while the wood-work is enameled a slightly deeper ivory. Space-creating, too, is the coloring chosen for the unpatterned rugs and for the straight inner hangings of dyed unbleached muslin—a cool, quiet sea-green. The hangings are, however, enlivened by a binding of warm terra cotta: and, in the chintz used to conceal the radiator and for the cushions in the inglenook, terra cotta is combined with sea-green upon an ivory ground. The French casements, which form such a delightful feature of the room, and the other windows are curtained in ivory marquise: and the mahogany furniture is upholstered in dark brown Spanish leather.



Japanese grasscloth of a soft straw color covers the walls of this simply arranged dining room to ceiling-height, where a wood-moulding provides a suitable finish. This moulding, like the other woodwork in the room, is enameled light ivory and the ceiling is tinted to match. Very sheer Brussels net of a faint ivory tint forms the straight-hanging glass-curtains of sill-length. The inner hangings and the lambrequin of unique contour are of pale rose poplin. They are bordered with a narrow fringe in French blue: and the lambrequin is further adorned by French blue tassels and by an applique of galoon in blue, rose and silver. This alluring combination appears again in the lighting fixtures, which are of silver, shaded in rose over blue. In the Oriental rug used as a floor-covering, blue and rose are also agreeably combined. The silk tapestry chair-coverings are, however, of light rose, carrying a pattern in a slightly darker shade of rose. In this setting, the mahogany furniture is especially well placed.

Nevertheless, a fireplace has a distinct economic value: for, particularly on the inevitable cool days of autumn and spring when furnace heat might be excessive, it can be depended upon to temper the atmosphere of the dining room as occasion demands. Considering the moderately low cost of its installation and the very trifling expenditure it involves in the way of fuel, a fireplace surely brings an ample reward in warmth and good cheer. From the artistic standpoint, too, the fireplace is an asset of established desirability.

Another equipment, the usefulness of which cannot be questioned, is a china-closet. Although it is, of course, possible to purchase a piece of movable furniture to answer the same purpose, the china-closet built-in while a house is in course of construction is usually preferable—not only in its design, but in its capacity and general arrangement. Furthermore, built-in furniture, when installed in moderation, lends an atmosphere of dignity and permanence frequently lacking when furniture of movable type is exclusively employed within a home.

The reference to built-in furniture quite naturally suggests the sideboard problem. Generally speaking, a sideboard is the most expensive individual piece of furniture entering into the development of a dining room; and, moreover, it is, as a rule, the most difficult to secure in a design perfectly adapted to the special requirements of the home-owner. This sideboard problem can, however, often be solved by building-in the sideboard as a permanent feature. This not only aids in the harmonious development of the decorative scheme, but adds considerably to the free floor space in the dining room. It is, perhaps, superfluous to append that the wood-finish of any built-in furniture should correspond with that of the wood-trim throughout the room, rather than with the finish of the movable furniture.

Although the general plan of a dining-room is quite as important as the furniture, it can, nevertheless, not be properly determined until a decision has been reached as to the type, or types, of furniture to be employed. If, for example, the owner should decide to have both

the sideboard and the china-closet built-in, it is obvious that a material reduction can be effected in the floor-area. The problem of floor space is likewise dependent to some extent upon the number and the character of the wall-openings; as the latter, in turn, have an important relation to the arrangement of the furniture. If all the furniture is to be of movable type, the wall-openings should be so placed that they will yield adequate unbroken surfaces of wall for the larger pieces of furniture, such as the sideboard, a china-closet and a serving-table; and the floor area should be so scaled that it will provide an exactly centred position for the table and ample passage-room between the table and any pieces of furniture ranged along the wall.

The era of highly-varnished, golden oak dining-room furniture is, happily, now on the wane! Oak as we recognize it to-day is a thing of real beauty: finished in rich browns, rubbed to a dull polish and wrought into furniture of marked dignity. It is especially adapted to such styles as the Jacobean, the Charles II (second) and the William and Mary.

The renaissance of walnut, that beautiful, warm-hued native wood, has already exerted a gratifying influence upon the furnishing of the modern dining room: for some of the most attractive dining room furniture at present available is developed in walnut, after the style of Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Sheraton and the Brothers Adam. In these graceful styles, dining room furniture of mahogany also maintains a well-deserved vogue.

• • •

FOR the summer dining room or for a dining room of informal character, painted furniture is always appropriate. Very charming results can be secured, even by the novice, with furniture purchased in an unfinished state and painted at home. By the aid of decalcomanias—none other than the transfer pictures of our childhood days—decorative designs may be applied to the painted surface; and the furniture thereby assume the distinctive quality of that shown in the most exclusive shops. Of course, as is true of any home decoration undertaken without outside assistance,



With a background of white-paneled walls and with French casements to flank it, this built-in sideboard of pleasingly simple design is especially happy in its placement. In this instance, because it backs to an outside wall, the sideboard projects somewhat into the room; but very often a sideboard or china-closet can be so incorporated in an inner wall, that there will be no usurpation of floor-area in the dining room. In addition to its ample storage facilities for much-prized china and its wide counter, the sideboard depicted possesses four large drawers for silver and table-linen and shelved cupboards for additional china. It is, of course, painted white to correspond with the walls and equipped with brushed brass hardware to match the other hardware in the dining room of which it forms so interesting a feature.



In this attractive dining room, oak paneling carried to the ceiling imparts a gracious dignity which extends to all the furnishings and fittings of the room. The paneling is stained to a lovely nut brown that harmonizes perfectly with the finish of the William and Mary furniture. The furniture is, of course, of oak: the chairs seated with dark brown leather and lightened with panels of brown-stained cane. The lighting fixtures, which are of an especially interesting design, are finished in silver. Despite the dark key of the walls and the furniture, the room is, nevertheless, cheerful in appearance; for its ceiling of pale gold reflects much light and its rug of two-toned brown carries a colorful border in orange, blue and bright green. The treatment of the windows also promotes cheerfulness, as the inner hangings are of a printed linen, patterned in green, blue and orange on an ecru background, while the glass-curtains are of pale gold gauze.

the painting of furniture is a task involving much labor and an infinite amount of patience—but the individuality of the completed furniture brings a reward more than commensurate with the effort put forth.

For anyone burdened with nondescript or usage-roughened dining room furniture, the popularity of painted effects offers a helpful suggestion. Even the shabbiest of pieces can be made to blossom forth into new beauty if thoroughly scraped, primed and painted. Ivory-white, temple orange, apple green, peacock blue, French gray and taupe: these are colors frequently chosen for the painting of dining room furniture. Black, too, is smart-looking, when brightened by fine border lines or small applied designs in gay colors.

Because a dining room is not in constant use, there need be no hesitancy in choosing for its adornment colors and combinations of color, which might grow tiresome in a much-used room. Gay-hued fabrics and patterned wall-coverings can also be appropriately employed in the dining room, for they are usually stimulating and cheerful in effect. And cheerfulness should be the goal in the decoration of a dining room!

If a patterned paper be chosen for the wall treatment the window hangings should be made of an unpatterned material and a plain rug should be selected. Let there be but the one dominating pattern in the room and that pattern so excellent in both design and coloring, that all the other furnishings can properly be subordinated to it. If, for instance, the wallpaper be patterned in yellowish-green and dull orange on a tan background, can you not picture the charm of the room when curtains of tan piped with orange and a rug of yellowish-green are added? But what of the chair-cushions? We can very appropriately select for them a fabric striped in yellowish-green and orange.

(Continued on page 64)



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THE IDOL OF YOUTH

(Continued from page 6)

was 12. The room was Mr. Horden's sitting-room, where his dinner was now being served.

I waited for no more details. The next thing I distinctly remember hearing is a voice bawl "Come in!" so I suppose I must have knocked, and knocked hard.

I went in, and shut the door. Mr. Horden was alone. His waiter, having served the first course, had departed. That first course consisted of a pot of Russian caviare, packed in ice. It was not a large pot, and Mr. Horden had plunged a spoon into it.

"Hullo, anything the matter?" he snapped a pair of sharp grey eyes doing detective work on me. I may have looked murderous.

"The caviare!" I cried.

The spoon remained in the pot. "What about it? Ain't it all right?"

My answer was founded on lightning-judgment of the man.

"Yes, it's all right," I said. "But I beg of you to spare it to someone else."

"Gee!" said Mr. Horden. "I like your cheek. Are you a waiter?"

"No," I confessed.

"Thought you didn't have the cut. But they tell me your best V.C.'s and D.S.O.'s are swarming back to be porters and cowmen, etcetera; so why not waiters? What the devil do you want with my caviare?"

"It's the only caviare I can get hold of," I explained.

He snorted. "You haven't got hold of it yet!" and reached out a thin nervous hand towards the spoon.

"I beg!" said I, taking a long step.

"If you knew who the caviare's for—"

"That's not grammar. And I do know. It's for H. S. Horden of Buffalo. Not for some bloated beast you think will pay more than me, and tip higher."

"Bang goes your grammar!" I retorted.

"And the bloated beast is a beautiful girl. She can't pay because she hasn't a penny piece. She's starving. She's to be turned out of her hotel—a temperance hotel."

"Say, things must have been pretty bad with her before she butted into a place like that. Sounds like a story!"

"It's a true one."

"Are you doing this stunt for a bet, or are you a film actor, my brave Douglas Fairbanks? I don't see the camera."

My heart warmed to Mr. Horden. I knew now that I should get the caviare. I was in a hurry. But the more haste the less speed. I splashed out the history of La Mysterieuse—the little I knew and my connection with it.

The small brown man roared, or rather, cackled. "You're a cure for dyspepsia," he grinned. "I feel a whole heap better than if I'd eaten the darn caviare. You can have the lot. And say—what would happen if you took a bottle of champagne into a temperance hotel?"

"I wouldn't take it. I'd sneak it," I said. "But I see you have two half bottles in ice. One will do for the young lady. Thanks awfully. You're the best sport I've ever met."

"As for that, there are no flies on you, Bud," returned Mr. Horden of Buffalo. "I guess it's more than half true that the British won the war, with bright boys like you dotted over the landscape. But hold on, my bold buccaneer. You don't get away with my caviare and champagne without paying."

"Sorry!" said I. "Thought it was a gift to beauty in distress. How much?"

"Your word as an officer and a gent to breakfast with me here to-morrow

at 9.30 and tell me the next chapter of this serial story. I'd make it lunch, only I may be moving on in my car."

"It's an engagement," I said. We shook hands passionately. I then helped myself to his napkin, and wrapped up the pot of caviare and the half bottle. At the door I met the rabbit, who looked now more of an angel. He had brought my cap and coat.

Great fellow, Tiedelmans!

* * *

I don't want to boast, but to the best of my belief not thirty minutes lay between my leaving the Bournemouth Homeland Hotel and entering it again. Supper must still have been going strong, for the "lounge hall" was deserted save by the smell of fog. I tore upstairs unseen, flung hat and coat into my room, and tapped once more at the door of La Mysterieuse.

Already the voice that called "Entrez!" seemed sweetly familiar, and made my heart beat.

This time Petro did not guard the way. He stood aside looking the ideal mascot for a battle-ship, and cocked his big head like Androcles' lion as I produced my spoil.

La Mysterieuse appeared pleased, but strangely little surprised at the sight of the caviare and champagne. Evidently she had once been of that favoured band who have only to say "Let there be caviare and champagne," whereupon there is caviare and champagne in abundance.

She thanked me charmingly, however, and wondered how I was going to open the bottle. Could I do it with a pair of nail-scissors?

I had never opened champagne with nail scissors; but La Mysterieuse was a girl a man simply couldn't fail before! I had to succeed, and I did, hoping that she'd not seen the blood on my fingers.

Meanwhile (the trick had occupied five minutes) the lady daintily ate caviare and fed Petro with lumps of it on bread crust.

"We haven't tasted anything so good for many, many weary weeks!" the girl said. "Have we, Petro? It is well that we should feast to-night, of all nights."

She spoke with an odd sort of mocking emphasis, and I wondered why "to-night of all nights." Was it her birthday? Or Petro's birthday? But of course I couldn't ask.

Petro had had the water I had brought, poured into a soap dish, therefore the tumbler was ready for champagne. I foamed it in, as the small steady hand held the glass in an absent-minded way.

La Mysterieuse wasn't looking at the bright liquid; didn't seem to be conscious of what she did. Her eyes were fixed on something high on the wall. I followed them with mine, and saw that on top of an overmantel crowded with disastrous bric-a-brac, stood a small plaster-of-Paris bust supposed to represent Augustus Caesar. It was dusty, and half the nose had been chipped off; yet the girl seemed interested, curiously intent. Then, suddenly, she glanced from the dilapidated Emperor to her glass. I had filled it full.

She raised it high, with a sweeping gesture. "Ave, Caesar!" she exclaimed. "Salutation!" pronouncing the word in the French way. After which she drank.

A queer thrill ran through my veins. Of course, she didn't dream a waiter would know anything about Caesar, or certain circumstances in which certain person saluted him. But—

"I hope you're drinking your own health, Miss?" I said.

She started faintly, and a little shiver passed over her, as if a "mouse had walked over her grave." "Ah, yes!" she returned. "In a way—I am drinking my own health—and Petro's. This champagne is nice. It's a long, long time since I've had any—years. It does me good. But I want no more. It was very kind of you to get it for me. Won't you finish the bottle?"

"Thank you, miss, I will," I consented, as an excuse for a minute more in the room. "May I drink to your health and the dog's?"

"Drink to a happy ending of our troubles," she said. "That's a good wish. The best for us."

"I will, miss," I assented. "I'll take the bottle downstairs and drink. But pardon the liberty. I don't see how you or the bull can have much health if you never go out. It seems to me I heard somebody say you never do."

"Somebody will always say something!" she retorted, vexed. "We do go out. Every morning as soon as it's light, before anyone except the servants are about. I take Petro for an hour's walk. And at nine-thirty in the evening, when most of the quiet creatures here are creeping up to bed, again I give him a breather. It is enough for both of us."

"You'll soon be starting to-night, then," I ventured. There was a reason for my impudence.

"I shan't go quite so early this evening," she vouchsafed. "I have to dress."

"But if you go late, aren't you afraid of being locked out, Miss?" I persisted.

The girl shrugged her shoulders in the dainty yet passionate way she had.

"I'm not worrying about to-night," she said.

I was.

CHAPTER V.

The West Cliff Path.

JUST because she wasn't "worrying about to-night," a sudden explosion of worry, like an asphyxiating bomb, caught me in the throat.

I saw as by flashlight what she meant to do—what I might do if I were a young girl with nothing in the world except one dress and a bull-dog, about to be turned from an hotel in a foreign land.

"Ave Caesar," indeed!

But what was I going to do about it?

By this time I had reluctantly reached the door. If I didn't open it within a reasonable interval (say half a minute) I should be hinted politely out of the room, as I had been before the caviare episode. I couldn't burst forth with, "I believe you intend to kill yourself to-night! But you shall not! I will prevent it."

Such things simply aren't done—especially by waiters. Besides, she would only need to say, "I intend nothing of the kind. You must be mad, you horrid person! Go away this instant, or I'll ring and have you put out! and that would be that. Finis. The End! Not to be continued in our next."

Never did any waiter wish more wildly to be a hero than I at that moment; but I resisted. "Well then, good evening, Miss," I said with cheery respectfulness.

"Good evening," the girl echoed; and I went out followed, not by her gaze, but by that of Petro. Either the caviare had disagreed with him, or instinct told the dog that something was wrong, even wronger than usual, the wrongest of anything yet. The square face wrinkled as if with all the cares of the world; and his brook-brown eyes seemed to say, "I'm only a dog, but if I were a man I'd help somehow. Can't you?"

I heard voices in the hall below—Aunt Sarah's and Miss Pinch's. Perhaps Miss

Pinch was coming up!.....Instantly I deposited my tray upon the floor, not caring who stepped into its contents, if I could sever connection with it unseen.

This I was lucky enough to do; but there was no side corridor in which to lurk, so I met my Aunt's matrimonial choice for me at the top of the stairs. "Oh, is your room up here, Captain Malet?" she asked. "I thought you lived next door to Mrs. Talbot."

"I must have come a storey too high," I explained. "I'm afraid I'm rather absent-minded."

Aunt Sarah had caught my name, and waited in surprise to question me.

"Christopher, where have you been?" she catechised. "How very strangely you appear to be acting tonight!"

"Only 'appear'!" I assured her. "I had to run out in a hurry to Bathcombe Hotel; great pal of mine from Ypres there! no time to let you know: thought you wouldn't mind."

"If you want to visit a soldier comrade I cannot object," said my aunt. "But I was certainly upset by your conduct—not understanding what it meant. I suppose you had supper with your friend?"

"He gave me some caviare," I replied, "and champagne."

"Hm!" Aunt Sarah expressed disapproval of so worldly a Sabbath meal. "If you are satisfied, I am. But I think myself I should feel rather empty on it."

I too felt empty on it. But that was a coarse detail.

Aunt Sarah was en route to her bedroom, and I was free for the rest of the night. I slipped into my quarters for coat and cap again, and stalked out of the hotel once more—to watch.

The Girl with One Dress had said she was going for a walk with Petro, and I was only too sure that she would keep her word.

Now, I asked myself, if I were bound for a last walk on earth, where would I—if at Bournemouth—go?

The answer was, I should walk off the said earth into the sea. And that was what the girl would do. As for Petro—perhaps she would leave the decision to him.

There were two gates in the garden of our hotel, which stood at a corner. Through one gate you went away from the sea. Through the other you went towards it. I stationed myself within sight of the latter. Near by was a large tree. I propped myself against this and screened myself behind it at the same time; for now and then the moon glittered in the slit of a black cloud, like a new coin in a torn purse.

Half an hour lagged by: three quarters. (I could tell by the strokes of a distant church clock). Had the girl changed her mind? I wondered. Then a big bulk shot through the gateway. It was Petro.

He shot through, wheeled, and paused, legs spraddled. One would deduce from these tactics that on second thoughts he considered it unwise to venture beyond sniffing distance of his mistress. Queer, how animals—such animals as Petro—know things!

A moment more, and she appeared. The One Dress was plainly visible to me in a splash of moonlight, for the girl wore nothing over it. This probably meant that she had no cloak, (had pawed it, perhaps) because it was distinctly a night for cloaks.

What I don't know about women's clothes would fill all the fashion papers published in a year. But I'd read, or heard, a funny phrase that struck me: "the fashionable silhouette," so I'd been

(Continued on page 58)

Olive Oil Makes Lovely Hair

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Dandruff, which doctors call seborrhea and say causes most hair troubles, is not removed by most shampoos. The dry, oily scales are impervious to usual cleansing. It makes them more powdery and flaky.

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The softening, penetrating lather produced by the combination of palm and olive oils, loosens the scales and dislodges them from the scalp. The delicate organism of each hair is free for healthy activity.

Every drug and department store can supply you with Palmolive Shampoo. But first write for the free 15-cent trial bottle and booklet on the care of the hair. One shampoo proves this blend of palm and olive oils benefits the hair. Address Department B-286,

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SHAMPOO

Linoleum Rugs

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The day is past when careful housewives will take the risks that had to be encountered in choosing floor coverings a decade ago. With the advance of science women have been taught the value of preserving good health at home by adopting sanitary floor coverings—in other words, Linoleum or Linoleum Rugs.

When you purchase Linoleum in the form of a rug or by the yard you have invested in a floor-covering that gives satisfaction and comfort. Its use makes rooms cheerful, and the effort necessary to keep it "spick and span" is negligible. Remove dust with a light mop and you have a bright, clean floor that is sanitary, good-looking, easily kept clean and comfortable to walk on.

Dominion Linoleum Rugs

are uniformly reliable, for they conform to a high standard that has been carefully maintained for years. Wear is built right into them through the incorporation of germ-killing Linseed Oil that has been oxidized and then pressed under great pressure to a base of long-wearing imported burlap.

When you purchase your new floor coverings this spring ask your dealer for DOMINION LINOLEUM RUGS or DOMINION LINOLEUM by the yard. Many new designs are now on sale at prices that are much lower than they have been for years.

All Good Stores throughout Canada Sell Them





A Daughter of Nippon

(Continued from Page 12)

face before. It was so strangely familiar, like a person one has seen in a dream, but never in real life.

Okoba San awoke with a start and rose up and said laughingly, "How dreadfully rude I was to fall asleep and leave you here alone, child," adding after a moment, "Let us go on to the mill yonder before returning to the river."

"Oh, yes, let us go," agreed Ito San with an eagerness that surprised Okoba San. Ito San felt an inexplicable hesitation in speaking now of the incident and only said as they started on their way,—"I saw an old woman praying at the shrine while you slept. She just now reached the mill and entered it. I was watching her for she looked like someone I have seen somewhere before."

As they neared the mill she remarked slowly and thoughtfully, "I have always liked the hum of rice-mills, and my last piano piece is my favorite one. It is called 'The Mill,' and when I practice it I always think of a mill like this yonder, with the mossy roof and the great water-wheel nearly hidden in green shrubbery. Isn't foreign music wonderful! It expresses so much more of our hearts' language than our Japanese music. My koto speaks to me only of sadness. There must be glad music, too, Okoba San, to express truly all we feel."

"Yes, child, but until now you have only known glad thoughts. What could you know of the sorrow of which the koto speaks? To me it means much. Often in the dark hours of night the sighing winds bring to me the same message as the koto brings. You, too, will understand it, now, that you are no longer a child."

THE hum of the mill drowned her voice as they came near. They paused a moment on the threshold to say,—"Go men nasai?" (may we enter?). A call from within bade them enter, and, opening the low door, they saw there a small group of women at work. Ito San searched quickly every face until in an inner room she saw that strangely familiar figure bending over a sieve of rice. Even that form, partly concealed as it was by the twilight of the room, seemed to arouse within her a vague feeling of recognition. The woman evidently had not seen them enter and when she turned suddenly toward them she started so violently that the sieve she was holding dropped to the ground with a crash. She stood without moving or speaking, with her eyes fixed on Ito San who, in turn, stood as if spell-bound, then fled from the mill and, crouching outside of the door, waited for Okoba San to come to her. She felt afraid of the woman, she knew not what, she could not go back in, she called to Okoba San but the noise of the mill drowned her voice. She waited, wondering what to do. She crossed the stream by a narrow foot-bridge and entered the path by which they had come. She watched the door of the mill but no one came. What could possibly keep Okoba San there, she wondered. She walked slowly on, looking back constantly, but still Okoba San did not come. She stood a long time hesitating and was about to return to the mill when she saw coming toward her from the direction of the river a long line of girls. Yes, it was her school-friends coming to join them, and Ito San hastened excitedly down the path toward them relieved from the fear that had taken possession of her. All was forgotten in the joy of seeing them again. And as they stood there gaily laughing and talking, Okoba San joined them and led the way back to the tea-house at the river.

The afternoon went quickly with games and amusements, and Ito San was so happy at being back among her school friends that she almost forgot the events of the morning. Not until evening came and they were returning to Tokyo did she recall it all vividly and longed to talk about it alone with Okoba San.

Late that night, when the school was silent and all apparently asleep, after the long day's outing, Ito San lay thinking of all that had happened. Sleep was impossible. She stole over and sat down beside the window. The stars looked down at her, filled with deep mysteries. Life was filled with mystery. She thought of her father, of his letter, and a shudder passed through her at the thought of disobeying him. Next month was her graduation, and then what was her future to be? She had hoped to go to him in England, but now everything was changed.

Softly the panels of her room opened and she saw Okoba San beckoning her to come. She hastened to obey with a sinking heart, for it was against the rules of the school to be up after the gong for retiring had rung.

Okoba San led the way to her own room and placed a cushion for Ito San beside a tray where tea was ready.

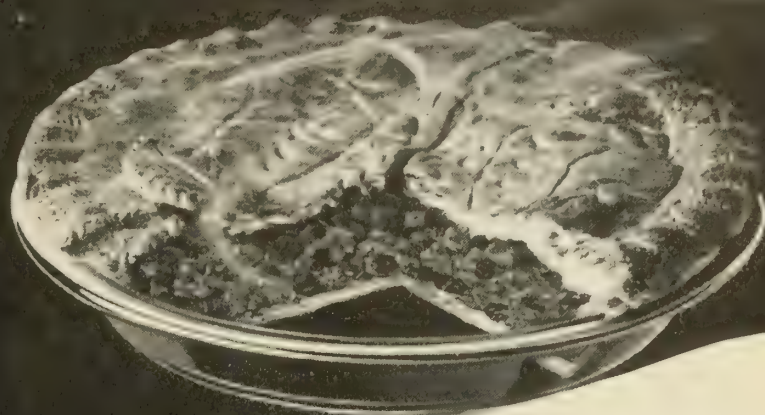
"Drink this, my child, and don't look so frightened, we must talk awhile here together," and she drew a warm kimono over Ito San's shoulders as she sat down close beside her.

"To-day," she began, "has been an eventful one for both of us. Ever since you came to the school, Ito San, you have been like my own child. Now listen, and we will understand each other better when I have finished."

"I had a sister like you long years ago. We were very dear to each other for there were no others. I disobeyed my parents' wishes when I was about your age, and was disowned as unfilial. My sister was never allowed to write to me or see me. She married a few years after and lived in Kyoto. She had a child, a little girl and was very ill for years after. Her delicate health was a constant annoyance to her husband. When the child was three years old he divorced my sister and returned her to my parents. He kept the child. And not long after, he married again. There were other children, boys, I think. The second wife was kind to the little girl and wished her never to know that she was not her real mother. But I have heard nothing more of them these many years, except that they went away to a foreign country to live. My parents took my sister to America, where my mother died soon after."

"That is all I knew until to-day, Ito San, and today I found my sister. She had returned to Japan to search for her child. Her mother-heart had yearned for her all these years and to-day, as she prayed at the shrine for guidance in her search, he found her. Yes, Ito San, she found you, her child! And she is here now. Speak to her and call her 'mother.' "And as she spoke she drew open the panel to the adjoining room and there, sitting with bowed head as if in prayer, was the woman she had seen at the shrine."

With a cry Ito San rose and went to her and knelt beside her clasping her hands in hers, and the two sat long in silence. Okoba San left them alone together and when she returned an hour later Ito San said: "My dear and good aunt, how wonderful it all is! We sail next month for America. Promise that you will come with us or join us soon. My grandfather wishes it even more than we."



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FIFTY new dishes have been added to Pyrex, of which there are over 100 styles, useful dishes for every meal, every day.

Among the new designs are the new wide-flange Pie Plates in every convenient size, from the dainty small pie for two, to the good old-fashioned family kind.

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Federated Women's Institute News

By Elizabeth Bailey Price

EDITOR'S NOTE. In the March issue, this department suffered sadly from a disarrangement. Mrs. Watt's valuable section was inadvertently omitted and the following item was not published in proper form.

GREETINGS TO CANADIAN INSTITUTES.

Mrs. William Todd, national president, Federated Women's Institutes of Canada has received the following greetings, from Lady Denman, chairman of the National Federation of Women's Institutes, England.

These are of interest to every W. I. member in Canada and read as follows: "The news that the Canadian Women's Institutes have formed themselves into a national Federation is arousing much interest in this country and it is with the greatest pleasure, as chairman of the National Federation of Women's Institutes of England and Wales, I send greetings to the National Federation of Canadian Women's Institutes."

"It is our sincere wish that the year 1922 may be a year of great growth and prosperity for our sister federation. We believe that the National Federation will achieve the same measure of success as has been attained by individual Canadian institutes and by provincial organizations, a success which has always been an inspiration to us in this country."

"The Institutes in England and Wales are formed on the model of Canadian Institutes, and they were first organized by Mrs. Alfred Watt, M. B. E. who gave to the country the benefit of Canadian experience. In 1917, when there were 137 institutes, the National Federation of Women's Institutes of England and Wales was formed. At that time the work of forming new Women's Institutes was in the hands of the Ministry of Agriculture, but since 1919 the whole work of the organization has been done by the National Federation, which has been assisted by a generous Government grant."

It may perhaps interest Canadian Institutes to have an outline of the organization, which has been built up and the work which has been done during those four years.

First as to organization. The policy of the National Federation is settled and the executive committee is elected at the annual meeting. Each individual W. I. has complete self-government provided that it adheres to the general policy laid down at the annual meeting. Each W. I. may send a delegate to this meeting and may nominate and vote for the executive committee. At the last annual meeting there were 2,070 Women's Institutes, 1,300 delegates attended and 52 nominations for the executive Committee were received.

In addition each county has a County Federation, which deals with county matters, helps W. I.'s, forms new W. I.'s, gives all information as to speakers, educational facilities and generally does all the mothering of the W. I.'s, which means, very often, the difference between success or failure of the Institutes of that county.

The work of the National Federation may be divided into the following headings:

1. It has schools for voluntary organizers in Institute methods. There are now 210 Voluntary County organizers, who are appointed and trained by the National Federation on the recommendation of the County Federation, and who, on appointment, work under the direction of the County Executive Committee. This ensures that the W. I.'s

follow the same broad principles and practices in all parts of the country.

2. It trains teachers in handicrafts, when no teachers are available from the Government Education authorities. This ensures that the W. I. members will, in time, produce work of a high standard.

3. It sends organizers to speak at schools or Conferences arranged by the County Federations for the instruction of presidents, secretaries, treasurers or members of Committee in their duties. As far as space will allow W. I. members are admitted to these conferences, as it is considered advisable for members to know the duties of their officers.

4. It arranges the work of various organizers, who now number only 5, and who only visit counties particularly in want of help.

5. It allocates various sums to each county from the Government Grant.

6. It publishes the Women's Institutes Journal called "Home and Country," which now has a circulation of 19,500. It publishes leaflets, a Handbook, etc. Each County Federation may publish literature if it wishes to do so, and many counties have a leaf of their own news inserted in "Home and Country."

SHORT COURSES IN HEALTH.

Women's Institutes of this Province, and the public in general have benefited greatly by the short course which is nearing its close. This course was arranged by the Extension Department of Macdonald College, and is being held under the auspices of the Women's Institutes in different centres.

The Department is most fortunate in having secured the services of Miss Jessie Forshaw, Inspector of Victorian Order of Nurses for Canada. Miss For-

shaw speaks from personal knowledge, having had extensive experience in public health matters from coast to coast.

The women of this Province know little of the suffering in the vast areas of the West owing to lack of medical facilities. In most parts of Canada we seem to be in a measure satisfied to go on with methods little better than those existing in the days of our forefathers.

Miss Forshaw deals with the care and nourishment of mother and babe, attention to proper mental and physical development of the child during its early years, and careful medical and dental inspection during the years of school life.

The speaker was ably assisted by Miss Crane of Macdonald College, who demonstrated "Invalid Cookery" and "Feeding and Nutrition of Children," also "Diet as related to Disease."

Too much cannot be said in favour of the helpful work done by these ladies, and those institute members who failed to hear them have something to regret.

Perhaps it is not generally known that the Health Department at Ottawa is willing to give aid to the public free of charge. There is a little book entitled "The Canadian Mother's Book" written by Dr. Helen MacMurchy, Chief of the Child Welfare Department of the Bureau of Health, which has been freely circulated through Canada. Hundreds of copies of this work have been distributed through the Women's Institutes and have been found most helpful. Later there has been written by the same author a series of fourteen pamphlets known as the "Little Blue Books" (Home Series), issued in French and English. These take up problems pertaining to the Canadian home and are most valuable.

A postal card addressed to the Health Department, Ottawa, will bring any of those publications to our homes without

cost, and will open the way for further help.

In a few communities the Women's Institute is undertaking the maintenance of a District Nurse. We hope soon to learn that many rural communities are doing likewise.

INSTITUTE SCHOOLS.

Ontario was the first province in Canada to undertake and establish an institute school for the training of institute workers which is synonymous with community leaders or extension workers. The first schools were held following the conventions in 1920.

In the summer of the past year a Women's Institute school for branch and district officers was put on at the Macdonald Institute, Guelph, running concurrently with the school for Leadership, for one week, the students enjoying some of the same lectures and the social and recreational features of that side of the college life in addition to their own.

The Institute school was in charge of the superintendent and members of the provincial institute lecture staff, assisted by Miss Cruickshank of Macdonald Institute.

Although, owing to the shortness of time and limitations of accommodations, invitations to attend had to be confined to branches in the counties adjacent to Guelph, twenty-five registered for the week's course. Instruction was given by lecture, demonstration and class discussion, the interest displayed being very keen.

The following outline gives some idea of the scope of the course; Historical Development of Agriculture and Country Life.

(Continued on page 25)



Sewing Demonstration Class, Ontario

Every normal skin needs two creams

One for protection and to hold the powder

A wholly different cream to cleanse at night



*To protect the skin against wind and dust,
apply Pond's Vanishing Cream each time
before you go out*



*To cleanse the skin thor-
oughly use Pond's Cold
Cream before retiring*

ONE cream alone cannot supply the skin with all the elements that are needed to keep it in perfect condition. Certain flaws to which the skin is subject can be prevented only by a softening, protective cream. Other flaws need a cream rich in oil, that cleanses and stimulates.

Flaws that require a daytime cream without oil

If you do not protect the skin against sun and wind, it will protect itself by developing a rough coarse surface. To give the needed protection apply a little Pond's *Vanishing Cream* before going out. This cream is based on an ingredient famous for its softening effect. It leaves the skin fresh and invisibly shielded. Dust cannot work into the pores, wind and sun cannot dry out the skin and make it rough and coarse.

Before you powder, smooth a little Pond's *Vanishing Cream* on the face. It is absorbed instantly, removing any shine there may be on the skin. Moreover, it cannot come out in a shine later, for there is not a drop of oil in it.

With this softening cream as a base you will find that the powder lasts many times longer and that it shows less, for there are no rough places for it to catch on.

Whenever your face feels drawn and tight, as if the muscles under it were tied in little knots, touch it lightly with Pond's *Vanishing Cream*. It brings instant relief to a tired skin, relaxing the muscles, softening the hard, set lines, giving the whole face a fresher color and added vigor.

Flaws that need an oil cream at night

Have you begun to notice little fine lines under the eyes, depressions at the corners of the mouth and the base of the nose, a tendency to flabbiness under the chin? Fine lines become wrinkles before you know it, and wrinkles are almost impossible to erase. The way to prevent them is to give your skin regularly a tonic rousing with an oil cream.

Pond's *Cold Cream* stimulates the skin, lubricating it and restoring its elasticity. Smooth the cream into the little fine lines, rubbing gently

with the lines, not across them. Use a gentle motion always, for too strenuous rubbing is apt to be harmful. By the faithful use of this rich cream, you can keep the lines from fastening themselves on the skin and forming real wrinkles.

The dust and dirt that clog the pores, working their way under the surface of the skin, help to form blackheads. Ordinary washing will not remove them. They demand a deeper, more thorough cleansing. After washing the face with warm water and pure soap, rub Pond's *Cold Cream* into the skin until the pores are saturated with it. Let the cream remain on a few moments, then wipe it off with a soft cloth. This rich cream contains the oil necessary to penetrate the pores and rid them of every particle of dirt.

Begin using both these creams today

Use regularly these two creams that every normal skin needs. Neither will clog the pores nor encourage the growth of hair. Your druggist and the departmental stores carry both jars and tubes in convenient sizes at 50 cents each. The Pond's Extract Co., Toronto, Canada.

POND'S
Cold Cream for cleansing
Vanishing Cream to prevent chapping
and to hold the powder

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IN
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The Pond's Extract Co.,
184 Brock Ave., Toronto, Canada.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

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WONDERFUL FOR DUSTING

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"I had a beautiful mahogany upright piano and by reason of shutting our house up for several months—with poor climatic conditions, I found that the surface of the piano had become dull and covered with tiny cracks. I tried several polishes but they did nothing more than make the condition seem more noticeable. Then I tried

LIQUID VENEER

with really astonishing results. True, the cracks did not disappear but there was a rapid improvement in the appearance of the piano. The cracks became barely noticeable and the finish seemed to take on new life and lustre.

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London, England.

DUST WITH LIQUID VENEER PRODUCTS

Cup Time

By Anne Willow

THERE is no use in denying that most of us, if we have not a belief in ghosts, have a certain fear of them. I remember a house in Barrie overlooking Kempenfeldt Bay, which was a substantial structure, well-built, but for which the owner found it difficult to secure a tenant, because it was said to be haunted. Finally, an innocent person came, leased it for a year, but left before the year was out—all on account of strange knocks and mysterious wrappings which did not inflict bodily harm but which made the family highly uncomfortable. Now, it is all very well to laugh at ghosts in the broad day-light and to treat them as matters of little moment. It is quite another affair, when midnight is passed, and you hear creaking sounds or loud explosions which apparently have no earthly cause.

Perhaps you will be more than willing to spend the night alone in a house which is said to be haunted—but most of us would like to be near a telephone, so that we might call up police headquarters. I do not suppose there is a policeman living, who has arrested a ghost, but there is something comforting in the very thought of a sturdy blue-uniformed figure somewhere within call.

Every province in the Dominion has its own ghost stories. Probably Quebec has the creepiest of them all. Nova Scotia has recently found a house which has been deserted by its owners on account of mysterious fires which have been kindled apparently by no human agency. The correspondent of the "Halifax Herald" went down to investigate, and admitted that strange sounds were heard throughout the night. Now, a group of scientists will try to discover whether the "blue blazes" came from wireless operations at Glace Bay. The historic County of Antigonish has given us an authentic thrill—and we hope that the scientists will not quite destroy the mystery.

YOU know how amusing it is to hear a chorus from women of "just like a man" when an erring brother has been discovered in a trivial or serious offence. Just as unfailing is man's "they're all alike," when woman forgets what is trump or overdraws her bank account. Sudden sympathy flashes out and women, for the moment, form a defensive sisterhood while men preserve a masculine alliance, when certain mistakes are to be classified according to the sex of the perpetrator. There are really few distinctions to be made, either in folly or in wisdom, so far as sex is concerned. Mrs. Poyser, the memorable sharp-tongued dame in George Eliot's "Adam Bede," made many discerning remarks concerning people and things, but none more conclusive than her reply: "I'm not denyin' that women are foolish,

but the Lord made them to match the men."

I WONDER if we are ever sufficiently thankful to the musicians among us who belong to our choral societies and who spend many weary hours in practice, that they may interpret for us the works of the great masters. Consider the undertaking of the programmes of the Mendelssohn Choir, for instance! Hundreds of singers have worked for years and conductors have flung their enthusiasm and the training of a lifetime into the achievement of producing a "Ninth Symphony" or a Brahms' "Requiem." Of course, the workers get out of it something which cannot be estimated in dollars and cents; but the "everlasting miracle's the same"—the magnetism of the conductor, the unselfish devotion of members of the Choir. Year after year, this work has gone on, until Canada now has a choral organization which this month is singing before audiences in Philadelphia, New York and Baltimore, winning the favor of the most formidable critics.

Art is its own exceeding great reward, and the joy which comes from achieving that which is very good must bring great and abiding satisfaction to singers who give such service as the members of the Mendelssohn Choir have offered for these twenty-five years. The silver jubilee of these golden-voiced singers has just been celebrated. May the diamond anniversary find the circle lustrous still, although many "will have moved a little nearer to the Master of all Singing."

WE HAVE all heard of the spring poet—and verily he is strong in the land. He has been made the subject of innumerable newspaper jests and yet his bright spirit is unconquerable. He merely goes to work (or play) and writes another poem on violets or daffodils. When the popular magazines demand that spring poetry be sent in far ahead of the first thaw—in December or January—it is no wonder that the genuine poet's ardor is chilled. He decides that neither the "Atlantic Monthly" nor the "Century" is to publish his immortal verse, and he sends it instead to the "Herald" or the "Brownsville Star."

"It is the old mood of the spring, A sweet and a heart-breaking thing—

The budding joy, the vanished good; For, though we pluck the daffodils, Or walk with laughter on the hills,

Yet go we empty through the wood."

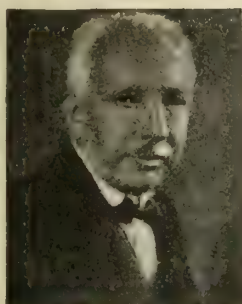
We are all poets in the spring days—even if the poetic spirit may take the form of an Easter hat or a fervor for house-cleaning instead of an ode. Yet it is in the April days that the sadness of spring-time comes most poignantly.



The High Altar in the Sanctuary of Westminster Abbey, where the marriage of Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles was solemnized

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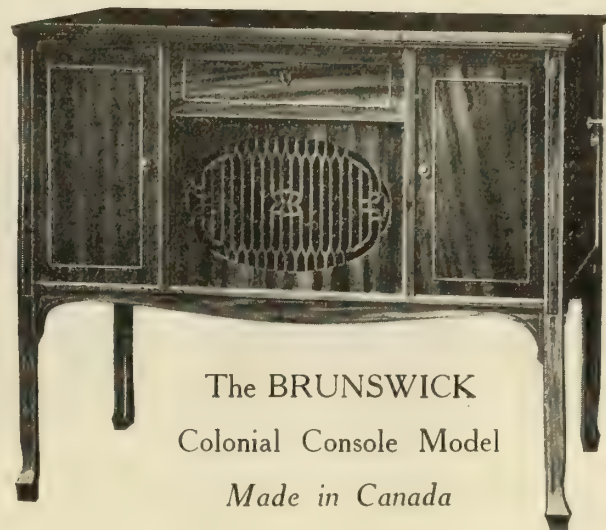
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Made in Canada

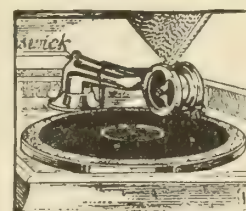
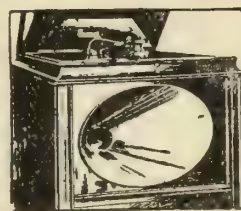
The Brunswick ALL PHONOGRAPHS IN ONE

ABOVE illustrated is the Brunswick "Colonial" Console Table Model. This beautiful instrument, designed for the finest homes, is meeting with an enthusiastic reception among people who wish something distinctive in phonograph design. This model has, of course, the Brunswick exclusive method of reproduction of which the two principal features are the famous—

ALL-WOOD OVAL HORN

AND

3-IN-1 ULTONA



The famous All-wood Oval Horn, an exclusive feature of the Brunswick, is here shown with the grille of the instrument removed. This all-wood oval horn is built like a violin, from the choicest woods—not an atom of metal. Your own ears appreciate the result—tones that are rich, clear, and above all, natural.

Above is illustrated the exclusive Brunswick Ultona, a combined tone arm and reproducer, which by a mere twist of the wrist, plays each make of record exactly as it should be played. It gives the precise diaphragm, the exact weight or pressure, and the correct point or needle for every record. Nothing to take off or put on—the Ultona is complete.

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BETTY COMPSON

How Famous Movie Stars Keep Their Hair Beautiful

The Secret of Having Soft, Silky, Bright, Fresh-Looking Hair

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair, if you care for it properly.

Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and

rubbing it in briskly as before. You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any pharmacy or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months. Beware of imitations—be sure you get Mulsified. Look for the name Watkins on the package.

Makes Your Hair Beautiful



WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO
MADE IN CANADA



WITH the vanishing of March, most of us breathe a sigh of relief. It is almost as unpopular a month as November—but not quite. March has the hint of coming flowers and warmth and there is the suggestion of spring-time on the horizon. So, we put up with all the winds that blow and console ourselves with the thought of the May blossoms which are waiting for us farther on.

The early winds of the first month of spring may have played malicious tricks, however, with the skin and hair of the woman who has been obliged to be out every day. It is well when April comes to have a kind of stock taking of one's physical forces and find out just how "fit" we are. The old-fashioned doctrine of a spring tonic was very wise teaching and you will find that the skin and the hair are in need of a tonic, also. The hair is almost certain to require a good deal of treatment, for the winter hat has proved more trying to the hair than the light headwear of spring and summer. Whatever you do, avoid the ugly unconventionality of going without a hat in the summer. In some cities you will see many a pretty head exposed to the sun and the dust, with no thought of protection. At the end of the season, the hair will be coarsened and burned and the hatless one will be lamenting the condition of her face and the fading of her crown of glory. An occasional sun bath is a very good thing for the hair; but constant exposure to the rays of the sun is a mistake.

We sometimes deplore the showers of April. However, the rains which come in this month of awakening are just as healthy for humanity as they are for Mother Earth herself. Do not remain in the house if the rain is pattering down. Go out to meet it and you will find that you are refreshed, just as if you were a daffodil or a violet. The freshness of the British complexion may come partly from the salt air—but credit must also be given to the walk in the rain.

THE interest of the feminine world in a "sale" is proverbial. A bargain, whether it be a blouse or a vacuum cleaner is almost certain to attract a large gathering of womankind. Wherefore, when a firm which dealt in all matters relating to beautifying, advertised a "sacrifice" of creams, perfumes, hair nets and "such" it was no wonder that the shop was crowded and that the counters were swiftly swept of their most attractive goods. Vanishing creams lived up to their name and disappeared with a rapidity which left you wondering how soon the city would become quite beautiful from all this purchase of the aids to loveliness. Hair nets, cap and fringe, in all colors, were bought by the dozen. Shell hair pins were a drug in the market and combs of all shapes and sizes were acquired with a rapidity which made a run on the stock market look tame.

There were the most alluring little bags for powder puffs, with Paris peeking from the top of each one. Even a decorous affair made of plaid did not succeed in looking really Scotch. There was a bag of mauve satin and there were several

of Alice blue, and a perfect host of little pink bags, all looking as if they might carry the fairy gift of an apple-blossom complexion. It was, indeed, a day of bargains and the mere man who regarded the throng which repaired to that shop of beauty wares might be assured that votes and a seat in the House of Commons would never be the most seductive prizes in the eyes of women.

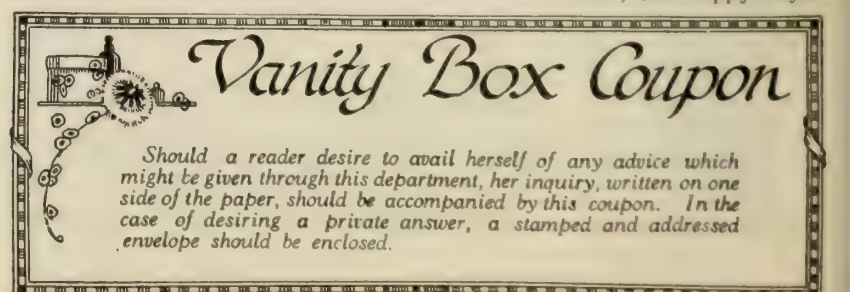
We are told that these are hard times, but one might notice that the perfume which had been four dollars an ounce and which had suffered a "reduction" to two dollars for that quantity was in immediate demand and disappeared almost as swiftly as the face creams. There were vanity cases, too,—delightful bits of tortoiseshell and silver and one of amber with inlay of gold which most of us merely gazed at with respect. Perhaps a stray movie star came along and bought it, for the price, even for a bargain, was more than we cared to consider.

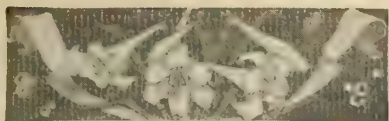
THE LETTER BOX.

K. E. G. You are a very lucky girl. I assure you, to have green eyes, brown hair and rosy cheeks. And yet you call yourself common-place! My dear girl, don't you know that green eyes are considered by many authorities a desirable possession? Rosy cheeks are all too rare in these nerve-wracking days:—and the touch of rouge is never quite so charming as the real rose of youth. Keep your eyes bright, your brown hair with a gloss on it and the rosy cheeks unfaded. Your extremely Irish name would lead one to believe that you are not without a sense of humor and that life is likely to seem worth while to you, whether the Vanity Box is filled or not. I have sent you some advice about the eye-lashes and I hope that yours will soon be the long, sweeping kind which are most effective.

MABEL. Don't use rouge if you are only eighteen. There is no reason in such a proceeding. A touch of the rose-tinted compact powder which we used to call rouge should be indulged in only by those who have lost youth's first freshness and who are anxious not to appear too worn and sallow. The rouge has its uses—but it is better never to touch it than to misuse it. Sweet eighteen should have no need for it. All you require, Mabel, is an application of a little good cream occasionally and a light application of powder if the face is too shiny in the warm weather.

PEGGY. What a long way your letter has travelled, all the way from the Pacific to our sanctum to ask about hair tonics and "such." Really, from what you say concerning the town in which you are so fortunate as to have your home, you should never need a tonic of any kind. A girl who lives in the midst of such loveliness, with the mountains to look up to, and a beautiful lake spread out for her daily delight ought to have the healthiest and happiest of lives, with no need to write about hair tonics. Nevertheless, I am glad to get your letter, for it brings a welcome breeze from the wide spaces to the stifled town. Good luck, and happy days!





Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from page 20)

The Country Life Problem and the Answer.

The Family in Rural Life.

History of Women's Institutes; their present status and Relationship to Government Service.

Basis of Organization; Branch, district provincial.

Parliamentary Procedure, including methods of conducting meetings, elections etc.

District and branch officers—selection, responsibilities and opportunities.

The Girls in the Institute.

Responsibilities of the Home Maker.

Labor-Saving Methods in the Home.

Community Activities—

The School and its Allies;

Play and Games in Relation to Community Well-being.

Community Halls and Libraries.

Community Singing.

Linking up the Institutes with the Services Available through the various Departments of the Government; Agriculture, Public Health, Education, Labour.

This school is overcoming what has been one of the greatest obstacles to thorough and efficient organization—the lack of leaders—in Women's Institutes work. Theoretically, every member in the branch institute takes her turn and does her bit in holding office acting on committees, taking part in the programme, social and educational and on the various general activities for the promotion of community welfare. While many do this—others hold back. The cause for this, investigation shows, is in most cases, timidity arising from a lack of knowledge of what to do and how and when to do it. Institute Schools are overcoming this difficulty.

ONTARIO WOMEN'S INSTITUTES.

THE following points from the programme chosen by the Standing Committee on Education and Better Schools, Miss K. F. McIntosh, convener of the Ontario Women's Institutes, indicate the range and practical nature of the interest taken in this line of community progress.

Their aims are to secure:

(1) Co-operation between Institutes and schools through Home and School Committees—this rather than by organizing separate home and school councils. A Branch may have among its membership women from two, three, four or possibly more school sections. Appoint a committee of two from each section who would visit their own school gaining a friendly co-operation between teacher, pupils, Institute and trustees, (instance several cases—games, soap, towels, etc.). Mainly we want the mothers to see either through their own eyes or those of their committee, conditions in and around the schools.

(2) School Improvement:

(a) Of buildings now in existence. It would not be wise to scrap all the little red, one-roomed school houses. They have served a purpose in our national education and for financial and other reasons, it is impossible to replace them at once with buildings conforming more nearly to our present day standard.

These buildings may be made to render further service by improvements which, while costing very little in themselves, will very materially benefit future citizens who lay the foundation for scholastic accomplishment here and often—too often—the foundation for future ill health.

(b) To see that schools now being built conform to all requirements of health and education. If Institute members at their meetings study a number of plans for school buildings, they could, when discussion on a new school came up in the section, guide the planning in such a way that the best results would be achieved.

(Continued on page 47)



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This is the question that thousands of my students have been asked and are being asked daily.

With my wonderful easy print and picture lessons for beginners, their progress has been nothing short of astonishing. Not only their friends, but they themselves were amazed at their sudden ability to play or sing. With this accomplishment they have been able to achieve greater popularity than they ever thought possible. And you can do the same.

Even if you don't know the first thing about music, don't know one note from another—with this new method you can easily and quickly learn to sing or to play your favorite musical instrument. And all in your spare time at home—without a teacher!

To those who are not acquainted with my system this may sound like a pretty strong statement. Yet I stand ready and willing to back up every word of it. I have taught music to over 250,000 men, women and children in all parts of the world. Just think!—over a quarter of a million graduates. Their thousands of grateful letters to me, only a few of which are reproduced here, will convince you better than anything I could say, of the true merit of my system.

My method removes all the discouraging drawbacks and entangling hindrances of the old way of learning music.

There are no dull and uninteresting exercises, no agonizing scales, no tortuous finger gymnastics, no reprimands from a cross or impatient teacher. Nor is there any need of



The Verdict

Since I've been taking your lessons I've made over \$200 with my violin. Your lessons surely are fine.—Melvin Freeland Macopin, N.J.

My friends all think it wonderful how I learned to play in such a short time. I regret that I didn't hear of your school long ago.—Mrs. W. Carter, 22 Cass Ave., St. Louis.

I want to tell you how delighted I am to have found a way to learn music. I shall sing the praises of your school to everyone I meet.—Susan J. Almy, 500 W. 144th St., New York.

I am more than satisfied with the lessons. They are much better than a private teacher. I certainly admire the way you take pains to explain everything in them. I wouldn't go back to my private teacher if I were paid to.—Julian L. Piccat, Stepney, Conn.

thousands of men and women 50 to 60 years old—including many who have never before taken a lesson—have found this method equally easy.

And my lessons are just as thorough as they are easy—no "trick" music, no "numbers," no make-shifts of any kind. I teach you the only right way—teach you to play or sing by note.

Think of the pleasure and

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happiness you can add to your own daily life once you know how to play! Think of the popularity you can gain—for players and singers are always in demand at social gatherings of every kind.

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(Name of Instrument or course)

Name Please Write Plainly

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A Variety of Recipes

Fried Eggs.—Each egg must be cooked separately. Take a small, deep frying pan and put into it two tablespoonfuls of butter, lard, or salad oil. When quite hot, break an egg in a teacup and slip it into the hot fat, tilt the pan slightly so that the fat surrounds the egg, and with a spoon fold the white over the yolk. About two minutes will be sufficient to cook it. When ready, lift it out carefully with a fish slice, allowing the fat to drain from it, and place it on a hot dish. Proceed with more eggs in the same way until a sufficient number is cooked, adding more fat to the pan as required.

Eggs in Aspic.—Rinse out a mould with cold water, then pour in a little aspic jelly and allow it to set. Now decorate the top of the mould with pieces of cooked beets, chopped parsley, pieces of cooked tongue or tomato, or any other decoration according to fancy. Set this decoration with a little more aspic jelly, then place round three hard cooked eggs cut in quarters. Small pieces of lettuce or tomato, or cucumber may be put between the pieces of egg if desired. Fill up the mould with aspic jelly, and place in the refrigerator over night. When required, unmould onto lettuce leaves and serve with salad dressing. Tomato jelly may be used instead of the aspic jelly.

Scrambled Eggs with Kidneys.—First prepare the kidneys, skin three sheep's kidneys and cut them into dice, removing the core in the centre. Season well with made mustard, salt and pepper, and fry them in two tablespoonfuls of hot butter, add two tablespoonfuls of hot stock, and allow them to simmer for a few minutes. Scramble three eggs, add to them two tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup and arrange them neatly on rounds of hot buttered toast on a hot dish, make a hollow in the centre of the eggs and put in the kidneys. Serve very hot.

To scramble the eggs, melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add four beaten eggs, season to taste with salt and pepper, add four tablespoonfuls of milk or stock and stir over the fire until the eggs begin to set, and the mixture is of a creamy consistency. An extra piece of butter stirred in at this stage will be found a great improvement. Pour over hot buttered toast. The addition of the tomato catsup is also an improvement.

Popovers.—Sift into a bowl one cupful of flour with a saltspoonful of salt, add one cupful of milk and one beaten egg and beat for ten minutes. Divide into hot greased gem pans and bake in a very hot oven for thirty minutes without opening the oven door. Serve hot with butter or maple syrup.

Corn Meal Waffles. Cook one-half cupful of corn meal in two cupfuls of boiling water for thirty minutes, then add one and one-half cupfuls of milk and remove from the fire. Sift in two cupfuls of flour, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one teaspoonful of salt, then add two well-beaten eggs and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Cook on a hot well greased waffle iron and serve hot with maple syrup or grated maple sugar.

Golden Gems. Cream one cupful of butter with three-fourths cupful of sugar, add beaten yolks of four eggs and beat for four minutes, then add one-half cupful of milk, two cupfuls of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, mix well, then add the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Mix gently and divide into greased and floured gem pans and bake in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes. Serve hot with syrup, jam or marmalade.

Steamed Bread Pudding. Break one-half pound of stale brown bread into small pieces and put them into a bowl, pour over them one and one-half cupfuls of boiling milk, cover the bowl with a

plate, and allow to stand until the bread is soft. Turn into a strainer or colander, and press it well, so that it is as dry as possible. Next beat it well with a fork, taking out any hard pieces, then add one-fourth cupful of grated maple sugar, the grated rind and strained juice of one lemon, and one-half cupful of seedless raisins. Mix well and add two beaten eggs, pour into a greased mould, cover with a buttered paper, and steam steadily for two hours. Turn the pudding on to a hot dish and serve with it hot milk, or a sweet melted butter sauce.

Monday Cup Cakes. Cream one-third cupful of butter with three-fourths cupful of sugar, add a pinch of salt and the yolks of two eggs and beat again. Then add one-half cupful of milk, one and one-half cupfuls of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of orange extract and beat until light. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs and divide into greased and floured gem pans and bake in a moderately hot oven. When cold, remove the centres, brush over the outsides with hot jam, roll in chopped almonds, fill in the centres with whipped and sweetened cream, flavored with one-fourth teaspoonful of lemon extract, and put handles on with strips of angelica, or strips of candied citron, lemon or orange peel. These cakes are good when filled with ice cream instead of the whipped cream.

Fruit Delights. Take equal weights of cherries, dates, figs and raisins and put through a food chopper, alternating the fruit so as to mix as you grind. Mold and roll thin, using powdered sugar to prevent sticking to the board. Cut out with a small cutter and dust with powdered sugar. Keep for two days before eating.

Sea Foam Candy. Put three cupfuls of grated maple sugar, one cupful of water and one tablespoonful of vinegar into a saucepan. Heat gradually, to boiling point, stirring only until the sugar is dissolved, then boil without stirring until it forms a hard ball when tested in cold water, or 250 degrees F. on candy thermometer. Remove from the fire at once, and when the syrup stops bubbling, pour gradually into the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs, beating constantly. Continue the beating until the mixture holds its shape, then add one-half teaspoonful each of vanilla and lemon extracts and one cupful of chopped nut meats. Drop in small pieces on waxed paper.

Pear Candy. Put into a saucepan two cupfuls of brown sugar, one cupful of corn syrup, one-half cupful of milk, and one tablespoonful of butter, and boil for five minutes. Then add one cupful of chopped preserved pears, one-half cupful of chopped candied ginger, and one-fourth cupful of chopped candied lemon peel. Boil to 250 degrees F. on candy thermometer, or until it forms a hard ball when tested in cold water, add one teaspoonful of orange extract and pour into greased pans. Cut into squares or diamonds. If peaches are used, in place of the pears, substitute one cupful of blanched and chopped almonds for the ginger, and if a perfect almond flavor is preferred omit the lemon peel and the orange extract and use two teaspoonfuls of almond extract.

Caramels. Put two pounds of lump sugar and one cupful of water into a saucepan, stir until the sugar is dissolved, then add three tablespoonfuls of glucose or a pinch of cream of tartar, boil up, stir often and when it will harden in cold water, or to 245 degrees F. on the candy thermometer, add one cupful of good cream and two tablespoonfuls of butter, boil again, stirring all the time to 245 degrees F. on candy thermometer, remove from the fire, add one teaspoonful each of vanilla and lemon extracts and pour into a greased tin. When nearly cold cut with a greased knife into neat squares, and wrap each in waxed paper.



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LITTLE attic rooms, tucked under the eaves waiting for the magic, transforming touch of the housewife. With a few simple furnishings she works her miracle—some colorful cretonnes, books, a few simple pieces of furniture, and on the floor—an attractive but inexpensive Gold-Seal Art-Rug.

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Women everywhere are brightening their homes with these beautiful Gold-Seal Art-Rugs. And besides the artistic charm they find Congoleum so practical—so sanitary, so durable, and so easy-to-clean. Just a few light strokes with a damp mop leave the surface clean as a whistle—the rich colors glowing like new.

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COMBING RABBITS FOR PROFIT

By P. W. Luce

KEEPING rabbits has long been looked upon as the hobby of children, but there is at least one woman in British Columbia who has got long past the hobby stage, for she has been operating on a commercial basis for over five years near Prospect Lake, on Vancouver Island. This lady, Mrs. McVickers, owns one-hundred and thirty-nine different breeds of rabbits.

The sale of rabbits for food is only incidental at this huge rabbitery. The making of yarn from the fine long fur of the beautiful Angoras, and the weaving of rabbit fur rugs with a loom, are the two things which make the venture decidedly profitable. Rugs of woven rabbit fur are very soft and pliable, and there is no difficulty, or great technical skill required in the manufacture. Mrs. McVickers does much of the preliminary work on a spinning wheel over one-hundred-and fifty years old, which was built specially for her great great grandmother.

The fur is plucked from the Angoras twice a year, sometimes three times, according to the age of the animal, the plucking being a painless operation which the bunnies seem to rather enjoy. Naturally, particular care must be taken of the rabbits at all times, and their hutches kept scrupulously clean. Each Angora is thoroughly combed once a week, to keep the fur from becoming matted.

Among the breeds more particularly favored by the pioneers in this industry are the Angoras, the grey, steel, and black Flemish Giants, New Zealand Reds, Himalaya, and Black Siberians. Experience tends to show that the B. C. bred rabbits are harder than the imported individuals, though the outsiders excel in quantity of fur. Muffs, stoles, and other articles of wearing apparel, made from the pelts of Black Siberians, Blue Flemish, and Siberian Reds, are finding a ready market at fancy figures.

In addition to the big rabbitery, Mrs. McVickers keeps chickens and pigeons, a Toggenburg goat, and eighteen dogs. The dogs, she explains, are just for company! She also has more than a hundred varieties of plants growing in her garden, to which the Natural History Society of British Columbia makes an annual pilgrimage, her collection of wild flowers being the most complete in the province.

Strangely enough, there is a certain prejudice in British Columbia against eating the flesh of the rabbit, delicious though it is. In Northern British Columbia, where wild rabbits swarm literally by millions, there are hundreds of settlers who positively refuse to avail themselves of this free food supply. I have known families on the verge of starvation with scores of fat rabbits within sight of their door.

Among trappers and frontiersmen the impression prevails that there is no sustenance in the flesh of the rabbit, and that a man would most certainly starve to death if he could get nothing else to eat. Doctors and scientists admit that the food value of rabbit flesh is small, compared to beef, but no one with whom I have discussed the question is prepared to endorse the view of the trappers. Personally, for quite a considerable time I lived largely on wild rabbits, and did not feel any the worse for the diet. But I did this from necessity, not from choice, for there is no other flesh food which gets so monotonous as rabbit—except possibly chicken.

As many people are aware, most of the older streets in Montreal are named after saints, male and female. A progressive Yankee has a typical American drug store at the corner of two of these streets, and last summer he put the following sign in his window:

"Meet your girl here for an ice-cream soda. This is where St. Thomas meets St. Genevieve."



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Guaranteed to be the purest and best baking powder possible to produce. Because of the purity and high quality of the ingredients of Magic Baking Powder its leavening qualities are perfect and it is therefore economical.

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For the Journal's Juniors SMILES OF APRIL

By BERTHA E. GREEN

JOEL Simpson, down at the feed store, used to say that the strangest thing about Peter West was that few people remembered when he had come to live in Nestleton. This was the more strange, in that our little town was one where anyone's business was everyone's business. Peter West had just "slipped in" and become one of us.

It was the best part of a mile from the Main street to the depot, too long a walk if the day happened to be other than fine. Two streets ran to the railway down a long gentle slope, but the western one was mostly used. This was Albert Street, and after one passed Kennedy's saw-mill, about half-way, the houses were scattered and where the "commons" had been fenced in, these fields were used for little else than pasture-lands.

That was so long ago that no one thought very much about it. It was not that Peter's appearance did not attract attention—that was far from ordinary. Peter was short, and broad shouldered, and his clothes were always several sizes too large for him, which, with his round, bearded face, made him seem shorter and broader than he really was.

One saw a face that was almost chubby, with a touch of apple-red on the cheeks showing through the graying beard. The eyes were a light blue, not keen, or sharp, but kindly eyes that looked into your own and made you like Peter West from that moment.

Peter was a wood-worker, and made for sale such simple things as rolling-pins, ironing-boards, and potato-mashers. It was in the days of few creameries, and



Peru Llamas in Riverdale Zoo, Toronto

Unpaved cross-streets ran a little way west from Albert street, and lost themselves in the grass of the "commons." It was near the end of one of these unfinished streets that Peter West lived. One might walk up to his home along a two-board sidewalk that ended just in front of his door.

The house was a square cottage, with a single room extension behind, that Peter used for a workshop. Not many people knew much about Peter West's house, but everyone knew the shop, especially the children.

No one knew just why he had come to live in our town, or why he had built the little house that seemed so much by

in many a farm dairy now one could find the carved butter-print that Peter had made.

The workshop was a joy to many of the children. Real mischief was forbidden there, but not fun, and the room, with its small lathe, heavy work-bench, and curly shavings on the floor, was altogether delightful as an indoor playground.

Peter's skill in the making of kite-frames was always at the service of his young friends, and no one ever thought of asking anyone else to repair a broken wooden toy.

He lived alone in his little house, keeping both house and garden so neatly that

(Continued on page 28d)



The Elephant at the Riverdale Zoo, Toronto

Ask Us Now

for this delightful test

This offers a 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent. Send the coupon for it. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Note the refreshing taste that follows.

A book we send explains each new effect. So you will see that new protection comes, as well as new delights.

If you are careful enough to brush teeth, learn how to clean them better.

Teeth That Shine

Note how many you see today

Have you noted how many pretty teeth you meet with nowadays?

A few years ago nearly everyone's teeth were coated with dingy film. Now millions of people combat that film.

We urge you to learn how they do it, and try the method yourself for ten days.

Film destroys beauty

A viscous film forms on your teeth. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

That film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It often forms the basis of thin, discolored coats. Tartar is based on film.

The old ways of brushing left much of that film intact. Even well-brushed teeth were usually discolored more or less. And many teeth were unsightly.

Film is also the cause of most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Millions of germs breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Now we combat it

The tooth brush has not ended film. Tooth troubles have been constantly increasing. So dental science has for years sought ways to fight that film.

Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. Leading dentists nearly all the world over are urging their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been created to comply with all modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two effective film combatants are now embodied in it.

Two other benefits

Pepsodent brings, with every use, two other great effects. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

These are Nature's great tooth-protecting agents. Every use of Pepsodent gives them many-fold effect. Thus it creates all-important benefits which old ways never brought. To millions of homes it has introduced a new era in teeth cleaning.



Quick, visible effects

The Pepsodent effects are quick and conspicuous. No user can doubt its benefits. What you see and feel will very soon convince you.

Film is combated. Starch deposits are attacked. The teeth are highly polished. The mouth is left in alkaline condition.

Learn these results, then let your family enjoy them. Children need them too. This is the way to safer teeth.

Let this test show you what clean teeth mean, and you will always want them.

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Give Your Wife This Chance To Be Happy

By G. G. PERCIVAL, M. D.

THERE are more than a million women in Canada and the United States who have suffered untold agonies for years, who have found joyous and colourful cheeks through INTERNAL BATHING.

This wonderful gift to humanity was discovered by a physician who laboured for years to get at the root of ninety-five per cent. of the ailments from which women complain, while other great physicians and scientists worked to cure cancer, consumption and other dreaded diseases, this physician went to the bottom of things to annihilate the cause of most of these diseases.

Now enlightened physicians all over America, as well as osteopaths, physical culturists and others who labour to build up the health of mankind, are heartily preaching the gospel of INTERNAL BATHING.

And what is more, hundreds of thousands of letters have poured in from women in all walks of life, from the highest in the land to the most humble, each anxious that her story should be told to some other suffering woman. Their gratefulness is unbounded.

Men know so little about women that the time has come when frankness should be the motto of all physicians. Men would then understand why their wives complain, why their eyes lack lustre and their cheeks grow fallow, and they live through each day fulfilling their duties, where a man, burdened by like suffering, would remain in bed.

Ninety-five per cent. of illnesses common to women are caused directly or indirectly by accumulated waste in the colon (the lower intestine); this is bound to accumulate, because we of to-day neither eat the kind of food nor take the amount of exercise which nature demands in order that she may thoroughly eliminate the waste unaided.

That is the reason when you are ill, physicians always give you something to remove this accumulation of waste before commencing to treat your specific trouble. And it is ten to one that no trouble would have developed if there were no accumulation of waste in the colon.

Professor Metchnikoff, one of the world's greatest scientists, boldly and specifically stated that if our colons were taken away in infancy, our lives would be increased probably to 150 years.

You see, this waste is extremely poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls of the colon, it absorbs the poison and carries them through the circulation—that is what causes Auto-Intoxication, with all its perniciously enervating and weakening results.

But you can never be auto-intoxicated if you periodically use the proper kind of an INTERNAL BATH—that is certain.

It is nature's own relief and corrector—just warm water which, used in the right way, cleanses the colon thoroughly its entire length and makes and keeps it sweet, clean and pure as nature demands it shall be for the entire system to work properly.

It is probably true that more drugs, most of which are harmful and insufficiently effective, are used for this than for all other human ailments combined. This goes to show how universal the troubles caused by accumulative waste really is—but there is no doubt that drugs are being dropped as INTERNAL BATHING becomes better known.

It is not possible for your wife to conceive what a wonderful bracer an INTERNAL BATH really is; taken at night before retiring, she will awaken in the morning with a feeling of lightness and buoyancy that cannot be accounted for—her system will be perfectly cleansed, everything will be working in perfect accord, the brain clear, eyes bright and the old vim and confidence back again for the day's duties.

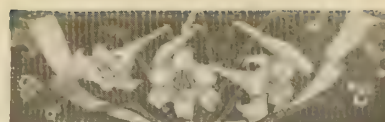
Think of what this means to a woman, to be able to laugh, eat and sleep well, to be your cheerful companion, able once again to live the life nature meant woman to live.

There is nothing new about INTERNAL BATHS except the way of administering them. Some years ago Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, of New York, was so miraculously benefited by faithfully using the method then in vogue that he made INTERNAL BATHS his special study, and improved materially in administering the Bath and in getting the result desired.

This perfected Bath he called the "J. B. L. Cascade" and it is the one which has so quickly popularized and recommended itself that hundreds of thousands are to-day using it.

Dr. Tyrrell, in his practice and researches, discovered many unique and interesting facts in connection with this subject; these he has collected in a little book, "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which will be sent free on request, if you address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 238, Tyrrell Bldg., 163 College St., Toronto, and mention having read this in CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

This book tells us facts that we never knew about ourselves before and there is no doubt that everyone who has an interest in his or her own physical well being or that of the family will be very greatly instructed and enlightened by reading this carefully prepared and scientifically correct little book.



Smiles of April

(Continued from page 28b)

he earned the praise of even such good housekeepers as the womenfolk of Nestleton. He had many acquaintances, but few friends, and, with those who knew him best, was a better listener than a talker. Joel Simpson used to say that he liked to talk with Peter, for he never had any trouble getting a word in edgewise.

Peter's business came to him at his workshop, for he was very lame, and could not undertake long walks. He was ever cheery to the children, to whom he told stories, and to whom he seemed the happiest, jolliest man they knew.

"Then we sailed away to Calicut on the good ship 'Susan Jane'." Whenever you heard Peter singing of the 'Susan Jane', you knew that he was in the best of spirits, and that, more than likely, he was making, or mending toys. But there were times when there was sadness hidden behind a smile, and on dull days, rainy or stormy, Peter would think of himself as a man growing old and very lonely. Books were his friends, but, sometimes, even these failed to keep the lonely hours from crowding him.

This was before the last Springtime that Peter West lived in the little house in Nestleton. It is easy to remember the winter previous, for, just before New Years, they hung a new, colored globe in the window of McKay's drug-store, and, about the same time, Lucy Brook came all the way from Chicago on a visit. Lucy was to stay at the Cunningham's until about the end of March, and as three months seems a long time to little folks, Lucy decided to "settle down and make herself at home." She was a splendid playmate, and knew ever-so-many games that were new to our town.

The Cunninghams, with whom Lucy was staying, lived on Albert street, between the mill and the Presbyterian Church. This was not so very far from Peter West's house, so Lucy soon became acquainted with Peter himself.

The affairs of Peter were far from important to Nestleton and the world in general, but to Peter himself they were most important, indeed. This particular winter they were most unsatisfactory for rheumatism had added to his lameness, and he rarely was able to leave his house and his workshop.

One morning in March, Lucy and that young mischief, Archie Cunningham, had borrowed all the peeling-knives in the Cunningham kitchen, without so much as asking, of course, and were down at the mill-yard stripping the slippery bark from the freshly-cut elm logs. This was a regular Spring occupation of Nestleton's very young people, coming just before marbles, and the yearly sulphur and molasses.

"Come on, Archie," said Lucy, to whom the gathering of the slippery-elm harvest had lost its novelty. "We have got heaps and heaps."

But Archie, who had a handkerchief wrapped around a cut thumb, would not dismount from the log which he was stripping of its bark. He had already broken two peeling-knives, and hoped he would not be questioned about their disappearance.

"All right for you, Archie," said Lucy tossing her head. "Then you can take my slippery-elm home with your own. I'm going down to visit Peter."

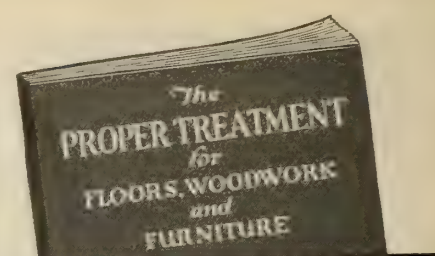
Lucy walked down Albert street, and over to Peter West's little house. As usual, she entered the workshop without knocking, and for the first time saw Peter without a smile on his face.

"Perhaps he's got a mortgage, and it's worrying him," thought Lucy, "something is wrong, I just know there is."

Peter West was sitting in a spindly arm-chair which he kept in his workshop, and he tried immediately to hide his worry. It was useless, however, for Lucy had caught him moping, and at once began to ask questions.

"Is it a big one?" she asked. "Does it cost you an awful lot of money? It's

(Continued on page 44a)



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Women's Institute Methods

Conducted by Mrs. Alfred Watt O.B.E.

USES OF THE SUGGESTION BOX.

The Suggestion Box should always have a place in Institute Meetings. The reasons are obvious but none the less, often overlooked. It is a shelter for the shy, for the member who is tersely described as being backward in coming forward, for those who have really something important to bring forward but are afraid of hurting a neighbor's feelings or bringing some unpleasantness upon themselves if they talk out openly. It ensures every member having a say in the organization and forward movement of the Institute. It makes a pleasant interlude in an educational meeting. It is the means of ventilating a grievance or bringing to attention a community need. These are a few of its uses and others will occur to any member.

How to make the Suggestion Box really useful and interesting is a matter that can be worked out by those in charge. It should be in charge of one or more members either in turn or throughout the year. A pretty box with distinctive lettering preferably made and decorated by a member should be placed in a conspicuous place and members' attention called to it as they enter, or at the social hour, or any other convenient time. Sometimes it is carried around the room like a collection plate and everyone given an opportunity to put in a suggestion. Those in charge should show pleasure and thank members for helping them make the Box a success by putting in Suggestions.

The anonymous character of the Box should be strictly preserved. No suggestions should ever be signed and no one should be guilty of speculating who sent in any particular suggestion or complaint.

Arrangements for dealing with the Box should be made by the Committee. It should be specified when it should be opened and by whom and when the suggestions should be taken up and by whom. Usually the President opens the Box at meetings and deals with the suggestions there and then.

MONEY MAKING AND THE INSTITUTES.

Owing no doubt to war needs and also to the undoubted fact that the Institute gathers in all the really live women in the community, appeals to the Institutes to raise money for this and for that seem unending, and often irresistible. We have now got into the habit and the most thoughtful women in the movement all over Canada consider that the sooner we break ourselves off the habit the better. The British Institutes have understood from the beginning that money-raising, for outside objects, and collections amongst the members for any reason, is not to be encouraged and it is only among the perhaps less carefully formed Institutes that such is practised. But we have certainly become an easy mark. Many individual members have seen the way we are drifting and losing sight of our original objects and ideals and have tried to stem the tide. But it is hard for individuals to refuse to take part in the money-raising especially when the charity is a good one.

Such members will find the reasons put forth against money raising, at the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada last June most useful in giving moral support to their attitude.

It will be remembered that a Resolution on this subject was passed at that time and directed to be sent to the Provinces. The fact that such a resolution was unanimously passed and that strong speeches in its favor were made by representatives from every Province present is sufficient indication of how



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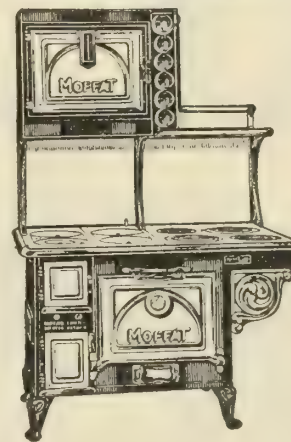
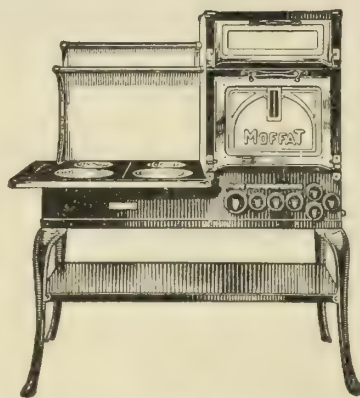
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illustrating 19 of these new Gladioli in natural colors and many others in halftone. Most complete cultural information is given, with special directions for growing show flowers. The most beautiful and instructive Gladiolus catalog ever issued.

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Women's Institute Methods

(Continued from page 29)

great a menace this continuous money raising has become and how widespread is the alarm and dissatisfaction. The Resolution read in effect "That as self preservation is the first law of any organized body, it is recommended that the expenditure of funds raised by Institutes be confined to Institute Organization, Local, Provincial, Federal and to the furtherance of aims and objects as set forth in the Constitution and that Institutes guard against degenerating into money making machines." Some of the arguments advanced in support of the resolution were:—Institutes are educational, not propagandist or charitable. Their aims and objects while general, are definitely for the development of rural life. They receive government support because they are educational and if aims are not being carried out this may be withdrawn.

Often a few members exploit the Institute against the real wish of the rest of the members for charitable or other purposes.

Money raising in itself is not an elevating outlet for the energies of members. If it seems necessary to raise funds for local or national purposes these could be expended through our own standing committees.

To raise money and hand it over to another organization to spend without having a say in its administration or safeguarding against extravagance is to betray a public trust.

It is hard, often impossible, to raise money for Institute purposes when we have appealed to the public and our members for other reasons. It is the barest honesty and the merest justice to support our own Institutes and our own Provincial and National Federations first.

It is poor business to give away money when we have not got the wherewithal to make our Federations and Institutes, efficient, live, comprehensive, organizations.

Some of the representatives pointed out that in order to justify our existence we had to spend money on making the movement strong. Some Institutes had not even a meeting place or furnishings or club room or rest room or library or funds to start co-operative enterprises or industries, or to pay for instructors, or to get out programmes or posters or support the Official Organ, or pay a Secretary or other helpers or to send delegates or otherwise keep in touch with the whole movement and yet they gave away hundreds of dollars every year to other societies to spend.

It would indeed seem that it is time to call a halt and that if the National Federation had not done anything else it had well justified its being by bringing this discontent out into the open and dealing vigorously with it.

A word of warning was uttered by Mrs. Todd, our beloved President, when she added to the discussion these words: "I quite agree that this abuse should be pointed out to the Institutes but I am afraid that many Institutes, especially remote ones, which are really kept together by some hospital or other local project needing aid may drop that and be lost. Some definite interest is always needed, especially at first."

Mrs. Todd is right as usual and we must be reasonable and not too sudden in the changes we make. We all agree that our work is first and last and all the time to make better homes, better farms, better people, better communities but do not let us forget, better Institutes.

FURTHERING OUR AGRICULTURAL AIMS.

Among the legitimate enterprises for Institute workers are those for stimulating all the suitable agricultural and horticultural lines of work for women

and girls. We ought never to forget those devoted land girls in England who most certainly were factors in winning the war and who stayed at their most tiring and often unpleasant job of field and farm work as men do it, until the peace was signed. While we, in Canadian Institutes, do not think it economic or right for women to do heavy farm work in the fields as they do abroad, we do encourage girls and rural women generally to take up the less tiring small stock, and garden, and dairy work. Institutes can do a great deal to help the farm industry by having on their programmes items relating to farm and garden interests. Sometimes they can do more and this account of what was done by some young Frenchwomen will be of interest.

They wished to be trained themselves and help train other girls in rural pursuits and, at the same time, make some money by keeping a small nursery garden and this is how they did it. They secured possession of an old worn-out garden which nobody wanted (and I fear there are many such) which had a lawn in front, a kitchen garden behind and beyond an old orchard. There was a funny old house which was more like a toy than a home for a long time.

The old garden after being ploughed was prepared at once for a vegetable garden. The lawn was cut, rolled, and restored and wide lower borders introduced. The orchard trees were cleaned and pruned. All this was done by experts so that object lessons were given to the young gardeners. As soon as they could get the money from their reluctant parents some small greenhouses were built and the girls taught how to grow seedlings. The girls worked hard and justified their parents' kindness. They had seedlings for sale and vegetables and fruit and although the first fruits of their labors went to help agricultural work in the devastated areas of France they are now on their feet financially and are going to continue the experiment. The girls enjoy it all thoroughly and they have the satisfaction of knowing that they are producers in a world which needs producers more than any other class in the community.

In Hurst, Berkshire, England, an old house with a large garden was lent to the local Institute for a similar purpose. In Witton-le-Wear, Durham, the Institute also ran some allotments on the same plan during the war. Many such schemes have been tried and I have yet to learn of one which was a total failure. Some may not keep on but always there is some good accomplished. The girls or women get some training. Or more food is produced or more land is brought under cultivation or those undertaking the job learn something of co-operation and business methods or the Institute is kept together by this means; that is they have this definite piece of work in hand and a definite responsibility.

OUR NOTICE BOARD.

An interesting experiment was recently tried by the West Saanich Women's Institute of British Columbia. The regular monthly meeting is being held at the Provincial Library in the Parliament Buildings at Victoria, a distance, it is true, of only nine miles, but the members will travel a much longer way if one measures the change in environment and influence.

The largest organization of women in England—not merely the largest of country women, but of any women is that of the Women's Institutes, now just upon 200,000 strong, of England and Wales. Imagine if all these women were gathered together! They would make a city's population, Vancouver for example!

(Continued on page 32)

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SELECT for your Easter gift "Ivoris" French Ivory.

One piece, or a group of pieces, added to her Collection Beautiful will make this Easter-tide a happy and memorable occasion.

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Get acquainted with the manager of your theatre and ask him what he is showing during Paramount Blue Ribbon Week

A YEAR ago, PARAMOUNT BLUE RIBBON WEEK was established. Its object was to create in every fifty-two weeks of PARAMOUNT success, one outstanding gala week. It is an exclusively Canadian institution—and last year's experience proved it an overwhelming success.

From April 17 to April 22, therefore, will be celebrated in



theatres stretching across the Dominion, the second annual Paramount Blue Ribbon Week. A special programme of Paramount Pictures will be presented at every theatre advertising this event. Paramount Blue Ribbon Week will be a period of post-lenten enjoyment that you cannot afford to miss.

Look for the sign on the theatres—watch their newspaper advertisements.

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A George Fitzmaurice Production
Based on the novel by George Du Maurier
"Peter Ibbetson".

"The Mistress of the World"
A Series of Four Paramount Pictures with
Mia May. Directed by Joe May.
From the novel by Carl Fidor.

Wallace Reid in "The World's Champion"
Based on the play, "The Champion"
By A. E. Thomas and Thomas Loudon.

Gloria Swanson in
"Her Husband's Trademark"
By Clara Beranger.

Wanda Hawley in "Bobbed Hair"
By Hector Turnbull
A Realart Production.

Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"Fool's Paradise"
Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story
"The Laurels and the Lady."

Mary Miles Minter in
"The Heart Specialist"
By Mary Morison
A Realart Production.

Marion Davies in "Beauty's Worth,"
By Sophie Kerr.
A Cosmopolitan Production.

Betty Compson in
"The Green Temptation"
From the story, "The Noose"
By Constance Lindsay Skinner.

May McAvoy in
"Through a Glass Window"
By Olga Printzlau
A Realart Production.

"Find the Woman," with Alma Rubens
By Arthur Somers Roche
A Cosmopolitan Production.

Ethel Clayton in "The Cradle"
Adapted from the play by Eugene Brieux.

Constance Binney in "The Sleep Walker,"
By Aubrey Stauffer
A Realart Production.

Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt in
"Bought and Paid For"
A William DeMille Production
Adapted from the play by
George Broadhurst.

Pola Negri in "The Devil's Pawn."

Dorothy Dalton in
"The Crimson Challenge."
By Vingie E. Roe

Wanda Hawley in
"The Truthful Liar"
By Will Payne
A Realart Production.

John S. Robertson's Production
"The Spanish Jade," with David Powell
From the novel by Maurice Hewlett.

"Is Matrimony a Failure?"
With T. Roy Barnes,
Lila Lee, Lois Wilson and Walter Hiers.

Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's
"Beyond the Rocks"
With Rodolph Valentino.

Mia May in "My Man."

Marion Davies in "The Young Diana"
By Marie Corelli
A Cosmopolitan Production.

Jack Holt and Bebe Daniels in
"Val of Paradise"
By Vingie E. Roe.

Agnes Ayres in "The Ordeal."

In Production; two great Paramount Pictures

Cecil B. DeMille's
"Manslaughter"
From the novel by Alice Duer Miller
George Melford's
"Burning Sands"
From the novel by Arthur Weigall.
A Man's Answer to Mrs. E. M. Hull's
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FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

131

Women's Institute Methods

(Continued from page 30)

A comprehensive District programme in a single meeting is that of the North Muskoka Institute. Its great advantage is that it gave each delegate present much to take back to her own Institute and that is the aim of such gatherings.

Opening Ode
Music
Address "Canadian Laws concerning Women and Children"
Recitation
Reading "What is your Boy Worth?"
Discussion "Women's Work" Questions
Music
Question Drawer Discussions
Campaign for more Sanitary Packages of Flour and Sugar
Resolutions Adjournment
God Save the King.

At the Alberta W. I. Convention of last year nearly all the old favorites were on the Song Sheet including LOCH LOMOND, WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME, ANNIE LAURIE, BIDE A WEE, AULD LANG SYNE, LOW BACKED CAR, HOME SWEET HOME, THOSE EVENING BELLS, BONNIE DUNDEE, MINSTREL BOY, KILLARNEY, OLD OAKEN BUCKET, THE OLD SONGS, THE FIRST NOWELL and many patriotic songs and hymns. The conductor of the singing was Mrs. Rose Morgan, author of "Songs that Live" and she approved of the Song Sheet and explained why most of the songs were good.

THE QUESTION DRAWER

Question—What is being done through Women's Institutes for the Soldiers Wives from Overseas?

Answer—Short Courses in Home Economics are being given by many of the provincial Governments, Universities, and Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment, through the Women's Institutes. The Institutes are extending a welcoming hand and asking these new Canadians to their meetings. The Province of Nova Scotia through its Superintendent of Women's Institutes, Miss Macdougall, has given a splendid lead in the whole subject of the incoming women citizens. Mrs. Joan Muldrew, Ottawa, would, of course, give full information.

Question—Has a member a right to move to dissolve a Committee?

Answer—Yes.

Question—Can the President sit on Committees and vote?

Answer—The President is ex-officio a member of all committees but she is usually considered to be there in an advisory capacity and does not vote. The Constitution should state if ex-officio members have a right to vote or not.

Question—Is the Chairman the same as the Convener of a Committee?

Answer—No. The Convener is the first named member and the chairman is elected at the first meeting of a committee.

Question—If the Chairman has named a Committee, can it be objected to?

Answer—If there has been a motion passed that the Chairman will name a Committee naturally the members will accept the names the Chairman proposes.

Question—Who is the best authority on Constitutional Authority in Canada?

Answer—There is but one authority, Bourinot. Rules of Order are all based in Canada on Bourinot and only his authority would be accepted in a Canadian Court of Law. All handbooks and all instructions to Institutes so far as procedure at meetings and so forth, take Bourinot as the reference. But it must not be forgotten that what actually is the government of the Institute is its own Constitution. What is laid down in the Constitution and By-Laws is binding upon us. For what is not laid down we must go to Bourinot or some hand-book based upon his book. Two

hand-books besides our own Institute Hand-books—that of Ontario being especially good—are recommended those by Mrs. Parsons and Mrs. McGill.

Question—Can a member go from one Institute to another without paying another subscription?

Answer—Custom varies in the Provinces. British Columbia gets the Government to make a ruling as they are affected since the government grant is based on membership. Ask Mr. Putnam what he thinks about Ontario's custom. In England they are quite strict about members passing from one W. I. to another as often the Institutes are only a few miles apart and some keen members want to belong to two or three and even serve on the Committee. The latter is discouraged. Often half of the fee is paid to each Institute but I must confess this must lead to difficulties.

Question—What is involved in laying a matter upon the table?

Answer—This is not much used in Canada. Our equivalent is "to adjourn the discussion." But neither motion is debatable. Vote is taken for or against but there can be no discussion.

Question—Where there are a number of booths or stalls or side shows at an Entertainment, who keeps the accounts straight?

Answer—Usually one person goes around at intervals, collects from all booths gives a receipt and gets out a financial statement. Many Institutes prefer a man to do this thankless task.

Question—Where can patterns for Glove-Making at home be obtained?

Answer—There is always a list of persons having patterns and directions and leaflets on the subject in the English official organ of Women's Institutes Home and Country, 26 Eccleston Street S. W. I. London England. Cuckfield (Sussex) England, Women's Institutes have a splendid Glove Industry. This Institute is a subscriber to the Canadian Home Journal and should be glad to help any Canadian handcraft. Write Miss Reid, Mill Hall, in care of the Institute.

Question—What are the official organs of Women's Institutes?

Answer—For Canada The Canadian Home Journal. For England, Home and Country, 26 Eccleston Street, S. W. I. London. For Belgium, Cercles d'Etudes Ministry of Agriculture, Brussels.

But Institute news appears regularly in provincial weekly journals and local newspapers both here and abroad.

Question—How can Institutes stimulate interest in the historical spots in their district?

Answer—Ask each member to bring an account of some object of interest or antiquity they know of personally in their neighborhood.

Question—Are there any Women's Institutes which encourage sports for girls?

Answer—Very many do. In Institute news for Manitoba lately appeared "Another community project which received active support from the Institutes is encouragement of the skating rink. Isabella and Shellmouth each have planned an up to date rink to cost Four Thousand Dollars!" Swimming is encouraged by Alberta W. I.'s and hockey by Ontario while tennis courts are maintained by the British Columbia Institutes.

Question—What Province is doing most for Boys' and Girls' Club work?

Answer—I am not prepared to make full comparison but I know that the system in vogue in Manitoba has had wonderful results, and that practically every Institute is assisting. To mention a few, Decker, Deloraine, Rosser and Elva are each doing special project work.



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For them long hours of unremitting toil. For you the Fordson Tractor that plows more in a day than they could in a week. For them the plodding ox team and a life of loneliness and isolation from their fellows. For you the Ford Car that opens the door to every city convenience and removes the last barrier to that social intercourse which alone makes life worth living.

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Making Music Safe for Democracy

Pros and Cons of the Present Movement for the Spread of Communal Music

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

THE present winter has been fruitful in schemes to further extend the influence of music as a force in Canadian communities; and I suppose that something definite is bound to result from the various movements that are under way. I am not sure that all of them mean quite so much as their sponsors claim; and in Eastern Canada I would like to see a little more genuine public action; and less tendency to leave the burden of carrying on propaganda to the musicians themselves—more of the spirit which animates the Western provinces in their governmental encouragement of music.

In my own city of Toronto for instance there are at present in progress two simultaneous movements to provide music "free." One is conducted by the Canadian Bureau for the Advancement of Music and is especially intended to interest school children. Its plans seem to be good and in some measure original. It has just made a beginning with free organ recitals and involves a series of memory tests for young people, of which more presently. Its plans seem to be excellent; but they do not seem to go as far in a public sense as the system prevailing in many important English cities. For instance, Dr. H. A. Fricker, who gave the first organ recital in behalf of the bureau on an instrument which has been installed in the Central Technical School, was, prior to his coming to Canada five years ago, Municipal Organist of Leeds. That is to say he was a salaried official of the Civic corporation giving eighty annual recitals in the City Hall. Free recitals for school children under an educational plan are an excellent beginning but it would not be well to promote the idea that musicians should give their services to this cause gratis. A healthy and genuine musical spirit will be in evidence when we reach the stage where such recitals are paid for out of the public revenues. The man who must live by music should not be expected to give his services free, any more than is the man in any other profession. If music is worth anything at all it is worth paying for, either as a public or private expenditure.

A striking example of what I mean is a series of free concerts that is being provided in many parts of the city of Toronto by a very able and enterprising daily newspaper. This publication has won kudos on the ground that it is stimulating musical enthusiasm; but I am not sure that the thought that it was an inexpensive form of advertising which might help circulation, was foreign to its mind. In this case the real honors should go to the many artists who willingly or unwillingly give their services gratis rather than to the publication which sponsors them. But in the announcements, the newspaper, rather than the performer, is accorded the principal place in the limelight. It is not at all certain that these performers who have come forward are wise in consenting to give away their wares on a wholesale scale. I am under the impression that the public values most what it pays for, in one way or another; and I am just wondering whether they are not injuring their chances of obtaining paid local engagements, in future.

It is worth while drawing attention to these considerations, since without a doubt, this idea will be taken up by newspapers in other parts of Canada. It seems to me that publishers should remunerate musicians, who assist at free concerts organized under their auspices, in proportion to the advertisement they expect from these events.

Newspaper publishers as a class are diametrically opposed to giving away what they have to sell; and music should be on the same basis.

In truth the public has got into the habit of asking too much of its musicians. This was especially true during the war. There was no class of the community which suffered more in the loss of revenues, in their capacity as teachers, during the early years of the conflict; and I know instances where artists who hardly knew where next week's bread was coming from were asked to give their services free for "war objects," and who did so without making their plight known. These thoughts have come to me on reading an article in which the phrase "making music safe for democracy" was used to typify the present movement for the diffusion of music. To make it safe for democracy we must offer security to those talented individuals who adopt music as a profession.

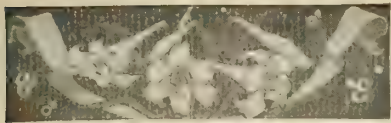
OF the recent growth of music as a democratic institution some very interesting things were said by the most eminent of American musical propagandists, Mr. Walter Damrosch, on his return from abroad. Mr. Damrosch pointed out the enormously increased opportunities for the hearing of good music which had developed on this continent, since the period of his boyhood in the early seventies; but he pointed out that music in America had not developed on the creative side,—that is in the composition of fine, original music in the same proportion or as it had in Europe. In the course of the discussion, some of the possible root causes of this peculiar situation were taken into consideration.

It is a fact that in North America,—Canada and the United States in an equal sense,—there is a much wider knowledge of the nobler works of music than in the case of literature and the fine arts. A great many people can talk intelligently about the works of Beethoven and other great composers, who would be out of their depth if they started to discuss poetry or painting or sculpture. One suggested reason for this is that Puritanism is very deeply rooted in North America and that music of all the arts is the least antipathetic to Puritanism. It is true that at one time it did oppose even music, but such antipathies have long since been abandoned; but Puritanism still undoubtedly does look askance at painters and literary men.

Mr. Damrosch admits that this may possibly account for the rapid growth of musical taste in comparison with other enthusiasms, but he thinks that it also helps to explain the lack of creative music. "The Puritan spirit," he says "may be more receptive to music than to other forms of artistic expression. Yet it still handicaps the people of this continent to some degree, in their music, as in their literature, because it is opposed to the display of deep feeling. If we wish to make great music we must not be afraid of our emotions. We must not be afraid to let ourselves go. We must cultivate emotional feeling and its expression."

One of the changes which Mr. Damrosch has noticed in fifty years of constant observation is the manner in which men have come to follow the lead of women in this matter. There was a time when the business man said, "Yes, music is a good thing,—for my wives and

(Continued on page 35)



Making Music Safe for Democracy

(Continued from page 34)

daughters;" but he seems judging from the personnel of audiences, to have reached a point where he regards it as a fine thing for himself. He holds that this growing masculine appreciation is a good sign, because no art can really develop if only one sex takes an interest in it.

When asked how he would "make music safe for democracy" Mr. Damrosch said that if that was to be accomplished the people of this continent must not merely come to like music, but to make music. He would like to see in every little town through the country the community band and the community choral society. The social as well as the artistic stimulus of the local choral society are obvious to most individuals; and Mr. Damrosch who was the personal representative of General Pershing in organizing band music for the American army during the late war learned that almost every man with a little teaching and encouragement, enjoys playing a wind instrument in the company of others, even though he is not competent to become a soloist.

Mr. Damrosch believes in catching the music lover young, and thinks that in this matter there is a great field for the pedagogue and the parent. The children's concerts he gives in New York



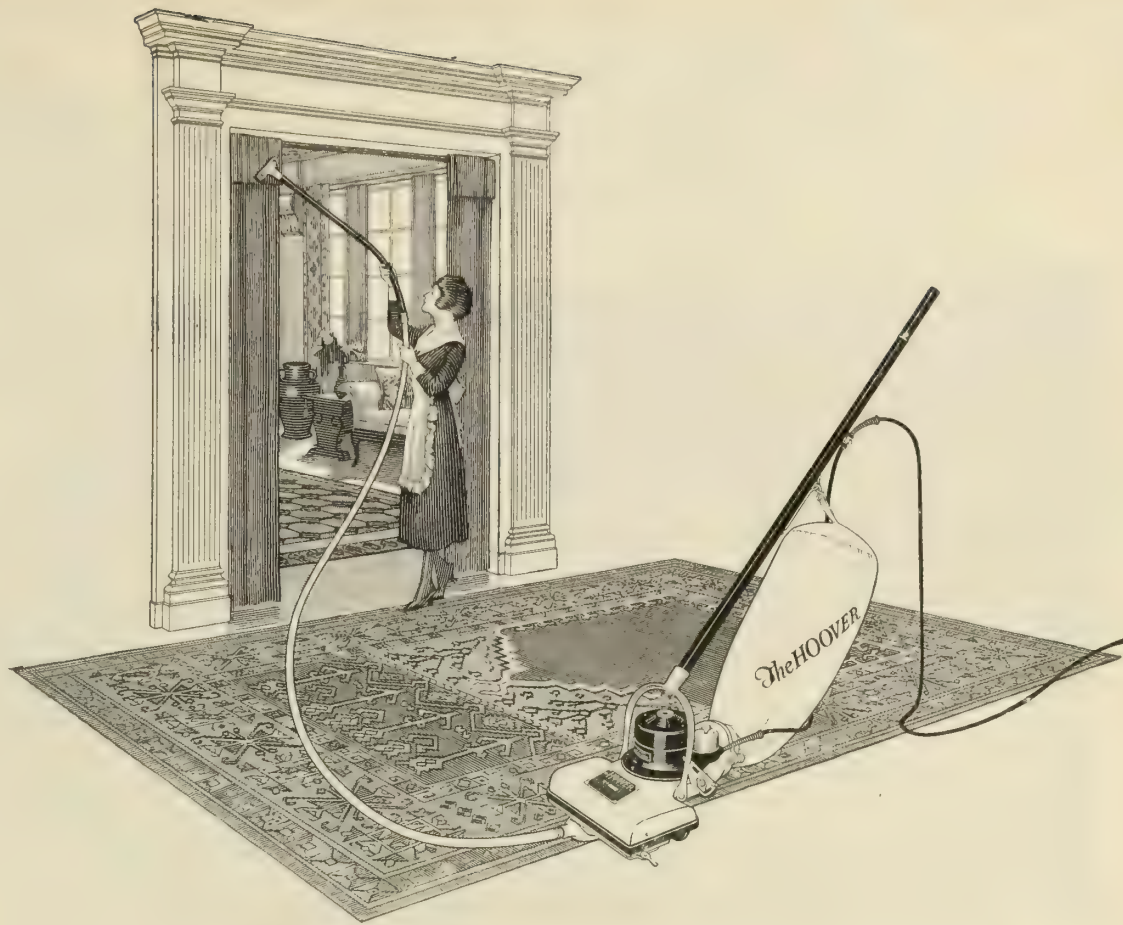
MR. WALTER DAMROSCH

interest him more than any other part of his work and he has many children attending them who know more about music now than their parents ever did or ever will.

....

This latter phase brings one back to the efforts that are being made to interest children through "music memory contests" which have been initiated by the Canadian Bureau for the Advancement of Music and which are to have a real trial late in April. The idea really comes from Cleveland, Ohio, where it was introduced by Nikolai Sokoloff, the Russian musician who conducts the symphony orchestra of that city. The memory contest is really the development of a game which used to be played at children's parties when titles of pieces from which short excerpts had been played were guessed by the youngsters. Adopting this system on a broader scale, gramophone records in the class rooms, and organ recitals like those mentioned at the outset of this article, are utilized to familiarize pupils with certain selected compositions of the higher order. At the same time, the name of the composer his nationality and the dates of his

(Continued on page 36)



Clean Dustlessly—this Rapid, Easy Way

The coming of warmer days, which invariably means more open windows and the entry of additional dust into your home, need not be a dread—if you provide yourself with a Hoover.

Dustlessly, quickly, the strong suction provided by the new and greatly simplified Hoover air-cleaning attachments whisks up all dust that collects upon house furnishings.

These improved attachments have been developed in our research laboratories to provide Hoover owners with the most durable and highly efficient set of air-cleaning tools that long experience can devise.

With them, you can entirely remove dust from any location, without stooping, without fatigue, without befogging the air.

Then, too, they may be used to blow dirt out of other places, or to fluff up pillows.

And instead of merely cleaning the tops of your rugs by slow, dusty sweeping, you can easily and rapidly glide The Hoover over, dustlessly cleaning the rugs as thoroughly within as without, in a manner guaranteed to add years to their life and beauty.

For this efficient cleaner electrically beats out all germ-laden, nap-wearing grit from rug depths. Simultaneously, it electrically sweeps up stubbornest litter, erects crushed nap, freshens colors and powerfully cleans by air.

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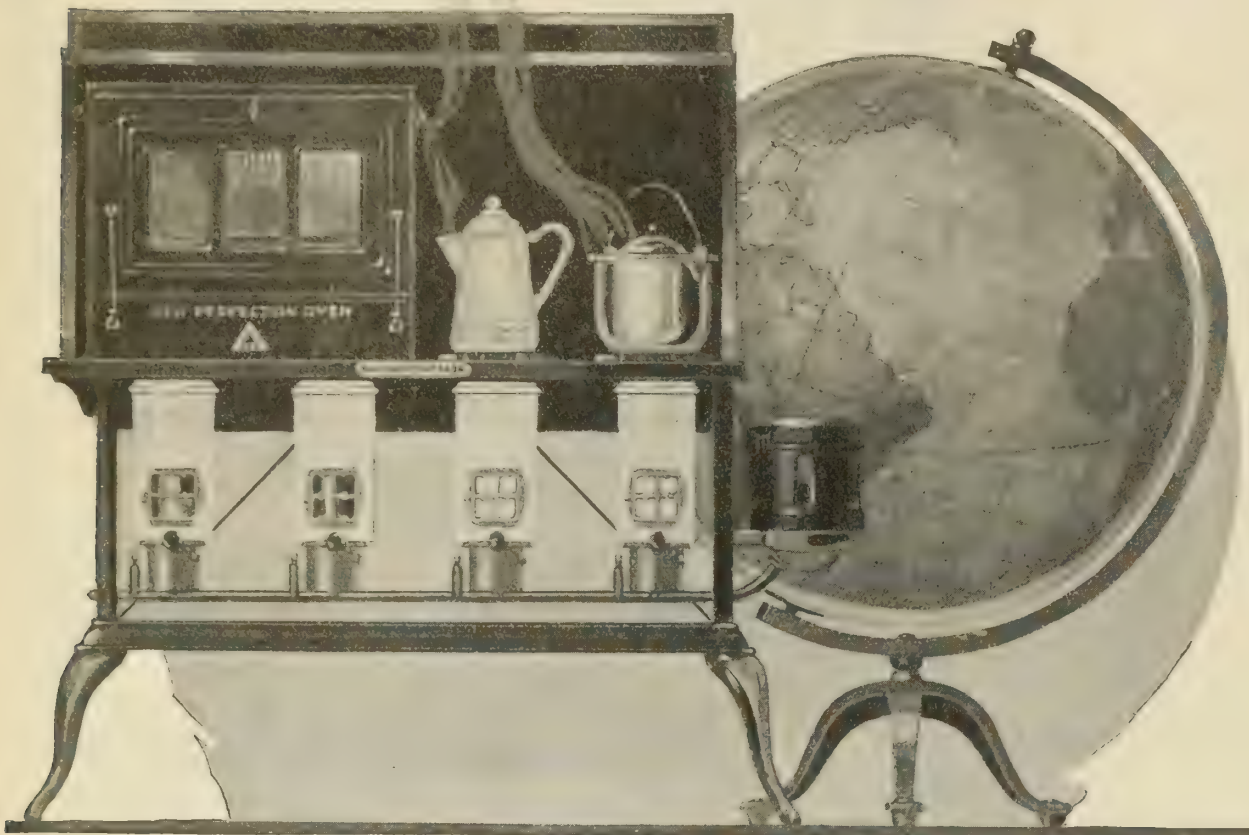
The HOOVER

It BEATS... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

Summer Dishes

Now that the summer days are near and we are considering gingham gowns and lace hats, the subject of summer cookery also comes to the fore; and the drink which is cooling and the sandwich that is "different" are topics of timely concern. So, if you wish a bright page of culinary hints, just turn to our cookery department.

*Now—in every land
millions of meals are cooking
on the New Perfection*



NORTH, South, East, West—food boiled, baked or broiled on the New Perfection is always deliciously appetizing. The Long Blue Chimney—that famous New Perfection feature—provides an abundance of clean, quivering *cooking* heat. Over 4,000,000 New Perfections, doing a gigantic share of the world's cooking and baking the year 'round prove that the New Perfection should serve in your kitchen.

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Oil Cook Stoves and Ovens

How to Make the PORCH LIVABLE

The question that is asked every spring in so many households is being exhaustively dealt with in an illustrated article entitled

Outdoor Living Rooms

by
Collier Stevenson
in
the **MAY** issue of the

Canadian Home Journal

This is the third of a series of special articles on the various aspects of interior decoration in the home.



Making Music Safe for Democracy

(Continued from page 35)

life are given out and notes of the same taken by the pupils. Other data to fix the music in the child's mind,—the story it suggests for instance, is given; and elementary instruction in the structure of the composition is provided. The preparation in Toronto is to cover six weeks during which thirty-six compositions are being used, six being taken up weekly instead of the usual daily singing lessons. Thus the children come into active contact with good music, the total number in the classes that have been selected for this year's tests is approximately 26,000 "Kiddies."

At the conclusion of the preparatory lessons a preliminary contest will be held, using the gramophone, and from this contest the three hundred pupils from the Toronto public schools who gain the most marks, for naming the pieces, composers and nationalities, will be chosen and permitted to compete at a concert to be given at Massey Hall, Toronto, on April 25th by the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, when the programme will be chosen from the thirty six pieces used in preparation. The work is now actively going on under Duncan MacKenzie, formerly of Montreal and now Musical Supervisor of the Toronto schools and individual prizes and school prizes are to be provided.

It is hardly necessary to point out the wide adaptability of this place. For smaller cities it is not necessary to engage a symphony orchestra for the finals. An organ recital in some large church or a piano recital in the town hall would serve the same purpose.

THE RAIN

By Walter A. Dyer

THE Lady of the House does not like thunder-storms, high winds or rainy days, and we seem to have a good many of all three in spite of our annual drought. I don't mind those things so much myself, though I hate to see branches blown from the trees, and I am not free from the depressing effects of a long rainy spell.

But there is a kind of rainy day that I like. It comes after a dry spell, when we have had plenty of sunshine and the garden is parched with thirst. I recall one such recently.

The sun went down in a golden haze, and in the morning we awoke to hear the steady rattle of the rain on the piazza roof. Out in the backyard the garden is drinking eagerly, and already the corn has taken on new life; it seems to have grown an inch. The grass and the lilac leaves are washed a clean, glistening green; the dahlia buds nod heavily in the dripping from the ailanthus tree above them. One of my tomato vines lies prostrate, perhaps from a too copious imbibing of the life-giving fluid.

The rain comes down so steadily as to produce the effect of a fog, half blotting out the landscape and changing the aspect of familiar objects. All the sharp angles are softened a little, and the motion of the rain gives the scene a look of unreality as though it were a moving picture. All the colors are changed. There is no blue overhead, only a dull, slaty gray that casts its tone over all the landscape. Green, red, white, yellow, all are grayed as with the broad wash of an artist's brush. Only the brown of the tree trunks appears to stand out darker and more vividly. Our street seems turned into a Japanese print.

I alone of all the village seem to be alive and stirring. I am shut into a little world all my own. I experience all the joy of solitude and none of its pain. The witchery of the rain makes me as lonely as a mountain in the clouds and I surrender to the enchantment.



If you wish to read a book which has all the charm of childhood and yet the sophistication of the grown-up years, spend a few hours with "Explorers of the Dawn," by Mazo de la Roche, and you will find that you have acquired three new friends, John, the Seraph and the Angel. In fact, you may even dare to feel "chummy" towards the Bishop. Mrs. Handsombody, the governess-guardian, who looks after the three motherless boys, is as unpleasant as the half-sisters of Cinderella, but we think that life must have dealt hardly with Mrs. Handsombody. Comparisons are both odious and dangerous; but we are sure that you will put this book "alongside" those friends of many years' standing—"Dream Days" and "The Golden Age." I know that Selina and the Angel would have a wonderful holiday together, while Harold and the Seraph would spend a golden afternoon in the fields beyond the kitchen garden.

Miss de la Roche lives in Toronto, where she has spent most of her years and where she was educated. This book has the suggestion of an English Toronto, not the bustling "imitation of Buffalo-and-Detroit" city which the Capital of Ontario is said to be. There is a refreshing absence of Americanisms in this writer's work, and not once are we told that the Seraph has "gotten" a cold or that any one has "sensed" a peculiar situation. In her purity of diction and charm of style, Miss de la Roche is a refreshing contrast to many of our modern writers of fiction. There is nothing priggish, however, in either the writer or the trio of youngsters who "explore the Dawn."

The foreword of the book has been written by Christopher Morley—a tribute which shows more convincingly than any "advance notice" how high is the critical estimate of this Canadian writer's work. The New York "Times," by the way, refers to Miss de la Roche as "a new American writer." The adjective is correct only in the continental sense of the word. As every good Canadian knows, the Dominion has a greater area than any other country of North America; and, as our writers may be considered among our most valuable resources, we may well rejoice that in "Explorers of the Dawn" we have a "piece of writing" of exquisite workmanship, vivid, delicate and "understanding." These stories have appeared before, in well-known United States magazines, and some of them have been republished in Canada. That which gives its title to the book had the golden stamp of the "Atlantic Monthly." Miss de la Roche will doubtless give us later volumes of more serious themes and more elaborate plots;—but she will find it difficult to write a volume more productive of pleasure than "Explorers of the Dawn." (Published by the Macmillan Company, Toronto. Price, \$2.50).

* * *

The name of Frances Hodgson Burnett meant the story of the English factory girl, "That Lass o' Lowrie's," to our grandmothers. Then "Little Lord Fauntleroy" swept the next generation into a frenzy of admiration, and unoffending small boys were forced into Lord Fauntleroy Suits. Mrs. Burnett is writing new novels;—and is doing excellent work, although we must admit that her latest production, "The Head of the House of Coombe," is not so attractive in style and subject as "The Secret Garden."

The neglected child is a favorite heroine with novelists;—and, truly, Robin Garth-Lawless is as desolate a small person as can be found in modern fiction. Unlike

Ellen Montgomery of "The Wide, Wide World," Robin has a mother;—the most utterly selfish creature who ever uttered platitudes in a plaintive voice and rolled helpless blue eyes on protecting man. "Feather" is the nickname of this tiresome person;—but any self-respecting goose-down might well protest against such a use of the term. Robin finds her way from a neglected nursery into a world of sunlight and affection;—and the unspeakable "Feather" is finally wafted away. The story is a tale well-told, for there is not an uninteresting moment in the course of Robin's adventures. It is modern London to which we are introduced, but, even there, a little, lonely child finds her road to companionship and happiness. This is a charming story to be remembered for more than a day. (Published by McClelland and Stewart, Toronto. Price, \$2.00).

These after-the-war years are bewildering to all of us;—and not the least difficult element in the situation—industrial and social—is the returned soldier, with his revolt against the before-the-war complacency of too many citizens. A recent novel, "The Lonely Warrior,"



A CANADIAN WRITER

This is a snapshot in Rosedale of Miss Mazo de la Roche, whose book, "Explorers of the Dawn" is a spring-time success.

by Claude C. Washburn, is a book which is of poignant interest to all who are really striving, as Carlyle said, "to know what This Day means." The hero, Stacey Carroll, is an American who resolves, on the fifth day of November, 1914, to enter the army. He belongs to the affluent but not the leisure class; and he goes to the strife with the ideals of freedom and humanity held high. He returns in June, 1919, wearing the uniform of a captain of infantry in the American army, with the red-white-and-blue ribbon of the D. S. C.

The study of the returned Stacey Carroll is illuminating, though tragic. Geniality and enthusiasm—even ordinary interest in friends or affairs—seem to be utterly burned out of his life. The writer has an analytic gift, equalled by his sympathy, and we know Stacey very thoroughly before we come to the close of his "reconstruction" period. This is a narrative which is frank to the verge of

(Continued on page 38)

Anne, Vanessa and Doreen Had Been School Friends Together and when they married they made a compact:

**"That Every Month—
For Twenty Years—
Each One—
Should Put Aside—
Ten Dollars—
To be Spent—
At the End of that Time—
On Her Dearest Desire."**

Vanessa's Story

(Anne's will appear next month. Watch for it.)

Vanessa—
The Lucky Woman!—
Lived to see her children
Grow up and marry
And thrive—
Without actual need
Of cash.

* * *

But every year
She had paid the whole
Of her savings
Into
A Twenty-Year
Endowment Policy.

* * *

So the day came
When Two Thousand Five Hun-
dred Dollars (with profits)
Was paid
Right Into Her Hand!

* * *

That night
(Looking at the lined face
Of her husband)
She said: "John,
Wouldn't you like
To take a Trip Abroad?
Said John: "I'd like it better
Than anything that I know;
But I haven't 'the ready' at
present

For anything like that."
"O, I wish we could go," said
Vanessa,

"Now that you and I are left
alone together.
You always promised me
That you would save
For such a trip."

* * *

"Several times I began to save"
Said John sadly.

"But once,
We needed the money
In the business.
Again—I had to lend it
To Brother Fred.
A third time, I had to take it
For that operation—and after
that

It didn't seem
Worth while."

* * *

Then Vanessa
Stepping gently behind him,
Slipped her hand
Through his arm.

* * *

"For twenty years,"
She whispered softly,
"I have been weaving
A Magic Carpet
(The travelling pattern!)
For you and me.
For twenty years
You have shared with me
All that you had;
And from what you gave me
(Ungrudgingly!)
I have fashioned
A Second Honeymoon
For us both."

* * *

"Vanessa,"
Said John
As they stood together
On the Deck
Of the Great Steamer;
"Did you ever
REALIZE
How excessively clever
I was
In my callow youth?"

* * *

"For of all the Young Men
Of my acquaintance
I was
The Only One
Who possessed
The Genius
To win You
For a wife!"

* * *

But Vanessa
Only smiled!

Has this story any meaning for you?

London Life Insurance Company

LONDON : CANADA

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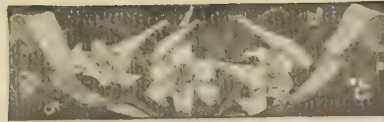
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Keystone
French Ivory and Ebony



THE BOOK CORNER

(Continued from page 37)

offence, but is never without the gleam of idealism which is needed so sorely in this beclouded world. Brutality, disillusion and despair are to be found in its pages—but there is "the other side of the shield," with its comradeship and fidelity. The tale of "The Lonely Warrior" is one which should help us all to understand the war-torn soldier's problems. (Published by George J. McLeod, Toronto. Price, \$2.00).

"Vandemark's Folly," [by Herbert Quick, is a story of pioneer effort. It is the history of the township of Vandemark, Monterey County, State of Iowa, and tells a story which might be duplicated in many details in Canada. The adventures of the early days are told with a pioneer simplicity which makes the chronicle one of importance in county annals. The story of the party which took place in the month of May, 1857, might be echoed by many a Canadian "old settler";—only this country did not run so much to "bandits" or feuds. This is a prairie tale of work, love and adventure which will appeal to many readers. (Published by George J. McLeod, Toronto, Price, \$2.00).

"The Unseen Side of Child Life," by Elizabeth Harrison, is a book which treats of a subject of interest to all concerned in the development of juvenile intelligence. The writer's views are of a wholesomeness and sanity which make for understanding and sympathy. In the extremely useful chapter, "Mastering the Machine," the writer concludes:

"When I was once urging the importance of healthy babyhood from the standpoint of morality and religion, a witty friend said: 'If I understand you aright, Jack Johnson, the prize fighter, is a more-to-be-desired citizen than Ralph Waldo Emerson, the philosopher.' 'No,' I replied, 'But undoubtedly Jack Johnson would have been a less desirable citizen if he had had a diseased body. And who can say what Ralph Waldo Emerson or Thomas Carlyle might have accomplished if they had possessed good digestive powers? To come closer home: would Theodore Roosevelt have been of as much service to his country had his father not had the wisdom to fit up the upstairs side porch in his New York City home with gymnastic apparatus and encourage the delicate boy to make use of it?' This volume is of decided value to the student of the child—and is a stimulating book for any one to read. (Published by the Macmillan Company, Toronto. Prices \$1.40).

"The Last Law—Brotherhood" by Peter McArthur, which is a collection of short articles on such themes as "The New World" and "The Rule of the Majority," is published in Toronto by Thomas Allen. (Price .75c). The writer discusses many features of our present chaotic social system and seems to come to the conclusion that we should bear one another's burdens and keep up life insurance. It must be a real bit of advertising set to philanthropic music. Here is the conclusion:

"If the people once realize the power placed in their hands by scientific Life Insurance, the present unrest will pass like a nightmare. All will hasten to secure their proper place in organized society and 'Home Sweet Home' will be the anthem of Lloyd George's New World."

"Bits o' Bronze" (published by Thomas Allen, Toronto, price, \$1.00) is a collection of brief articles by H. C. Mason, illustrated by D. C. McArthur. Most of the sketches were written originally for the O. A. C. Review, and have the "college touch." The proceeds from the first edition are devoted to the establishment of a permanent Memorial Scholarship at the Ontario Agricultural College. The little volume, which is

(Continued on page 41)



The Coleman Quick-Lite

HERE is the most wonderful light ever invented for home use—a portable lamp that gives a mellow white light of astounding brilliancy—300 candle power. Makes and burns its own gas from common gasoline and lights with ordinary matches.

A Beautiful Lamp in Any Home

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Queen Street East & Davies Ave. Toronto

(Continued on page 41)



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FAT REDUCER
FOR MEN AND WOMEN
Will show reduction taking place in 11 days, or money refunded.

Results come usually in three or four days, but if you do not see positive reduction taking place in 11 days (the full trial period), return the Reducer at once, together with the instruction book that accompanied it, and your \$5 will be refunded. Dr. Lawton, shown in picture, reduced from 211 to 152 lbs. in a very short time. The Reducer is not electrical; made of soft rubber, and weighs but a few ounces. Whether you are 10 or 100 lbs overweight, you can reduce any part you wish, quickly, safely, permanently, by using Reducer a few minutes, night and morning. By a gentle manipulation, the Reducer breaks down and disintegrates fatty tissue which becomes waste matter and is carried out of the system through the organs of elimination; thereby the blood circulation is improved. For years, Dr. Lawton's Fat Reducer has been successfully sold and is used by thousands. It is ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS, and its use requires no dieting, starving, medicines or exercise. Sold generally by druggists everywhere, or will be sent direct to your home, in plain wrapper, upon receipt of \$5 plus 20c to cover cost of Parcel Post and Insurance (\$5.20 in all.) Send for your Fat Reducer to-day. Remember, it is guaranteed.

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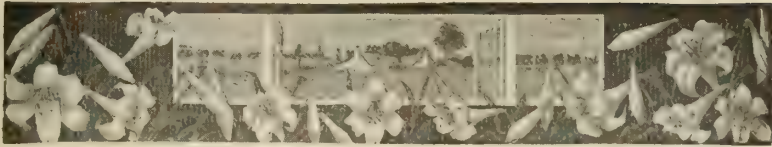
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In the Days of the Gourd

BY MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS

THAT good creature the gourd has fallen from its high estate of use to one of mere ornament. This is not as it should be—in gratitude if no more. Our grandmothers owed it so much in the way of housewifery, that their era may be denominated the days of the gourd. Witness its uses. They had pretty well every manner of it. There was the great calabash with inch-thick shell, and capacity from one to ten gallons. It was none so easy to raise in perfection, but once raised, lasted through two life-times. And it held pretty well everything—sugar, flour, feathers, molasses, dried fruit, eggs, soap, lard, candles, the family sewing or Sunday clothes. The neck always short, was, in the very biggest specimens, conspicuously absent. These big fellows were cut at the top, a smooth round opening to which a wooden lid was afterward fitted accurately. If it was desirable to swing up the gourd, double holes were bored some little way from the rim edge through which leathern or rawhide braided thongs were passed up and down, and knotted together above so as to serve also for handles.

dancing ones were round or oval. Care was taken in the growth of dippers to have them straight or crook-handled at need. Gourds with long, straight handles were best for many things—as dipping up boiling liquids, washing down hogs at killing time, and lying primly across a water pail. But for hanging on a peg, or swinging to a martin-pole, crook-handled were the thing. So for straight handles the gourd vines were trained to run high—over fences or brush heaps or cabin chimney. The young gourds thus pendant, straightened and stretched of their own weight. Contrariwise, if the vine ran huddled over itself, sprawling on the ground, the handles were sure to crook—sometimes after the fashion of a ram's horn.

Every cool spring, no matter how deep in the woods, had its gourd, either hung upon a near tree-trunk, or thrust over the end of a stake driven in the brink. This for wayfarers—who were never lawless enough to break or misplace the drinking vessels. Powder gourds, beloved of hunters, were round and short-necked, small enough to slip handily into the



Every cool spring had its gourd dipper

After cutting, all the inside came out, the pith was scraped away and the gourd filled with boiling water, well dashed with lye. This with the scraping was repeated many times, until the gourdly taste was gone, and a clean hard woody shell remained. All gourds which had to do with eating or drinking got approximately the same treatment, although smaller ones were boiled several hours, then finished off at once.

Other uses, other manners. An egg-gourd needed only to have a squarish opening cut well above the round of it, and seeds and loose pith removed. The ideal egg-gourd was rather deep, with a short handle so crooked it would stay securely over the arm of the egg-gatherer. These gathering gourds were of moderate size, and emptied into the big main calabash which sat under the bed or up the loft. It was the crowning mercy of the big fellows that they were flat enough at the blossom end to stand solid. A big neckless gourd, very much flattened at each end, was sometimes sawed in two and fashioned into wash basins, or sewing baskets. But the dipper-gourds and the

pocket, with a wooden stopper neatly fitted into the cut end of the neck. Seed-gourds and bottle-gourds were cut in the same fashion. A full set of seed-gourds, duly labeled, made a fine showing upon the cabin shelf. Yet they were not so near the hearts of the cabin-dwelling folk as the martin-gourds swung from the cropped boughs of a tall sapling, planted pole-fashion a little way from the door. The gourds were bigger than the two fists, cleaned out and cunningly cut so as to keep the mud nest secure yet not hold rain-water. House martins built in them year after year, singing joy in the shelter, and paying rent and more by fighting away all the plundering hawks. Crook-handles were best here, in that they permitted the birds to perch upon them an instant before darting into the nest.

Here is a gourd tradition lightly touched with romance. The first wheat crop of a pioneer settlement had been flailed out, winnowed and measured, and found to amount to almost three bushels. Half

(Continued on page 41)

POSED by Enid Bennett in "Hairpins", an Ince-Paramount-Artcraft motion picture. Miss Bennett is one of many attractive women "in pictures" who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for promoting beauty of complexion.



Will your complexion stand the test of closest scrutiny?

CAN you be sure that an intimate gaze will find your skin fair and wholesome—your complexion fresh and clear? Are you confident that your skin bears no trace of sallowness, no hint of coarseness?

You can be sure of a fresh, radiant skin. You can achieve a new beauty of complexion, just as thousands of attractive women have, if you begin at once the daily use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find, is more than a face cream. It has an exclusive therapeutic property that serves to "tone-up"—revitalize—the sluggish tissues of the skin. Applied regularly, it heals and nourishes the skin cells, smooths away redness and roughness, banishes slight imperfections. Used faithfully, it will help you to gain and retain a complexion that is genuinely fresh and wholesome.

Read the booklet of health hints

Wrapped around your jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream you will find a booklet of Health Hints. This booklet tells you the most effective way in which to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream—tells you how to use it in treating the common troubles of the skin. Read this booklet carefully. It has been prepared by specialists to

insure that you get from Ingram's Milkweed Cream the fullest possible benefit.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or one-dollar size. Begin at once to gain a new charm of complexion. It will mean so much to you.

Ingram's Rouge—Just to show a proper glow use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Subtly perfumed. Solid cake. Three perfect shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder—A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore, a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh, Brunette—50c.

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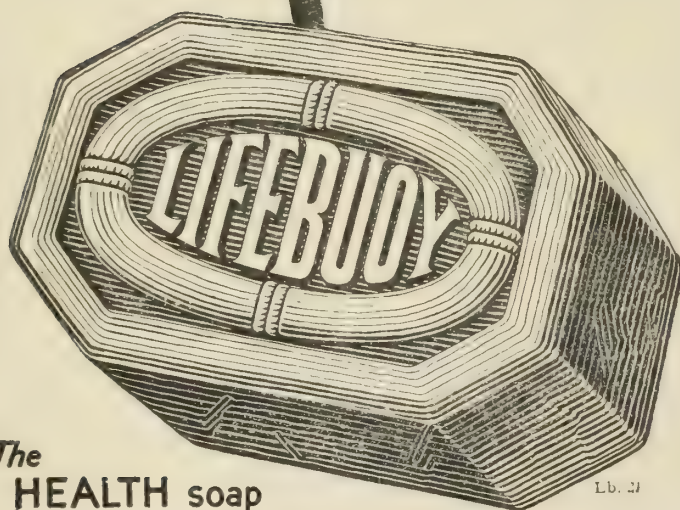
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THE JUNGLE BREED

(Continued from page 8)

fell short of the elementary principles of sketching.

As for his duties he found them easy enough to master. At the first white streaks of dawn his boy called him to a cup of chocolate and plate of mangoes. Then he descended to put his coloured kingdom to its daily stride—imported mission-schooled clerks to their files, traders to their stores, watchmen to their posts, coopers, labourers, and cooks to their unhurried tasks through the long hours of slow-crawling sun. With the evening, ever a panorama of wondrous glory, came a great bowing of turbaned heads and loud calling on Allah, much preparation of mealie pots and dressing of hair. So, to the hissing of myriad crickets and throaty symphony of bullfrogs, the day went down into the starry-domed night with its million fireflies, and the soft-pattering feet of the tom-tom dancers, the merry jingle of anklet and wristlet, and the flaring, harshly melodious laughter of "mammies" sang the cockney king to childlike slumber. At last and by contrast he was really and truly happy. To him belonged not only the day, but the whole visible world. But there came a rude awakening.

He opened a case of silver to apportion it to the various departments. The first bag he took up was labelled, 5,000, 3d. But it counted out only 4,013 coins. He counted it again but with the same result. With a queer, sinking prediction of what was to happen he took up another bag. It came out at 4,045. This second shortage left him cold with fear. He continued his investigation into the rest of the bags, then the other cases, keeping at it until his head refused to remember the figures. Five thousand pounds in equal quantities of threepenny and sixpenny pieces means three hundred thousand tiny, unstackable coins. But in almost every instance the bags had been tampered with. Gone now was the glory of his authority—dropped from him like a dream cloak. The nightly dance became the torture of his sleepless hours; the sun of the day his curse. Again and again he went at the bags, his fingers grown nervously clumsy, his dazed brain getting different totals at each counting. But always, to paralyze him, was there certain proof of his loss. Days there were when he could not face the torture—days of fever when he fell into impotent outbursts of rage against Walker. But the delay only lengthened out his misery. Eventually he arrived at the correct amount of the deficit, £754, 19s, 3d. He sent a runner down to the Agent-General with the figures. Then he fell into an abyss of self-shame that sapped his inmost being. He had been given his opportunity, had been trusted and had failed miserably. Four weeks of agonized suspense dragged miserably away—then one evening his heart stopped beating at the sight of a white-duck figure stepping from a canoe and walking up to the house. The newcomer presented a curtly dictated note from the Agent-General:

"Mr. James Bright Gridley, Agent, Oroko.
"The bearer, Mr. Gaylord, relieves you. Come down at once to Ajaba and there await further orders."
So he was deposed. It came to him with a shock and yet it was what he had expected. Chokingly he had his cabin trunk and all the paraphernalia of his London dreams put into his relief's canoes, and then was swept rapidly with the current through a world that had lost colour, shape, joy, and surprise. He reached Ajaba broken for sentence. On this occasion he was not honoured by a personal interview with the big man. A short order sent him back to the delta and his gang of savages. Again those walling banks of jungle vegetation. The book-keeper kept to

his cabin, not even showing when they made brief stops at factories to take up home shipments. At Engbombo they hooked on to four logs of mahogany, towing them down to the jungle hell that yawned before this disgraced clerk.

A Liverpool "gin-tank" lay in the channel. The factory agent signalled the Nubian captain of the stern-wheeler to take his cargoes direct to the steamer. Gridley, deferring exposure, went on to the big ship. As they came alongside an opportunity of escape from the years he so dreaded suggested itself.

He boarded the "gin-tank" while the cranes were shipping the logs, and slipped away to the chief steward. He wanted to work a passage to Liverpool. The steward shook his head. Gridley mentioned a box of curios, collected during his brief autocracy, and hinted at their probable value. If the steward could manage it the curios were his. The bargain was struck. The book-keeper was lost in the steerage while the ship continued its loading. For two days he lay there, fearing a chance word from the captain of the stern-wheeler to the agent would institute a search for the white man who had been brought down. But the ship weighed anchor without discovery—and again the wide, lazy, briny sea. Once outside the bar the steward made discreet discovery of the steerage stowaway. The book-keeper was haled to the skipper's cabin on the bridge and confronted with an enormous man in pajamas and carpet-slippers. But directly he looked into the twinkling, peeping eyes of the big, good-natured face his fears vanished. He recited his miserable story.

"But, God bless me," the skipper exclaimed, "what did ye want to run for? They'd have given you home passage if you had asked for it. An unwilling man is no good to them, only to swell the mortality list, and, Lord knows, it's heavy enough already."

The book-keeper stammered something about his three-years' contract, his self-shame deepened by this fresh instance of his blundering.

The skipper eyed him curiously, biting the end of a huge, black cheroot.

"You don't seem to have got on to the game at all. Well, never mind! Tell the purser to debit the Royal Sokoto Company with one first-class passage—it's only charging it up to themselves, for they're a big finger in this line."

The purser, of course, had to be satisfied by a repetition of the story.

"And what did you say was the name of the fellow who got away with the coin?" he asked, when the book-keeper had finished his narration.

"Walker."

"A lank, bony chap who swills whisky like the sand soaks rain?"

"That's him." Gridley had turned away, only faintly interested. Already the fresh, sweet Atlantic breeze was wiping out the poignancy of his disgrace.

But the purser was excited.

"That's the chap who is playing politics up at Monrovia—bought a labour concession from the Liberians. We had to pay fifteen shillings a head for the last batch of Kroomen we picked up there. The son of a gun!"

The book-keeper had awakened suddenly to the news. "But why—why don't the Company get after him?"

"Guess there ain't any extradition treaty. Anyway, he has your receipt, hasn't he?"

Most certainly Walker had his receipt. That mental vision of his signature coupled with Walker's at the foot of the balance sheets he had never been able to rid himself of; it was an obsession that would stay with him till his dying day. To his rage against his enemy was now added a brooding sense of unfairness. He fell to picturing Walker "playing politics" in the burlesque con govern-

(Continued on page 57)



THE BOOK CORNER

(Continued from Page 38)

attractively bound and printed, is of more than local interest and significance, for the writer's style possesses the charm of one who loves both books and his fellow-men. The bits about the war have more than a passing claim on our bearing for they have the passionate sincerity of the author who knew whereof he wrote. "College Days" and the poem, "Friends o' Mine," are worth more than casual reading. The illustrations by D. C. McArthur are decidedly appropriate and spirited.

"A Garden by the Sea," and other poems by L. A. Lefevre is a volume of verse both pleasing and melodious. There is a dainty song, "Ninon," which expresses well the lighter mood.

"Ninon, Ninon, the hours are swiftly flying,
The moments pass and day still follows day,

Roses will die when autumn winds are sighing,
How canst thou live and love not, Ninon, say?"

This book, appropriately bound in grey and gold, is published in Toronto by McClelland and Stewart.

Dr. James L. Hughes of Toronto, like his gallant brother, the late Sir Sam Hughes, has that spirit of "eternal boyhood," which is the inheritance of the Irishman. Consequently, we find in his written work, an atmosphere of freshness and buoyancy which makes for the genuine optimism. Dr. Hughes sees and recognizes the sordidness and the tragedy of life; but, to him, joy is the final note; and so, it is impossible to read his latest collection of verse, "In Nature's Temple Shrines," and not be cheered thereby. Here is a characteristic bit from "The Master Artist":

"Green of meadow, gold of dawning,
White of two birch trees,
Purple of the valley willows,
Teach the harmonies

Of the Master Artist's pictures—
Pictures great and small,
Till we learn to see the wondrous
Beauty in them all."

This volume is published in Toronto by Thomas Allen.

"New Plays from Old Tales," by Harriet S. Wright, is a book which should prove helpful to all interested in stage production for youthful audiences. From "Ancassin and Nicolette" to Hawthorne's "Feathertop," the plays run a dramatic course and make an interesting collection for modern use. (Published by the Macmillan Company, Toronto).

"Midsummer," by Katharine Adams, is a story for boys and girls which carries us away off to Scandinavia and introduces many adventures with a final grand surprise in a tale which promises an adequate sequel. (Published by the Macmillan Company, Toronto. Price \$1.75).

In the Days of the Gourd

(Continued from page 39)

of it was religiously set aside for seed, but the landowners yearned for at least a taste of wheaten bread. There was no flour-mill within a hundred miles—indeed corn was beaten to meal in the hominy mortar. But the house-mother was resourceful—she had neither sieve nor bolting cloth, but meant to have flour. So she had a bushel of wheat pounded fine, then took her bridal veil, of fine silk gauze, and spread it over a big gourd which had been cut on both sides, leaving it no more than a hoop with a gourd-handle. In this improvised sieve she bolted her flour, and triumphantly made cake from part of it. No doubt she got the idea of her sieve from the gourd milk-strainer, which remained in high favor as late as the Civil War.

(Continued on page 43)

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Toronto, Canada



Why I Like to be a Domestic Servant

BY MARY ANN

I HAVE decided to write and give a few reasons why I like to be in domestic service mainly because one hears so much nowadays against the restrictions and hardships attached to being a "servant." I use the word "servant" because it is the popular one but are we not all servants inasmuch as everybody who works for a living has to serve somebody—whether it is the employee who serves his or her "boss" or the "boss" who directly or indirectly serves the public? Even the President of a railway or the managing director of a bank, a colossal lumber concern or of any other industrial enterprise is a servant because he serves the public for which, of course, he is very often paid a princely salary but one that he is supposed to earn. Therefore, in using the word "servant" which is almost exclusively used in connection with the profession of assisting in the home, I do

domestic servants migrated into the ranks of the factory workers, the store assistants and some even into office employment. In every case more pay was obtained and of course, a good deal more liberty but now all that has come to an end and the vast majority of those who entered factories, whether they were munition or clothing factories, now find themselves devoid of employment. Thousands of women are to-day out of employment the world over and yet the demand for domestic help is as keen as ever it was. Women, young and old, seem to look askance at the idea of entering service and yet conditions following the war are so different, so improved, that no one need hesitate to devote a few years to work which will equip them for duty as housewives and mothers in time to come.

Some people may say that mine is an exceptional case, that I am more than



RAISING HIS OWN HELP

This farmer is bringing up four "hired men" of his own household

so in the full knowledge that the position, though perhaps humble, is not necessarily a menial one. Indeed, since the olden days of slaves, when servants were, by some people at least, looked down upon, the position now is just what one makes it.

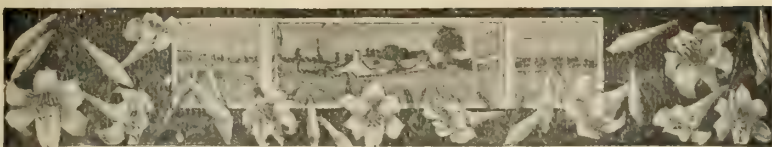
I well remember that a few years ago, before the war, domestic servants began to realise that their lives were more often than not, lives of drudgery, when personal liberty was restricted to the point where it was almost tantamount to slavery. This was particularly the case in many European countries but in the United States conditions were not nearly so bad.

With the coming of the Great War things began to alter. Women of all classes and sections of society were in tremendous demand and thousands of

ordinarily lucky, that it is mere chance that I find myself employed in the house of people who are good and kind and that the average housewife is "a brute" to work for! This, however, is not so. I know of three or four girls, each as comfortably situated as I am. One must remember that when applying for a maid's position one is invariably able to pick and choose, so great is the demand for house help to-day. If one possesses a little judgment, if one can size a person up fairly accurately at a preliminary interview, one should be able to gauge the personality of those who seek to employ help.

I will relate my experiences and reasons for liking domestic service in the hope

(Continued on page 43)



Why I Like to be a Domestic Servant

(Continued from page 42)

that those who consider that there is nothing in favor of it will obtain a more favorable impression.

I went into service at the age of seventeen, in the year 1914, a month after war broke out. I have been constantly employed since, therefore, I have had seven years experience as a maid which has been gained in two households.

At the age of twenty-four I now find myself thoroughly equipped with knowledge which will enable me to take charge of a house of my own and inasmuch as I expect to be married at the end of this year, the knowledge acquired will enable me to run things smoothly in my own house, something which girls who spend years in factories and behind counters cannot always do.

I have accumulated a nice small nest egg, having saved on an average of one-hundred and twenty dollars a year during the time of my service to which I have been able to add by selling crochets and fancy work which I was able to do in my spare time—of which, by the way I have plenty. So that I shall have nearly a thousand dollars when I leave my present situation to undertake the duties of wifehood.

My reasons for liking domestic service are that I have lived, in the two situations I have held in modern, up-to-date houses in good localities instead of having, as is often the case with business girls, to live in a single room in poor or indifferent lodgings as so many girls of my acquaintance have to do. My life is a regular one, meals regular, duties and recreations regular. I have always had a very comfortable bed-sitting room and good food. This is something that many girls employed in offices and stores cannot say for unless one has a substantial salary it is impossible to keep up the appearance necessary to the business girl and look after one's bodily comfort at the same time.

I have always had plenty of liberty, my employer being most considerate. During some of my spare hours in the evenings I have become quite an accomplished craftswoman and can crochet and knit as well as anyone. In fact, I have sold more than a hundred dollars worth of work during the last two or three years and thus have not only learned a useful occupation but have profited by it financially also.

My "mistress" takes an interest in me because I do my work conscientiously. She has respect for her "servant" as have I also for her, as the employer and head of the house. In times of illness I have been looked after and cared for. Do I wear a cap and apron? Why, yes. Why not? There is certainly nothing to be ashamed of in doing so and I have no desire to be taken for any other than what I am—a domestic servant, filling a useful role in life.

Some girls in business have but one good meal a day and the rest of the meals are "cut according to what they have!" Not so in domestic service as I know it. If a business girl is late in the morning she often has to make a wild rush to catch her car, very often going without breakfast or with only a cup of tea, which is both detrimental to the health and upsetting to one's temperament. A domestic servant has not far to go and should she sleep too long or mistake the time, there is no need to tear along to the car and leave her breakfast behind. Moreover, she is not bound to go out in the pouring rain. She does not have to spend the whole of her salary on clothes because it is neither necessary nor becoming to have a lot of clothes. Therefore, she has a chance to save.

I take a great pleasure in seeing and keeping things clean and, in fact I always

imagine that I am looking after my own house with the result that my employer is loud in her praise as to my qualifications and, incidentally, several people have invited me to work for them.

And as to friends, I have always had opportunities of receiving visitors and as I have never abused the privilege I have never been cut down. Both houses in which I have worked have been real homes for me—both employers have appreciated me and I them.

I have found heaps of pleasure in life and as a member of the Y. W. C. A. have had many opportunities of making friends.

To sum up I would say as regards domestic service that it all depends on the spirit with which you take up the work. *Spirit is everything.* If you insist that it is a menial occupation then it is not for you. But I would far rather be a maid in a good house than an assistant in a store or factory.

In the Days of the Gourd

(Continued from page 41)

The gourd, a straight-handled one, not too big, is cut at top and bottom, and, after cleaning, covered with a knitted cloth just wrung out of boiling water. The cloth is pressed well over the edges, and deep down inside, then all set in the sun to dry. Fully dried the cloth holds firm throughout a long straining.

There was a special strain of banjo-gourds, long and straight handled and very round in bowl. The top was cut almost flat with the handle. Under-cutting varied, according to the maker's whim, or the tone he aimed for. Sometimes it left no more than a rim two inches deep. Sometimes also there was just a tiny moon-face below. Sheepskin stretched over the top and strings fastened to pegs in the rim and handle completed an instrument, which in trained African hands gave forth weird untranslatable harmonies.

If the gourd had many uses, the trough and its congeners had more. The big sugar trough, dug from a poplar trunk, often held two hogsheads of sap, which was fetched to it in gourds from other smaller troughs, set under the spiles. But the salt trough was even bigger—besides a well-furnished smokehouse had several of them. Meat was packed down in them to take salt for later smoking. Some were twenty feet long and stood breast high. The outsides were hewn smooth, the insides finished, after digging out, with the adze. Indeed the adze and the drawing-knife were very present helps in pioneering. Skilled use of them made possible beautifully smooth bread trays of native ash, and spoon-shaped oak fire-paddles, nearly as good as iron shovels in heaping coals on a lid, or throwing ashes off seed fire. Axe and hoe-helves had to be drawn smooth and to shape, so did the staves of piggins, noggins, indeed all small cooperage.

A piffin was of hard wood, preferably cedar, and metal-hooped if possible, but young hickory answered at a pinch. It was unlike the bucket, in that it lacked a bail, having instead as handle one of the staves standing a hand's length higher than the others, and shaped so as to be easily and firmly held. Most commonly it was sacred to the dairy and to drinking water. Much scouring kept it always sweet. The noggin, broader and shallower, also got much scouring, but was less inviting. It was used for washing up dishes, vegetables, fruit—pretty well anything. The "cup-noggin" was sacred to tableware.

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Suit 9820

Suit 9820

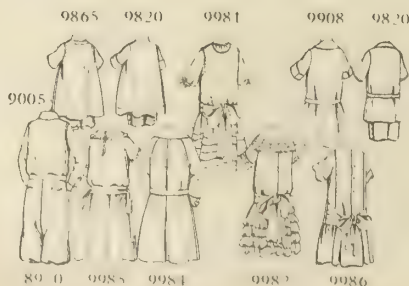
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Dress 9982

Dress 9981



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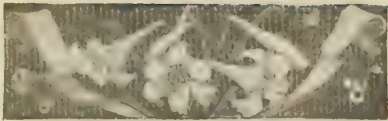
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HELENA COSTUME CO., LTD.
London Canada



Smiles of April

(Continued from page 28d)

your mortgage that's bothering you. Isn't it, Peter?"
"No, It's not a mortgage," said Peter. "It's just worry over nothing."
"Then you must stop it right away. There is no sense in worrying, for father says so," said Lucy.
It must have been both quaint and amusing; the little girl, with her dark curls and red ribbon bow, perched on the whittling bench, trying so hard to cheer poor, lame, despondent Peter.
"You'd better have a peppermint, Peter, so that you can listen better," said Lucy, handing him an open, somewhat mussed bag.

Peter smiled for the first time that morning, as he took a peppermint and prepared to listen to Lucy, who proceeded to tell a story of her very own about a snowy elephant who had a trumpet-flower to wake him in the mornings.

Perhaps it was the story, but, more likely, Lucy's bright, eager face that brought about just what she was trying to do. By the time his visitor had hopped down from her wooden throne, blown him a kiss, and disappeared through the doorway, Peter was far less discouraged.

"Peter thinks far too much about being lame, and he'll just keep on thinking that way if I do not give him something else to think about," said Lucy to herself, as she left the little house.

"Cheering-up Peter is going to mean a lot of work though," she continued, "but though I kept him smiling this morning, I'm afraid it won't last unless I come around to see him every day."

So began the daily visits to the workshop, at which times Lucy always brought Peter something new to think about. These new interests that she planned for him, were of many kinds, stories, bits of news heard at the Cunningham breakfast table, and all the happenings of her world of play.

One of these new interests took the form of a spaniel pup, Sir Clarence, no less, that had shifted his liking from Archie Cunningham to Lucy. Sir Clarence immediately took a great fancy to a bed of shavings in the corner of the workshop, and decided right there to make his home with Peter.

Wise Peter West saw and understood, and, in his turn, began to plan ways to make the daily visits more pleasant for the little girl.

Once, when Lucy entered the shop, she was met by Sir Clarence, who greeted her with one uplifted paw as he stood wabbling on three legs. Peter had taught him to "shake hands," and other tricks besides, and it was a great day when Sir Clarence showed Lucy how he could stand on his head in the corner.

It certainly did Peter West good to have that puppy in the house, for Sir Clarence was a mischief, and certainly gave Peter plenty to think about. Then, too, instead of rolling-pins and chopping-bowls, Peter laid out special work to do during the visiting-hour, the carving from pine and cedar of more wonderful animals than ever walked into or stepped out of Noah's ark. There were spotty cows, camels with three humps, roosters taller than either, and a most wonderful, rough-coated, cedar bear. There were the sons of Noah and all their families. (Lucy made a farewell present to me of one of the sons—Shem, I think it was).

Over the making of these wooden toys bit by bit Peter told Lucy why he had come to the little house in Nestleton, and why, sometimes, it was so hard to be cheerful and contented.

I would not have known anything about this, but that I, as a good friend of both Lucy and Peter, was told the story by Lucy herself.

"And, do you know, Peter ran away from home when he was ever so young, not much older than Archie, I guess. He didn't need to run away, but he said that he just felt he had to 'wander the wide world around,' and that's a long way, I can tell you.

(Continued on page 44b)

Westclox



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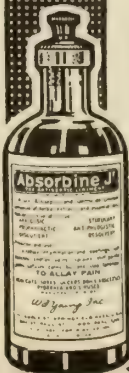
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Smiles of April

(Continued from page 44a)

"And Peter sailed in ships, and he saw whales, and icebergs and old castles, and—he has a stuffed crocodile hanging from the ceiling.

"I think he must have been most places in the world, but he never found a place where he cared to stay and make his home. If I had been Peter, I would have taken one of those big castles to live in, and I would have had a Chinaman, with a long, long pigtail, and a red and green paper parasol, to open the gate. I suppose Peter never thought of that, because he never stayed in any one place very long.

"And then after such a long time, years and years, I guess, Peter was working on a bridge, and a big piece of timber fell on his foot, and that is why he is so lame. He couldn't go wandering as he had done before, so he just came to Nestleton, because it was a quiet place, and began making potato-mashers and things.

"I asked him why he didn't go back home after he got so lame, and he just said he had no home to go to any more, except his little house right here. He couldn't find where any of his family had gone, though he tried hard as hard, and that is why he gets so lonely sometimes, but I think Peter is getting happier now, for he has got the puppy to cheer him up, and I visit him everyday too."

Peter's rheumatism was still very troublesome when April came, but what troubled Peter more was the knowledge that, in a few days, Lucy would have to return home. Her mother was coming for her, so she said, but she would write letters to Peter, and Peter promised more wonderful Noah's Ark animals.

The day of departure came, and, earlier in the morning than usual, Lucy came to Peter's workshop.

"Mother came last night, Peter, and will be here all day," she said excitedly, "Our train does not leave until after supper, as late as half-past seven, and mother has promised to come over here this afternoon with me—You'll like mother, Peter—and see the shop and Sir Clarence—and you'll show her the crocodile, won't you?"

Peter would have forgotten all about dinnertime if he had not been reminded noisily by the puppy. He swept the shavings carefully under the work-bench, and brought another chair into the workshop. He fastened gay paper about three pots of hyacinth, blooming red, white and blue—these were for Lucy to take back home with her. He even dusted the stuffed crocodile that swung from the ceiling of the front room. Then he walked back into the workshop.

It was with mixed feelings that Peter West awaited his promised visitors that April afternoon. He did not watch for them, but sat in the spindly chair, with the puppy curled up at his feet. He was glad that he would see his little friend again, but lonely already with the thought that she was leaving him that day.

The door swung open, the puppy barked in welcome, and Lucy rushed across to where Peter was sitting, exclaiming: "We've come, Peter, and it's raining like everything!"

But for once Peter was not listening. Lucy's mother was looking at Peter West. There was a moment of incredulous surprise, a moment of half uncertainty, a moment of glad recognition, and then she was beside the crippled figure in the spindly chair, bending down, and stroking the gray head, O, so gently, and saying over and over: "Poor Peter, poor Peter."

Wondering, yet with a new joy, Lucy said: "O, mother, I'm so glad that you know Peter, too."

Then, turning a glad face toward the little girl, her mother said:

"Not just Peter—Uncle Peter, dear."

And then, for the first time that day, the sunbeams slipped through the rain-clouds, and began to build a rainbow against the April sky.

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"It makes me uncomfortable," Louis XVI of France said abruptly in the middle of the magnificent ceremonial of his coronation. Lifting his hands to his head, he removed the heavy crown—an act that terrified superstitious on-lookers, even though no one of them dared to dream of such complete disaster as his losing his crown and his head together.

An Oriental legend tells of a king who acceded to his throne late in life. "Too great glory crusheth too small strength," he murmured to his vizier as he sat in state for the first time. "Verily, though my crown shineth as all the stars of heaven reflected in one small pool, yet its weight is like to that of all the water jars that all the women of my kingdom carry upon their heads!" He bent beneath the burden, and died within the year.

Glory of another kind killed the aged Voltaire, when he went to Paris to supervise the production of *Irène*, his last play. He received such an overwhelming ovation that he died of excitement and exhaustion. As he himself said, he was smothered in roses.

In our time and country we sometimes smother our heroes in bunting and so lavish banquets upon them that they can hardly survive if they are not in exceptionally vigorous health. Before Marshal Foch himself came to America says a writer in "The Youth's Companion" (Boston) he was wont often to murmur, "Poor Fayolle!" For Marshal Fayolle, his notable predecessor as our guest, returned to France profoundly pleased with his welcome but profoundly upset in his digestion. The New York Sun relates that Marshal Foch is still amused at the remark Marshal Fayolle made when the chairman of the entertainment committee in one American city showed him upon his arrival late one evening the programme for the next day. It began with a sightseeing tour in the early morning; then followed a reception of delegations, a midday banquet and speeches and an afternoon reception. A public dinner and reception was scheduled for the evening and a ball was to follow that event.

"What do you think of it?" the chairman asked Marshal Fayolle.

"It lacks something," replied the marshal. "I see nothing in it regarding my funeral arrangements at the end of the day."

...

The city council of a town where earthquakes sometimes occur was in session. There had already been two or three slight disturbances that day, and soon after the members had assembled there came a shock that was decidedly severe. One of the members immediately moved that the council adjourn.

The next time the assembly met the clerk read the minutes of the previous meeting and concluded, "On motion of Mr. Bernheim the council adjourned."

"Are there any objections or changes to be made in the minutes?" asked the mayor.

At that a lanky member who was sitting in the rear of the room stood up. "I move," he said, "that the concluding minute be amended to read, 'On motion of the city hall the council adjourned.'"

...

A member of Congress, says "Harper's Magazine," took a taxi one rainy day at the Capitol to proceed to his home in the suburbs.

When he arrived and asked the chauffeur the charge, the latter replied that it was four dollars.

"But," protested the Congressman, "you are charging me for four miles."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I understand that the distance is only two miles and a half."

"It is as a general thing, sir," assented the driver, "but you see we skidded a lot."



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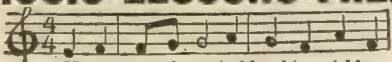
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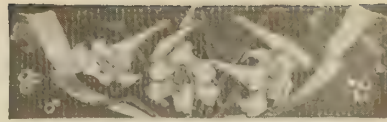
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MOST OF ALL

That is new and desirable is found month by month in the Advertising Columns of the Canadian Home Journal



Some Fish Recipes

Boiled Codfish—Clean and wash the fish, and put it in a fish kettle with plenty of hot water and a large spoonful of salt; bring it slowly to a boil; let it simmer gently, removing the scum as it rises to the top, with an iron spoon, and allowing about ten minutes to the pound; put the lid on tightly. It is best to see whether the fish leaves the bone easily before lifting it out, as they vary so much; slip it carefully on to a hot dish with a strainer and serve with anchovy sauce and potatoes.

Codfish and Lobster Sauce—Boil the codfish as above, break the large claws of a lobster, take out the meat and cut it in small pieces; have ready some good white sauce, put the lobster in it and stir well, dish up the codfish, decorate it with the small claws lightly cracked, and rings of lemon; serve it with potato snow. The rest of the lobster can be used for another dish.

Steamed Codfish—If you are cooking a piece of codfish, it is much better to steam it; place it in the steamer, cover it closely with grease-proof or parchment paper, put the lid on tightly, keep the water boiling; lift it out carefully, and serve with oyster, shrimp, lobster or anchovy sauce, boiled potatoes and any other vegetables that you like.

Stuffed Haddock—Clean and wash a fresh haddock; stuff it with veal stuffing; shape in a circle by fastening the tail to the mouth, then place on a greased baking tin, pour some brown sauce or thick gravy over, cover with greaseproof paper, and bake twenty minutes or longer, basting it now and then; serve with the gravy poured round, and mashed or boiled potatoes.

Finnan Haddie (Scalded)—Lay the haddock in a deep dish; pour over some boiling water; cover and let stand in a hot place, on the top of the stove will do, for ten or twenty minutes according to its size; then drain well, put in the oven for a minute and serve on buttered toast.

Grilled Haddock—Wipe one or more haddocks with a cloth, and brush over both sides with melted butter and season with white pepper and a little nutmeg. Then place the fish on or between a gridiron and broil, i.e. grill the fish in front of or over a bright fire, allowing about ten minutes for each side. When done, dish up—skin downwards—spread over with fresh butter, garnish with parsley and serve.

Creamed Haddock on Toast—The ingredients required are: four ounces cooked haddock, one tablespoon milk, one egg, one small shallot, one-half teaspoon chopped parsley, one-half ounce butter or margarine, and pepper and nutmeg. Melt fat, add chopped shallot and parsley; add fish, beaten egg, and one tablespoonful milk, and seasoning. When just setting serve on croutons of fried bread.

Fish and Potato Shape—Cook the fish and remove the bones and the skin. Flake it, and mix with one-fourth cupful of milk or stock, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper. Beat one cupful of mashed potatoes with two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, seasoning to taste and one beaten egg. Line a greased mould or bowl with bread crumbs, fill the centre with the fish mixture and cover with the potato crust. Bake in a moderate oven until firm and nicely browned. Turn out and serve hot.

Fish Salad—Mix cold cooked flaked fish with an equal quantity of boiled and drained macaroni or spaghetti cut into short lengths, marinate for thirty minutes in French dressing, drain, mix with mayonnaise or boiled dressing and serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

Another Method—Soak salt fish over night in cold water, drain, cover with fresh cold water, bring to the boil and simmer for forty minutes. Drain, cool, and flake, mix with mayonnaise dressing and serve on lettuce leaves, garnished with sprigs of parsley or sliced cucumber.



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Cocoa Walnut Cake

2/3 cup butter
1 cup sugar
Yolk 3 eggs
1/2 cup milk
1/8 teaspoon cinnamon
5 tablespoons Cowan's
Cocoa
1 1/4 cups flour
2 1/2 teaspoons baking
powder
Whites of 2 eggs
1/2 cup walnuts
(chopped)
1 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 teaspoon salt

Method:—Cream butter, add sugar gradually. Add beaten eggs yolks and beat vigorously. Mix and sift dry ingredients, Cowan's Cocoa, flour, baking powder, cinnamon and salt three times. Add alternately with milk; add vanilla and fold in whites of eggs beaten stiff. Add chopped and floured walnuts. Turn into a greased and floured pan and bake in a moderate oven 45 minutes. Cover with cocoa icing and decorate top of cake with walnuts.

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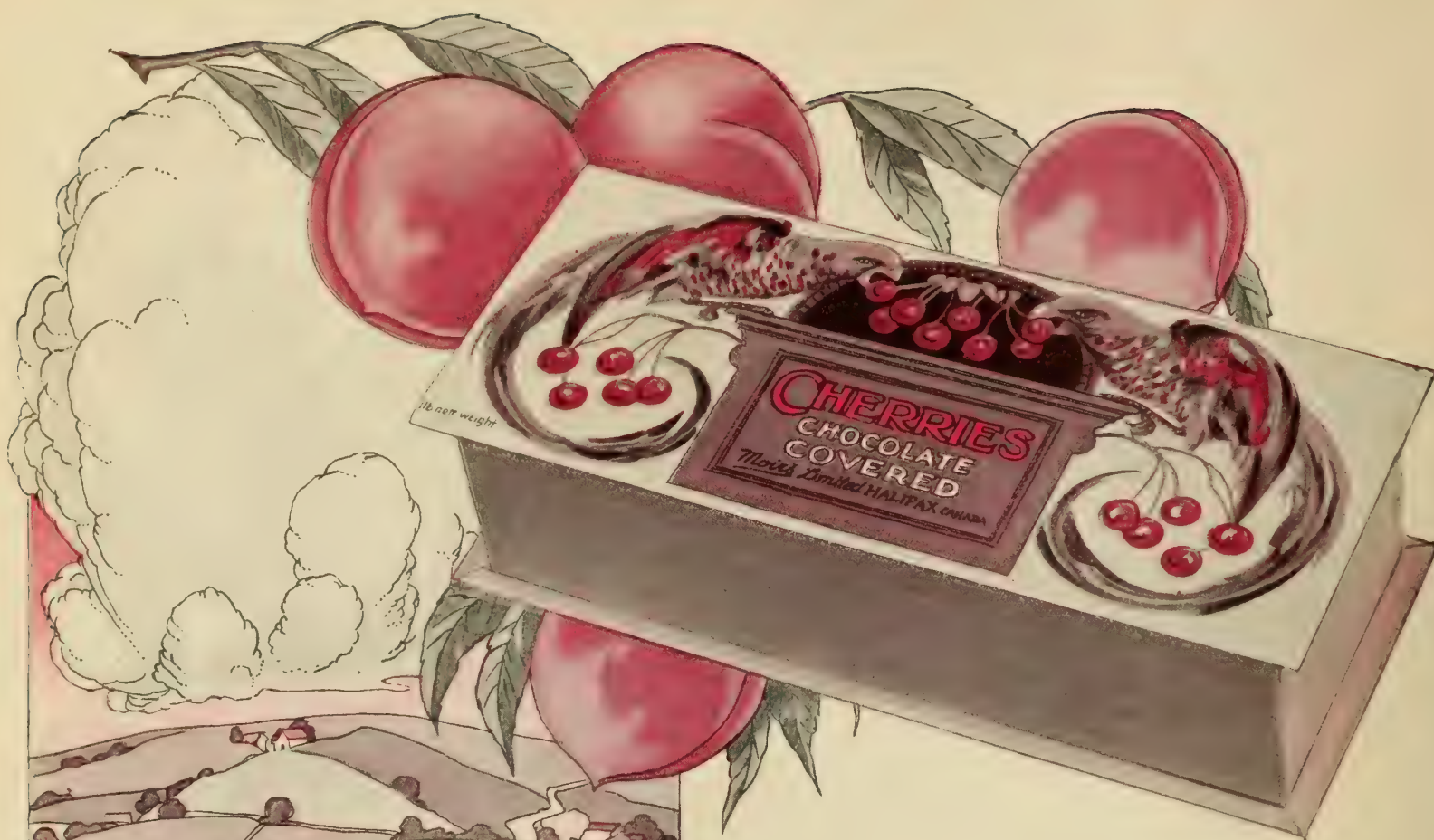
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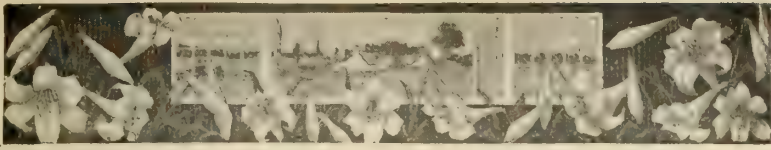
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Moir's Chocolates



Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from page 25)

It is manifestly wrong to spend money on an improper building when the same expenditure would mean greater efficiency. (Rural School Plant—by Challman).

(c) To give attention to consolidation wherever it is practicable. Branches can secure from the Department of Education copies of pamphlet, consolidation of rural schools, and the Act of Amendments relating.

(d) To look into the matter of continuation schools, a step toward both consolidation and Rural High Schools.

(3) Attendance to Sixteen Years of Age at Least.

(a) By children of resident parents.—Not a necessity in a majority of cases but much needed in some few places.

(b) By Home girls and boys. These should receive more attention as too often they have a rather difficult row to hoe, and do not get the opportunities they should have as future citizens.

(c) Truancy: cases come to light of teachers reporting truants to officers but the matter receives little or no attention, and is dropped to the detriment of the child and the nation.

(4) Competent Teaching:

(a) Of necessary school work. Rural schools should not be made to bear all the inexperienced teaching.

(b) Of agriculture, household science and manual training,—not in all cases by the regular teacher.

Discussion: Could a duly qualified teacher take a group of schools for the teaching of these subjects?

(5) Education for

(a) retarded children.

(b) illiterate.

(c) non-English speaking.

(6) Teachers' Salaries

which should be large enough to enable them to live comfortably.

(7) Teachers' Boarding Places:

Almost every place—town or country—reports difficulty in securing a suitable, if any, boarding house for the teacher.

"If country districts wish good teachers, in addition to giving better salaries, they must see to it that decent, warm, comfortable boarding houses are provided."

(8) Medical Inspection and Follow-Up Work:

(a) Dr. Waugh, in charge of this work, says the Department of Education depends on the Women's Institute to be eyes, ears, hands, and feet, in helping to carry out their programme. This is so familiar to all members now that only its importance and close connection with rural betterment permits mention here.

(b) Securing a School Nurse: the most logical factor in carrying out follow-up work.

(9) Hot Luncheon:

Wherever possible to promote this perhaps by having a woman who lives near by prepare soup, cocoa, or whatever is being served at her house, bring it to school, or in securing a woman to go to the school, prepare the hot dish, and act as supervisor during the teacher's absence at noon hour.

(10) Educational Associations:

These are being formed throughout the various counties and it might be well to have a member from each Branch belong to them.

(a) Through this agency a more efficient trusteeship could be sought.

(b) Public opinion might be influenced in favor of women on school boards.

(11) University Extension: to establish these courses during the winter months in rural neighborhoods.

To quote from the report of Mr. G. A. Putnam, Convenor of the Committee on Education and Better Schools of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada for 1921:

Among the conditions met with through out Canada and which should not exist in a country so well able to look after the youth of the land we may mention the following:

1. Lack of permanency and in too many cases lack of efficiency on the part of the teaching profession

2. Lack of proper accommodation for coats and wraps and children's lunches.

3. Unsanitary conditions and lack of pure water supply.

4. No provision made for supplementing with soup or some hot nourishing drink, the cold lunch taken to school.

5. Children forced to eat their lunches under conditions which are not conducive to natural development.

6. Defective lighting and heating.

7. Unsuitable colors used in decoration; or lack of any attempt at decoration.

8. Unsuitable blackboards improperly placed.

9. The children of the rural districts are forced to go to the larger towns and cities to secure that education which is necessary to enable one to take his place as a progressive citizen. Too often the boy or girl who leaves home to get the education which they feel they must have, do not return to the home community.

"My little boy and little girl came home last night demanding meat pie for their school lunch to-morrow," said an Eastern Ontario secretary at a recent Institute meeting. "Well, I'll make you one each," said I. "But mother, we want enough to go around the school—twenty of us!" "We'll have to co-operate then, for I want to go to the Institute meeting to-morrow too. You get the potatoes washed and peeled and I'll make a big pie and you can heat it on the school stove."

This is the simple wholesale way in which hot lunch is provided for one country school in an Institute community. Soup, cocoa, chocolate, something hot is provided for each cold day, and children and teacher unite to heat and eat it.

Dundas Women's Institute give an Annual Educational "At Home" in October of each year, to which all teachers of all the schools, the trustees and their wives, and the husbands of the Institute members are invited. The object is a pleasant informal social evening, during which all interested in education may get acquainted. This leads to much fine community co-operation throughout the year, and a cordial understanding and support of the teachers in their aims.

One of the many good results this year has been the passing of the following resolution by the Institute:]

"Inasmuch as there is a tendency to multiply parties, entertainments, and organizations for children of school age it is resolved that we as an Institute and as individuals use our influence to have these recreations confined to Friday nights and Saturdays. It is resolved that since excitement and fatigue of frequent parties and long continued practices for entertainments are detrimental to the health of the child, we endeavor to have them replaced as far as is reasonable by outdoor exercise and quiet home recreations."

The Diary of a Lonesome Girl



Dear Diary:

September 12

I promised to tell you everything, Dear Diary, and I'm going to keep my promise. But it's awfully hard sometimes to write down just how I feel. For I am so discouraged. Met Edith Williams today on the car. She was going somewhere with Jimmy. And her clothes were so becoming that I envied her. My hair is prettier than Edith's, isn't it? And my eyes—and my complexion? Then why am I always so lonesome—so much alone? Can't you help me, Diary? Bobbie's better today.

September 15

More trouble, Diary. Mother said today that the money she'd saved for my new dress would have to go to pay Bobbie's doctor bill. I'm trying to be brave, Diary, but I'm so disappointed. I wanted to go to a dance on the 26th. Shall I go, Diary? I wonder if I can fix up that white organdie from last season?

September 18

Went to church this morning. Walked home with Alice Browning. Saw Jimmy. He's always with Edith Williams. Oh, if I only had some pretty clothes—just a few of them, Diary, how happy I would be! Mother tries so hard to save, but Dad never earned a large salary. And everything I earn goes toward keeping house. But I can still smile, can't I, Diary?

September 23

I've decided to wear my organdie to the dance. I do hope none of the girls remember it from last year. That new sash may help. Do men ever remember dresses, Diary? Jimmy will be there with Edith. Always Edith Williams. Oh, if I only had some becoming clothes!

September 27

I couldn't write to you last night, Diary—I just couldn't. I cried myself to sleep when I got home from the dance. Every girl had a new dress but me. I think Edith Williams' was best of all. Do you think Jimmy will marry her? He hardly looked at me last night. Isn't there something I can do to get pretty clothes?

October 15

Met Mrs. Peters today, with her two children. Poor woman—she hasn't had a new dress in years. She can't afford those in the shops and she can scarcely sew at all. I wish I could sew, Diary—then I could make my own clothes. Saw Jimmy walking down the street today while I was buying a magazine, but he didn't see me. I guess he was thinking of Edith Williams.

October 16

Remember that magazine I bought yesterday? Well, I sat up late last night reading it. I just couldn't put it down. For in it I found the story of a girl just like myself. She couldn't afford pretty clothes, either, and she was, oh, so discouraged. And then she learned of a school that teaches you, right at home, to make your own clothes for a half or a third of what you would pay in the shops. Do you think I could learn, too, Diary? I'm going to find out, anyway.

October 19

Early today the postman brought me a good thick letter from the Woman's Institute. I fairly snatched it from his hand. Guess he thought it was a love-letter. Why, Diary, do you know the Institute is the most wonderful school I ever heard of? Think of it! While I've been so unhappy, thousands of other girls have been learning right at home to make just the kind of pretty clothes they've always wanted. If they can do it, why can't I? I can, Diary, and I'm going to!

November 16

I know I've forgotten you for some time, Diary, but I've been awfully busy since I enrolled with the Woman's Institute. Diary, I'm actually learning how to make the prettiest clothes I have always wanted. I've finished the first three lessons, and already I've made the prettiest blouse. Just think of being able to have pretty things for just the cost of materials!

January 30

Well, it's happened, Diary. There was another dance last night and I wore my new dress. You should have seen the girls. They were so surprised. They all wanted to know where I bought it. And when I told them I had made it myself they would hardly believe me. And the men! Don't tell me they don't notice pretty things.

My dance card was filled in five minutes. Jimmy and Edith aren't engaged yet, Diary. Jimmy's coming to see me on Wednesday night.

April 15

Here it is only the middle of April and already I have more pretty spring clothes than I ever had in my life. And altogether they have cost me no more than one really good dress or suit would have cost ready made. Oh, there's a world of difference in the cost of things, Diary, when you make them yourself and pay only for the materials. Besides, I've made over all my last year's clothes—they look as pretty as the new ones and the expense of new trimmings and findings was almost nothing at all.

May 8

Awfully busy, Diary. I've started to sew for other people. I made a silk dress for Mrs. Scott and a blouse for Mrs. Perry last week. Mrs. Scott paid me \$10 and Mrs. Perry \$3.25. Think of it, Diary—little me who couldn't sew a stitch a few months ago, making clothes for other people! Mother says I'm going to earn \$30 a week soon.

May 20

The most wonderful, wonderful thing has happened, Diary. Jimmy has asked me to marry him. It's to be in the fall. And my trousseau will be the finest that any girl ever had. Because I'm going to make it all myself. Jimmy wanted to know what had caused the change in me, and I told him all about the Woman's Institute. He wouldn't believe it until I showed him my lessons. He looked them over and then said they were so easy that he thought he would take up dressmaking himself. Imagine Jimmy sewing, Diary!

May 26

Gladys Graham came in to see me today. I think she had been crying. Said she was discouraged because she didn't have pretty clothes. Then I told her all about the Woman's Institute. I think she's going to find out about it. I hope so. Think where I would be if I hadn't seen that magazine. Good-bye, Diary—Jimmy's here and I can't neglect him even for you.

What this "Lonesome Girl" has done you can do, too. There is not the slightest doubt of it. More than 140,000 women and girls, in city, town and country, have proved by the clothes they have made and the dollars they have saved, that you can easily learn at home, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes or prepare for success in the dressmaking or millinery profession.

It makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or little time to the course as you desire and just whenever it is convenient.

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how you, too, can learn

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make your own clothes

and hats, and dress bet-

ter at less cost, or pre-

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☐ Professional Dressmaking

☐ Millinery

☐ Cooking

Name _____

(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address _____



Charming Gowns for Bright Spring Days

9424—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch dotted swiss— $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard 40-inch organdy for collar, cuffs, bands on tunic and sleeves at belt. An appearance of width is given by shirring the waist across the shoulders. The shirred tunic opens in front, and is trimmed around the lower edge with two wide bands of the organdy, which is also used for the narrow belt closing beneath a cluster of daisies. Collar, cuffs, and narrow bands above the cuffs are outlined with black silk embroidery twist in blanket stitch. A vestee of dainty lace adds a dressy touch to this summery frock.

9800—Ladies' Suspender Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch linen for dress—2 yards 36-inch voile for blouse— $\frac{3}{4}$ yard ribbon. The top of bodice is cut in short points turning sky-ward which are buttoned to the suspender straps by self-covered buttons. A narrow belt of self-material slips under these points, tabs held down by buttons. Slit pockets are used on the skirt. The edges of the gown, shoulder straps, tabs on skirt, and pockets are finished with button-hole stitching worked in mercerized silk floss. The collar of the blouse is also finished in this way, fastening under a bow of black ribbon.

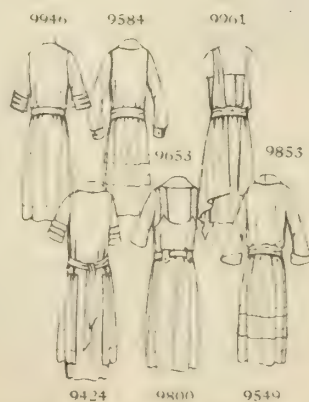
9549—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Size 36 requires $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards 32-inch tissue gingham— $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard 40-inch organdy for collar, vestee, cuffs, and plain sash— $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards plaiting. Two deep tucks and hem finish the gathered skirt. The sleeves are three-quarter length. This gown would also look well made up in white batiste crossed in black with cuffs, collar, and sash of pale blue organdy. The sash tied in a fluffy bow with long, pointed ends. The ruffling on the collar and cuffs made more effective by being hemstitched to the material.

Evening Blouse
9961
Skirt 9853

9584—Price	30 cents.
9653— "	35 cents.
9424— "	35 cents.
9800— "	35 cents.
9549— "	35 cents.

Blouse 9584
Jumper Dress
9653

9584—Ladies' blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch dimity— $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards shell-shaped frilling. No. 9653—Ladies' Sleeveless Jumper Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 32-inch plaid gingham— $12\frac{1}{2}$ yards rick-rack braid. This is applied in two rows around the lower part of the skirt and four rows finish the soft crushed belt. Armholes and U-shaped neck are piped with the gingham. The collar of the blouse is round finished with a bow of black satin ribbon, and the turn-back cuffs are made for link buttons.



Dress 9424

Suspender Dress
9800

Dress 9549



Purple and Fine Linen

BY CHARLOTTE M. STOREY

THE whirlwinds of Fashion have caught up cotton dress goods and brought them back to us, with even more than their former glory. They go from heavy materials to tissues; from bright, strong colors to pastels, and white will hold an honored place in the fashionable wardrobe this summer.

Dotted Swiss muslins, embroidered muslins and organdies and voiles with a woven stripe or dot and an open-work motif bordered with tiny flowers embroidered in natural colors; cross-barred, striped and embroidered dimities and

Outstanding among the finer goods are the small and larger dotted materials—light dots on a dark ground and vice versa—and the embroidered motifs which are usually very small and exquisitely done; there are, however, some larger designs in which *broiderie anglaise* plays a major part.

The embroidery is sometimes done in the same color as the ground, as for instance, white embroidery on white, but as a rule one or more colors are introduced. Monotones in cotton are the exception; nearly everything has its



A graduation dress of ivory Canton crepe and tulle, with silver embroidery

tissues which endeavor to camouflage their luxuriousness in gingham design; printed voiles, but in miniature design, mark you, and Scotch English and Canadian ginghams in eighth, quarter and half-inch check, and broken plaids in two or more colors; printed chintzes and plain and fancy cotton homespun that are virtually ratines or epong cloth, whichever you wish to call them, and sport linens—such is the repertory of the cotton dress fabrics.

touch of a complimentary or harmonizing color in one way or another.

Already in the shops gingham has been received with acclaim. Red and white and black and white checks are the most popular but they are not new this season. It is really the third summer that red and white has been worn and black and white is an old favorite. The newer combinations are orchid and white and

(Continued on page 51)



JUST BECAUSE YOU MUST WEAR CORSETS IS NO REASON WHY OTHER PEOPLE SHOULD KNOW YOU DO—This matter of designing for types is the whole secret. The Type Corsetry that Gossard artistry has created conceals itself from the appraising eye of your best enemy. Every type of figure has been individually studied and treated as a special problem, and the Gossard Corsets designed for your needs will coax, restrain, supplement—easily, gently, naturally—and bring you by hidden ways to the very most of which your figure is capable. Because they will not attempt to change you radically or make you conform to some fleeting style tendency not inherently becoming to you, you will never have that “tied-in, pinched-together look,” that “corseted look,” that is just as fatally ageing as its sagging, uncorseted reverse.

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GOSSARD FRONT LACING CORSET

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“THE GIFT OF EVE”—So we have named a tiny book that is just off our press. It is not pretentious but it will be cherished by every woman who appreciates the importance of that quiet distinction that ever marks the woman of good taste. To you we shall be glad to send it, if you will trouble to write your request to our home offices at 363 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Canada.

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Dainty Embroidery as the Decoration for Summer Frocks



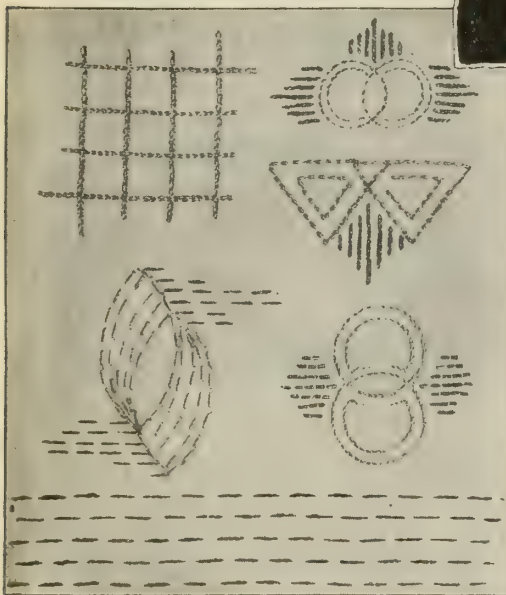
No. 12564—Charming motifs for embroidery or appliqué.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12564, blue or yellow, 30 cents, (1/6), supplies 15 different motifs illustrated and 6 duplicates of each. The apple and leaf, and the flower motifs are suitable for appliqué.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12615, blue or yellow, 40 cents, (2/-), supplies 3 yards of 4-inch beading or embroidery border, also 2 yoke sections. To braid 1 yard of border requires 12 yards of braid, to braid the square yoke motif 5 yards are needed, and for the round yoke 5 1/4 yards. Illustrated at the right on Pictorial Review Dress 9763, 35 cents, (1/6), sizes 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust.



No. 12615—Novel border and yoke design attractively applied as illustrated to the one-piece Dress 9763.



No. 12511—A collection of unique motifs.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12511, blue or yellow, 25 cents, (1/3), supplies 5 motifs and 7 duplicates of each, also 2 1/2 yards of 2-inch darning stitch border.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12635, blue or yellow, 20 cents, (1/-), supplies 60 small dainty motifs suitable for lingerie or baby clothes.

No. 12635—The daintiest of designs to adorn sheer materials.



No. 12637—Border and Motifs for Raised Cotton Stitches.

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12569, blue or yellow, 35 cents, (1/6), supplies 14 effective grape motifs, 7 of the smaller one, 5 1/4 by 6 inches and 7 of the larger, 8 by 9 inches. They may be worked in flat satin stitch, dashes in darning stitch. This is illustrated at the right on the costume with Pictorial Review Blouse 9779, 35 cents, (1/6), sizes 34 to 44 bust, and Pictorial Review Skirt 9777, 35 cents, (1/6), sizes 24 to 36 waist.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12352, blue or yellow, 30 cents, (1/6), supplies 3 1/2 yards of border 2 3/4 inches wide and 4 transfers of each of the motifs shown, 6 inch square, 4 inches square and a pointed one 2 3/4 by 7 inches. Darning stitch and French knots may be used effectively for this design.



No. 12569—Illustrated on costume of Blouse 9779 and Skirt 9777 above.



No. 12352—Smart darning stitch motifs and border.



No. 12571—A variety of stitches find place here.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12571, blue or yellow, 25 cents, (1/3), supplies 2 large and 24 small embroidery motifs in flower design. A charming use of these motifs is illustrated at the lower left on Pictorial Review Dress 9778, 35 cents, (1/6), sizes 14 to 20 years.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12638, blue or yellow, 25 cents, (1/3), illustrated at the right center below, supplies 6 yards of border 1 3/4 inch deep; and 9 motifs. The tiny spray at the center of each scallop is worked in satin stitch, and the scallop outlines covered with fine feather-stitching worked with No. 50 cotton and a No. 12 needle.



No. 12623—Pretty motifs for trimming children's frocks.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12623, blue or yellow, 25 cents, (1/3), supplies 3 yards each of two 1 1/2-inch borders and 6 different motifs with reverses of two of them and 6 duplicates of each, making 48 motifs in all. These designs lend themselves prettily to beading, French knots, and embroidery.

No. 12638—This scallop and motif are excellent for lingerie.





Purple and Fine Linen

(Continued from page 49)

yellow and white and these the buyers for the large stores tell us are to be very popular with discriminating women. They respond to a more exclusive note, especially in the tissues which come in the gingham patterns.

Organdies which were so captivating last year and the year before take second place this year, although they will be found in a very full range of colors as well as embroidered designs and gingham patterns. The dotted Swiss muslins and tissues will be preferred by the ultra fashionable woman.

Every thread in the cotton homespuns seems to spell utility. They come in a complete range of sports colors in hyacinthian tones and tints, and to these lovely ground colors, in some of the pieces offered for our choosing, are added wide and narrow stripes singly and in groups; and on some of the designs the stripe is broken at intervals. Also there are checks, spots and embroidered designs. These homespuns are really very exquisite and well worth the consideration of anyone planning a costume for which such a texture would be suitable.

But these cotton homespuns must not be confused with the woollen homespuns. They are quite another thing.

Then there are cotton crepes. Silk crepes are very fashionable this year and their counterpart in cotton, while not quite so attractive are going to be used to a certain extent. There are some rather heavy weaves,—that is, heavy as compared with voile or batiste, but not as heavy as ratine—with a crepe surface divided into blocks with colored stripes that run up and down and across. These are very pretty for summer sports dresses.

Something of which we are going to hear much before the Season is far spent is "gardengate" print. In ordinary parlance this is known as English chintz and is used for porch and garden dresses, for sun hats and sunshades, and for children's dresses and aprons. There is every reason to believe it is going to have a widespread vogue and many are already planning to have garments made of it to wear in the "great out of doors" wherever fate or fancy may carry them this summer. The same idea is carried out in English prints and both the chintz and the print were worn extensively in England all last summer.

BUT if the cotton manufacturers have been busy getting out beautiful designs and weaves so have the silk mills and when the openings take place most of the stores will be showing some very exquisite fancy silks which will be used largely for separate skirts. Some of the new silks are rather interesting, as, for instance, a silk ratine called eponette. En tour, which resembles Shantung and is worn for sports, consists of silk and wool. Wee Kend, which is quite an obvious play on words, is an eponge silk with self dots, checks, stripes and plaids in a satiny effect. Khaki Kool is an old acquaintance back for the summer, checked and striped with black lines. Souffle brocade is really a matelasse weave. It makes up very handsomely as you will probably see a little later on, for it is being used by some of the better manufacturers. Molly-O is the rather chummy name of a very handsome satin-faced Canton crepe also used by the dress manufacturers, the reverse side being employed as a trimming. The name of indestructible voile, which never was a very suitable one, has been changed to indestructible chiffon voile and one of the novelties in this family chiffon voile, has a shimmering-glace finish.

These are a few of the novelties, but when all is said and done, and due homage paid to these beautiful new weaves and patterns, we shall probably go to our pet store, look up our pet salesman (or pet saleswoman) and select a nice

chiffon taffeta, pussy willow, crepe de Chine or Canton crepe. If one happens to have very independent views in the matter of a silk frock, perhaps she will choose a foulard silk of which there are many beautiful patterns mostly in small conventional designs spaced far apart. Foulards although beautiful and serviceable are rarely as popular as taffetas or crepes.

There are some exquisite colorings in crepe de Chine and Canton crepe and they are very much better value than they were a couple of years ago, but the present indications are that they will not be any cheaper than they are now for some time to come; the prices of raw silk are trying to repeat their upward trend which began in 1915.

When buying the silk for a dress this season it will be a good thing to decide upon the style before you buy the material because if it is to have a basque waist and bouffant sides you will require taffeta. If it is going to have straight lines then by all means select a soft crepe.

Some of the shades which it is expected will be popular this summer are the old reliable sand and platinum grey. By the way the new name for sand is bamboo. Periwinkle blue is that lightish blue found in the hydrangea. Then there are the fuchsia shades, which, however, will be used more for trimmings and millinery than for costumes. Canna is still a very good color. Then there is armistice, one of the new shades, which is a rather light blue and Wedgwood, very much the same as Copenhagen.

Homespuns, as you all know, are going to be the favorite material for sports suits, skirts and dresses. It doesn't matter so much whether it is a handloom or a mill woven, it will be fashionable. The handwoven cloths are of course, the more expensive and have always been great favorites with the American tourist coming to spend part of a vacation in Canada, but the woollen mills have copied these goods very carefully and one believes that many will not know the difference between them when the actual time for buying comes. The mill woven goods come in beautiful stripes as well as plain, the stripes being used for either separate or suit skirts with plain coats to match. The light colors such as grey, natural, tan, rose, Wedgwood periwinkle and white are going to be very prominent in garments made of these homespuns.

Wool, jersey and tricolette are also with us again. Both will be used for jumper dresses, also for dresses with sleeves, suits and even sports coats. A wool jersey can be sold at a very reasonable price and this is partly what makes it so popular for both dresses and suits. There is almost no limit to its serviceability.

Among the most interesting trimmings for dresses this Spring are ribbons. They come in many beautiful patterns. There is one very new thing which is wide enough for a bodice, the design being a group representing Youth, brought out in silver or gold metal thread.

Another is a sash ribbon which comes in various color combinations with a metallic warp. This is entirely new and very pretty, but perhaps it is the narrow ribbons which are of more general interest to us. There are some so narrow that they are little more than a cord and others about half an inch wide, most of which have a gold or silver edge and sometimes a picot finish. Cire ribbons are to be used a great deal and some of these have a two tone face. Very few plain ribbons are used. They are mostly fancy.

Belonging to the ribbon family is a single and a double edge fringe. The double edge is about four inches wide which, perhaps, can be best described by saying both edges of the ribbon are fringed out leaving about an inch down the centre. Besides these wide fringes, there are some about half an inch wide in one and two tones.



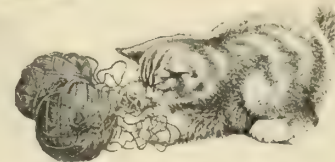
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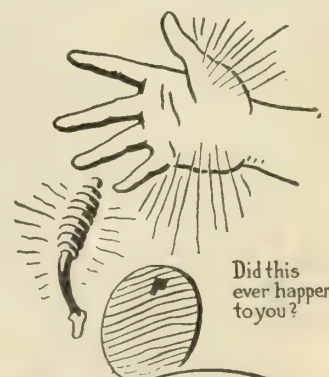
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Gowns and Caped Costumes which are Smart and Simple

9957—Misses Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 32-inch check gingham—1 yard 40-inch organdy. A rose motif gives a dainty touch to the deep yoke of this frock. The motif, in design 12671, may be cut from contrasting chambray gingham or linen and applied on in outline, buttonhole, or blanket stitch.

9959—Misses Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 1½ yard 40-inch dotted organdy—2 yards 36-inch linen—¾ yard 40-inch organdy for collar and cuffs—2½ ards lace—3¾ yards edging

9816—Misses' Slightly Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch dotted, foulard—¾ yard 36-inch satin for collar vestee, cuffs, and undersleeves—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

9806—Misses' Cape-dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 54-inch wool Jersey for dress and cape—¾ yard 40-inch paisley crepe

de Chine for collar and cuffs. The patch pockets are trimmed with appliqued motifs, in design 12671, which may be cut from contrasting material and couched down in buttonhole stitch.

9965—Ladies' and Misses' Cape. Designed for 16 years, 36 and 42 bust. No. 9808—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in size 16 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch tricotine —¾ yard 36-inch linen.

9804—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch linen—¾ yard 40-inch Paisley crepe de Chine for collar and cuffs.

9957—Price	35 cents.
12671—Blue or yellow, Transfer,	30 cents.
9959—Price	35 cents.
9816—	35 cents.
9806—	35 cents.
12671—Blue or yellow, Transfer	30 cents.
9965—Price	35 cents.
9808—	35 cents.
9804—	35 cents.



Dress 9959



Dress 9816

Cape-dress 9806 Appliqué 12671

Dress 9957 Appliqué 12671



Cape 9965 Dress 9808

Dress 9804





Baby Looks Sweetest in

Horrockses
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The inconsistent goddess Fashion has wrought many changes since 1791, but there is one tradition which she has not molested—the choice of Nainsook for babies' dresses. HORROCKSES' Nainsook has daintily defied the whimsical goddess and to-day, as in great-grandmother's day, the tiny pin tucks and delicate embroidery is still worked in this baby-like material.

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MODES AND FABRICS

THE gowns of Princess Mary were of interest to all the feminine world. In the first place it may be of general interest to know as Miss Mary MacLeod Moore informs us, that most of Princess Mary's dresses are seven inches off the ground, so that debatable point is settled. The Princess has never gone in for extremes of fashion, and her skirts have been kept at a conservative length, even through the height (no pun intended) of the short skirt craze.

As to the wedding dress itself, made by the famous firm of Messrs. Reville, the foundation is cloth of silver draped with a beautiful overdress where pearls and gold thread are embroidered upon a delicate ground. The Court train is of silver over white satin, embroidered in silver and white. It was a silver wedding, as the pretty bridesmaids also wore white and silver. Some magnificent wraps have been made for evening and day

an inner close-fitting sleeve cuffed with fox. While some of the evening dresses are very beautiful and imposing, many are quite girlish and simple, and this may be said of the going-away dress which many girls will want to copy either for day or dinner wear. It is of blue charmeuse, round at the neck, with elbow sleeves, but the particular feature is the embroidery which is done in long lines like panels to the foot of the skirt.

SKIRTS for spring are longer, practically all skirts but those for sports wear. To be specific: Evening gowns that were fourteen inches from the ground have dropped to the ankles. Afternoon gowns of silk and crepe that were twelve inches from the ground are now only seven. Skirts of one-piece dresses and tailored suits which were twelve and often fourteen inches from the ground are now about ten. Here the



PRINCESS MARY'S TROUSSEAU

Model of Princess Mary's tea gown made of blue and mauve chiffon over crepe de chine with waist band of blue and mauve, with blue and mauve begonias.

wear, and furs figure among the presents which have poured in upon the Princess almost from the time her engagement was announced. Ermine as befits a King's daughter, and mole and sable fox are all represented. One coat and skirt of blue velour ratine with gunmetal motifs on the cape-coat, has a trimming of gray opossum. For the drive to the Abbey on a chilly February morning the Princess wore a cloak of ermine and heavy white brocade, and as the coach (built one-hundred-and-fifty years ago) in which she traveled has glass sides the general public that waited hours for a glimpse got a very good view of a radiant rosy bride, smiling at her father's subjects in acknowledgment of their cheers. Another cloak is of sapphire blue velvet trimmed, with blue fox, and lined with rose pink charmeuse. There is a huge collar of the fur, and a deep hanging sleeve, with

drop is less, but it's still a comedown says a writer in "The Woman's Home Companion."

In Paris the jump has been a big one, from the fairly short skirt to the conspicuously long one, but Paris has accommodated herself to the change with her brightest of smiles. She has gone in for the long skirt, and the wider skirt, too, with a gay enthusiasm that she alone has when clothes are concerned. Off-hand, I would say it's her natural French spirit. She loves change. She was ready for the something different.

In evening frocks and in some of the afternoon gowns, the waist line is often a good six inches below the normal.

Mme. Jenny, who has been so much talked of this past winter because of her big, interesting sleeves, is making many of her spring gowns with the double waist line.



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9989—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch dotted silk— $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch plain silk.

9963—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard 40-inch Georgette crepe— $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch figured silk for collar and sleeve trimming. No. 9905—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 26 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 44-inch check.

9883—Ladies' Knickerbockers. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard 54-inch check.

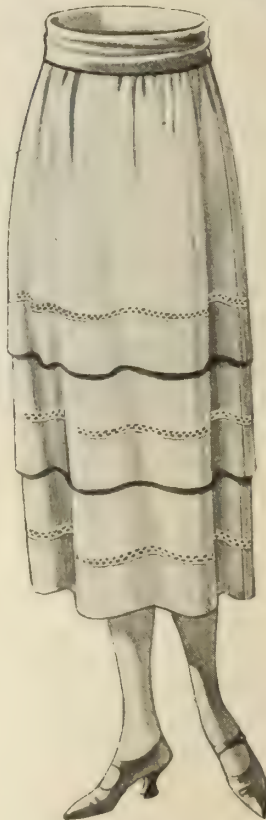
9989—Price	35 cents.
9883—	35 cents.
9444—	30 cents.
9963—	30 cents.
9905—	30 cents.
9964—	30 cents.
9974—	30 cents.

Blouse
9944

Blouse 9989



Knickerbockers 9883



Skirt 9444



Blouse 9963
Skirt 9905



Blouse 9964
Skirt 9974

9964—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch satin— $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch dotted silk. No. 9974—Ladies' Skirt.

Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 26 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 40-inch Roshanara crêpe. All sorts of crêpey materials are

being used for sports skirts and are worn with blouses of crêpe de Chine, washable satin, Canton crêpe and Georgette crêpe.



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69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC



THE JUNGLE BREED

(Continued from page 40)

ment and growing comfortably rich on his labour concession. Then there surged on him the horror of a re-entry into the old colourless, flaccid life to which he was going back—the morning alarm clock, unenjoyed wash, hurried breakfast and city bus, the loathed figuring and servile "Sir."

His mind became centered on Monrovia, not in definite scheming, but in restive surrender to its hate. When they dropped anchor in the pretty bay, he hung over the taffrail moodily eyeing the low white roofs climbing the coast hills.

At length some instinct took him below to his papers. These, with a few other trifles, he had packed the last moment at Oroko in a skin sack, and managed to take aboard with him. He went over them subconsciously—home letters, diary scribbles, the contract, a couple of yellowed bundles of London papers which he had kept for some reason or other. At last, untying one of the latter, his hand fell upon a package of letters tied with blue ribbon—tokens of his only love affair. A half-coloured little love affair it had been, lost utterly in his lack of prospects, and almost forgotten in the gray patchery of his existence. And yet it had been only little more than two years ago. He sat recalling the girl—a sweet-faced, motherly slip of a cockney maid, shadow-eyed, and with the pathos of labour about her. For a while they had talked to each other of a cottage, a little patch of ground, and something or other to do in the country, then mutually had recognized the impossibility of such a thing, or their being able to marry at all. It was part of their daily grind that they should recognize it—part of their daily grind that they should submit to it without rebellion. So they had drifted apart, vowing at least never, never, to marry anyone else—and Gridley had not even seen her before he left. Except that he knew the address to which she had moved and had heard of her occasionally through others, she had passed completely out of his life—a blossom blighted hopelessly in the bleak sky of routine. Back there, in the London fog, scarcely a palpitation belonged to the affair; but, now, as Gridley sat with the letters in his hand, and fresh from his new environment, it became a vivid thing—an ache. After all, Africa had done something for him—roused in his blood the quality of realization.

It must have been more than half an hour later that the purser broke in on his reverie from behind.

"Say, Gridley, what the devil are sad-irons? I've got 'em on the indent for Monrovia, but no one knows what they are. Are they the things women use in ironing, or what?"

The book-keeper disclaimed any knowledge in the matter.

"Guess, I'll just take half a dozen flat-irons ashore," remarked the other, moving away.

Gridley, the letters clutched in his hand, suddenly sprang erect with thought. He called after the purser:

"Can I come along?"

"Sure; I'll be starting in ten minutes."

With methodical earnestness the book-keeper set at once to get ready. It was as if some all-engrossing but repressed impulse impelled him. Except for the package in his hand, which he put in his pocket, he tied his letters and papers into a careful bundle, weighted them with a curio dagger, and dropped them through the porthole. Into his right-hand trouser pocket he slipped his revolver. A few photos he tore up, scattering the pieces to the ocean. Then he went on deck and dropped down the companion ladder into the surf-boat. The purser joined him a moment later and the seamen laid to their oars.

At the landing the purser gave the book-keeper half an hour to look around

while he negotiated with a gold-laced, important customs officer.

Gridley went on up the sandy street. His actions seemed controlled by some force infinite and beyond himself. For just a moment he stopped to ask a clothed native where the white man, Walker, lived.

"You keep on, sah, in the direction you now go, until you come to house where resides Mr. Courdlandt, who is boss of the railway our Government is building to"—

His interrogator cut in impatiently. "It's Mr. Walker I want."

"I am all my best endeavour to understand that to you, sah. Mr. Walker lives in the house beyond, where the"—

But the book-keeper had shot ahead. Passing the house of the engineer of the railroad, a white figure on the verandah waved a friendly hand to him, a fellow countryman, but he was too intent in his own mind to notice. Presently he came to a bungalow whose paint and glass window panes proclaimed the luxurious dwelling of a white man. He crossed the silent, deserted courtyard and entered the wide-open door. No one stopped him—the place seemed deserted. He looked in the doors of several rooms, with a queer remembrance of his similar hunt on his arrival at Oroko. Suddenly he confronted the man he sought half dozing in a Maderia chair by a small table, his feet cocked on a stool, a litter of English illustrated weeklies on the floor at his side.

Walker looked up at the shadow thrown across the room. He stared incredulously—then he sat bolt upright.

"Good God! It's Little Tup'ny!"

The book-keeper still advanced. Something in his eyes brought the other to his feet. Gridley drew his gun and levelled a steady muzzle. For one brief moment Walker thought to bluff it as once before. Then he saw the trigger finger contracting. "Don't shoot, for God's sake don't shoot!" he cried. The book-keeper spoke in tense, quick tones.

"Then refund the money you stole, you thief, and right here, with that pen and ink, sign a statement that you did steal it."

The other glared for an instant, turned to his right as if about to do as he had been bid, then lunged out a swift left hand for the gun. But the book-keeper evaded with a backward step and fired, the shot ripping the outer muscles of the shoulder and bringing forth a cry of pain.

"Do it," he commanded hoarsely, "and don't take a minute about it. The amount is £754, 19s, 3d. Sign the statement first."

His face drawn with pain, Walker took up pen and ink and did as he was instructed. He then shoved the writing to the corner of the table, and, still covering him, the book-keeper picked it up and read it, making sure of the signature.

"That'll do," he said; "now get the money!"

"I haven't got it to get."

"Then, by God, I am going to shoot you dead."

There was no mistaking the tone. The hand holding the revolver tensed itself again, and Walker shrank down in his chair, the scowl whitening on his face.

"There's a tin box hid in a ju-ju charm behind that curtain there." He spoke in nervous haste, pointing with his thumb behind him.

"Very well, stay as you are."

The book-keeper returned with the tin box almost immediately, set it down on the table, and waited. Without being commanded Walker turned a key in it, displaying four small sacks set in a sprinkling of loose change. He

(Continued on page 60)



"Good home-made food promotes happiness and contentment."

The Royal Baking Service

from The Royal Educational Department

EDITOR'S NOTE—With what immense satisfaction do we enjoy a piece of good home made cake! How infinitely better it is than any we could possibly buy! Many cakes look tempting but when tasted are very dry and disappointing, lacking that flavor which good flour, baking powder, shortening, eggs and above all, home baking seem to give. Wouldn't you like to become a better cake maker? You can, so easily. In fact, you may even become an expert and turn your baking knowledge into dollars, for everybody loves home made cake. The Royal Educational Department is ready to help you with suggestions and special instructions whenever you need assistance.

Cake Troubles

Question: Is it necessary to use pastry flour for cakes?

Answer: While pastry flour is excellent for all recipes in which baking powder is used, it is not necessary and moreover not available for everyone. All recipes on these pages and in the New Royal Cook Book were made up with an ordinary good bread flour and the proportion of liquid is correct. All flour, however, should be sifted before measuring (two or three times is even better for cakes) and never packed down in the cup, but piled in very lightly.

Question: How can I get a fine-grained cake?

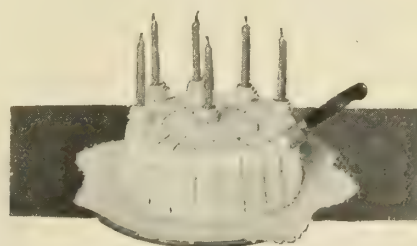
Answer: Cream butter or other shortening before adding sugar—use fine granulated sugar if possible. Beat the batter well after adding each ingredient, and when the beaten egg whites are added last, mix them lightly, but very thoroughly, into the batter. On the other hand, hard beating at this stage tends to roughen the cake. Bake the cake in a moderate oven, increasing the heat slightly after it has been in the oven about 10 minutes.

WHY does my cake rise up in the middle?" "How do you make chocolate icing glossy?" "How must I change a cake recipe when baking in high altitude?" Hundreds of women are writing this department daily such questions as these. You also perhaps may be bothered by similar baking troubles. If so, write the Royal Educational Department. It is prepared to help you as it is helping thousands of women all over the world. Following are a few of the commonest difficulties—

Question: What makes my cakes split open and the batter pour down the sides?

Answer: The oven is too hot. A crust forms before the cake has had a chance to rise completely, and the uncooked batter forces its way through the top, making a very unsightly cake with poor texture. Send for the Glazed Paper Oven Test. It is a sheet of correct oven temperatures and will be of great assistance to you.

The Birthday Cake



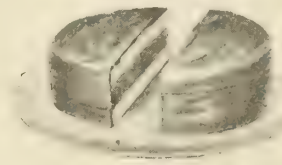
Remember grown-ups as well as little folks will appreciate a birthday cake. It must be of superfine quality. This inexpensive Pound Cake (recipe below) is delicious; for one still less costly you might try the Royal Cream Loaf Cake (page 12 New Royal Cook Book) which is so light and fine you would never dream that it requires but two eggs.

Of course the birthday cake must go as

far as possible. Everybody will want a piece, perhaps two, so here is a way of cutting it that will surprise you by its economy.

With a sharp knife, beginning at the outside, cut around in circles until you reach the center, then slice through each circular piece as illustrated.

Small families, however, will not eat a whole cake at one time; therefore instead of the usual way, cut desired number of pieces from center of the cake as illustrated below. To keep the rest fresh push the two remaining pieces close together like a whole cake. This will keep it moist and soft several days.



Send for the New Royal Cook Book today—it's free and complete, containing all departments of cookery. Address—

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This is the
fifth of the
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Cut these out and put in your cook book

Pound Cake

- 1 cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 1 teaspoon lemon extract
- 5 eggs
- 2 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder

Cream butter thoroughly; add sugar very slowly, beating well between each addition. Add flavoring and yolks of eggs which have been beaten until pale yellow. Beat egg whites until light and add with flour which has been sifted with the baking powder two or three times. Beat mixture well for several minutes, until very light and fluffy. Bake in greased loaf pan in moderate oven about one hour. Cover with the following frosting

Ornamental Frosting

- 1 1/2 cups granulated sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- 2 egg whites
- 1 teaspoon flavoring extract
- 1 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder

Boil sugar and water without stirring until syrup spins a thread; add very slowly to beaten egg whites; add flavoring and baking powder and beat until smooth and stiff enough to spread. Put over boiling water stirring continually until icing grades slightly on bottom of bowl. Spread on cake, saving a small portion of icing to ornament the edge. This can be forced through a pastry tube, or, through a cornucopia made from ordinary white letter paper.

Royal Tropic Aroma Cake

(Illustrated above)

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 cup milk
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- 2 eggs
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon

Cream shortening, add sugar and beaten eggs. Mix well and add (sifted together) half the flour, baking powder, salt and spices, add milk and remainder of dry ingredients. Bake two-thirds of this batter in two greased layer tins, and to the remaining third add one tablespoon cocoa which has been mixed with one tablespoon boiling water. Use this for middle layer. Bake layers in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Put following filling and icing between layers and on top of cake:

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 tablespoon cocoa
- 2 cups confectioner's sugar
- 3 tablespoons strong coffee
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Cream butter. Add sugar and cocoa very slowly, beating until light and fluffy. Add vanilla and coffee slowly a few drops at a time, making soft enough to spread.



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THE IDOL OF YOUTH

(Continued from page 16)

noticing the quaint shapes females give themselves, and I saw that this one looked somehow a bit different.

It was a graceful "silhouette" however; slim—I thought—as the shadow of a young birch-tree by moonlight. I felt sick, because I had on a British Warm, while this poor outcast child of some alien land was facing the British cold. I think it was then I fell actively in love with her. I'd been no more than interested—intrigued—fascinated by mystery and green-grey eyes—before.

It was all I could do not to spring out of ambush and envelop her in my coat. But it wouldn't do. I must wait. I couldn't rescue the girl before there was anything tangible from which to rescue her.

Just as I had expected, she took the way to the West Cliff. I followed at a distance, with the air of a stroller. And nothing sadder than those black pines above the steely glitter of crawling waves did I ever see—no, not even in No Man's Land!

There's a path which zig-zags down, not far from a shelter on the West Cliff Walk. The girl, with Petro not far in front but sticking to her side, zig-zagged down it. I held myself in leash till the pair had vanished; then I started in their wake.

I tried to calculate my distance; to keep just far enough behind, and not too far. But the path is sandy, and footsteps make no sound.

As I was padding along like a red Indian on the trail, suddenly two men coming up, bumped into me.

I had been so sure of our loneliness—the Girl's, Petro's and mine—that I was taken by surprise, and stumbled off the path into the rough grass of the cliff.

"Sorry!" said one of the men; and then continued his conversation with his friend. "Yes, might almost be Cap Martin—except for the climate. Glad you brought me here. All the same, give me the Riviera! I'd be at Monte now, if I wasn't sure there's going to be ructions. If there isn't a big strike on the French railways a month or six weeks from now I'll eat my hat! I don't want to be held up even at good old Monte, with food getting low, and—"

The loud voice, whose words the winds blew back to me when the men had passed, ceased at a turn in the path. But for a second, my thoughts unhooked themselves from the girl, and jumped—not to Monte Carlo, but to the picture of Sacha Kapieha's aeroplane there.

"Jove, if I were at Monte, owning that machine and knowing how to run her—and there was a strike—I'd make my fortune and have some fun!" I said to myself.

But I didn't own the machine, and I wasn't at Monte. I was pelting down the West Cliff at Bournemouth trying to keep a girl from putting an end to herself.

I hurried along to atone for lost time, but even a minute's delay was too much. Having run the rest of the way to the beach (with no glimpse of a small, erect head in a close-fitting toque) I came upon what seemed an empty waste of sand.

In which direction had she gone?—right—left?.....There she was, far off to the left of me, not walking or standing—(that's why I'd not seen her at first)—but kneeling close to the water with arms around Petro's neck. Then, before I could take a step she'd sprung to her feet and started towards the sea. Without looking back at the dog she marched right into the white foam, her head high.

If I'd shouted, she would only have moved faster—would have rushed into the surf and thrown herself to the white horses. I kept silent, but I bounded along the stretch of sand between us, as if I wore seven-league boots.

Perhaps, when she knelt by her dog, she said—"Petro dear, stay in this wretched world if you will; or if you won't, come out of it with me." But the bull had already made up his mind. With dignified deliberation he spraddled after her into the icy waves. There was a bulldog! No true bull-dog of British breed was ever known yet to let a loved one die alone if he could die too!

He even leaped resentfully on me, with the hated water at his breast, as I seized the girl round the waist and swung her up, out of the sea. If a wave hadn't knocked him back as he sprang, those teeth of his would have caught my sleeve, but for a moment he was overwhelmed the whole force of nature against him. Recovering, eyes and short nose full of water, he must have heard his mistress cry "You" and my voice answering.

By now, I had her out of the water, still in my arms, dripping wet to the waist. Half swimming, half pushed by the swirl of the water, Petro jumped after me. He knew at least that I was no stranger, and remembered maybe the appeal for help he'd made to me in the hotel.

"How—how dare you interfere?" the girl stammered. "You—you waiter."

"I'm not a waiter," I said. "I never told you I was one. And even a waiter wouldn't let you drown. That 'Ave Caesar' of yours did the trick. I knew."

I set her gently on her feet, but hung onto a firm, though shivering arm, lest she should do some desperate thing before she could be stopped.

"You had no right to follow me!" she sobbed, breaking into tears.

"I'd have had no right not to," I defended myself. "You're very young—"

"My life mayn't be long, but it has come to an end," the girl cut me short. "I have nothing to live for—except, Petro—and you see he was ready to go with me. Do you think I'm afraid of death? No! My family has had many faults. But not fear. I'm Sacha Kapieha's sister!"

CHAPTER VI.

No Flies: By Request

SACHA Kapieha's sister! In my surprise I dropped her arm, but seized it again as she would have run from me.

Sacha Kapieha's sister! The coincidence seemed amazing at first gasp. Yet after all, how was it precisely a "coincidence"? I hadn't known Sacha Kapieha. I'd only known his name, as millions of others knew it. And to-day I'd happened to see a snapshot of his aeroplane in a newspaper. There was nothing much in that, when one came to think of it. But I was thrilled to the heart as if by some magical discovery.

"If you're Sacha Kapieha's sister you've got to live!" I heard myself saying. "I have a plan for you—a perfectly priceless plan."

And it was strange I should have flung these words at her, as if I'd shot them out of a catapult. Because, until that identical second, I hadn't even the ghost of a plan. How it had come to me I didn't know. I felt as if someone had made me speak, and now had pushed the Plan ready made, into my head. Anyhow, there it was, like Minerva fully armed, born from the brain of Jupiter. Still, I felt myself twice the man I had been. I seemed to see the future, and what to do with it.

But of course, there was the present to be dealt with. It was rather pressing. The girl was very wet; and her teeth chattering with cold as she cried.

"I don't know what you mean by a 'plan,'" she shivered. "There isn't any plan—that you can make—for me."

"Oh, isn't there?" I challenged. "I bet you anything there is. A plan for you to get your brother's machine, and—"

(Continued on page 59)



Baby Chicks need prepared Food

You couldn't expect a baby chick to thrive on hen feed. Until it is three to six weeks old, a baby chick needs baby food, carefully prepared to digest easily, to develop its delicate organisms and to make steady, rapid growth.

For many years poultrymen have depended for success in raising chicks on this wholesome, guaranteed food.

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Sold by dealers everywhere on our money-back guarantee.

PRATTS WHITE DIARRHOEA REMEDY

prevents the deadly white diarrhoea from getting a hold on your chicks. Affords quick, sure relief in all cases of bowel trouble.

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Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

Always keep Sani-Flush on hand and have a closet bowl that always looks like new—a bowl and trap so clean that odors are eliminated and disinfectants unnecessary.

Just a little Sani-Flush sprinkled into the bowl according to directions, and flushed out, will eliminate all the work and the danger involved in other methods requiring mops, pails and acids.

Sani-Flush will positively not injure bowl or connections. Keep it handy in your bathroom.

Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot buy it locally at once, send 25c in coin or stamps for a full sized can, postpaid. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

Canadian Agents

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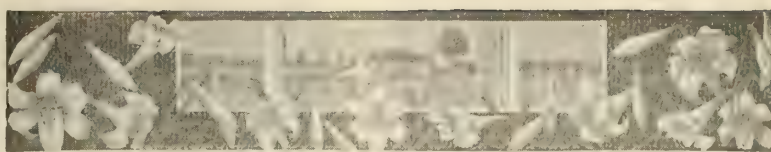
Corns?

—just say
Blue-jay
to your druggist

Stops Pain Instantly

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in two forms—a colorless, clear liquid (one drop does it!) and in extra thin plasters. Use whichever form you prefer, plasters or the liquid—the action is the same. Safe, gentle. Made in a world-famed laboratory. Sold by all druggists.

Free: Write Bauer & Black, Toronto, Dept. 27 for valuable book, "Correct Care of the Feet."



THE IDOL OF YOUTH

(Continued from page 58)

"My brother's machine is at Monte Carlo, a prize in a lottery for War Orphans," she said. "A maid at the hotel lent me a Sunday illustrated paper—"

"I know it's at Monte Carlo," I snapped. "That's why there's a plan. I'll tell you to-morrow. Now you must let me take you back to the hotel—"

"I shall never go inside its hateful doors again," the girl vetoed that suggestion. "Never."

"But," I protested, "they know you there. You can slip in without being seen, and everything will be the same as if—"

"I can't slip in. I told you, they look up at ten, we should have to ring if I went. But I won't go."

"Where do you want to go, then?" I temporized.

"Nowhere. Back into the sea."

"Beastly cold wet thing! Wouldn't you rather go to Monte Carlo?"

"There's no hope of getting there. And nothing to do if I were there—except beg."

"But I tell you there is hope of getting there. And not begging! Aren't you the 'relative' Kapieha left his Mascot to, in his will?"

"Yes, if I'd claimed it within a year I couldn't claim it. Everything he left had become the property of France. I got to England after dreadful adventures, too late. And oh, you can't guess what it meant—being too late! I should have been rich. I—but it kills me to think of all that! I hoped—I dreamed desperately that I might find some way—I dreamed it until this morning—when I saw the paper—when I knew of the lottery. That decided me—what to do to-night. I saw it was the end."

"Well, now you see it isn't. Or you will see when I explain my plan," I insisted. But suddenly, in the face of her despair—despair over something definite concerning the machine, something which sounded mysterious,—my plan grew blurred in outline. Minerva's armour began to fall off. Half naked, the goddess scuttled back into my brain.

Enthusiasm had carried me off my feet. I had felt that, with so good a root for an idea, the plan must burst into brilliant flower. I had thought that, if the Mascot had been left to Sacha's sister, and here was the sister, why, the whole problem was simplified. But there was truth in her contention. The allotted time for the legacy had indeed passed. If the plane had remained unsold, a claim—if she had put one in—might have been allowed. Now, circumstances had changed. The Administration at Monte Carlo had bought the machine for a large sum. They had announced it as second prize in a charitable lottery of national importance. The advertisement was world wide. The public must not be cheated, nor must the War Orphans. As the girl said, it was too late. Nothing could be done in the way I had so suddenly planned. Still—

Still, I wouldn't give in. I might as well hold the girl's head under water, and Petro's too, as confess that my plan had collapsed. She appeared to have no hope. Yet I felt that I had communicated some faint answering thrill of mine to her. It was there, subconsciously, I would go on buoying her up. And I'd build a better plan on the wreck of the first.

"There's another hotel where I could take you," I said. "A very nice hotel. The hotel where I got the caviare."

"Didn't you get it in ours?" faintly intrigued, she wanted to know.

"I did not," I said. "Would you expect ours to run to it?"

"No," the girl admitted, shivering more than ever. "You seem to be a strange man. Why did you come to my room, and go out to other hotels to get my caviare?"

"Only to one hotel. And I came to your room because I wanted to see what you were like. That's all I'll tell you at present, except that I've been brought up by a most respectable aunt, and my name's Christopher Malet. Now, come along. I could carry you. But, you'd better walk, to keep yourself warm."

"Why should I come because you tell me to come?" she resisted. "I do not know you."

"Yet you trust me," I said. "Instinct tells you that you can; just as Petro's does him, though he hasn't been introduced. Come!"

She came. And soon, as we reached the path with its stiff climb, she was leaning on my arm, dragged down by the weight of her wet dress—the One Dress!

As we walked, I thought. I thought volcanically. I had proposed the Bathcombe Hotel to the girl, because I'd been forced to propose something, and a vague vision of Tiedelman's had floated through my mind. But facing facts. I saw that even a Head Waiter has limitations, outside his own domain. He might not be able to secure a room for a dripping young woman and a soaked bull-dog, at a moment's notice, in the height of the season, on a Sunday night. Perhaps, to call upon him privately, ought I not to go to a back door....I could not escort Miss Kapieha to a back door. What then, to do? We were drawing nearer to the Bathcombe with every step we took.

Once in France a Canadian said to me, "There may be flies on you, Malet, but they ain't dusty flies."

I remembered that now. I remembered that now. I remembered, because Mr. Horden had paid me a similar compliment. And at this instant I had snatched at an idea connected with him.

We arrived at the hotel. We'd had a hard walk, and Miss Kapieha was less conspicuously wet. Still, the hall porter looked hard at her and at Petro—glued to her side. Before the man could open his lips I swaggered out: "We've come to see Mr. Henry S. Horden. Give me a bit of paper, please, and I'll write a note. Then we'll wait while you send it up to his private sitting-room."

The name of "Horden" was a potent charm. Few people were about, and the girl could sink into a chair without being stared at. I scrawled a few lines: "Dear Mr. Horden. You invited me to breakfast at 9.30 to-morrow morning, to tell you the next chapter of a serial story entitled 'The Girl with the One Dress.' At 10.30 to-night I bring the heroine of the story instead of to-morrow's chapter. She's half drowned. So is her dog. I don't know what to do with them. Will you advise me? Yours, Christopher Malet."

"P.S. She's Sacha Kapieha's sister." "Have you a friend in the management of this hotel?" Miss Kapieha asked.

"Better than that," said I. "Someone rich enough to buy the management?" Still I wasn't as confident as I sounded. Mr. Horden might be in bed. Some men are cross if waked when they have gone to bed.

CHAPTER VII.

Something About Pearls.

HENRY S. Horden had not gone to bed.

"The gentleman says 'Come right up with the young lady and her dog,' was the message which ended my suspense. Two minutes later all three of us arrived at No. 12 to find the door open and Mr. Horden on the threshold.

"Your P. S. alone would have hit me where I live," he said. "Who told you I was interested in Sacha Kapieha?"

"Nobody told me," I replied. "I suppose it's another coincidence. Let me introduce his sister."

(Continued on page 62)



A CORSET that conforms to natural, anatomic laws could not be anything but comfortable, nor fail to promote a graceful, shapely figure. BIAS FILLED CORSETS are scientifically perfect. They cannot cramp or bind—but gently mold the figure to lines of smartness and elegance. There is a patented BIAS CORSET for every type of figure.

Write us for the name of a Bias Corset representative near you. Hints on fitting and self-measurement FREE.

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Teach Children To Use Cuticura Soap

Because it is best for their tender skins. Help it now and then with touches of Cuticura Ointment applied to first signs of redness or roughness. Cuticura Talcum is also excellent for children.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lyman, Limited, 344 St. Paul St., W., Montreal. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.



PENBERTHY WASHING MACHINE DRAINER

NO MORE WORK ON WASH DAY

The drainer attached to the faucet, using city pressure as power, will empty the washing machine in a minute or two. Can also be used to fill the machine. No back breaking pails to lift, no sloppy floors.

No moving parts—will last a life time. Made of aluminum, white enamel finish, fits any threaded faucet.

Sent prepaid to any address in Canada, \$2.50.

If your faucet is not threaded you need the adapter (price 45c.) which converts plain bibbs into threaded ones.

Penberthy Injector Co., Limited
WINDSOR ONTARIO

A New Idea for Wall Decorations

ALABASTINE Opaline Effects are the latest idea in wall decorations. They give a colorful, harmonious flecked effect that resembles the texture of your furnishings as well as the colors. There is an infinite variety of color combinations, and the cost is much less than paper or paint.

Write for our Booklets, "Alabastine Opaline Effects," and "Alabastine Color Plan Book."



CHURCH'S COLD WATER
Alabastine

The Alabastine Company, Paris, Limited

Paris, Ontario. Winnipeg, Manitoba

5-lb. package, 75c. 2½-lb. package, 40c.

Which Is Most Important To You What Goes into a Can of Paint or What Comes Out of It?



A long time ago, Lowe Brothers found out that six different ingredients had to be used in making High Standard Paint, if their customers were to get the satisfaction and lastingness out of every can that they had a right to expect.

They found out, also, that a different mixing and

grinding process had to be employed.

You're not particularly interested in the manufacturing details, but you do want satisfaction and lastingness in paint.

That is what Lowe Brothers put into every can of High Standard. Send ten cents for "The Happy Happenings"—a book that contains much dearly-bought experience in painting.

Lowe Brothers, Limited

PAINT MAKERS — VARNISH MAKERS
Factory Toronto. Branches: Winnipeg, Calgary, Halifax.



Lowe Brothers
Paints - Varnishes



THE JUNGLE BREED

(Continued from page 57)

emptied two of the sacks and counted the amount of the deficit in gold of large denomination, making the necessary change from the bottom.

The book-keeper eyed him narrowly during the process, then reached over, and, sliding each of the little piles for examination in his hand, put the money in his clothes. A strange sigh of relief broke from him.

He backed toward the door, still covering the other with the revolver.

"If you're wise you'll not try to make any fuss about this," he warned. "The Company's officers on board the 'gin-tank' in the bay would like nothing better than to take you back to England." He ended up, a terrible impulse of hate and retaliation sweeping over him: "Good God, but I'd like to shoot you!"

He closed the door, and, outside, took to his heels nervously and ran. When he reached the house of the engineer he was puffing for breath. This time he did notice the hand the white figure on the verandah again waved at him, and turned up the walk.

"Can you tell me," he asked hurriedly, without waiting to introduce himself, "when the next boat will be touching here for the Niger, the Royal Sokoto Company?"

"In about three days."

"Three days!" The book-keeper's tone carried a sort of anguish.

The engineer had risen and was smiling down at him out of his keen, middle-aged face.

"Why not be my guest," he suggested pleasantly, "till you can make the trip? We are mouldy for company here."

The book-keeper paused frowning in thought; then turned suddenly and walked up the verandah steps, meeting the other's extended hand.

"Thank you, I think I will," he said.

It was two weeks before Gridley reached Ajaba again and the Agent-General. Through an urgent explanation to the agent at the delta compound, he had managed luckily to ship

up river with the first party. During this time the new self that had come to him so suddenly had gone on developing. His manner showed flint-like determination, his bearing bristled a little as with his attack on life. It was still an effort with him but he was at last master of himself. Formerly he would have waited for presentation to the Agent-General—now he walked in on him unannounced. Without saying a word he handed over Walker's written statement and the amount of the deficit. Only when the Agent-General came to an understanding of the business, and leaned back in his chair, did he speak.

"I want one more chance to make good," he said. "Will you give it to me?"

The big man rapped his knuckles tentatively on the table still eyeing him. "What I cannot understand, he questioned, after a rather lengthy interval, 'is the change in you—your ability to get this.' He signified Walker's written statement.

The book-keeper flushed painfully. "There's a girl—a girl back in London," he articulated. "I had almost forgotten about her—didn't realize what she could be to me—till I was going back in disgrace. Maybe it was that I never had a chance before to quite know myself." He reverted instantly, his hands clenching themselves. "I made him give it to me—I held him up for it. If he hadn't I'd have shot him cold."

"But the girl," suggested the Agent-General. "Does she know?"

The book-keeper straightened himself tensely. "I am going to write to her—if you will give me another chance."

The Agent-General paused, apparently considering the matter. He paused so long that the book-keeper took to pacing up and down the floor nervously. Then he arose impulsively and extended his hand. "I really believe you're worth it, Gridley," he averred, "and I'll do it. There's a relief wanted at Saba and I'll send you there. The post is more important than Oroko and you will find yourself better situated."

WITCH HAZEL

(Continued from page 3)

ideally situated, represented years of loving toil.

"The very day we find water I'll close the bargain," he mused, "And we will find it—we must!"

After having been shown all over the place he said, "I like the look of it very much, Mr. Moore, but I can't be sure of raising the amount for a few days or maybe a couple of weeks. In the meantime, if you get an offer will you promise to give me the first chance?"

For ten more days, broken only by the interval of Sunday, the unmusical clangour rang out on the parched and heated air. Fifty feet—sixty feet—seventy feet—and still no sign of water. Weary and disconsolate, Ross sought Hazel in the garden. "Girlie, I'm afraid I'll have to give it up," he sighed.

"Oh, no! Not yet, Ross! Try it for another day."

"But it's costing too high, Hazel. You know I haven't any faith in that hazel wand, anyway."

Three times Ross was ready to give up, and three times was spurred on again by the unfailing faith and confidence of Hazel.

At last there was a cry of "Water!" Ross flung himself down on the ground and leaned in tense excitement over the deep, dark hole. Yes, there could be no mistake about it. Very distinctly he heard the murmur of trickling water, bubbling musically up as if from

a fountain. They had tapped a hidden spring away down there in the rock.

After partaking of a sumptuous tea which Mrs. Temple set out on the lawn, Ross took Hazel out for a "joy ride." They turned in at the gate of the dove-grey house on the hillside.

"The people here are friends of mine," he explained; "I want you to meet them."

"Oh, I have met them, Ross, a year ago."

He laughed lightly. "I thought as much. Aren't they dear?"

They had, at the request of Ross, been piloted all over the house and grounds, had been cordially pressed to partake of angel cake and lemonade, and now stood together in the bower of rose and clematis, watching the sun sink in gold and crimson splendor into the lake.

He passed his arm around her waist, drew her close and looked into her flushed face. "Well, little Witch Hazel," he whispered, "how would you like to exchange your city office for this?"

"Oh, Ross! We mustn't think of anything so wildly impossible. I'll be content with the little home you are going to build. You'll start it soon now, won't you?"

In a passion of joy he pressed his lips to hers that quivered ever so slightly. "Sweetheart, sweetheart, this is our home—our home of dreams come true."

HOW I EARN MONEY AT HOME

AND IN THIS WAY MAKE UP FOR HENRY'S SHRINKING SALARY

Every Wife or Self-Supporting Girl Can Use Extra Money for Clothes. Thousands are Now Making it Themselves—Right at Home—In This New Way

By MARY WALDEN

"MY DEAR, you should have seen her at church this morning. She looked positively 'dowdy.' It's a shame! Mary used to be such a well-dressed girl until she married that bank-clerk. I should think he'd feel like—"

"Sh-h-h! She's on this car. Over behind you. She might hear."

The street car was crowded and they hadn't noticed me before, but I had heard and my face flushed red with resentment and shame. It was true — I *did* look "dowdy"—and I knew it. There is nothing quite so depressing to a woman as an old hat and old clothes on a bright Sunday morning in Springtime.

I got off the street car at the next corner and walked the remaining blocks to my home—and Henry. My cup of bitterness had spilled over, and I needed a few minutes to choke back the tears that wanted to run down my burning cheeks.

I didn't want to make Henry feel worse than he did already about our money situation. My husband is one of the "white-collar men" whose salaries haven't kept pace with the mounting cost of living. I had been a private secretary, earning a comfortable living for myself when we had married, and since the cost of everything had kept rising higher and higher I had sometimes hinted to Henry that I would be glad to take a position again, but he had always vetoed the idea strenuously. Henry was "old-fashioned," and proud. His wife should never have to "go to work"—so I had gone on skimping and scraping — and wearing "made-overs."

But the bitter experience of this Sunday morning was too much. I resolved as I walked homeward, that, Henry or no Henry, I was going to find a way to make extra money for clothes, and do it, at least until things took a turn for the better.

When I got home I was prepared to be cheerful as usual, but Henry was comfortably smoking and absorbed in his Sunday paper, and his contentment somehow irritated me terribly. To make matters worse he held up the magazine picture section of the paper as I came into the room, and remarked that he had never seen the girls wear "such good-looking duds as they do this year."

Henry is really a perfect dear and adores me, but he should have had more sense. He sometimes shows no more comprehension of a woman's pride than a care-free Airedale puppy. I lost my temper, snatched the paper from him, and cried:

"If you like to see nice clothes so much, why don't you buy your wife some of them?"

Then I rushed to my room, still carrying the Magazine Section of the paper, shut the door, and threw myself across the bed for a good cry. Henry came and knocked and spoke to me, but I wouldn't let him in.

After a while I sat up and idly began to turn the pages of the paper I had taken away from Henry. All of a sudden I sat up straighter and gasped. A woman was looking out of the page at me, holding a bank cheque in her hand, and across the top of the page were the words, "How I Make Money—Right at Home!"

I devoured every word of the advertisement. When I had finished I felt that I had found the work I was looking for. I resolved to write for the particulars, but to keep it a secret from my husband. After a while I went out and made up



"It helped us over the hard spots by turning spare hours into dollars."

with him, got dinner ready, and we had a happy afternoon together. That night I mailed the coupon from the advertisement to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Co.

To make my story short, I found their prospectus so convincing and reasonable that I sent for and received an Auto Knitting outfit, including the wonderful little machine, the Auto Knitter.

I kept the machine in the bottom drawer of my bureau while Henry was in the house. While he was at the bank I used it every minute I could spare from my housework. At the end of a month I sent my first shipment of soft, warm, well knit wool socks to the company. By return mail came my first cheque—and oh joy! the thrill of the sight of that first cheque.

Well, I kept on making socks, sending regular shipments to the company, and before very long I presented myself before Henry in the pretty new accordeon-pleated frock that I had seen advertised in Taylor and Park's sale announcement in the papers.

His mouth opened and he just stared at me in admiration, without a word. Finally he managed to say:

"Where did you get it, Mary?"

"I earned it!" I replied brightly, not sure just how he would take the news.

Henry looked for a minute as if I had said I had stolen it. Then I made him sit down and hear what I had to say.

"Now listen, dear," I said, gently, but firmly, "don't you think it is perfectly ridiculous of us to pretend that you earn enough money—just now? You will, of course, in time—but while things are so expensive, and your salary doesn't keep pace, isn't it fine that I can make this money for the clothes I need, and the little pleasures and necessities we couldn't afford otherwise?"

Then I made my final attack upon Henry's old-fashioned idea that "my wife doesn't have to work."

"You know as well as I do," I said, "that it is the middle class people who are having the struggle nowadays. Everybody knows it. Look at the married women who have taken business positions to help out their husbands! Nobody thinks the worse of them for it. Isn't my plan for making money in

spare time at home, without neglecting you or little Helen better than taking a position? Why, nobody needs to know a thing about it!"

That fetched Henry, as I was sure it would. He said:

"Well, you've been a 'contrary Mary'—but I guess you're right. Let's see how you do it?"

So I took the light, portable Auto Knitter out of the bureau drawer, quickly clamped it to the table, and showed Henry how it worked. I had had enough practice by that time so that I made a pair of socks so quickly that Henry's eyes nearly popped out of his head.

"And you say the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company buys the socks from you?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "They guarantee to always take every standard pair I make at a guaranteed price. And they pay the transportation charges on ten dozen pairs or over, besides sending me the yarn to replace the amount used for the socks I have sent them. So you see the yarn hasn't cost me anything since the first lot."

Henry was certainly astonished, and when he saw how fascinating the work was he said he had no objection to my continuing it. So I kept on Auto Knitting, sending the socks I made to the Auto Knitting Company and getting my cheques back promptly for every shipment.

The result was that I didn't have to go without many of the things I needed for myself or little Helen last Fall and Winter and the Auto Knitter again helped to solve the clothes problem the following Spring and Summer.

All this without being obliged to touch a cent of what I call the "family money"—the money that Henry makes. He is succeeding much better now, but I still use the Auto Knitter regularly—sometimes making socks to send to Toronto, sometimes making them to sell to friends who have seen the strong, warm, long wearing Auto Knitter Hosiery and want some of it, and sometimes to make warm little knitted things for my little girl to wear.

A few evenings ago little Helen was

riding on Henry's foot and she asked him to sing "a tune" for her, so he made this up, while he looked teasingly at me:

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your income grow?"

By Auto Knitting hosiery,
And woolen socks all in a row!"

Henry hasn't forgotten that I took up Auto Knitting without asking his advice, but he is glad now that I did, for it helped us over the hard spots by turning spare hours into dollars.

Whenever I hear a woman complaining about the high cost of living and clothes, I always try to tell her how the Auto Knitter Company, an old, firmly established Canadian corporation, has an enormous market for good, honest, old-time wool socks, made by hand on the Auto Knitters of their home workers. Then I tell her, just as I am telling you, that the Auto Knitter Company will make a contract with each owner of a machine to pay her a liberal, guaranteed wage, on a piece-work basis.

This contract leaves you perfectly free—you can work for them as much as you want, or as little—spare time or full time—or not at all—yet for every shipment of socks you send them you get your cheque—promptly.

You are, of course, at liberty to dispose of the output of your Auto Knitter as you see fit, and you can also use the Auto Knitter to make, at a remarkably low cost, all the hosiery your family needs.

But remember this: There are absolutely no strings tied to the Wage Agreement; it is a straight out-and-out agreement to pay you a Fixed Wage on a piece-work basis—a good return for your services.

No matter where you live I feel sure that you want to know all about the machine that has meant so much to me. By all means write to the Auto Knitter (Canada) Company, Dept. 434, 1870 Davenport Road, West Toronto, at once, and find out about the pleasant occupation waiting for you—Auto Knitting. Find out what substantial amounts even a part of your spare time will earn for you.

I can never be thankful enough that I didn't put off writing for information about it that Sunday evening when I took the paper away from Henry, and opened it later at the Auto Knitter advertisement.

You will never regret writing for it, either. Send your name and address now and find out all the good things that are in store for you.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd.,

Dept. 434, 1870 Davenport Road,
West Toronto, Ontario.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 3 One Cent Stamps postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name

Address

City

Province

Can. Home Journal 4-22

BEECHAM'S PILLS

The
Largest
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of any
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World."

If you knew how surely this world-famous family remedy restores health and strength you would know far less of suffering. Beecham's Pills relieve, in the gentlest, safest, quickest way possible—Indigestion, Liver Trouble, Constipation. Beecham's Pills purify the blood, brighten the eyes, clear the complexion.

Lighten the Steps

of every woman who uses them as occasion requires. They drive away headache, backache, lassitude and extreme nervousness. They purify the blood and clear the system of the impurities that cause so many women to suffer. Try a few doses and see how much better and stronger you are—how much more enjoyable your life will be—how certainly you will escape unnatural suffering—how soon you will be able to leave the ranks.

Of Worn and Weary Women

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In Canada

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WARMTH!

When you
get chilled
through and
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Apply Thermo-
gene! A light,
dry, fleecy
wool, that is
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acts through the pores
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Changing the starch by a scientific process makes the Jireh Dietetic Flour an invaluable diet for diabetics. Recommended by leading physicians and dietitians. Diabetic Cook-book and literature sent free on request. Jireh Food Co., Dept. "D", Brockville, Ont.

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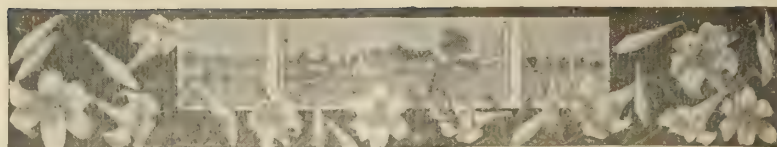
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Quick Lunch; Home or Office.



THE IDOL OF YOUTH

(Continued from page 59)

Mr. Horden wasn't (and isn't) what newspapers call a 'society man.' He didn't politely bow and smile at the girl, or murmur, "Pleased to meet you," as some of his countryfolk do. He stood aside, inviting us in with a gesture, pinned his keen grey gaze on Miss Kapieha, and said sharply, "Did you know who it was that wanted to buy the pearls from your brother?"

"No," she answered. "Was it you?" "It was," he admitted. "I didn't get 'em though! Nobody got 'em so as I've heard. But come along in, both of you—and the dog. Gee! that's a fine animal—live illustration of what your Winston Churchill said when the war broke out."

"What did he say?" I enquired, as we filed moistly into the smart green and gold sitting-room.

"Great speech it was! Said 'Providence has so formed the nose of the British bull-dog that he can breathe while he holds on'; or words to that effect."

Miss Kapieha's eyes brightened at the praise of her dog. She looked more alive. "Petro flew many times with Sacha," she informed Horden. "He barked at the German planes. He was wounded more than once. But the last time was so bad, Sacha sent him back to the man who bred him, at Corfe Castle, not far from here."

"Great fellow, Petro!" grunted Horden, patting the formidable head of the bull who had barked at German aeroplanes while they spit fire of death. "He doesn't bark at Americans, it seems."

"Of course not. He barks at enemies!" said the girl. "Because bulldogs have those faces like fearful pansies, people don't realise that they're more angels than dogs. Their whole life is love."

Horden and I laughed. Who could have helped it, looking at Petro's mug? The girl laughed too—at herself. And that laugh did her good. It brought her one more step back to human life.

The lights of the room were becomingly shaded; but they showed Horden a wet, wan young thing, who had reluctantly exchanged a watery grave for a visit to him. Yet she could laugh! I saw a sudden gleam of admiration for her in the man's sharp eyes.

"What's this boy told you about me?" he launched at her.

"Nothing," said Miss Kapieha. "Except that you could buy the management of your hotel."

He grinned. "Didn't mention my sending you some caviare and champagne?"

"No. But thank you very much. They were nice!"

"I'd like to do a lot more than that," said he. "For you, because you're Kapieha's sister, and a damed plucky girl. For your dog, because he barked at the Germans and not at Henry S. Horden. My old friend Malet (he threw me a twinkle) says you've had bothers. Folks at your hotel not got wit to see you through 'em, and trust you to do the fair thing in the end. Well, well! he's brought you to just the right place. I'll see you through your worries. You tell me what you want, and I bet you get it."

The girl's delicate, low drawn brows drew together. She looked haughty rather than grateful. Already I'd learned that she wasn't easy to help!

"But why should you do things for me?" she questioned. "Why should either of you do things for me? Were you Sacha's friends? No! I think not. You would have told me so, first of all. I don't understand."

"I didn't—er—exactly know Kapieha," I confessed. "But I admired him. Every one admired him, and Mr. Horden—"

"I knew your brother," Horden said. "Not well, personally. We met in a business way. He'd been let down by some foreign fellows who'd formed a sort of amateur syndicate to finance him,

when he wanted to build an aeroplane at his own expense, and show the French Government what his invention could do. (I suppose you're aware that neither the English nor the French had been properly impressed with his model and specifications?)

"Well! Anyhow these syndicate chaps didn't stump up more than half the promised money, and I guess Kapieha was at his wit's end for oof. He heard from a mutual friend of ours in Paris that I was on the lookout for a rope of good pearls. (This was August 1914, you understand). And he let me know he had some pearls to sell. The trouble was, the things weren't in Paris, but he was sending a messenger to fetch 'em from wherever they were—"

"They were in Wilna, and I was the messenger from Paris," the girl broke in. "The pearls were mine, you see—mine on my sixteenth birthday, which was coming in September 1914. They belonged to my dear American mother, whom I just remember. She thought I would finish school and come out in society at sixteen, as she had done; so she left me her pearls for my first grown up birthday—and a few other jewels. But the pearls being mine was the same as if they were Sacha's. He was only my half brother, but I worshipped him. I would have done anything on earth he asked me to do—"

"I should think so, if you went to Wilna from Paris for him, in the midst of the war, when you weren't sixteen!" I blurted out before I stopped to think. "How you got to Wilna I can't think."

"I did get there, and Petro with me," said Miss Kapieha. "Part of the way we went by air. Sacha had taught me to fly—oh, when I was a child, before he brought me to school in Paris. And that summer in my holidays I acted as his pilot more than once. He trusted me. It was getting away from Wilna that was too much! Sacha had thought I would manage it before the Germans could reach there. But I had difficulties. I found I should be too late to escape, so Petro carried the pearls back to Sacha."

"Petro! the dog?" Horden and I exclaimed together.

"But yes, the rope was hidden inside a special collar, made on purpose. I was ill—too ill to travel. I had had an accident. What use of talking of that? It isn't interesting! An air-man took Petro for me. They got away just in time. I knew Petro reached Paris safely, because of an advertisement Sacha put into a newspaper—perhaps in many newspapers. One came to me after months, in Wilna, as he had hoped it would come. I'd always been expecting to hear in that way, for we had arranged what to do if I were caught. But in the advertisement there was nothing about the pearls. I never knew what happened to them, though perhaps I can guess, if you didn't get them—if they seem to have disappeared."

"You can guess?" "Say. That's mighty interesting! What do you guess?" Horden challenged her.

"I guess—the girl echoed—"One of two things."

"Well, what two things? Better chuck 'em both off your chest."

Miss Kapieha shook her head. "I must not do that. They are—secrets of my brother's."

Horden glared for an instant, under a quick frown. I imagined that he was seldom thwarted. Suddenly, however, his face cleared. He shrugged his shoulders and grinned engagingly.

"Secrets from strangers, you mean?" he interrupted the blunt refusal. "You're quite right. But when we know each other better—"

The girl swept the amendment aside. "If you are being kind because you want me to tell what I think has become of

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THE IDOL OF YOUTH

(Continued from page 62)

CHAPTER VIII.

"A Boy in a Dream"

the pearls," she flung at him, "you had better let Petro and me go now—back where we came from."

So speaking, there was on the small white face defying Henry S. Horden a fixed and fatal look.

"Shucks!" was his answer. And it puzzled her.

"I speak English like my own language," she said, "I spoke it at home in Wilna. I spoke it in Paris—when they would let me. But that word, I do not know it. 'Shucks!'"

"Shucks" can mean any one of several things," Horden explained dryly. "This time it means: 'if you believe I offer you my help for what I can get out of you, why you're up the wrong tree with both feet, and you're not so darned smart as you look.' As I told you before, I want to help you because you're Kapieha's sister, and Kapieha was a hero. I don't bear him any grudge because he got some of my money and I got none of his pearls—or yours. My blood was on my own head. I gave him an advance, and then I crossed over to America on business before the pearls (which were to pay me) could come to Paris. I was kept at home for a while, and when I reached France again Kapieha had been killed."

"The pearls were to pay you for an advance?" the girl broke in. "I didn't know Sacha had had an advance."

"He had," said Horden. "But that's of no importance. Fortune of War!"

"Still—if they could be found, the pearls are yours?"

"Not if they are yours."

"I gave them to Sacha. Oh! it is a debt! It must be paid. There would have been a way, if only—if only I could have got his aeroplane."

"I haven't told Mr. Horden about that, or about my plan yet," I put in my oar. "But I'm going to tell him, if you don't mind."

"Your plan—for what?" Horden turned on me.

"For getting hold of Kapieha's machine, which ought to have been his sister's if—"

"If she'd turned up before a certain time. I've read about all that, and where the machine is now. At Monte Carlo."

"That's where I want to go—where I want Miss Kapieha to go too!" I explained. And my blood was in my face—for by now I'd got my second plan—as a tired man gets his second wind.

"Sounds a bit like a wild goose chase, as Kapieha's plane is turned into a prize for a lottery," grumbled Horden. "But you're no wild goose! I've sensed that much already; and we'll talk over any ideas you've hatched. As for you, young lady, I'm going to look after you, whether you like it or not. I'm old enough to be your father, and my name sounds pretty good in both hemispheres, so you needn't set your dog at me! Now show a little of your brother's common-sense, and don't be a baby doll. How would getting the aeroplane help you to get the pearls?"

"It is not necessary to tell you that. But it would help. Almost surely it would help."

"Humph!" said Horden. "Pity all round you can't get it then."

"Maybe she can," I chimed in once more. "I think I see a way."

The American gazed at me, whether scornfully, or whimsically, I wasn't quite sure.

"You would!" he chortled. "But meanwhile Miss Kapieha's sopping wet."

This reminder jerked me back from Monte Carlo to Bournemouth. I realised that I too was at least damp.

We had to think of the present.

There was the night to be faced.

What, at this hour, was to be done with Miss Kapieha? to say nothing of her dog?

IT SOUNDED a large order. But that is what men like Horden are for: to wave their million-dollar wands and make jump things too heavy for humbler folk to lift.

The weightiest bulk of this order was Petro, for dogs weren't admitted as paying guests at the Bathcombe. As for the girl, though a slip of a creature, she couldn't be hung on a hook to dry; and the hotel was crammed. Henry S. Horden, however, if not a king outside his own country, had the royal suite. Several queens and one kaiser had stayed in it. He sent for the manager and parleyed with him in the vestibule. What passed between the two I don't know. I didn't even wonder what was passing, for those moments of Horden's absence seemed to be the most important of my life.

Why should the sight of a pale-faced slip of a girl shivering over a fire cause a man to feel acute agonies—of love? Absurd! But so it was with me.

I'd been caught by a waiter's description of her—and her one dress. I'd been bewitched by the first glance from her green-grey eyes, by the pallor of her small face, and by the glory of her hair. Later, I'd fallen actively in love as she walked out into the night without a cloak, to die. That was a good deal to happen to a man in the course of a few hours. But it was nothing to the havoc made of me when she darted to the fire, as Horden's back was turned. Just to watch her kneel before it, trembling, and holding out her bits of hands to the blaze, turned a screw in my heart.

She'd been too proud to show Horden that she suffered. He was the official benefactor dominating the situation. He had the power to heap expensive luxuries upon her; and she wouldn't let him see her need of the cheapest and nearest. But me she didn't mind. We were both young. Between us there was already a bond. The thought that this was dimly in her mind touched and flattered me beyond anything I'd ever known. The girl looked so young, so frail, yet so indomitable, that I could have crushed her in my arms and shed large tears upon her head.

As the door-handle turned she sprang up like a pigeon shot out of a trap, and stood erect to face her host.

"It's all right about a room for you, Miss Kapieha," he announced. "If not, I'd have given you this suite—wouldn't have taken a 'no,' though you don't like what you call favours. This ain't a favour. I've got a hunch you'll be able someday to pay me twice over. What do you think of that, Malet?"

"I agree," said I, my plan developing from a baby into a giant.

A housekeeperly person came and led Miss Kapieha away, Petro following. The girl threw me a look for goodbye, and the shadow of a smile.

"Say, if I was a few years younger, and a bachelor instead of a grass widower, she could have me and all I own," Horden informed the closing door. "What about you, my budding St. George?"

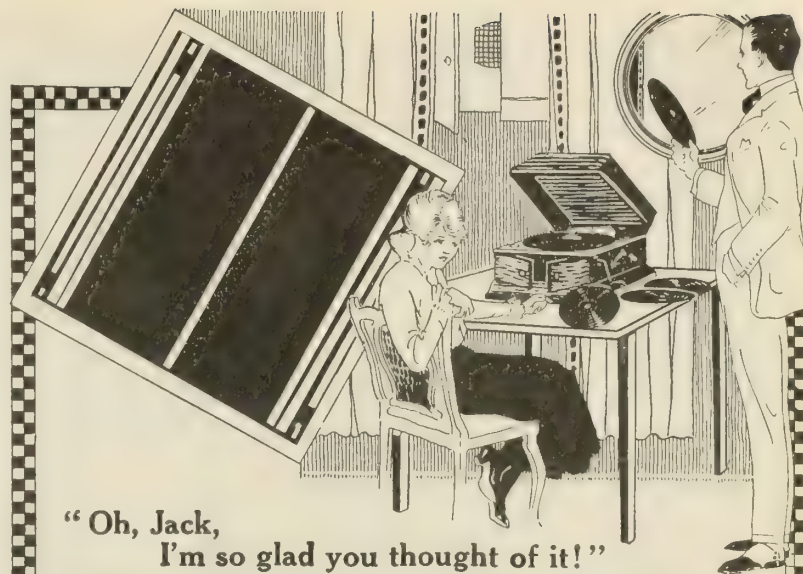
"If she had me, she wouldn't have much. If she had what I owned, she'd have nothing at all; at present," I answered. "As for the future—"

"Now we're coming to business! I believe you said something about a plan?"

Out it all came: an avalanche of words. I tried to calculate them and their effect, to control them neatly. I couldn't! My excitement lit no answering fire. Horden heard me through coolly, and when I stopped he laughed.

"Gee! Why have I been treating you like a grown-up man, when you're nothing but a kid?" he wanted to know. "Wild goose chase" was the expression

(Continued on page 66)



"Oh, Jack,
I'm so glad you thought of it!"

"WE never could have afforded to buy one of those expensive cabinet phonographs, but with our handy little

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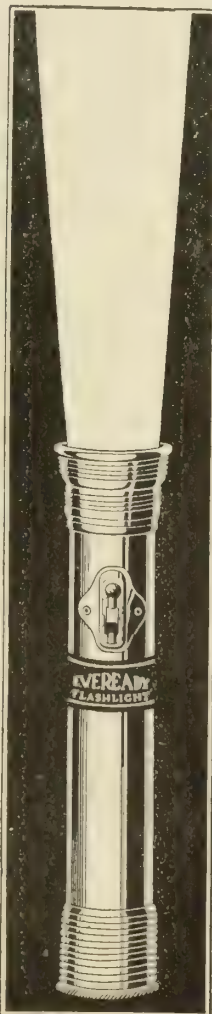
and this small machine we can have the same music without going into debt for it."

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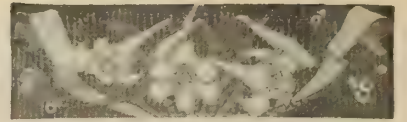
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The Cheerful Dining Room

(Continued from Page 14)

or even a material carrying a third stripe of tan: for stripes do not rank as patterns. In the same room, therefore, a patterned surface can successfully be employed in combination with a striped surface, whether paper or fabric.

To turn now more especially to the choice of a wall-treatment for the dining room, we find that, in addition to the patterned paper, there are available many plain-effect papers of interesting weave: granite, stippled, putty, oatmeal and grasscloth, to name but a few. These are always most attractive when carried to the ceiling and finished there under a wood-moulding in place of the conventional border. There are also a number of beautiful fabrics, such as Japanese grass cloth, canvas and burlap, that are not excessive in cost. Of these, canvas is particularly useful as a background for wall-paneling formed by wood-mouldings, as it both takes and holds paint satisfactorily.

Paneled walls can be adapted to almost any type of dining room furniture. For the more delicate types—the Chippendale or Hepplewhite, for example, developed in walnut or mahogany—the paneling should be light in coloring and fine in detail: but for the more robust types which we associate with oak construction—the Jacobean or the William and Mary, say—the walls should be paneled either in oak or some other hardwood that can be finished to match the furniture.

Uncovered walls, either of smooth or stucco finish, can, however, be used to good effect. The smooth-plastered wall provides a splendid surface for the flat-finish paints that may be obtained in a wide range of tints. Although the walls of stucco are very often tinted or painted, they are delightful in their natural grayish hue in a dining room which enjoys sufficient sunlight. In one sunny dining room, walls of the gray stucco furnish almost a perfect background for the furniture, which is painted a glowing orange, relieved with fine lines of dark blue. A plain dark blue rug is used in this room; and at the windows are hung curtains of printed linen, patterned in orange, gray and blue on an oyster-white ground. The room is cheerful by day; and, after night has fallen, the radiance of parchment-shaded lights illuminates it.

Light-obscuring window-hangings have no legitimate place in the modern dining room. Over-draperies, of course, add to the decorative effect of any room: but they should always be so arranged that they will not unduly impede the entrance of light. The glass-curtains, whether straight-hanging or side-looped, should be made of the sheerest material, in order that they will not darken the room to which they are affording privacy.

There should be a little niche in every dining room for the green growing things of Nature. A flower-bay is, perhaps, the ideal means of introducing greenery: but, failing that, flower-boxes are always suitable, because they can be obtained in various styles, sizes and materials to respond to almost any individual taste or requirement.

And now a word as to the lighting of dining rooms—for that is a very important concern. Fortunately, the hideous dome has departed with its oft-times disconcerting glare and its unbecoming glow. In its stead, has come the subdued radiance of softly-shaded lights distributed around the room, supplemented during the dinner-hour by the quiet illumination of artistically-arranged candles upon the table, and, occasionally, also by a silk-shaded central fixture, hung high enough above the table to cast no direct rays into the eyes of the diners.

'Tis said—and said truly—that laughter promotes digestion. Laughter is but the outward expression of an inward cheerfulness—and can cheerfulness not be created by fellowship with a goodly dining room, well-proportioned, artistically furnished and agreeably lighted



Keep the story with a KODAK

Today it's a picture of Grandmother reading to the children. Tomorrow it may be Jimmie tiger hunting, with peaceful, old Rover as the tiger, or Aunt Edna at the wheel of her new car or Brother Bill back from college for the week-end or—

There's always another story waiting for your Kodak.

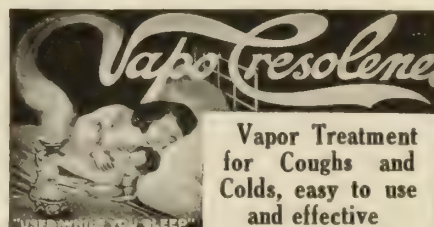
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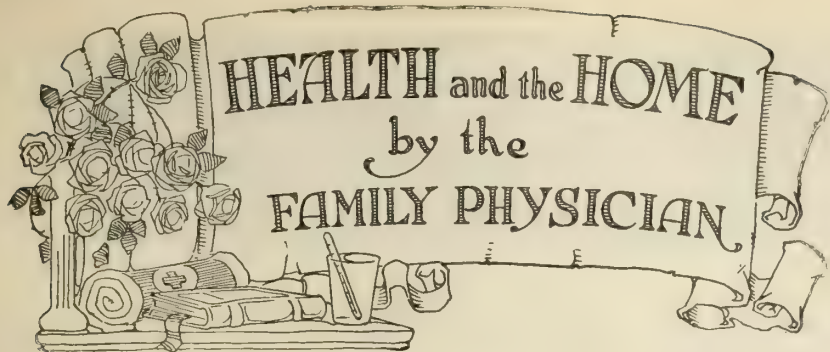
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THE HEALTH STOCK-TAKING

WHAT do you think of yourself? In other words, what do you think of your general health? Is it satisfactory to you?

The average man does not think of it at all unless he is compelled to do so. Nature sends him a valuable and kindly warning in the shape of a head-ache or a sore throat and perhaps he rests for a day or two or takes a walk in the country or smokes a little less. And then the Average Man goes on again until the next time. But Nature does not always send a warning and she sometimes feels that a second warning is not required of her. In any case, the warning usually stops in one way or another before the collapse comes.

People who can take warning and learn by experience are likely to have pretty good health. They know that a head-ache has a cause. It means something. What does it mean?

All we Doctors ever do is to help Nature a little. We listen to her voice, translate her language, interpret her warnings, give her the needed supplies for carrying on her work, or tell the patient where to get these supplies and what to do with them.

In civilized countries, no one who has not spent years in hard and adequate study and preparation for professional medical responsibilities is allowed to attend the sick and advise as to matters of health and disease. It is not to protect the patient, but to protect the public, that doctors are required, before practising, to obtain a licence of qualification as physicians and surgeons. It may be from one of these helpers of Nature that the warning comes.

THE MEDICAL STAFF

Many business institutions have a Medical Staff. The large Life Insurance Companies find medical advisers indispensable in the conduct of their affairs. The Average Man, quite rightly, when he is married, or before, realizes that he must make some proper provision for those who would lose their breadwinner if he died.

LIFE INSURANCE

So he goes to a Life Insurance company, or, more likely, the Insurance Agent comes to him and persuades him, and shepherds him to the Doctor's door, and there leaves him to undergo the medical examination for it is against the rules for the agent or anyone else to be present on that occasion. The medical examination must be made in private.

And it is not every doctor who may make this examination. The higher the standing of the Insurance Company, the more difficult it is to obtain a position on their list of Examining Physicians. The Medical Director of any good Insurance Company is usually one of the leaders of the Medical profession. And he needs to be, for he has many difficult questions to answer, and many riddles to read.

The professional and personal reputation of a doctor is worth more than gold. Personal rectitude of character and intention preserves us, in all walks of life, from the assault of many temptations, and in no vocation is this more true than in medicine. There is little

danger that the upright, learned, honourable, scrupulously truthful physician, acting in the interests of his employers, the Insurance Company, who are about to lend and expend their resources, or to withhold them, on his word, will fail to advise the Company in accordance with the facts of the case, and the care and skill which he has brought to bear on these facts.

REJECTED—WHY?

So the man who thought he was the Average Man may not get his insurance. To his disappointment, the Agent tells him that the Medical Examination was not quite satisfactory. Was it his heart?—Probably not. Out of 276 examinations and re-examinations made of the men employed on the Staff of the Department of Health in a large city, the number of men who had bad teeth was five and a half times as large as the number who had bad hearts. More were overweight than underweight and the defects most frequently found were in the nose, throat, eyes, ears and teeth, all of which defects are likely to be improved by treatment. Perhaps among candidates for life insurance, defects in the renal tract and the lungs are the most frequent. The kidneys, the skin, and the lungs do a great deal of the work of the body, and some times they are much overworked because the person who owns them is unwise in eating and drinking, or sleeping or smoking.

A HELPFUL WARNING

But the warning issued by the Life Insurance physician who finds a few "casts" or a little albumen in the urine, (signs that the kidneys are working too hard), is often the means of restoring the candidate to better health again through better habits, and thereby adding many years to his "expectation of life." It is by no means unknown that a second medical examination, after a fair interval, for life insurance, may have a much more favourable result than the first.

A MEDICAL EXAMINATION

Business houses, large corporations, governments, banks, and other leading institutions now usually accept new employees only after a medical examination has been passed. It has been found that this plan results in better work, fewer accidents, less illness, less time lost, "lower labour turnover," and more contentment. Many of the workers just need a little advice. They "Never dreamed of it"—"Thought their eyes were all right," "Never supposed I was drinking too much strong tea"—"Did not think I ate too fast"—"Did not think my bad teeth could give me neuritis."

PERIODICAL RE-EXAMINATIONS

Re-examinations every year or so are equally valuable. Sensible people now-a-days are making it a rule to have a thorough report on their health and physical condition at suitable intervals. They go to the best doctor they can get (usually their own family physician) and he "takes stock" of them and advises them, so that they may keep their good health and fulfil their expectation of life.



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How Long Will You Live?

Why Constipation May Shorten Your Life

OVER 750,000 people will die in the United States this year from preventable disease. Yet, experts in the extension of life hold that physical breakdown, disease, even old age and death, are all either preventable or postponable.

'But to prevent or postpone them you must avoid constipation and resulting toxemia. "To no other single cause," writes a distinguished physician, "is it possible to attribute one-tenth as many various and widely diverse disorders."

Take diabetes for example. An eminent specialist whose observation has covered thousands of cases, states: "Constipation is nearly always found present in persons suffering from this malady. It will always be found that constipation existed before the appearance of sugar. The writer has no doubt that chronic constipation is one of the most prolific causes of the rapid increase of diabetes in all civilized communities. The statistics gathered by the United States Census Bureau show a death rate nearly ten times as great as twenty years ago." A serious condition in itself. But truly alarming when you realize that over three-fourths of all disease can be traced directly or indirectly to constipation.

How May Constipation Be Overcome?

How may its recurrence be prevented? Not by the use of laxatives or cathartics, for, writes an eminent authority, "An inestimable amount of injury is done by the use of these intestinal irritants, most of which provide temporary relief only at the expense of permanent injury."

Science has found a newer, better way; a means as simple as Nature itself.

Lubrication

In perfect health a natural lubricant keeps the food waste soft. Thus it is easily eliminated. But when you are constipated this natural lubricant is not sufficient to keep it soft.

To find something to take the place of this natural lubricant, leading medical authorities have conducted exhaustive research. They have discovered that the gentle lubricating action of Nujol most closely resembles that of Nature's own lubricant. As Nujol is not a laxative, it cannot gripe. It is not a medicine in any sense of the word—and, like pure water, it is harmless.

These facts have led to its adoption in leading hospitals throughout the world for the treatment of constipation.

The lubricating action of Nujol has helped thousands of people to lengthen their days and wonderfully increase their capacity for usefulness, activity and enjoyment of life. Test Nujol yourself. Buy a bottle from your druggist today.

MISTOL, a new product, for Colds in head, Nasal Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and acute paroxysms of Asthma. Made by the makers of Nujol.

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Name.....

Address.....

Questions about Health, Sanitary Subjects and the prevention of disease will be answered in this column from time to time, subject to reasonable limitations.

If requested, replies will be sent direct to the correspondent if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed, but no diagnosis or prescription can be given. This coupon should be enclosed with inquiry.



THE IDOL OF YOUTH

(Continued from page 63)

CHAPTER IX.

Uncle Henry.

WE TALKED late, Horden and I, mostly about Kapiha in the past, and Kapiha's sister in the immediate future. About midnight I returned adventurously to my own hotel, tempted by Fate by ringing; and—the rest was silence. This was broken only by the just perceptible sound of my penknife turning the lock of the drawing-room window. When success had crowned this effort, I raised the sash, crawled into the room, and fastened the window again. Shortly after I lay down on my narrow bed, the sound of Aunt Sarah's virtuous slumber piercing my wall, and causing me to ask myself if I'd dreamed the Girl with One dress, her dog, and Henry S. Horden with his caviare.

There was nothing to prove their reality (unless a faint odour of sea-salt about my badly dried clothes) when morning came. Not even when I went downstairs after a cold splash and hasty toilet, at an hour when only cross-faced managers and maids in sweeping caps were visible in hotel halls. My excuse was, to walk before breakfast, a habit I've detested since the war, as it reminds one bleakly of going over the top. But my genuine wish was to catch some word concerning *La Mysterieuse*.

I caught nothing, however, except dust in my nose from a carpet sweeper. Could I have dreamed of the girl? I had had amazingly vivid dreams, dreams I could hardly believe not to be real. It might be that—But I clung to the theory that no one had noticed Miss P. Smith's outgoing last night. Of course in the case she was supposed to be in her room, meekly awaiting her one meal of the day and the order of execution. By and by it would be time for her meagre tea and toast. Then would come the sensational discovery! Or, would it come earlier, with the arrival of the housekeeper's chief female assistant from the Bathcombe Hotel, according to plan?

I was taking no chances, so my "walk" carried me no farther than the garden, and kept me watching in a wall-eyed way, the two paths by which the house could be entered. It would have been dull round, without the interest of wondering which of the blinded windows was—or had been—Miss Kapiha's. Before I'd tired of this game, the distant clock I had heard last night, while waiting for her, struck eight; and soon after appeared the form of a briskly marching woman. She turned in at the gate, and a blood-hound on her track could no more quickly scent her identity than I did.

Slowly I followed the neat figure, to hear a yawning page asked sharply for the manageress. "Say I'm on business from the Bathcombe," the order shot out when he hesitated, and off the boy ran, for a communication from the Bathcombe to the Boumemouth Homeland was like a message from Buckingham Palace to Hackney Town Hall.

Newspapers had just arrived, and I sought among them for my Aunt's "Morning Post," as an excuse to linger. I hadn't yet unearthed her name when Miss Salt, our manageress, appeared, suspecting a hoax, and armed to punish it.

"Good morning," began the visitor, with an air of high patronage. "I've come to ask you for Miss Smith's bill, and to pay it."

"Miss Smith's bill!" gasped Miss Salt. "Miss P. Smith," the *grande dame* from the Bathcombe condescended. "She is now staying at our hotel, with (I understand) her uncle."

(Continued on page 67)

Table talks

By Mrs. Knox

Making Your Table Allowance Go Farther

"I HAVE just so much money each week to spend on my table," a young housekeeper explained to me recently. "Toward the end of the week, particularly if we have been entertaining, I find my allowance diminishing so that I can't afford expensive steaks and chops—yet I always try to set a very nice table. Can't you help me find some really attractive, yet inexpensive, meatless dishes?"

I knew just the recipe she needed, a delicious Salmon and Rice Loaf, molded with Knox Sparkling Gelatine—inexpensive yet attractive and appetite satisfying. She was delighted with it and asked for others which I gave her, explaining how helpful Knox Gelatine can be in making bits of leftover vegetables, fruits, fish and meats into salads and desserts which the most particular housewife would proudly place on her table.

Here is the first recipe I gave her. I will gladly send you the others if you'll write to me for them.

SALMON (OR TUNA FISH) RICE LOAF

1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1/2 cupful of cold water 1 teaspoonful salt
1/2 teaspoonful pepper 1 cupful cooked rice
3/4 cupful milk 1 tablespoon melted butter
1 can of salmon (or tuna fish)

Soften gelatine in cold water and dissolve by adding hot milk. Add the seasonings, salmon, (or tuna fish) rice and butter. Pour into a wet mold and let stand until set. This may be served cold on lettuce as a salad or with hot tomato sauce in place of meat at dinner.

Other Meatless Recipes—Free

There are many other inexpensive meat-substitute recipes together with real meat dishes, fruit and vegetable salads, desserts, candies and dainties given in my booklets, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy." Send for them. They are free. Just enclose 4c in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name. Address.

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"Wherever a recipe calls for gelatine, think of KNOX."



Plain Sparkling Gelatine for general use



Contains Lemon Flavor in Separate Envelope

I used a while ago. I expected to eat my words when you came to explain. But there they are as large as life and a bit larger. 'Fraid I can't swallow 'em after all.

"You remarked at the same time that I didn't strike you as being a wild goose," said I. "Are those the only words of the lot you're prepared to eat?"

The man smiled leniently. "You're just a boy in a dream. You dream yourself at Mone Carlo, championing your heroine of romance. You have no money and she has no clothes, but that's no obstacle—in the dream. Your object in making the trip is to obtain her brother's aeroplane. That presents no difficulty either—in the dream. All you have to do is to buy a couple of tickets for the lottery, one for the heroine and one for the hero. Thousands of other folks have been before you and will come after you. They don't count—in the dream. You don't know how to fly. Nearest you ever got to it was driving a tank. But in dreams a caterpillar can turn into a butterfly in fifteen minutes. Son, wake up, this is real life. You ask me what I think of your plan. The answer is 'I don't think!'"

"You didn't think, to begin with, that I'd get your caviare," I reminded him. "Yet I got it all, and half your champagne besides."

"That's so," he granted. "It was quite a stunt. I admired you for that. But this is a rather bigger proposition." "Depends on how you look at it. You'd like Miss Kapiha to win back the aeroplane?"

"I would. That's why I've made a plan too. It's a bit more solid than yours."

"Solid things can't fly as dreams do."

"Gold is solid, but it can darn well fly! and it makes most other things float. But I'm not out to tease you, my boy. You've told me your plan. I'll tell you mine. Early to-morrow morning I shall telegraph the Monsieur Camille Blanc, the President of the S. B. M. at Monte Carlo. I've been there. He knows who I am. I own a big bunch of shares in the Casino. Well! My wire will convey a firm offer to buy Sacha Kapiha's machine for twice what the Administration at Monaco paid the French Government, whatever that sum was. My money can then be used as a prize instead of the aeroplane. That'll be a big advantage to the Charitable object. And the publicity of the deal will be a fine free ad' for Monte. Now it's my turn to ask: 'What do you think of my plan?'"

"Same answer as you gave me: 'I don't think!'"

"Then you must have hot air where your brains ought to be. To win the aeroplane on my plan doesn't depend on one lottery ticket, out of, say twenty or thirty thousand. Only the hero of a movie play could hope to win on those lines."

"All right, try your plan," I grudging.

"There is only one thing against it."

"And what's that?"

"It won't work."

"How, won't work?"

"You'll see to-morrow."

"Want to bet it won't work?"

"I want to like the devil. But I've nothing to bet except myself."

"Speaking of the devil, that's the sort of bet he likes: a man's self as the stake."

"Yes. But he's supposed to make the risk worth while."

Horden guffawed. "I'm his twin brother that way, only, what would I do with you, son, if I won you?"

"I'm a handy chap," I boasted, "worth winning, if I do say it myself."

"You want to bet me your services in any direction I choose, in case I can buy Kapiha's aeroplane?"

"I'd go as far as that—on one condition."

"Chuck the condition off your chest."

"It's this: you can have me to do what you like with in case you win your bet, provided that you engage now if you lose it, to lend me one thousand pounds; I mean five thousand American dollars."

"Ah, you've got your finger on the pulse of the exchange! And you seem to think British labour is worth quite a lot of American paper. Just for curiosity's sake, I'd like to know, if it's permitted to ask, whether you have a specific use for the money, connected with—er—Monte Carlo?"

"It is permitted to ask, sir," said I. "It's part of my plan that Miss Kapiha should go to Monte Carlo, you know, and I want her to go *de luxe*, as the advertisements put it. Besides, there'll have to be some sort of chaperone, I suppose, as a sop to the people who don't appreciate the full efficiency of bull-dogs. Myself, I don't mind travelling second class. But railway tickets aren't the only ones to be bought. There are lottery tickets, not one or two as you assume, but dozens, —hundreds, all that can be secured first-hand and second-hand, by hook or by crook. Also I've got to learn the business—the flying business—and I've got to learn it jolly quick—intensively, so to speak. That can't be done for nothing."

"It cannot! But why not catch your hare before making elaborate arrangements to cook it? I mean your h'aeroplane!....." That's where you laugh—see?"

"Consider it done. Ha ha! But there's something you don't see. Flying will be a useful accomplishment to have, because if you win the machine with me thrown in, you'll probably wish to utilize your slave as a pilot. I don't somehow see you joy-riding the 'bus yourself."

Horden hooked his sharp grey eyes into mine.

"I'm not on this side the big pond for joy rides on earth or in the air," he remarked. "But aeroplanes aren't as irrelevant to me as you think. Aside from Miss Kapiha's personal interests and my own (which concern the pearls you've heard mentioned) I can do with her brother's machine—and not only for historic interest stuff. Between you and me, my business in Europe is to do a deal in aeroplanes. I'm at the head of an American combine to get hold of at least three hundred million dollars' worth of aircraft. I'm going to buy up all the overplus 'planes, engines, and parts that the British, French and Italian governments can spare now this awful peace has broken out. Don't set your heart on playing for any length of time with Kapiha's 'bus' as you call it, in case I can annex the thing. But you've now satisfied my curiosity, you can have your five thousand dollars on the nail if I lose my bet."

"Thanks," I said. "And you can have me if I lose mine. But if I get your money, I hope it may be no more than a loan. If my whole plan succeeds, I shall soon be able to pay you back."

"Oh, I don't want that—"

"I do. It's part of the plan. The part you didn't give me a chance to tell."

"I'll give it to you now."

"Much obliged. But I've changed my mind. You called me a 'boy in a dream!' Well, I see that I'd be an ass in a nightmare—or anyhow you'd think me one—if I went on till the end."

"All right," shrugged Horden, "suit yourself, not me. But taking everything together it begins to look as if I wouldn't get out of this place to-morrow till sometime after lunch!"



THE IDOL OF YOUTH

(Continued from page 66)

Miss Salt looked like Lot's wife. "You must be mistaken," she insisted. "You've come to the wrong place. Our Miss P. Smith is upstairs in bed."

"You'd better send up to make sure," suggested Her Magnificence.

Miss Salt went up to make sure. I think she went two steps at a time.

When she tottered back I had found the newspaper marked "Miss Talbot," and was absorbed in the "Personal" column.

"It's true, the girl's gone," admitted Hackney Town Hall. "She must have left first thing this morning."

"She came to us last night," corrected Buckingham Palace. "Kindly give me the bill, as I'm in a hurry, Miss Smith's uncle, Mr. Henry S. Horden, the great American millionaire, has given me the money to settle it; also a message."

I would have pawned my birthright (if any) to hear that message; and, though the woman looked a cat—a super, cat-show cat hissing at a roof-top tabby, I doted on her.

"Oh! a message!" sniffed Miss Salt, trying not to appear impressed. "And what is that?"

"I think it will be best to pay the bill first."

"I prefer to hear the message."

"Very well, it doesn't matter to me. I know nothing about the matter, but I suppose Miss Smith must have had something to say to her uncle about this—er—place. He's a splendid client, but rather outspoken. The message to you is, that your hotel ought to be sued for cruelty to children and dogs; starving them to death to cheese-pare a shilling. If you'd behaved humanly (those are his words, not mine!) he'd gladly have made you a present of fifty pounds for kindness to his niece and her dog. As it is, I am instructed to examine your bill and see that every penny piece is added up correctly."

At this moment the hotel page toddled towards me to collect papers. Miss Salt became aware of my lurking presence, flushed, snorted with her eyes, and led the enemy to her office.

* * *

How the news leaked out I can't tell, but leak out it did. By breakfast time the hotel buzzed with it. Probably maids told each other and passed the word on to guests.

"They say that girl you asked me about yesterday, the Girl with One dress—has sneaked away in the middle of the night," Aunt Sarah informed me, appearing promptly at nine o'clock. "She's supposed to have a millionaire uncle named Horden or something, at the Bathcombe Hotel; but to my idea that story sounds fishy. If it's true, why didn't he come here for her, openly and above board, instead of allowing a niece to creep away mysteriously like that?"

"As for me, I'm not able to believe that there's any such person as this Horden. I never heard of a Horden! If you ask for my opinion, the thing's some sort of a trick; and I shall advise everybody to do as I've already done: search their jewel cases!"

I had not, as it happened, asked her opinion; but it struck me as characteristic, and I wondered what tactics it called for from me. What I wanted to do, was to fly out in fierce defence of the girl. But as to what was wise—ought I to feign bland ignorance? Or should I confess to a little knowledge?

My mind leapt forward into the future—the future as I hoped it might be—and swooped back with an answer to the question.

"There is a Mr. Horden," I said, "and he is an American millionaire. Made a fortune in motor cars. Now he's interested in aeroplanes."

"Dear me!" said Aunt Sarah. "How do you know all this?"

"Most people do know it. Mr. Horden's quite famous. Besides, I met him last night."

"You met him? How was that?"

"I told you about my pal at the Bathcombe. Well! I met Mr. Horden through him. We—er—I spent some time in Horden's private sitting-room."

"Really? What could a man like that find in common with a young boy like you? I presume you talked about the war?"

"That, and other things."

Aunt Sarah became alert. "Did he say anything about this girl?"

"Yes. She—er—blew in while I was there, with a dog. A bull dog."

"A monster! Well?"

"Of course I didn't stop too long after that."

"I'm pleased to learn that you didn't, my dear Chris. What time was it then?"

"I don't quite know."

"Was this hotel shut?"

"Oh, I got in all right."

"I didn't hear you."

(I had heard her; but one doesn't tell everything!)

"I'm glad I didn't wake you, Auntie," I cooed in my best manner.

When she had drunk her first cup of tea, just in time to save her from growing cold, she continued her catechism. Of what age was this Mr. Horden? Was he a gentleman? Was he a millionaire in pounds or only dollars? Did he seem interested in me, and if so, why? Was he likely to help me in a business way?

That last question was the one I wanted to answer! And I replied to it by asking another. "Do you remember, Aunt Sarah, my saying yesterday that I'd like to take up flying, instead of going back into the bank?"

"I do recall that, my boy. And my reply was that I couldn't encourage you in any such wild wish."

"It wouldn't be so wild if I had capital behind me," I said.

"Ah! that would make a difference, naturally, though even then I couldn't fully approve of the *air* as a pursuit. A young man should be in something solid."

"Some scientists say that other's the only solid thing there is," I murmured.

Aunt Sarah looked shocked. "Free-thinkers, no doubt. The Bible is good enough for me. But do you mean that this American offers to start you in—er—the *air* business?"

"He may. It isn't quite decided yet. I shall probably hear from him, yes or no, during the day. It depends on the answer he gets to a telegram. But in any case, Auntie, it looks as if I'd be fixed up with Mr. Horden one way or another."

"This is very sudden," she said. "I know so little; I can't tell whether I ought to like the idea or not."

The less she knew, the more she would like it, I thought. But I said nothing at all. I ate enough breakfast to make up for the loss of last night's dinner, or supper; and before I fell into danger again, to my vast relief I was called to the telephone.

"Henry S. Horden speaking," came in well remembered tones along the line. "Come over at once, will you?"

"Surely you've not heard from Monte Carlo already?" I couldn't resist.

"Surely not! This is about Miss—er—my niece."

CHAPTER X.

The Bull in a China Shop.

THE words spurred me. No man ever covered the distance between the worst hotel in Bourne-mouth and the best in less time than I.

"Well; what is it!" I almost gasped, as I entered Horden's sitting-room. (The girl was not there). "Miss Kapielha isn't ill, I hope?" It seemed too bad

(Continued on page 70)

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THE RECKONING

(Continued from Page 11)

for the harsh glare of day, it was nobody's concern but their own.

Two flickering points of light on the verandah of the hotel resolved themselves on our approach into the glowing tips of cigars; and as we mounted the steps Mr. Leigh's voice greeted us with quiet amusement:

"Trust the two of you to forget all your promises about time on a night like this. I'd begun to think you'd fallen over the cliffs."

"Why, daddy—it isn't late!" exclaimed Nona.

"It's later than you've been out of bed for a long time, young lady," was the reply. "Run along now—you should have been asleep this hour past, so make your good-night brief. Ron can come out and smoke with us if he likes—any sleep he loses he'll probably make up in the morning."

My brain was still slightly turned with the magic of the night when I had parted from Nona and stepped out again on to the verandah. Mr. Leigh was sitting on a rustic bench against the wall; and half facing him, slouched comfortably in a low chair was Daniels. The light streaming through a long French window fell clearly upon his face, and by contrast the rest of the moonlit verandah seemed in semi-darkness. Apparently the two had been together all evening—perhaps talking, perhaps sitting and smoking in silence, as we had found them a few minutes past. My perplexity increased. I knew Mr. Leigh as a man who shunned rather than courted the companionship of his fellows; and the thought that he had voluntarily spent a whole evening in the company of a man with whom he could have absolutely nothing in common filled me with amazement.

I sat down at the other end of Mr. Leigh's bench, within a few feet of Daniels' unprepossessing profile, and lit a cigarette. The other two puffed silently at their cigars. I watched the blue haze drifting slowly across the verandah into the open, a gossamer veil against the moonlit lawn; and my thoughts seemed to drift with the smoke. Daniels' thick voice roused me with a start.

"Nice night for a walk," he said.

The tone of his voice, and the smirk that accompanied the words—harmless enough in themselves—made them like a splash of mud against the glowing whiteness of the memories they dissipated. Truly, the man sullied everything he touched. If you had given him the "Song of Solomon" he would have read it with a leer, and gloated over it, pink-faced and sniggering. I felt a hot rage surge up within me; but Mr. Leigh's hand closed gently upon my knee, and I choked back angry words between my teeth. There was an interval of silence, and then Mr. Leigh spoke:

"I'm glad that you and Nona have got over your little tiff," he said. "There are times when you'll have to be a bit patient with her, Ron. Especially when you're married. You'll find that married life is a give and take arrangement far oftener than a bed of roses."

"I know, sir," I answered soberly. "I think my love for Nona is strong enough to stand a much greater strain than an occasional quarrel over nothing in particular."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, my boy," said Mr. Leigh; and for the first time in my memory he addressed me in a tone that was almost affectionate. Usually he avoided any suspicion of emotion under all circumstances. "I've never said so to either of you, but I've always hoped that you two would make a match of it. Your mother, Ron, was one of my greatest friends, and for her sake I've always been rather fond of you—though I don't suppose you ever

suspected quite how much. In fact, it was in accordance with her wishes that I've been a sort of unofficial guardian to you. Your father and I were old chums, and for that reason as well your mother looked to me for help in the troubled time after your father—died."

"He was murdered," I said bitterly. "Murdered by a cold-blooded beast that he'd saved from starvation—and it broke my mother's heart."

The butt of Mr. Leigh's cigar described a glowing arc as he tossed it across the verandah. It landed with a slow hiss on the dew-drenched lawn. Daniels puffed stolidly on, staring straight ahead of him. Mr. Leigh's hand still rested on my knee, and its pressure seemed to impart a kindly comradeship. He spoke in a soft voice:

"Yes, I've no doubt that the tragedy was the real cause of her illness—certainly it left her without sufficient stamina to pull through the final crisis. I don't suppose you remember much about your father's death, Ron? That was, what—over twelve years ago. You'd be just a child then."

"I saw him when they brought him home," I answered. "He'd been killed instantly—shot through the head. Mother had had a few people in that evening, and they were just leaving as the ambulance pulled up in front of the door. I heard the commotion and ran to the head of the stairs—I remember I didn't dare go down because I saw a policeman there, and until I realized what had happened I was frightened that he'd come about some mischief or other that I'd been into."

I crushed the butt of my cigarette under my foot. Daniels had taken the cigar from his lips, and his pudgy hands rested on the arms of his chair. In the full light his face seemed oddly strained.

"It's strange that it should have happened so," I continued. "Dad certainly had no intention of going to the office that evening, especially with guests at the house; but he seemed to have a premonition that something was wrong. He kept getting more and more restless, Mother said; and finally he put on his hat and went down town. I suppose he arrived just as that precious secretary of his was making off with the bonds, and the hound shot him down in cold blood."

"His benefactor—the man who had picked him out of the gutter," said Mr. Leigh slowly.

I nodded. "Dad was always doing a good turn to someone," I said. "What a snake that fellow must have been! He had a good position and a comfortable salary; and yet he only waited for the first opportunity to rob the man who trusted him—rob him of everything he possessed."

"It's utterly incredible that a man could do such a thing," said Mr. Leigh. "Hanging would be far too good for him—eh, Daniels?"

* * *

DANIELS was leaning forward in his chair, studying us both with a frowning intentness. At the tone of mockery in the voice that addressed him he gave a great start of enlightenment.

"Leigh, by God!" he cried.

I looked from one to the other in bewilderment. They were staring at each other—Mr. Leigh with a triumphant expression that made his eyes shine in the dim light, Daniels with a great fear written on his countenance. Mr. Leigh nodded slowly.

"The—the beard—" said Daniels weakly. "I didn't know—"

"Of course you didn't." There was a mocking reassurance in the assent. "After all, you never saw a great deal

(Continued on Page 69)



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THE RECKONING

(Continued from Page 68)

of me—though you were at my house often enough, you cur. And you could hardly be expected to recognize David Graham's son—in fact, I doubt if you ever saw him, and twelve years make a lot of difference in a growing lad. If you'd known, you might not have been quite so much at ease in our society. It's a long time since you murdered David Graham, but some of us have long memories—and so, I've heard, have the police.

I felt suddenly shaken and helpless as the situation dawned on me. I had no will of my own—I seemed to be gripped by a strange external force that held me bound to my seat. I heard Daniels' voice, sharp with fear:

"I didn't murder him! Before God, it was no work of mine!"

"No?" The question expressed polite incredulity. "And yet you left town rather hurriedly, and there is every evidence that you took a considerable sum of money with you—David Graham's money, Daniels, that you were making off with when he caught you."

"It's a lie!" Daniels' face was contorted, his eyes bulging. "Maybe I took the money, and maybe if he'd tried to stop me I would have killed him. But he didn't. I left the office before he arrived, and I—" His voice faltered and stopped, and he slumped back into his chair breathing heavily.

"Just so," said Mr. Leigh calmly. "Subsequent events have, of course, no bearing on the matter. As for this little tale of yours, it's not only extremely thin—it's absurd on the face of it. David Graham was murdered as he entered the office, by the same man who took the bonds—his former secretary, whom, if I remember rightly, he not only saved from starvation, but from penitentiary as well. It's no use, Daniels—you've had a long run for your money, but you've come to the end of your rope. An unfortunate metaphor, I'm afraid—rather too literal, but quite descriptive of your case."

"Listen, for God's sake," pleaded Daniels, leaning forward. "Whatever I may have been, I'm not a murderer. David Graham went to his office because he had an appointment there. He was killed without even knowing that the bonds were stolen, and I wasn't within a mile of that place when the shot was fired. He left his guests that night because he had an appointment with a woman—an appointment that he must keep if he didn't want the whole town to connect him with the sweetest bit of scandal—"

"You cur!" The quiet words were like the flick of a whip. "David Graham never harmed a woman in his life. Ron, will you ring police headquarters and tell them we've something here that might interest them?"

Before I could move, Daniels' hand had plunged into his coat pocket; and as he withdrew it the light glinted on the ugly barrel of an automatic.

"Sit still, both of you!" he commanded in a hard voice.

"Ah" Mr. Leigh's whispered exclamation held a strange note of satisfaction. "I hardly expected you to carry it in society, Daniels. Certainly I thought you'd have produced it before this, instead of carrying on such an interesting conversation.

Daniels' laugh was bitter. "I was a fool to waste my time. But I've always wanted to tell the Grahams that whoever committed the murder, I had no hand in it. I didn't expect you to believe me, but I thought the lad here—"

"Put down that gun," I said hoarsely, "and I'll kill you with my two hands."

"You see, Daniels," mocked Mr. Leigh, "You couldn't convince a child with that yarn of yours. I'm afraid you're trapped. That villainous-looking toy of yours is nothing but a bit of

melodrama. You'd have to kill us both to get away, and the shots would bring a dozen men on your trail before you'd crossed the lawn. You'll hang, Daniels—you might as well give up now."

"Damn you, Leigh!" cried Daniels in fury. "You're a cold-blooded beast. You'd find some way of sending me to the gallows if you had to perjure your immortal soul to do it."

"Yes, Daniels." Mr. Leigh's voice was cold as steel. "I owe you a debt of long standing, and if David Graham's son isn't man enough to make you pay to the limit, there's a little reckoning with me that you won't escape."

"Don't be too sure of that," snarled Daniels, his finger closing on the trigger of the automatic, his voice tense with purpose. "I've got out of tighter holes than this, and I'll get out of this one in spite of you and that love-sick cats-paw of a kid—"

The contemptuous epithet, the sudden shadow as the light in the hotel was switched off, the quick pressure of the hand on my knee, all synchronized to the fraction of a second with my spring as I leaped upon Daniels, one hand reaching for the gun, the other tearing at his throat. Through the red haze that numbed my brain I heard a muffled report; then suddenly the struggle was over, and I stood swaying in the moonlight, the acrid smell of burnt powder in my nostrils, gazing dully at the dark stain that spread over the breast of the still figure at my feet. My head whirled with the suddenness of it all.

Then Mr. Leigh laughed—a great, bitter laugh that held a terrible note of triumph and exultation. I stared at him in stupefaction; and suddenly there came again before me that strange, illogical vision of Daniels with Nona in his arms, her arm about his neck, her dark head nestling against his shoulder as he gazed down at her with a sensual leer. And all at once I understood.

For while my father lay with a bullet in his brain; while the safe stood empty of the money that meant comfort to my mother and myself; while Mr. Leigh was speeding home from a brief business trip at the behest of certain venomous and startling rumors—Daniels had boarded the night train, and with him had gone a woman who had chosen to give up all that had hitherto made up her pleasant world and follow him into the unknown. That woman was Nona's mother.

A GREAT BENEFACTOR


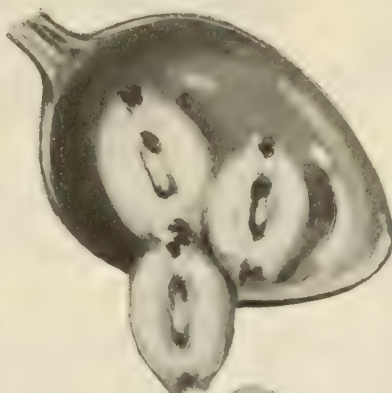
(Continued from Page 9)

William,' expostulated the banker, 'I can't do that, I'm only one of the syndicate and we want it for.....' 'I know what you want it for,' broke in Sir William. 'But you can't have it. Send for the others, or I'll ruin every last one of you.' Knowing that Sir William would be as good as his word, the bank man sent a hurry call for his associates, the notary was summoned, and within an hour the deed of sale had been handed to the jubilant Principal."

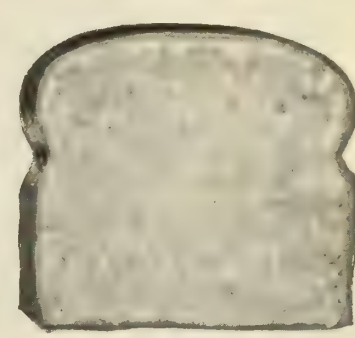

Such is Mr. McNeil's story, one to delight the heart of Kipling and to prove that Sir William Macdonald was of the breed of "McAndrew" and "Sir Humphrey Gloster."

SOME men would have remained content with the millions already bestowed upon McGill University. However, Sir William Macdonald was not only a cheerful, but an ardent giver. A decade after his chief benefactions to the University in his own city, Sir William unfolded a plan for the erection and equipment of buildings at Ste Anne de Bellevue which would be a centre for agricultural education. Sir William was

(Continued on Page 72)



Bread
has part of the food cells broken



Puffed Wheat
has all of the food cells broken

Toast
has more of the food cells broken

Why We Explode
every food cell in Puffed Grains

Over 125 million food cells exist in a grain of wheat. All must be broken to digest.

In bread you break part of them—in toast you break more. But Puffed Wheat alone breaks them all.

Grains shot from guns

Prof. A. P. Anderson studied for years to make whole grains wholly digestible.

He did it at last by sealing the grains in guns, then supplying an hour of fearful heat. Thus the moisture in each food cell is changed to super-heated steam.

When the guns are shot, every food cell explodes. All become available as food.

More than cereal tidbits

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are delightful dainties. You never tasted cereals so good. They are bubble grains, airy, flimsy and toasted, as flavory as nuts. They seem like food confections.

But they are also whole grains, supplying 16 needed elements. Every element is fitted to feed. The greatest food you can serve a child is Puffed Wheat in a bowl of milk. But serve them Puffed Rice also. That is the morning dish.

Puffed Rice
Whole rice puffed to bubbles

Puffed Wheat
Whole wheat steam exploded. Puffed to 8 times normal size

Puffed Rice



With cream and sugar is the finest breakfast dainty children ever get.

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Science proves the danger of bleeding gums

MEDICAL science proves that unhealthy gums cause serious ailments. People suffering from Pyorrhea (a disease of the gums) often suffer from other ills, such as rheumatism, anaemia, nervous disorders or weakened vital organs. These ills have been traced in many cases to the Pyorrhea germs which breed in pockets about the teeth.

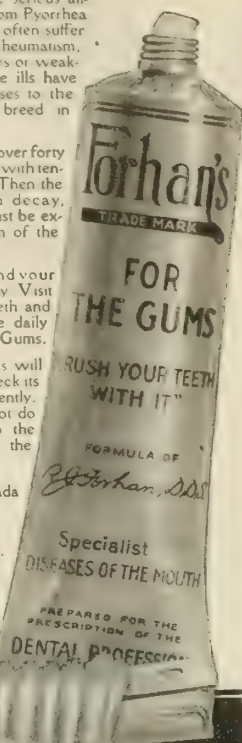
Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea. It begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs.

Guard your health and your teeth. Keep Pyorrhea away. Visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection, and make daily use of Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

35c and 60c. in Canada and the United States

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Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

Corns

Lift Off with the Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your drug-gist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between toes, and calluses, without pain, soreness



THE IDOL OF YOUTH

(Continued from page 67)

to be true that she should be, too good to be true that she shouldn't!

"No, she's all right. Except that she's got no clothes."

"Won't she let her rich uncle buy her a few?" I managed to ejaculate, instead of "Thank Heaven!"

"She sees that she's got to do that. A girl, no matter how intelligent is no use without clothes—in these days—to herself or anyone else; and she wants to be of use. Even the One Dress is wiped off the slate now. Sea water finished it. She can't get up and go out in the nightgown the housekeeper lent her."

"Had she nothing she could wear, left at the old Homeland? I could fetch—"

"There were only more 'nighties' (that's what they call 'em these days) and a kimono. No dress, and she refused to have anything from there brought to her. Said it would make her sick to see any of 'em again, after all she'd gone through in the hole. I suggested 'phoning for some female from a shop to come over and be told what's needed. Girl won't hear of it. Says she needs everything—even pins; and the female seeing her in such a state as she is (suppose she means the housekeeper's red flannellette dressing-gown which she's now got on, six sizes too large) would suspect something strange, and gossip. In the circe, Miss Kapielha doesn't want to be gossiped about; and I guess she's wise there."

"Can't the housekeeper—" I began, but Horden shook his head.

"Girl says she'd have appalling taste. Invited me to choose a wardrobe for her. Me? Gosh! I refused. Nothing doing! Not for mine! That's why I sent for you in a hurry. Bud, you've got to run right out, and choose a trousseau (he pronounced it 'troose') for Miss Patricia Kapielha; Patricia after her mother; nicknamed Patchinka by her father."

"Good lord!" I gulped. "Nothing doing for mine, either."

"What? You save a girl from suicide and let her live in a nightgown—that doesn't even fit? You're brutal."

"Does she know you sent for me?" I faltered.

"She does not, and she won't know. I'll get the credit, or the blame for this job when it's done."

"But you refused—"

"She'll think I changed my mind."

"I haven't a dashed idea what a girl wants to wear."

"She wants everything there is, and all of the best."

"That doesn't help me. Look here, Mr. Horden, you're a married man, aren't you?"

"Yes, but my wife's what they used in old times to call a suffragette. If I bought this girl things like hers, Miss Patchinka would set Petro on me. Have a heart, and run round the shops. Bring what you can home in a taxi, and sharp's the word, quick's the action. Mademoiselle can't leave her room till you come back, see?"

I thought for a minute, and thought hard. I wasn't Horden's chattel. He hadn't won me yet. But Miss Kapielha—Patchinka!—had. I was hers as Petro was hers. If she couldn't have clothes except of my choosing, I would choose them, even if she found out what I had done, and never forgave the liberty.

"Hang it, I'll do my damndest," I groaned.

Horden thrust money into my hand—must have had it ready, counting upon my surrender. I stuffed the bundle of five-pound notes—a fat bundle—into my pocket.

"Spend all you can" were the millionaire's last words, as I charged out of the room.

Never, so long as I live, shall I forget that next hour. "Hour" do I say? Add an "S" for the plural, and leave the number vague. Not again shall I wonder why women pass half their time in shops. It

isn't because they want to do it, but because once in they can't get out!

I knew the right place to go, the biggest and best that Bournemouth possessed. I'd had buns and chocolates there on Saturday with Aunt Sarah. Now, in the tea room I fortified my nerves with strong black coffee and embarked upon the writing of a list.

Let me see. Begin at the feet. Boots; Shoes; Slippers. Don't know her size. Should think number two. If not, can change. Next—socks. No, that isn't what girls call 'em. Black; grey; bronze; white; must match the necktie—no, I mean the shoes. Garters. Do girls wear 'em? And what kind? How do I find out? I know! Buy a fashion magazine. The pictures tell everything! Almost too much.

In the circulating library, adjoining the tea-room, were Ladies' papers. I annexed one; began studying the advertisements; felt shamefaced; glanced up; met the contemptuous eyes of a Bishop's widow. She could have been nothing less; and her look said "Base," "Abandoned young man. You ought to be in a Reformatory!"

I waited until she had removed herself from my polluting presence, then quickly, guiltily, tore out several designs, in different stages of—as you might say—toilette. These I palmed, and not venturing to ask impertinent questions, wandered from department to department till I found one which matched the most thrilling of the illustrations.

So far, so good. But those fair English maidens engaged at so much per week to serve their own sex; how make overtures to them without fear of cries for the police?

I hesitated. My bones began to liquify. I had the pictures, yes! But the names of some garments common to man and woman sounded so—er—brusque!

"Is there anything you wish in this department, sir?" enquired a gentle voice.

I turned. Dear thing, she was forty if a day! Providence had sent her to me, as for Abraham it tangled a ram in a bush.

Wordless, I thrust into her hand my illustrated selections. She unfolded and gazed at them. At first, she frowned, gave me a suspicious upward peep, and was disarmed by an expression of frank agony.

"You wish to buy some of these things?" she encouraged me.

"All," I said. "Lots—lots of each."

"And you are to choose them?" (A faint cough). "Couldn't—she—possibly come herself?"

"Not possibly."

Miss Forty grew curious, I saw, and couldn't quite resist embodying her thoughts in speech.

"If it's your sister, wouldn't she—"

"She isn't my sister. And she isn't my mother."

"Oh, naturally not your mother! Such things as you suggest would be most unsuitable to a mother. I do beg your pardon, sir, but you seem so young to have a wife—"

"I haven't one."

Miss Forty looked distressed. "Would you forgive me a great liberty?" she asked. You see, I'm much your senior and perhaps I may be a better judge than you of what sort of presents a fiancée would care to accept from a young gentleman. Lingerie, I may say, is never given. Not in the best circles, where you no doubt move. It might be misunderstood. Hats; Gloves; or lovely slippers with paste buckles—"

"What earthly use would a hat, gloves and slippers be to a girl with no clothes?" I broke out. "No clothes at all! She won't misunderstand about the things I promise you. She's not my fiancée, but she's counting the moments till I come, so do hurry."

(To be Continued)

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FRECKLES

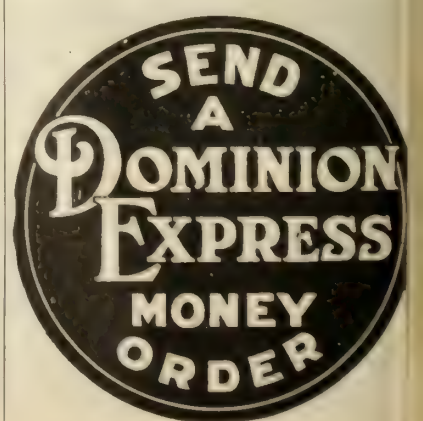
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Crochetcraft designs cover the crochet field from start to finish. No matter what you may wish to crochet, here you'll find an attractive design.

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The Alisa
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Square Doily in
Filet Crochet
The Starfish
Hexagon Doily in
Filet Crochet
The Presto
The Roman
The Anemone Design
The Daisy Design
The Pearl Doily
The Star Fish Doily
The Seaweed Doily
The Lucia Doily
The Rose Spray Doily

Yokes

Evelyn Blouse Yoke
The Olivia Nightdress
Yoke
The Karina Camisole
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The Malvern Yoke
The Fedora Camisole
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The Floral Pattern
Chemise
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Crochet Square

Stag Crochet Square
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Misttoe Design

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Rostona
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rock Edging
The Pilgrim Pattern
The Pumme Lace
Cornflower Edging
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Star Border
Snowflake Corner
The Silkeborg
Clyro Border and Corner
The Elma Corner and
Border
Dutchess Corner and
Border
Goose Girl Lace and
Corner
The Strathmore Border
and Corner
Clover Lace and Corner
The Everest Border
and Corner
The Grapevine Corner
and Border
The Water Babies Corner
The Marguerite Lace
and Corner
Oak Leaf Lace and
Corner

NEVER BEFORE has there been shown such a collection of crochet designs. The world-famed crochet workers of France, Ireland, Great Britain, Hungary, Austria—in fact, throughout Europe—have contributed the best of their crochet lore, that Canadian women may have a glorious collection of the most exquisite patterns in Crochet Art.

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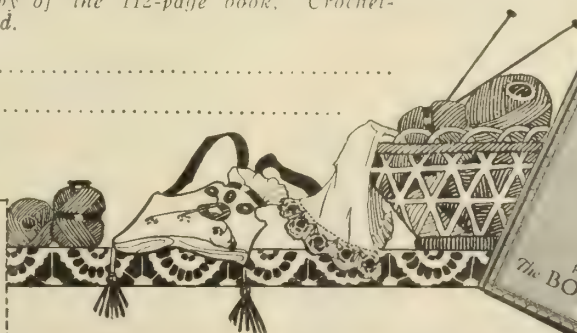
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You've bought the kind of matches that break—that won't strike—that fizzle out. And the dangerous kind from which the heads fly and explode. They are the kind you often get when you merely ask for matches.

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B-52



A Great Benefactor

(Continued from Page 69)

far in advance of his day and generation in his plans for rural schools and for university extension work in agriculture. There are many problems in the world of to-day—industrial, political and social; but there is no problem more pressing than that of keeping the youth of the land on the farm. There was too much of the policy of "all work and no play" in the old days, with the consequence that "Jack" either became a dull lad or forsook farm life altogether. Science has come to the aid of the farmer and the threshing season is not the burden that it used to be. Science has been more slowly brought to the help of the farmer's wife; but electricity and machinery are doing something to-day to reduce the drudgery which made many a girl choose the city, preferring the typewriter or the ledger to the dairy and the farm kitchen.

Sir William had always cherished an ideal of bettering and brightening rural education thereby doing good to the most valuable element in the community. It is useless to cry "back to the land" unless the life on the land can be made something more than the round of common toil. There must be intellectual advancement and social cheer, as well as daily toil, if the best work is going to be done. As one who knew Sir William's aims remarked: "He desired to shake the average farmer out of his satisfaction with a school system that either left his children meagrely qualified to take their part in the struggle for existence or else tended to fit them for the soft-handed vocations only, a tendency whose results are seen in the persistent migration from the land to the overcrowded urban centres. Out of this purpose of Sir William Macdonald's grew his most interesting and valuable contribution to primary education—the Consolidated School, designed to substitute for half-a-dozen small, neglected, uninviting buildings, set amid bare and cheerless surroundings, and staffed by underpaid and sometimes underqualified teachers, a modern, soundly-constructed, well-equipped large school, with able instructors and full facilities for the special branches of teaching upon which Sir William laid such stress. These were manual training, school gardens, household science and nature study in the primary schools.

as it now operates. After describing Sir William Dawson's early but unavailing struggle in the fifties to maintain a school of civil engineering its revival in 1871 and the constitution of the Faculty of Applied Science in 1878, Dr. Adams continued:

"A few years later the great benefactor appeared, and through Sir William Macdonald's princely generosity the Macdonald Engineering Building was erected, followed in rapid succession by the Macdonald Physics Building and the Macdonald Chemistry and Mining Building. These buildings were not only erected but were adequately endowed. New professorships were established, provision being also made for the appointment of the necessary teachers of subordinate rank, and the Faculty of Applied Science, thus equipped and endowed, became not only the foremost school of its kind in the Dominion, but one unsurpassed anywhere."

The idea behind Macdonald College, at St. Anne de Bellevue, was stated by its first Principal, Dr. James Robertson, in these terms:

"For the whole country, as a matter of protection, safety, and insurance, it behooves us to look well to the training of the young people toward rural life, and to look well to the training of leaders for them. The Macdonald movement, as helped by Sir William Macdonald, has nothing destructive in it. It does not desire to destroy anything that now exists in rural districts, except weeds, but it hopes to help in building up something better than is now known and done, and thereby displace what is poor. It aims at helping the rural population to understand better what education is and what it aims at for them and their children. It plans to help in providing more competent leaders for the horticultural and agricultural population. Somebody's watchfulness, somebody's thoughtfulness, and somebody's thoroughness are always required; and the progress of the people in all worthy ways can be increased in what might be called geometric ratio through intelligent leaders who possess and use such qualities with unselfish public spirit.

"In our research work, because we have the means and the men, we want to make the benefactions of Macdonald College for rural communities extend as widely as possible. We carry on the work of the college in three departments or schools. In connection with the school of agriculture we have research and illustration departments. Then we have household science with research, and instruction for the homes of the people. That branch treats of the three prime necessities of life—food, raiment, and housing. It is just as important that the woman should be educated for her sphere of management as the man for his. In the school for teachers the instruction and training are for teachers preparing for city and rural schools. It is important that the rural school and its teacher should stand in with these two other activities—the occupations and the homes of the parents—and that the children should be thoroughly trained toward ability for, as well as an understanding of, what will be required of them in the fields and in the homes. The threefold character of the college fits it to train leaders for rural communities."

In the days to come, the visitor to McGill University, to Macdonald College and to the Macdonald Institute at Guelph may well pay tribute to the generosity which manifested itself in a form which means increasing usefulness and influence as the students of each class pass on to their wider world of experiment and trial. In the truest sense of construction Sir William Macdonald proved himself a nation builder—a citizen for whose practical patriotism Canada may well be grateful.

NOT content with the twelve millions he had lavished on McGill University (including the expenditure on Macdonald College), Sir William turned his attention to the neighboring province of Ontario and its Agricultural College at Guelph and proceeded to bestow upon it the Macdonald Institute and Macdonald Hall, the former a college, the latter a residence for the women students at the O. A. C. It is well, in an article for a journal which goes to thousands of Canadian homes, to emphasize the fact that Sir William Macdonald was more advanced than most benefactors of his time in his recognition of woman as a citizen whose education is of high importance to home and country. Hundreds of graduates of "Macdonald" at St. Anne and its sister institution at Guelph can bear testimony to the excellent equipment and wide opportunities which their experience at college afforded them, and thousands of homes throughout the Dominion will be more practically managed, more prosperously conducted because of the liberality of this princely giver.

There was a Royal Commission on Industrial Training and Technical Education which for nearly four years made an exhaustive investigation into every branch of these subjects in Europe and North America at the instance of the Canadian Government. Dean Frank D. Adams of McGill University, testifying before this Commission, paid Sir William Macdonald his due as the virtual creator of the Faculty of Applied Science



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"Baggage Smashers"?

If so you will appreciate

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The Easter Breakfast—Premium Bacon and Eggs

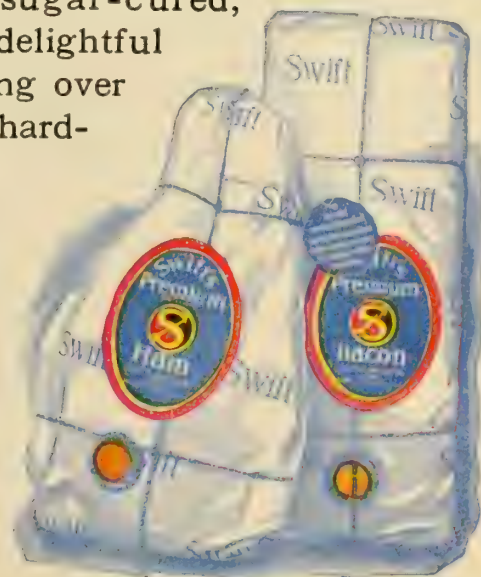
BROOKFIELD Eggs served with tender slices of Premium Bacon—fried slowly, so that not a bit of its wonderful flavor is lost! Of all the delicacies that make Easter breakfast especially delightful in all parts of the world, nothing is more appetizing, more satisfying, than this distinctively Canadian dish. Each

slice of Premium Bacon is a masterpiece of delicate flavor. Evenly-streaked meat from correctly-fed, tender young pigs—sugar-cured, and given a delightful tang by hanging over the smoke of hardwood fires—such is

Swift's Premium Bacon

Order from your Butcher or Grocer

Swift Canadian Co.
Limited
Toronto, Winnipeg, Edmonton



A Serious Question to Mothers and Fathers

Are you bringing up your Children properly?

NO OFFENSE intended in this personal question to mothers and fathers. On the contrary this message, prepared by an expert in matters of diet, endeavors to throw light on a subject of much confusion to many parents.

It is possible to give children all the food they can possibly eat—and still their little bodies can be under-nourished in certain respects.

For many foods are lacking in the vital mineral salts that science tells us we all need—if we are to build strong teeth and bones, and sound nerves and brain cells.

The food for your children

One of the most complete and best balanced foods you could possibly give your growing children is Grape-Nuts—the rich cereal food made from whole wheat flour and malted barley.

Grape-Nuts contains iron, calcium, phosphorus, and other mineral elements that are taken

right up as vital food by the millions of cells in the body.

These terms may sound very technical to some people, but if you will ask your doctor you will learn that you could not live long without giving your system the benefit of these vital mineral elements.

With milk or cream, to supply fat, Grape-Nuts is a remarkably

balanced food for every possible purpose.

What you may not know about a “perfectly balanced food,” however, your PALATE does know about FLAVOR. The international popularity of Grape-Nuts is due equally to its tempting, nut-like, sweet crispness and to its value as a satisfying, wholesome food.

You’ll find Grape-Nuts in the best homes, and in every first-class hotel and restaurant in Canada, just as you will find it sold by leading grocers everywhere.



Grape-Nuts—the Body Builder
“There’s a Reason”

Made by Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



Published by Consolidated Press, Limited, Toronto, Canada

PRICE TWENTY CENTS



A Beauty Secret 3,000 Years Old

The use of palm and olive oils to keep the skin fresh and smooth is nothing new, but a secret known to pretty girls since Cleopatra's time. Her Palmolive came in vessels and jars, and she had to do her own mixing. But the beautifying cleanser she achieved was the inspiration of the mild, soothing blend science produces today.

Take a lesson from Cleopatra, who kept her youthful beauty long after girlhood's days had passed. She used cosmetics to embellish and enhance her charm, just as women do today. But the foundation was a skin thoroughly and healthfully cleansed from all clogging and dangerous accumulations.

Perfect for washing faces

Palmolive is blended from the same palm and olive oils Cleopatra used—they are the mildest, most soothing ingredients science has been able to discover.

The scientific combination of these rare oils produces a smooth, creamy, lotion-like lather. Palmolive soothes and beautifies while it cleanses. It keeps the skin of the face and body beautifully soft and smooth.

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The importance of thorough cleansing

It is absolutely essential to complexion beauty to wash your face thoroughly once a day. Palmolive makes this cleansing doubly beneficial by its mildness.

The profuse, creamy lather penetrates each tiny pore, removing the deposits of dirt, oil and perspiration which cause clogging and enlargement. Such cleansing is the secret of fresh, smooth skins, as results prove.

Don't neglect the body

Care of the complexion only begins with the face. Neck, arms and shoulders should be kept white and smooth.

Use Palmolive for bathing and these results are accomplished. It does for your body what it does for the face. If this seems an extravagance, remember the modest price. The firm, long-wearing cake of generous size costs but ten cents.

Our price secret

If Palmolive were made in small quantities it

would be a very expensive soap. Palm and olive oils are costly soap ingredients, and come from overseas.

But the popularity which requires enormous production has reduced the price to that of ordinary soaps. 25-cent quality is offered for 10 cents.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited

MONTREAL

TORONTO

WINNIPEG

Makers of a complete line of toilet articles.

Volume and efficiency produce
25-cent quality for

Made in Canada

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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

A Monthly Magazine of Interest to All Progressive Canadians

OFFICE of PUBLICATION

RICHMOND and SHEPPARD STREETS
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We have discontinued the sending of receipts for money paid by subscribers. The first figures on the wrapper of your journal show to what date your subscription is paid.

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ARTICLES on the preparation of food are always of interest to the feminine world; while the results of food study are of the highest importance to the men of the household. At the Convocation of the University of Toronto, the favorite song of the students, as the graduates in Household Science receive their degrees, is "We want pie!" This is the cry of the masculine heart in all ages, and devotion to culinary studies is a form of feminine learning about which man is always prepared to be enthusiastic. The modern department of culinary science is well equipped to meet all demands and the magazine of to-day must be in a position to discuss the latest development of vitamins and calories. As our readers are aware, this journal has been very fortunate in the authority on culinary topics who has written our articles from month to month. Miss Marion Harris Neil, who wrote these articles for years, was a widely-recognized authority in all matters relating to the culinary world, and, on her death, her sister, Miss Mary M. Neil, undertook the work, which was most satisfactorily accomplished. Miss Neil has returned to Scotland, and the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL in seeking a successor for the position naturally preferred a Canadian writer.

We have been highly favored in securing the services of one of our own authorities who will give our readers every month the best and latest advice on subjects of culinary interest. The writer of these articles, Miss Frances McNally, was fortunate enough to have Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick, as her birthplace. Every well-informed Canadian knows that the Roberts family and Bliss Carman came from Fredericton. Does not the latter refer to it affectionately as "that leafy Northern city," in the dedication of one of his books? So we may expect literary grace, as well as culinary accuracy from this writer on salads and stews and all the accompaniments of our daily bread.

EDITORIAL CHAT



Miss Frances McNally, a member of the staff at Macdonald Institute, Guelph, who is our new writer on culinary topics.

Miss McNally is a graduate of our own Macdonald Institute and also holds the degree of "B. S." from Columbia University, New York. Her work as instructor in Lethbridge, Alberta, and in Stratford and Brantford, Ontario, has given her a wide experience in Canada, itself. In this month's issue, Miss McNally has written about salads and also concerning picnic lunches:—and we are sure that you will find both articles highly instructive. We admit a fondness,—or, rather, preference, for the mayonnaise dressing, but if you are set on something Russian or French or Mexican, why, "you reads your recipes and you takes your choice." Miss McNally is to write some special articles for us on food values, and you will be interested in them, whether you are a housewife of long standing or a bride who is determined to have as good bread "as mother used to bake." We were told by certain pessimists that Canada did not produce good cookery articles—to say nothing of the photographs—but we hope to prove in our own pages that these traducers of our country's resources are grossly mistaken.

We know that if you read the opening chapters of "The Idol of Youth" in our April issue you simply cannot help looking for the May chapters the very first thing. The story is one of absorbing interest with a mysterious and beautiful heroine from Poland, an English officer for hero, and an American millionaire to add dignity and dollars to every adventure. As to the bull-dog, Petro, he is just the kind of

friend who, (we refuse to call Petro "which"), is appreciated in an emergency.

Our fiction this month is of unusual interest. Miss Pickthall's "The Blossoming," Miss Delahaye's "New Gifts for Old," Mrs. Campbell's "The Oil of Joy" and Miss Langworthy's "Taking the Scissors from Baby" form a quartette of stories which are worth reading more than once. From British Columbia, Ontario, Saskatchewan and Manitoba have come these May stories which should be as welcome as the blossoms themselves.

The work of the Women's Institutes covers so many and such varied activities that it is difficult to keep pace with what the many branches are doing. We have found it impossible to give reports of individual branches, much as we should like to do so. If the secretary will only reflect, she will see that, if we published all the branch reports which we could get, this magazine would have nothing but such material within its covers. We have always felt that "what the girls are doing" is of especial importance. Wherefore, we are very glad to publish, in this spring issue, an article on the girls' activities in Ontario. We also have a photograph of some of the members of the Bolton girls who took the longer Short Course. We admit that "longer short" makes a curious and rather Irish combination; but the course is one of the best, the girls are among our brightest Canadians, and everything in Home and Country is going to be better and happier when girls' activities are helping the Institutes. The older women may be able to help the girls—while the latter will certainly provide a store of sunshine and will improve the old ways by adding new wrinkles. The story is told of how well our girls are proving the value of "young material" and we are sure that every girl who reads this May number will wish to be an Institute member.



Coaxing him to "speak"



A shovelful of fun



The difference between *white-wh* clothes and *grey-white* clothes often the difference between Fels-Naptha Soap and "just laund soap." The Fels-Naptha *blend* splendid soap and real naptha clea clothes cleaner—that's the story.

The story the clothes-line tells



Real Naptha!
You can tell
by the smell

Two women. Two washes. Two soaps. Two results! The woman at your left tried to get her clothes clean. She did the best she could with the soap she had. But the clothes-line is impartial. It must tell the truth. And the truth is—grey-white clothes for *this* woman's labors!

Her neighbor used Fels-Naptha Soap, in this way: She wet the clothes; then rubbed Fels-Naptha on them; rolled them; let them soak for a half-hour in lukewarm water; rubbed such extra-soiled places as wristbands; rinsed them. The clothes-line shows *white-white* clothes for *this* woman! And with less labor.

The difference in the clothes is the difference in the soaps. One is "just

laundry soap." Fels-Naptha is *more* than soap. It is *more* than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners—a way that has never been successfully imitated!

The real naptha in Fels-Naptha wades clean through each thread, breaking dirt's grip so the soapy water can flush it away. Having done its work, the naptha vanishes, leaving the clothes sweet and clean. Clothes are whiter because cleaner, and more *sanitary* for the same reason. Say "Fels-Naptha" to your store-man—and *mean* it! Directions for using are printed inside every wrapper.

The original and genuine
naptha soap, in the
red-and-green wrapper.



FREE If you haven't seen or used Fels-Naptha lately, send for free sample. Write "Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia."

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

SCENES AT THE ROYAL WEDDING



These are scenes at the picturesque wedding of Princess Mary and the Viscount Lascelles on February twenty-eighth. Upper (left) is a photograph showing the bridal procession passing under the arch at Westminster, (right), is a scene during the ceremony, with the bridal attendants in prominence. The large central scene shows the approach of bride and groom to the High Altar. Lower, (left), shows the one-hundred-and-fifty-year-old coach with bride and groom on their return to Buckingham Palace, while on the right are seen His Majesty, King George, Princess Mary, Viscount Lascelles, Queen Mother, Alexandra, and Queen Mary. This photograph was taken at Buckingham Palace on the return from the Abbey

THE IDOL of YOUTH

CN&AM WILLIAMSON

Illustrated by G. W. L. Bladen

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

CAPTAIN MALET, a young officer returned from the war, is at Bournemouth with his Aunt Sarah when the beauty and distress of a young foreign guest at the hotel win his interest. In the guise of a waiter he makes her acquaintance, persuades an American millionaire, Henry S. Horden, to give him some caviare for the starving girl, and, before the evening is over, saves her from suicide and makes a friend of her dog, Petro. The girl is Patchinka Kapieha, a sister of the heroic aviator, Sacha Kapieha, who had lost his life in the war and whose plane is even then being offered as second prize in the lottery at Monte Carlo. Patchinka is taken to Mr. Horden, who had known her brother and who had wished to buy the aviator's secrets of invention. He adopts Patchinka as his niece and suggests that they should all go to Monte Carlo to buy the plane. In the meantime, Captain Malet is sent out to buy a wardrobe for Miss Kapieha (known as Miss P. Smith) and is having difficulty explaining his needs to the saleswoman, "Miss Forty."

CHAPTER X—(continued)

"My goodness!" murmured Miss Forty.

"Mine too! And for the sake of yours, please help me to choose."

"Oh, certainly," said the lady. "No clothes at all! Why—er—but really, one hardly knows where to begin, does one?"

"Where would you begin, if you lost yours?"

"Lost them?—How odd!—Well! I will do my best." Miss Forty glanced at the pictures. "You've decided on—this sort?"

"Absolutely."

"They are expensive. Being the latest thing—"

"And the shortest," I might have added; but was silent.

"As to quality—"

"The best."

"And quantity?"

"Don't ladies always have a dozen of everything? I've an Aunt who—"

"An Aunt? You wouldn't like her judgment instead of mine to help you sir?"

"Good heavens, no! She's not that kind of aunt!"

Miss Forty smiled. "I see," she said again. "I suppose you have the young lady's height?"

"In my eye."

"And her bust—I mean her waist-measure?"

"No, not in my eye. But look here!" I brightened from despondency. "Haven't you got some of those jolly wax figures you see in shop windows with silk stockings on—and other things, of course? I could pick out on what's about the right height and shape, and then we could fit it."

Miss Forty doubted. "We have the wax figures. But they're supposed to be of ideal measurements. Few ladies, even very young ones, have such perfect—"

"She has. Jove! Show me one of those wax beauties and I believe I can judge to an inch!"

My guide led the way, and I followed. I was beginning to warm to the task. After all, it wasn't exactly dull!

CHAPTER XI.

The Telegram.

I DON'T know at precisely what stage in the proceedings it occurred to me that Miss Forty might do at a (figurative) pinch, as chaperone for Miss Kapieha from Bournemouth to the Riviera.

Perhaps it was when we discussed the suitability of certain costumes for the South, and the neat little woman shut her eyes in an instant's ecstasy. "It's always been the dream of my life," she breathed, "to see the Riviera." But of course it can never be gratified.

"Why not?" I encouraged her.

"Oh, at my age and in my situation one learns that dreams don't come true," she said, cocking an adorable hat over one glass eye of Patchinka's waxen understudy. "And I could never save enough for such a holiday."

"Not if you got paid for taking it?" (By this time the idea was simmering.)

The poor lady (she had the ultra-air of being a lady!) sighed in resignation. "Such a thing would be a fairy story!"

The subject dropped; but when she had piloted me to many departments, and practically brought others *en masse* to me, I expressed gratitude. "I think," said I, "that Miss—er—the young lady who'll wear these pretty things will like to thank you for your trouble. So please tell me your name."

"We usually give a number," Miss Forty modestly replied. "But—since you've been so kind, you may remember me by thinking of the Iron Duke."

The Iron Duke seemed the last person (or was it the battle-ship—or perhaps a public house?) to think of in connection with this mouse-like creature. Seeing my blank look, however, she explained that her name was Wellington; she was proud of it: Victoria Wellington—Miss. Would I write it down? No, thanks: a name impossible to forget! And so, half buried under boxes, I taxied away to the Bathcombe.

"I suppose Mademoiselle Patchinka will go in person and change half these glad rags for something different," I grumbled to myself; and saw that I'd been an ass not to impress discretion on the Duke's namesake. My number would be up, if the girl found out who had been guilty of this intimate shopping!

I sent the boxes with a scribbled line to Horden, saying I had done my best, and enclosing a very few bank notes from the fat pile he had provided. "Come to my sitting-room," was the message which returned, scrawled on the same envelope; and I shot up, trembling with the suspense which I had shed while wrestling with Patchinka's wardrobe. Had the answer from Monte Carlo arrived?

I would not ask; and Horden's first words blew the thought of Monte Carlo out of my head again.

"Say, son, I've got a confession to make," he said. "She knows."

"Knows what? I stuttered. "Not—"

"Yes. About the clothes and things. I didn't mean to let the cat out of the

bag. But there was a par in 'The Times' about Kapieha; and innocent as a dicky bird I hopped to her door with the paper. 'What, you here?' she rapped through the crack. 'I thought you were buying me something to wear'. 'Don't you worry, the costumes will come along', I cheered her up. And then, would you believe it, the girl guessed? 'Have you sent Mr. Malet?' she asked. I was ready to lie my head off, honest Injun I was, to save ructions. But she didn't give me time. 'I hope you have,' she said. 'He'll know the kind of dress to suit me better than you would, because he's young!'. Just like that! I tell you this skirt is different from some. No darn nonsense about her."

You could have knocked me down with the smallest feather in one of Patchinka's hats. Thank goodness she was different. If it had been Aunt Sarah now, at Miss Kapieha's age!...Help!

"You look like a boiled beetroot's twin brother!" said Horden. "But I've been handing you out the straight truth. She doesn't care a red cent who chooses her things, so long as they're right; and I guess they are, or the band would have begun to play before this. She'll pop in here soon, I bet, to show herself off, and—"

"Good lord, let me escape!" I gasped, and loped for the door; but Horden grabbed me.

"Face it out, instead of leaving it to hang over your head," he advised. "Besides, she may be different, but she's a girl, and a girl would always rather have an audience of two men than one when she's got a new frock—especially if she's had only one dress since the flood. If you're a soldier, you'll stay."

I stayed; but because neither of us would talk of Monte Carlo, there seemed to be no other subject we could dwell on except the weather—and few Englishmen care to dwell long on their own climate, with an American. It grew late; nothing happened; and I'd begun to think of trekking to the Haven for cold ham and rice pudding, when there came a light knock, and the door opened.

"Horden's lunch," I thought.

But it wasn't Horden's lunch. It was Patchinka. Not the Patchinka of last night—a little desperate thing in a kimono at bay against the world, or little drowned waif in a soaked dress—the dress. No, a new Patchinka, slim and *chic* and incredible as a Paris fashion-plate, yet ever mysterious, illusive, even in gold-embroidered blue serge and a smart, winged hat half hiding those green-grey eyes.

"I'm glad you're both here," she said, "so I can thank you together, and you can see if I repay all your kind trouble. I hope I'm not—too bad?"

"Gee! You're such a peacherine!" burred Horden.

"Is it a fruit, that?" she asked.

"Yes," explained Horden, "sort of cross between a peach and the forbidden apple of Eden. It's been quite a favourite fruit up to now ever since Adam."

I said nothing, unless my eyes spoke; but she was looking deep into the mirror, oblivious of me.

"I do not know myself," she smiled. "I don't think anyone from the past

would know me—except Petro. Oh, but I shall enjoy throwing away my aged dress!"

"Give it to me to dispose of for you," I proposed. "You can't burn a gown in a fireplace."

"I might send it out to sea—where it nearly went last night, with me in it."

"I can do that for you." I generously persisted. "Save you carrying a bundle!" She thanked me carelessly. I was really too good!

Yes. Horden had hit it. If she hadn't been "different from some," she would have guessed that the One Dress would never go out to sea unless it took a voyage with Christopher Malet. I felt I had a right to that frock, as a mascot. And I may mention in passing that later that same day I got it, though nothing was said or done at the moment because just then the telegram came.

I can't explain how I knew it was the telegram. A man like Horden must get dozens of telegrams daily. But I did know, the instant I set eyes on the brown envelope. The one thing I didn't know was the thing most important; what was in it.

There was I, with my fat wobbling on the knees of the gods, which are proverbially slippery and sharp; and there was Horden, slowly opening the envelope as if he had vowed to count a hundred before he finished.

Even when he opened it, he stopped and blew his nose thoroughly before he drew forth the paper inside. Then he tucked his handkerchief neatly up his sleeve. Next, he put on his eyeglasses. After that he drew the handkerchief from his sleeve again and polished the glasses. At last he unfolded the telegram. But this was not the end. He read and re-read the few written lines which I could tantalizingly glimpse from a distance.

In another six seconds I should have yelled or thrown Horden out of the window, if Patchinka had not given voice to my thought. "Is it from Monte Carlo?" she asked, as quietly as if everything hadn't depended on the answer for her as for me.

"Yes, it's from Monte Carlo," assented Horden. But not a word more did he say. Risking death at my exasperated hands he strolled to a desk, sat down and occupied himself with something which I couldn't see from where I stood.

Irritated beyond control, I made for the door. "Well, I must be toddling home to lunch," I barked.

"Hold on a minute," directed Horden. "This concerns you. Here you are, Bud!" So speaking, he rose in leisurely fashion and held out a slip of paper.

I took it from him gingerly. It was a cheque for five thousand dollars.

"You win," he drawled. "The Administration at Monaco regrets, but has widely advertised Kapieha's historic mascot as a lottery prize, and feels it would not be right to disappoint the public. So there you are, and I guess you deserve to win—if for nothing else because you don't say 'I told you so.' Now, you'd better phone your aunt and feed with us. Because there's stacks of things to talk over and settle."

CHAPTER XII.

Sacha's Secret and Others.

THERE is a French proverb which says "Millionaires are always right."

In any case, Henry S. Horden was right in warning us that there were "stacks of things to see about and settle."

For one; should Miss Kapielha go to Monte Carlo, or should she wait comfortably in England until she knew that we (it was "we" now!) had secured her brother's machine?

But Patchinka answered that question without hesitation. "I will go," she said, "there are reasons why I should be there. Last night I thought I had no right to tell Sacha's secrets. Now, I've changed my mind. I know you both better. I trust you both. You are both good to me. Mr. Horden is ready to give much money, Captain Malet is ready to give much time—perhaps even to risk danger. Yes, there may be danger! It's not just a silly fancy of mine. You will see when I tell you the story of Sacha's aeroplane. It's not fair to let men like you go into this with your eyes shut. It's most likely, Mr. Horden, that the pearls are in the aeroplane."

"Gee Whizz!" gasped Horden. "In the aeroplane? After all these years? My dear Miss Kapielha—I mean, my dear niece—you're mighty optimistic."

"You don't understand," she said. "If the pearls are where I think they are, nobody who wasn't in the secret could find them. Sacha was an inventor—always an inventor, even in little things. If his shoe came untied, he would invent something to keep it from doing that again. If a button fell off, the same! The aeroplane he built was his mascot, you know. He had faith in her, as if she were a woman he loved and trusted. Oh, if the pearls are in the hiding hole he told me of, they're not the only things there! Sacha was thinking out a great invention when I saw him last—the greatest of his life. The plans were almost finished. I, and a French woman—a beautiful lady he worshipped but could not marry—were the only ones in the secret, though there were three men who, perhaps, suspected something of it. It is through them—or one of them—the danger might come."

"Are you talking of the Syndicate men?" Horden suddenly cut her short. "Yes, you knew of the Syndicate; you said so last night. But did you know the men?"

"I met them. They let Kapielha down, but they tried to spell-bound him to believe that everything would be O.K. in the end, if he'd let them in on the ground floor with his newest stunt—something he was brain-chasing, and hadn't put on paper yet—or if he had, he was keeping dark. Of course the fellows had no right to exact more than they'd bargained for at first. But these inventor chaps are artists, not business men. Kapielha had a document of sorts signed by this Syndicate of three, and took it for granted the thing was all right; but when the skunks planked down only half what the agreement called for, Sacha took his precious paper to a Paris lawyer. Darned if there wasn't a clause that let the swine out! He couldn't use the law against 'em. He was firm not to give in, though about his newest idea—new as tomorrow's bread! And that's when he turned his attention to me. One of the Syndicate was Algerian French, another Italian, from Turin I think, and the third was a Spanish Jew from Barcelona. He had interests in Holland and had met my wife there long ago. He had the darned cheek to try and make up to me on that score. You see my wife's Dutch, and hails from the Hague that the Dutch are proud of. She's Dutchier than ever now, because she's left me and gone back home to live. She's kept my daughter with her too—mostly on account of those pearls."

"Your wife—left you on account of my—our pearls?" the girl dazedly echoed. "Yeh. On top of some other things. To begin with, she didn't understand business; used to get peeved because I had to shoot away all of a sudden, pretty often, when she'd invited her smart society friends for week-ends. Or sometimes I'd pop over to Europe without givin' her time to pack her glad rags and go with me. Well, when I

came to this side in 1914, I tried to make up for several spats we'd had by promising to bring her a better rope of pearls than any woman she knew possessed. I'd have kept my word if Kapielha's pearls were as good as he said; and I bet they were, for he was a white man. But I told you how I'd had to scoot for home before they turned up in Paris, and you know what travel was, those first days of the war. I lit out at an hour's notice, and lucky to have that! But there was not time to think of pearls. It seems my wife had chatted a lot about what I'd promised to bring her, and she never forgave me for turning up with empty hands. She thought I'd invented the whole tale about Kapielha and his pearls; and it wasn't like me to pay out money before I got the goods. And she was right, in a general way. But this business was the exception. I liked Kapielha. I didn't want to see him done in by a bunch like that so-called Syndicate; and it was my fault, not his, that I went off without the pearls. If I could have waited, I'd have got 'em all right. But my wife didn't see that. She said, if I'd sooner let her down than some guy I hardly knew, she'd go home to her mother."

"And was your wife's mother at the Hague?" asked Patchinka, interesting

of like being my own boss. It's a nice change from what it used to be. As for Wendela, she's her mother over again, judging from a photo she sent me, after my last birthday cheque to her. I feel real kindly to the girl, but I'm not too blinded by sentiment to see that distance may lend enchantment. She's well over age, and according to the letters I get, having a real good time, going about pretty well as she pleases. By the by, last time I heard, seems to me there was a P.S. about French Riviera, a little trip on her own, without mamma. You might come across her there. If you do, give her my love."

"Perhaps if she's at Monte Carlo, you'll come over yourself," Patchinka said.

"Not to see Miss Wendela, if I wouldn't go to see Kapielha's machine." Horden's jaw set grimly. "I've got my work cut out in England, these next few weeks, and when I run across to France on the same business that brought me here, the Riviera will still be a long way off my pitch. I'll keep in constant touch with you two, though; and by the time the pearls turn up, if they do, I shall have the paper which will show you I'm entitled to them for cash down, the cash that built Kapielha's aeroplane. I'll cable to New York to-day. As for the pearls

He wouldn't trust entirely to the mascot of course, for his valuables, because, if he died he knew that I would have next to nothing. The plans when he finished them would be worth a fortune; and they were to be mine. He made his will, and gave me a copy. Everything he left was for me, except a ring he always wore. That, if it were saved, was to go to—the lovely lady I told you about."

"Ah, the French lady he couldn't marry because she had a husband," Horden recalled the girl's words.

"Yes, I think it is not wrong to tell you her name, because Sacha's love for her was not a wicked love. There was nothing to be ashamed of. He swore it to me—not that he need have sworn! But he wanted me to know. And Sacha never lied. Have either of you heard of the Marquessa di Fiumine?"

"I guess so," said Horden. "Name seems sort of familiar."

"Nearly everyone heard of her in the war," said I. "But you call her French. Her husband's Italian. Don't you remember, Horden, the things that used to be in the papers. His estates were close to the Austrian frontier, and he was in Meran taking a cure or something when the war broke out—, was interned for the duration—and there was so much gossip about his



"See, we've managed to keep a chair for you"

herself in Horden's family history, as she wished him to be interested in her.

"No. Her mother's in heaven—so far as I know to the contrary. That was a figure of speech. But our daughter was at the Hague. It was a whim of Jo's (Johanna is my wife's name) to have her there at school for a year. These folks from the Hague think there's no town to touch it, not even New York, so Jo nipped across before the submarines got bad, and instead of bringing Wendela back, anyhow at the end of the war, there the two of 'em have stopped ever since, except a trip or two to Switzerland and France. Wendela was eighteen when I saw her last. She's nearer twenty-five than twenty-four now, and from what I hear of her doings, beginning to peck her cats."

"Oh, and all this because I couldn't get the pearls from Wilna to Paris in time!" moaned Patchinka. "It's terrible. If we can find them, is it too late? Will your wife come back to you and bring your daughter, do you think, if you give her the pearls?"

Horden chuckled grimly, "I don't think! I mean, it takes two to make a bargain, and six years, getting on seven, is a big slice out of a man's life. I'm getting used not to have a woman nagging round and bossing the show. I sort

of like being my own boss. It's a nice change from what it used to be. As for Wendela, she's her mother over again, judging from a photo she sent me, after my last birthday cheque to her. I feel real kindly to the girl, but I'm not too blinded by sentiment to see that distance may lend enchantment. She's well over age, and according to the letters I get, having a real good time, going about pretty well as she pleases. By the by, last time I heard, seems to me there was a P.S. about French Riviera, a little trip on her own, without mamma. You might come across her there. If you do, give her my love."

"Oh I don't—I can't believe it," cried Patchinka. "Sacha was too clever for them. Besides, it would be too bad to be true!"

"Bud! You said the Syndicate men suspected something."

"I said they may have suspected. Sacha told me they urged him to use their bank, and wanted to introduce him to the manager, who was a friend of one of them. Then, when he told them he was satisfied with his own bank, they wished to be introduced to his manager. Sacha had been keeping his valuable papers in the bank, when he was making his flights, but that frightened him. He had already thought out the secret place in his mascot, and he decided to keep his plans there. He had a presentiment that—even if he were killed flying—the machine would be saved; and you know, that presentiment came true. But there were duplicates of the plans.

being Austrian at heart that his French wife was almost persecuted—though she'd given up her big Paris house as a hospital? She was nursing there herself, but there was so much fuss she put the place in other hands, and went down to live in her villa at Cap Martin?"

"Yeh! 'Twas one of the early 'stunts' of the war, that excitement. I've seen pictures of the lady in the Sunday Supplements of New York papers," Horden remembered.

"That must have been while I was in Milna, or anyhow before I'd escaped back into Europe again," Patchinka said. "It took me months and months to do that. Peasants helped me. I had a few jewels of my mother's left—nothing grand. But I paid my way. All I knew about things that had happened far away was from old newspapers I picked up here and there. It was that way I heard of Sacha's death—and the aeroplane being saved. I had the aeroplane to live for and Petro. I told you last night, didn't I, Captain Malet? How he was wounded, flying with Sacha; and Sacha sent him by a friend to Corfe Castle, to be kept by the breeder there who sold him. But when I got to England at last the breeder had moved to Bournemouth. That's why I'm here—and why I had no money, and only one dress when you saved us both.

Oh, it was an awful time—terrible months struggling through Russia—working my way, and not knowing what I should find when I got out—if I ever could get out! It seems ages since I arrived here and re-deemed Petro. I was ill—malaria—I hardly know how I travelled from the London docks—I came by ship from Sweden you see, the last stage of my journey—to Corfe Castle; then on here. Perhaps it's strange that the horrid hotel let me stay as long as it did. It was the breeder who sent me to the Homeland. He said it was 'so respectable!' Part of my hope was in the Marchesa di Fiumine. I was so late, that the time limit for the aeroplane was past; and I was very weak, and had no money or influence. I thought she might help me for Sacha's sake. I mean, I thought she might plead my cause with the Government. I wrote her to Paris—and then, when I didn't hear, to Cap Martin. But no answer came. And yesterday a waiter brought me that Sunday illustrated paper to look at, with the picture of Sacha's plane at Monte Carlo—a prize for the lottery!

"Now you tell me that Madame de Fiumine was suspected—was driven from Paris. Perhaps she has left France? Perhaps she never got either of my letters?" "Very likely not," Horden soothed the girl with his comforting drawl, when she had stammered out the disjointed story of her adventures and disappointments. "The lady looked mighty handsome in her picture, I recollect, and I for one am always ready to give the handsome woman the benefit of the doubt. She may have had to join that husband of hers somewhere, now the war's over and folks are trying to forget it. Anyhow, you're liable to find out all about her when you get down to Monte Carlo, only two or three miles from Cap Martin. And whether she turned a deaf ear to you on purpose or not, you don't need to care now. You've got an uncle and a brother to look after you and your interests."

"A brother?" Patchinka repeated. And looked from Horden to me. "You mean—Captain Malet?"

"Why, of course,—unless you've got some more you haven't told me about."

"I shall never call any man brother, except my Sacha," said the girl. "To Captain Malet, I give another name. What it is I do not tell—yet. You might laugh—both. But I hope he won't mind not being my brother?"

"I do not mind in the least," I assured her, warmly. And I meant that if I ever meant anything in my life!

I didn't ask what was the name she had given me. I didn't wish her to tell—even if she would—before Horden. And to change the subject I brought up that of Miss Wellington.

"As I'm not your brother, you'll have to have a chaperon, you know," I said.

Patchinka's fancy was caught by my description of the Iron Duke's namesake.

"She's come to the age when she knows that dreams won't come true!" echoed the girl compassionately. "Oh, what a dreadful thing to happen to a woman! Do go directly, Captain Malet, and invite the poor creature. I don't need to see her first. She is sure to be all right, is she not, Mr. Horden? Captain Malet chose me the right clothes. He will choose the right chaperon. I must have one."

So that was that; if Miss Wellington cared to live her own fairy story. I said I would go and interview her before lunch. And then we went back to talking of Sacha.

Instead of leaving the duplicate plans in his bank Sacha had told Patchinka that he would confide them to Madame de Fiumine. Whether he had given her charge of the pearls also, who could say? But the girl had a "feeling" that they were hidden in that secret place of his "mascot."

Then, at last, we came to the question which hadn't been put yet. Where was the secret place! Had Sacha told her that?

For a moment Patchinka did not speak. She looked at Horden and at me; almost as if she were ashamed.

"I was afraid you'd ask me that," she said.

"Why afraid?" I wanted to know. "You needn't tell, of course, if you don't wish to—if you don't trust us."

"I do wish to, and I do trust you," she answered. "But Sacha made me promise I would never tell anyone. If he were here I think he would let me tell

now. And maybe he is here—who knows? Yet he can't speak, and so—I have to be silent. At least, unless a time comes when I have to tell. And that's one reason why I must go where his aeroplane is—why I must be there myself, don't you see?"

With our different points of view, we saw.

CHAPTER XIII

The Start

WE had a clear fortnight before the sale of tickets for the War Orphans' Lottery at Monte Carlo would begin; but it wasn't exactly a fortnight to spare.

That big biplane of Sacha Kapieha's might have been held down to earth with his sister's heartstrings and mine. The girl and I felt an urge, a pull, which seemed to draw us from a far distance, and it was going to draw us together as

carry us to that height, we were not quite without hope.

Horden's original idea of obtaining the machine still held good—with a few amendments.

The Casino couldn't sell it to him, as that would not be fair to the public. The lottery must take place; but if one of us didn't win he was willing to offer any fair price to the person who did, and we told ourselves that nine people out of ten would prefer a round sum of money to a second-hand aeroplane.

There was hope number two for us. If it failed also, there was left just one desperate chance, it seemed. We argued that it wouldn't be stealing to rescue the hidden treasures if that could be done; and if worst came to worst, we wouldn't give up without a last struggle. Not that we put this wild plan (if you could call it a plan) into definite words. It was expressed by a mere hint: "Well, if one thing won't work, maybe another

hit" with Horden when I sketched it briefly. And what is more, I had Aunt Sarah's blessing on my "mission."

Not, I must confess, that she clearly understood what the "mission" was, or that she knew of the girl's connection with it. But, —I explained vaguely through the phone between Bathcombe and Homeland—Mr. Henry S. Horden wanted me to go at once to the South of France for him (no mention of Monte Carlo) and get hold of an aeroplane he needed. Hearing there was "money in it," present and future, she sighed through the telephone that she'd not stand between me and a career, though she preferred the bank. And she would give me a chest protector to wear on the journey.

The worst remaining worry was—I couldn't fly! And I must learn to do so before I could make use of the machine in the way I wished to do—if I obtained it.

A book I bought at Miss Wellington's shop, however, informed me in a few heartless sentences that to become a "worth while peace pilot" would mean an apprenticeship of three years.

First, a course in Engineering.

Second, a course in the Theory of Flight.

Third, a year in an Aeroplane Factory.

Fourth, another year in an Aircraft Engine Factory.

Fifth, several months practical work in an Aerodrome.

If this were true, why stop in England one miserable, useless fortnight? Such intensive fagging as I could manage might be done in Nice. There was a Flying Instructors' School there, or had been in 1914, Patchinka said. Sacha had taken her south that spring for her Easter holidays. Perhaps the trip was designed as an excuse to be near the Marchesa di Fiumine, Cap Martin; but that was a detail. Quite a fuss had been made over Sacha in Nice, and an aeroplane had been lent him to show off his little sister's skill as the youngest living girl pilot. Patchinka was fifteen then—a year older than Andree Farman (famous later as a pilot for her father at the mature age of fourteen)—and that week in Nice had been the most wonderful of the child's life.

"You can have lessons there, Captain Malet," she said, "and every day we will go to Monte Carlo to look at Sacha's machine. You know a lot about mechanics already,—you, who have been in the Tank Corps, and decorated. Besides, a pilot you need not be. I will be the pilot. And Petro will be our mascot. We shall fly,—all three of us—to Mr. Horden, wherever he may be when we are ready to start."

One would have thought, to hear the girl talk, that I was her brother, after all! I didn't feel in the least like it, as I've strongly said, and I was longing to know the secret name she had for me, which couldn't be told yet. But anything to be near her, to serve her, to win one of those rare, cryptic, dimpled smiles now and again! For that reward, I'd even have let her look upon me (pro. tem) as a kind uncle, like Henry S. Horden, aged fifty-four instead of twenty-six and a half.

Evidently Miss Kapieha's idea of conducting our adventure was conceived entirely without reference to Mrs. Grundy. If she had heard of that formidable personage when a school-girl in Paris, she had forgotten the lady while in Wilna, and as a wanderer among Bolsheviks.

She drew her delicate brows together when I suggested Cap Martin as a residence for her if the Marchesa di Fiumine should welcome Sacha's sister to the villa there.

"But—you will be at Monte Carlo or Nice!" she objected.

(Horden grinned. Luckily, however, his niece was glaring reproachfully at me, not regarding him.)

"Yes, I hope so—I suppose so working hard. Still we'd meet—"

"To me that seems inconvenient," pronounced Miss Kapieha coldly. "Still, if you prefer to separate—" She shrugged her shoulders in the navy blue serge which I had almost prayerfully selected as one selects a hymn to sing in church. Her eyes clouded, and I felt as if I had boxed the ears of an angel. But Horden came to my rescue with a comprehending



"I'll take you to the Casino later. Is that an engagement?"

well. If she didn't realise that, I did. It was a glorious thrill, that realization.

I wanted to be on the spot where the aeroplane was, in the Place du Casino at Monte Carlo. And when I found out in a word, a look, that it was the same with Patchinka, I asked myself and her, "Why not? Why shouldn't we be there?"

The way things stood with us—with her and me, after luncheon and a few "alarums and excursions"—was this. Patchinka was a proud little person, proud for Sacha's sake and for her own because she was a hero's sister. She had proved that pride; and I don't believe that any temptation would have induced her to accept help from Horden if she hadn't felt dazzlingly confident that she could more than pay him back by and by. If we could win the aeroplane as a prize, that would be best of all, for he would then buy it from her, for his great Combine. But if our luck didn't

will" from me; an understanding flash from a girl's grey-green eyes; and a chuckle from Horden.

He, by the way, had to be off about his business in a hurry. Only the deep-down love of romance and adventure under the hard crust of his practicality detained him in Bournemouth past the time limit of his original schedule. Having taken up her cause, he felt bound to see Miss Kapieha through, even if his blessed Combine shook to its foundations. But Miss Wellington having tearfully accepted our offer, and arranged with her employers for an immediate release—a holiday of indefinite length—the girl was provided with a respectable dragon. I stood ready and eager to act as courier, or in any other useful capacity. I had Horden's cheque for five thousand dollars, a vast sum in francs. I had a plan for adding to that pile, in the event of a French railway strike—a plan which "made a

(Continued on page 14)

THE BLOSSOMING

BY M. L. C. PICKTHALL

Illustrated by F. N. Mann

THE telegram to Cavan was in Anna's pocket. Her cousin Mrs. Aymery knew it was there; knew, too, that it consisted of the single word "Yes." In Mrs. Aymery's mind it could have consisted of nothing else; yet she was relieved.

Perhaps it was in contradiction to this flord relief that Anna had not dispatched her telegram from the little station where the train was to stop for an unaccountable half-hour. She left it to do so; but instead walked down the platform, crossed a road and followed a path into the woods.

Just a few minutes more; just a few minutes of silence and coolness, and—yes—a thrush singing; just a few moments yet in which to feel herself her own....

In ten minutes she turned to go back. And found herself hopelessly lost.

She was not disturbed. There was plenty of time. She must have turned in the wrong direction by the stream. She returned to the stream, chose her line anew, and followed it, expecting each moment to step out on the road.

Instead, far away, she heard the whistle of a locomotive.

They were whistling for her.

Then she was dismayed; drawn through the trees, the whistle sounded very distant; all the time she had thought she was walking towards the line, she must have been walking away from it.

She began to run.

The path down which she ran seemed familiar; yet presently it ended abruptly, died out in a grassy clearing.

In the midst of the clearing she stood motionless. Her coming had scared the thrush she had heard. He flew with a cry. Then once more she heard the engine; and again. Followed silence.

"That's the last," said Anna aloud. She was left behind.

She hoped Aymery had not stopped to look for her; she thought it more likely he had paid the agent to do so. Anyway, she must find her way back to the station, get some sort of accommodation for the night, and follow next day on the through train. There was nothing to worry about.

But in an hour she knew something had gone wrong with the safe routine of her life.

She looked at the woods. They were implacable as stone walls. Panic shook her. On all sides, she was enclosed by silence and the budding trees, and felt herself so enclosed for miles. Each tree, in the first fugitive stirring of spring, looked soft and delicate as her own flesh. Yet.....

Her expensive conventional travelling gear was stained and slashed as if in mockery. Her shoes were cut, her hands bleeding. The trees would not let her go.

Not even a mistaken sense of direction was now hers. She went blindly on, driven by that ancient forest-fear which would drive her until she fell.

A fence barred her advance. On the fence a young man was sitting with his back to her, watching the moon.

The relief was a convulsion. The distorted world swung back into shape. Anna Aymery said like a child, "I'm lost!" stumbled forward, rested her arms on the fence and her head on her arms, and broke into wild tears.

Even as she wept, the thought stirred in her that this was the quietest man she had ever met; he was quiet as the woods.... For he did not speak nor move. Only when she raised her head he said gently, "Got through with it?"

"Yes. O yes....."

"That's right. There's nothing in the world worth while being so scared about, you know."

"I'm lost....."

"Not now."

Anna looked at him. In a moment she repeated like a child, "No. Not now."

Her trained conventional sense was at work unconsciously all the time; probing him, trying to "place" him. Her life led her to ask, not "Who is he?" but "What is he?" She could see no more than a shabby flannel shirt and a dark thin face, of which the eyes were luminous

and the features ugly. With the simplicity that had fallen on her after her terror, she said, "What are you doing here?"

"Waiting for my trees to blossom."

He spoke quite gravely. In a moment he added, "I'm afraid I'll have to wait another year or two yet."

Then she saw that on the other side of the fence an orchard of young fruit trees swept gently upwards to a shadow of woods and a more solid darkness that might be a small house. On the edge of the woods over the house, something took the moonlight like a cloud, or an anchored shower of snow.

Anna said, "They're just baby trees."

"Yes," agreed the man gravely. "I had to buy them baby, you see, because I couldn't afford to stock my place with big ones. Besides, it's much more fun to watch them grow. I almost thought some of the apples might flower this year. I've been waiting now for three. But there isn't a bud."

"There's a tree in blossom in the shadow there."

"That's a wild apple tree."

Anna moved with a sigh. He had been watching her for all his quietness. Now he said quickly, "My name's Woodin. What can I do for you?"

"If you could get me out of this—back to the station! I left the train for a few minutes at Milbrook, foolishly walked into the woods, and was lost. I heard the train go on without me."

"Milbrook? You've come eight miles through the woods. I don't think you could go back that way to-night."

"I'm sure I couldn't. But isn't there a road—a wagon?"

He shook his head. "My road's the river. It's the road by which I shall take my fruit to market at Milbrook when I have any.....But it's a long way against the stream, and there's no place for you to stop when you get there." He swung off the fence and stood beside her, and she saw that he was tall. "Hadn't you better stop here till the morning?" he said.

"Here?"

His eyes were on hers; she thought they held a curious look of expectancy. "Why not? I'm all alone here, but my sister used to stay with me a good deal at first. Her room's as she left it, and her things.....You can have the whole house to yourself, if you like."

* * *

ANNA was silent. Then again fear rose in her; not of him, but of something intangible, inevitable, that seemed to be closing in on her as a little while ago the trees had done. She felt she must escape, get away, or she would lose herself. That shaken self she huddled into an armor of reserve, of habit.....She heard herself say, in a conventional voice, "That's very good of you, but I couldn't think of—of disturbing you so much. If you could put me on my way....." Her voice shook a little and broke. He came quite close to her, looked down at her with eyes that held nothing now but a strange pity.

"Poor little girl," he said under his breath, "poor little girl,—afraid of all the wrong things!"

Anna was dumb, though that appeal cried in her; it was years since anyone had called her a little girl.

He did not attempt to alter her decision. He said, "Well, if you would prefer not to stay here, there is only one thing to be done. I must take you, not up the river to Milbrook, but down the river to Fort Cedar. There is a summer hotel there. They'd take you in until to-morrow, and the train stops at the junction, two miles on." He looked at her almost with mockery. "You're not afraid?"

"Of what?" Anna's voice was cold. "Of the river. There are rapids below here. It is a hazardous journey at night."

"I am not afraid." Then her pride broke before that queer terror, not of the woods only: of something greater than the woods "Mr. Woodin," she said desperately, "I think I'll die if you don't get me out....."

"I'll get you out if I can." The compassion was in his tone again. "But

at least you'll stay long enough to let me make you some coffee?"

"I'd rather not stop for anything."

"As you please. You need not stop. My canoe is right here."

He led her to a little landing-stage at the foot of the orchard where a canoe was moored. While he was bringing paddle and cushions from a shed, Anna stood watching the young moon trembling in the quick current; it seemed for ever passing away, yet was always there. The large evening was clear and chill, a few stars showing. She could smell the aromatic leaf-buds of the little orchard-trees.

Without a word he made the canoe ready and held it for her; without a word she stepped in. He thrust off. The current took them. In a clear hollow of the woods she saw the new orchard, the dark house, and the moonlit snow of the wild-apple tree swing aside, recede, and vanish.

She glanced back at him once. He was gazing above and beyond her. Now and then he dipped the paddle lightly. The current bore them on silently; she was amazed at the power of the quiet stream to which she had surrendered herself.

The woods went past in a stream of shadow. Once he worked the canoe close inshore. She saw rocks in mid-stream. A wild vine stretched its tendrils across the bows; Anna leaned forward and thrust the green stuff away; it was warm to the touch; it was as if the forest tried to hold her back.

Then again they were out in full water, stars winking alongside, the forest passing like a shadow. Woodin did not speak. He seemed to have forgotten Anna. The slender moon was nearly set.

It sank at last behind the concealing forest. Then the man suddenly backed the canoe, held it against the current; she saw the paddle quiver with the strain. He said quickly, "There's still time to go back. Are you sure you want to go on?"

"Quite sure, thank you."

"The bad water's just ahead. Are you sure you don't mind? You're not afraid?"

"I'm not afraid," said Anna again, proudly.

He held the canoe a moment yet, looking at her. "You'll trust me for this," he said softly, "not for the other.....Poor little girl."

The paddle flashed. A stroke or two, and Anna felt the canoe caught in a grip like that of a great hand. Round a sudden bend of the channel, a great music came to her. She saw something glim-

mering in the young night like the wild apple tree, white as snow.

She had never been in danger in her life, any more than she had ever been in solitude, or great fear, or love..... Only her pride now kept her motionless.

The rapids were yet some distance off; but all the waters in the world seemed pressing behind them, thrusting the canoe towards that thunderous blossoming of the foam.

"Sit still."

Instinctively, at the tone of command, she glanced back at Woodin. And at the instant, she saw it happen.

The paddle snapped in his hands.

It seemed to her to snap soundlessly. The canoe swung broadside to the current. At the same moment, Woodin rose in his place and held out his arms. His face was white; his eyes shone on her.

"Trust me," he said clearly "Trust me....."

She rose also. As he caught her to him, she yielded. They leapt from the canoe together.

Yielding to him and to the river, Anna knew a sensation of extraordinary peace, a cessation of all fear. She knew then that, though she died, she would not be afraid.

Then the water took them.

She had time for one thought,—that the weight upon her was not of water, but of iron, crushing her; then no thought at all. But she was conscious that Woodin held her fast.

When life and thought returned to her, she was lying on something hard which vibrated in a continuous thunder of sound. She raised her head dizzily, and something white as flower-petals floated in her face. She was lying on a rock at the head of the rapids; Woodin was kneeling over her, sheltering her from the spray.

For a minute neither spoke. Then the man said slowly, "I thought you were—lost. I thought I'd lost you as soon as I'd found you."

"No. No, I'm—not lost."

In a minute he said, "You're safe here. I managed to swim a little across the current and reach this rock. It's one of many. When you're ready, I can carry you ashore."

With that strange and lovely simplicity which was like the opening of a flower, Anna raised her hands and said, "I'm ready. Take me."

Through the drift and glimmer and thunder of the rapids, stepping from rock to rock, he carried her to the shore.

"Now I can walk," said Anna. He set her down. They began to walk up

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Then again they were out in the full water

THE OIL OF JOY

BY GRACE M. CAMPBELL

Illustrated by Mary Essex

MOLLY, my darling, the election men are below. Primp your raven locks, and don your charming smile, and come to be beamed on for your vote."

Norma Graham smoothed her own sleek, bobbed head, and shook her friend urgently by the shoulder.

"Not a primp from me, nor a smile either," was the rejoinder. "Oh, I'll vote on Saturday for your curly-headed Don, don't fear; but as for to-night—well, ever since I came to college, I've gone down to meet the Alma Mater candidates. They've talked politely to me—very obviously from a sense of duty—then they've snubbed me on the Monday after elections. They weren't rude. They just couldn't remember so insignificant a person as I. So, to-night I'm going to go into the little matter of Chaucer's versification undisturbed by the revelry below." And Molly Adair turned resolutely to the "Canterbury Tales" and began to scan vigorously.

Norma sat down on the bed.

"Don't let me keep you," Molly went on. "I've got a grouch I suppose, but trot along, and don't worry because I'm not a social success, my dear."

Her room-mate swung her feet thoughtfully.

"Don't think me a brute, Molly, but—tell me honestly—do you care enough to make a real effort? Could you transfer some of your interest from the Knight, or the Priest, or the Clerk, in those old fourteenth Century tales, to real, live men of this year of our Lord? They have characters to study too, and they're frightfully interesting, but if you haven't got the natural Come-hither of the born flirt or of the raving beauty, you've got to go after their interest."

"Did you go after your Don?"

"I did not. But I went after being decently interesting to his sex. There! Scuse me, Molly, if I was a bit snappy."

"My fault really, wasn't it? But as they say in the funny papers, 'Talk on. You interest me strangely!'"

"The fact is I interest myself. I think it's this way. We have men here in this University who will be real leaders of the country in the near future. Well—they're worth knowing. But to know them you must be decently approachable. They really have something to give us towards our education, contact with the masculine point of view in a high form."

"That's all very well, but for me—"

"You! You'd make the best kind of pal for a worth-while man, and it's a shame for you to miss him."

"But college offers more than just good times with boys."

"Oh, I don't mean you to neglect your work. The opportunity one gets here is too precious to neglect. But one can't work all the time. And in your leisure why not cultivate the *genus homo* a bit?"

"You'd make a fine match-making mother, wouldn't you?" laughed Molly.

"Yes. Can't you see me?" agreed Norma. "And don't be surprised if I turn you into the belle of the house."

With a hasty kiss, aimed promiscuously in the direction of Molly's ear, Norma fled downstairs.

* * *

LEFT to herself, Molly smiled a bit ruefully. "She's a dear, generous soul," she reflected, "and deserves her Don. Think what it would be like to have a man look at you the way he does at Norma when he thinks no one can see! Or even to have a good man friend to take you snow-shoeing, or walking, or anything! Chaucer, you old octosyllabic wretch—I!" and the volume landed plump among the pillows.

Bye and bye she stole out into the hall. All the other girls were down in the big drawing-rooms. It was a time-honoured custom that, before the University elections, the candidates and a committee of their supporters should visit the girls' residence to solicit votes and, incidentally, to spend a jolly evening.

Molly curled up on the radiator coils, conveniently luke-warm and listened. Laughter floated up to her, and the deep tones of men's voices. Presently the chandeliers rattled with an uproarious rendering of "On The Old Ontario Strand," and with song and laughter the evening passed below. Up-stairs, Chaucer was being sadly neglected, while a tousled-headed maiden choked back her tears, and ached with longing for a share

in the good-fellowship of it all. She came back to her room finally, switched on the light over the mirror, and stared indignantly at her reflection.

"And I'm not so darned bad-looking either," she remarked.

Then she smoothed her hair, powdered her nose, rescued Chaucer from his ignominious position, and when Norma returned, was serenely putting the finishing touches to an exercise on Chaucer's treatment of the Octosyllabic.

Next afternoon Molly brought up the subject again. Norma, settled luxuriously in the one arm chair the room boasted, and which had been affectionately personified Morris, tucked one foot under her and prepared for serious discussion.

"Just land right into me," began Molly. "Don't spare my feelings a bit. Diagnose and prescribe as impersonally as you please. I'm not going to mind."

"Well," rejoined the other judiciously, "in magazine advertisements all they do is join a sewing club or something like that, and then simply revel in swanky

little fire-light party, all beautiful and astounding, and just carry everybody off their feet."

Molly laughed incredulously and Norma hugged her knees in joyous anticipation.

* * *

SUNDAY evening came. Neither Molly nor Norma went to church, but when all the house was quiet they began their mysterious preparations. "Remember that I'm in command to-night," announced Norma, "and that what I say goes."

Molly did not reply. Already the excitement had brought a flush to her cheeks and a glow to her thoughtful eyes. She took down her hair, and Norma brushed it till it was soft and fluffy—it was too dusky and cloudy to shine. Then her face and neck were creamed and powdered with a nice attention to detail, her eyebrows shaped, and her cheeks vigorously massaged.

"Man," mumbled Molly during the process, "may be fearfully and wonderfully made, but woman is fearfully and



Left to herself, Molly smiled a bit ruefully. "She's a dear, generous soul," she reflected.

clothes and proposals. But there's more to it than that in real life. However, far be it from me to minimize the value of smart duds. Can you spare any cash?"

"I can—some. But I'm no gold-mine," was the answer.

"Of course not. Few of us are at this blessed old school. If you could manage about four yards of heavy, deep-blue crepe, Molly, we could make the loveliest lark-spur dress you ever dreamed of."

"There's so much in the power of suggestion," continued Norma. "That's psychology for you. If you know that your gown is lovely and makes your eyes a deeper blue and your hair a cloudy black, you immediately become desirable in your own opinion, and then it's a mere matter of contagion for the rest of the world to agree. Do you see the point, and are you game?"

"To the last ditch I'm with you. Lead on Macduff!" And Molly raised her hand as if to take an oath.

"We'll work in deep secrecy. Then on Sunday night, you'll come down to our

wonderfully made up, if they all go through this."

Her hair was twisted low and soft at the back of her head, and last of all, the lark-spur gown was slipped over her shoulders. As Norma had anticipated, it deepened the blue in her eyes, and its soft folds revealed the slim, boyish lines of her figure. She was a very delectable young person as she finally stood before the long mirror, while Norma hovered in the back-ground, anxious and admiring.

"You're as fussy as an old mother hen whose stupid little chick has turned into a bird of paradise," accused Molly.

"Molly, on my honour, you're just beautiful. If you love me play up to that dress. Realize that you are beautiful. Sit down beside that drawing-room fire to-night and love your dress, and know that you're looking gorgeous and that any man in his right senses would be tickled to death to talk to you by the hour."

On Sunday evenings the girls of the Belvidere entertained informally in the

big drawing-rooms. Many college men were in the habit of dropping in for a pleasant hour or two before the open fire. Anyone might come with the comfortable feeling that he would not be called upon to devote himself to any particular girl.

Before the church-goers were due home, Molly and Norma, studiously casual, were reading before the fire, but suppressed excitement hung in the air. Then came the sound of feet on the frosty door-step.

"Norma," faltered Molly, "I'm scared. I know I'll be a stick. I'm—"

"Sh-h!" hissed the other frantically. "Don't you dare. I'd never forgive you. What's a man? Pooh! Simple creatures! Easy to put it over! Play up—you've got to."

Molly rallied. Her colour came back, as in the hall without topcoats were being removed and hats dispensed with.

"If you're up against it," was Norma's final injunction, whispered but emphatic, "faint dead away—limp, remember. Be carried out, if necessary, but be into things whatever happens."

Then the door opened. First came the girls, then several men, most of them old acquaintances, and last of all, Donald Brandon, Norma's special property, with a tall boy whose close-cropped, brown head seemed almost to touch the lintel of the door. A pregnant glance from Norma to Molly announced as they entered, "Here's your chance!"

Introductions over, everyone settled comfortably around the fire.

"So you two didn't go to Church," came Madge's bright tones, leading off in the conversation as usual.

"No," the rejoinder came unexpectedly from Molly, "but we've really been having quite an interesting time."

"Sounds like a mystery," remarked someone.

Hugh Blair, Donald Brandon's friend, turned to Molly.

"I suppose you wouldn't tell a fellow?"

"Why no," she dimpled, "but you might find out in time."

Inwardly she gasped at herself. Here was she, talking small talk, an accomplishment she had never hoped to attain. She drew a long breath and—kept on.

Norma passed close by her, on the pretext of getting a cushion, and managed to whisper,

"That's the trick, Molly, You've hit it."

Said Don, "What's on your mind, Norma? You've been watching Molly Adair as if she might take wing. She is rather brilliant to-night, but—"

Norma giggled. "If you only knew!" she murmured ecstatically. "But Don, tell me about your Mr. Blair. Is he nice?"

"He's first rate. We met in France, and we're rooming together now."

Molly still glowed in her little blue gown, and though none could have called her spectacular yet others than Donald Brandon recognized an undeniable charm. Hugh Blair was watching her, and every sudden flash of brilliance brought his quick response.

Later she found herself beside Don, whom she knew and liked as a brother. She talked naturally and happily to him, and more than once her laughter rang out. Looking across the circle, her eyes met Hugh Blair's and from sheer gratitude for his appreciation of her, she smiled such a friendly and happy little smile straight across to him, and his response came so quick and flashing, that Molly quite thrilled with a sense of power.

After the lights were out upstairs, Molly confided with awe in her voice,

"Norma, he asked me if I snow-shoed. Thanks be! That's one thing I can do. And he said just before he left that he hoped to see me again soon. Norma, dear, are you satisfied with me?"

"Molly, my love," came Norma's hearty tones from the other cot, "you were lovely. I couldn't keep my eyes off you. And how, HOW, did you learn so quickly?"

"Learn what?" demanded Molly.

"Oh, just to hold the interest once aroused, as they say in the short-story class."

"Honest, Norma, I don't know. A gift from the gods I guess."

"Or from old mother Eve more likely. But we must go to sleep, honey. Monday morning comes soon, and no last minute rushes for us if that hair of yours is to be up at the proper angle. Bet you a

box of walnut centres that he takes you out on theatre night."

"Wouldn't it be wonderful? And to think that you did it all!"

"Bless you, honey, all I did was to give you a boost," came Norma's sleepy reply.

THE event of the autumn semester was theatre-night. As Norma had predicted, Molly received her invitation from Hugh Blair. It was a very new and delicious feeling for her, that of being sought after, and she was a bit incoherent and breathless as she told Norma of it.

"I'll wear my pink taffeta. It has been lying for months in that long white box, like my dead hopes in their coffin. But now for the resurrection!" and she went down on her knees to rescue the box from its retreat under the bed, and to reassure herself that the taffeta was still crisply lovely.

On theatre-night she shone with a soft radiance of utter happiness, a kind of surprised and grateful happiness at the unexpected kindness of the gods. Her joy must have communicated itself to her companion, for surely of all the happy throng that crowded the Opera House that night Hugh fairly radiated pride and delight. What matter if, according to custom immemorial, his boon companions from the galleries roared their witticisms at him, telling him when to smile and what to say to her. He hardly heard them.

That night Molly confided to Norma, "I'm not going to sleep for hours. What's that Scripture verse about the 'Oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness'? I've been anointed with the oil of joy, and as for the spirit of heaviness—well, as said our friend, the raven, 'Nevermore.'"

She drew a long breath of happiness, and went on;

"What bliss it is to have a man admire one! I could star in Philosophy all my life, and Jean and Madge would look pityingly at me every time I went to a show with just a girl. But now I count, glory be, I count!"

"And you will count more," added Norma. "There is a streak of Scottish persistence in you that insists that you make a good job of anything you undertake. Go to it, honey, with all my blessing. But now, pretty creature, sleep. It's one of the clock, and I have French at nine, to say nothing of your Philosophy."

"Oh, Philosophy!" scoffed Molly with large recklessness. "But go to sleep, Norma darling. You have had beaux ever since your pinafore days, and you haven't the remotest idea of what it feels like to wake up from being a wall-flower and have a man send you roses. I'm going to lie here and luxuriate."

NORMA'S prediction that Molly would count still more was verified by events. To the "Conversat," one of the more informal of the dances, she went with a medical student. More sure of herself now, she danced and glowed and sparkled, and spread round her, like a contagion, her own joy in it all. And—so easily it comes to the daughters of Eve—she coquetted delicately with the men who crowded for a place on her programme smiling so regretfully on the disappointed ones, and so delightfully on those with whom she danced, that she was quite irresistible. She had a glorious and wonderful evening. All the glamour and romance of the world seemed aglow within the stately rose pillars of Grant Hall. The music enfolded her; the soft lights and the perfume of countless roses beat about her, and her heart opened to it all like a flower turned to the sun.

Home from the dance, and perched on the sturdy arm of "Morris," Molly discussed the evening with her roommate.

"I did have such a good time. I was so happy that it wasn't the least bit of trouble being lovely to everybody, and I never thought of being shy. Still being a success at a dance is not really difficult. You merely need to talk to each man as if you found him absolutely fascinating and were so sorry to have him leave at the end of the dance. The big, strong, masculine ones like you meek and adoring. The young ones like to be reassured that you consider them men of the world

and frightfully experienced, probably with a dark past. Those who really are blase seem to prefer the simple and natural. And one and all they like you to be tremendously interested in them. The dear things do love to be flattered!"

Norma shouted with laughter.

"Molly, you heartless thing, you've reduced it to a science. You'll soon be writing a thesis on the psychology of the eligible male. But don't be too ruthless with Hugh Blair. Don says he was a marvel in France and went through terrible things. I think Don would slay anybody who would hurt him now."

"Well," laughed Molly, "I don't intend to do anything to excite Don to homicide."

MOLLY soon found herself in a social whirl. Her natural conscientiousness forced her to give her work due attention, and her keen brain enabled her to keep quite abreast of her classes. But she was much sought after and dances, snow-shoe parties, and theatres figured rather largely in her life. Men who formerly failed to remember her over night, and who quite resigned themselves if they were forced to spend a half hour with her, were now enthusiastic over her vivacity and charm.

Hugh Blair did not dance, but at every skating-party and snow-shoe tramp he was invariably eager for her company. And he had become a regular attendant at the Sunday night parties at the residence.



And—so easily it comes to the daughters of Eve—she coquetted delicately with the men who crowded for a place on her programme.

So winter passed into Spring, and social affairs practically ceased as, with the approach of examinations, life became very serious.

April came with slanting, sun-shot rains, and green in the parks and on the campus slopes. The twenty-ninth of the month was Molly's birthday, luckily free from examinations and warm with the spring sun. She awakened lazily from a late sleep, to see Norma bringing in a long green florist's box. More sophisticated now, Molly had not yet outgrown her thrill over flowers. She opened the box with reverent fingers, and there lay, damply fragrant, long-stemmed red roses. On the back of Hugh Blair's card was, "May I come at three?"

Molly handed the card to Norma, exclaiming, "I've no idea how he knew this was my birth-day, unless—"

She searched Norma's face. Norma laughed guiltily and defended herself, "Well, why shouldn't I? He's Don's best friend, and he's so obviously fond of you."

"Do you think he is?" inquired Molly thoughtfully. "I can't imagine why. I certainly never feel brilliant when I am with him, or at all master of the situation. Let's put the roses in water."

In the afternoon Hugh suggested a walk. They resolved at the outset not

to spoil the day with any discussion of examinations.

"But," begged Molly, "Tell me what you are going to do when Convocation is over, and you have got your B. Sc."

"Oh, it's the West for me. I've the promise of a place out there after mid-summer. Till then I'll be at home. You, I suppose, will be home for the summer, having a gay time."

"Yes, I'll be at home. But I'll miss college so. Isn't it a wrench when it comes to leaving? But how lovely the lake is!"

They had followed the lake-shore road past gray Rockwood, and had entered the park. On the sunny slopes the grass was green and soft, and the old wooden benches basked in the sunshine. Before them Lake Ontario rolled in sun-lit splendour, and tossed its foam against the gray stones on the shore.

The two crept down the rough hewn rocks to the water's edge. There, in a little cove with rocky sides and smooth weathered seat, they sat and felt delightfully shut off from the every-day world. So close was the shining wonder of the water, and so wide and high the sky, that Molly was awed and silent.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she broke silence. "And it seems to call one so. Sometimes it's cruel—I've seen it from the Martello tower in a storm. But now it's so exultant that it thrills even while it frightens."

"It makes one feel like asking for more worlds to conquer, like that old Macedonian chap."

"You want to sail the seas like a conqueror, I observe," she laughed up at him, "or like a Viking from a saga."

"Well," confessed Hugh, "my first ambition was to be a pirate on a large scale. Chemical engineering seems a bit tame in comparison. However the first plunge into real work will be the worst, and as you say, leaving college is a real wrench. One just realizes his lost opportunities then."

"But you have worked hard," Molly objected.

"Oh, yes! I've worked," he admitted, "but why didn't I meet you two years ago? That is my idea of a lost opportunity."

Molly made an effort to pass this lightly by, but to her consternation, she failed to find any rejoinder.

"And now," continued Hugh, "now that I'm getting to know you, I'm leaving. Are you going to forget me?"

She was tongue-tied. What was one to do when a solemn young giant asked such disturbing questions? She was trembling with nervousness, but beneath her dismay was a queer, little, illogical thrill of joy.

Hugh continued impetuously:

"I'm not going to let you forget me. I love you. I love you madly, tenderly, little Molly Adair." And he

bent and kissed her tightly clasped fingers.

All Molly's old shyness descended with a cold numbness upon her. She was faint with it, and felt with an awful certainty that in another minute she would be in tears. She rose suddenly and stiffly and remarked in a tone shades colder than she knew,

"Hadden't we better go up? The wind from the lake is cool."

After one hurt and bewildered look, Hugh rose quietly and followed her up the steep slope. She seemed even to shrink from his proffered aid as they scrambled to the top of the bank. There he faced her.

"You won't even answer me, Molly?" he questioned.

Molly was searching futilely for her handkerchief. She mustn't, MUSTN'T cry, she kept telling herself.

"I guess I've got my answer now, Molly," said Hugh. "Don't distress yourself about it any more. Is that your handkerchief down on the rock?" he added, and pointed to a white flutter near the water's edge.

She watched him scramble over the ledges and down to the little cove. Suddenly a little breeze lifted the handkerchief and dropped it into the water. It floated lightly out. With only a moment's hesitation, Hugh sprang for a large, smooth boulder that rose out of the lake a few feet from shore. From this vantage point he caught the handkerchief as it rode the ripples. He wrung it dry,

balanced himself for the return leap, and sprang. The stones at the water's edge were wet and waterworn, and his foot slipped as he landed.

Molly saw his sudden fall, and watched him anxiously. When he did not rise, she hurried down the rocky path. As she climbed over boulders and let herself down over ledges, one refrain beat itself out in her brain: "He's dead, he's dead, and I love him. Why didn't I tell him?"

When she reached him, he was lying quite still, and horribly limp and helpless. She straightened his long body, and eased his posture as well as she could. She dipped the handkerchief which he held clutched in his hand, into the lake, so conveniently near, and bathed his forehead.

She felt for a possible bruise, and found where his head had struck a projecting bit of rock.

"Concussion," she groaned. "And maybe he's dead."

She dropped on her knees beside him suddenly, slipped one arm around his neck, and kissed him full on the lips.

"Oh, Hugh," she murmured brokenly, "forgive me and open your eyes. I do love you, Hugh!"

(Continued on page 80)

New Gifts For Old

BY OLIVE DELAHAYE

Illustrated by Maude MacLaren

NOTHING could have been more convenient for everybody. While Mr. and Mrs. Gibson went to the seaside for the rest and change which the doctor had recommended for them both, their married daughter, Helena Lawson, whose large house in Montreal was undergoing repairs, arranged to come to Clifton with her family of children, there to recuperate from the cares and trials of a busy society winter. In this way not only would the Gibson home be taken care of, but Mr. Gibson would receive a monthly cheque for rent that would be a great assistance in meeting the heavy hotel bills at St. Andrew's-by-the-Sea.

In the eyes of everyone but themselves the Gibsons were growing old. Mr. Gibson had passed the seventy mark a few days before, while his wife was in the early sixties, a time when the desire to work is usually in excess of the strength required for any arduous duties. The bookstore from which Mr. Gibson derived his income had long been practically under the direction of his elder son, so that it was a comparatively easy matter for the father to arrange an indefinite absence from business. As for Mrs. Gibson, her children had always been the absorbing care of her life; and, when they had grown up, before she could turn her attention to other interests, grandchildren had slipped in to fill the void which her children had left in the old house. Mrs. Gibson was everlastingly being asked to take care of a Nancy, or a Jack or a Fred. She was always knitting little sweaters or making embroidered dresses, or helping her daughters nurse one of their children through the tedious illnesses incidental to childhood; but she did all this so cheerfully that no one ever dreamed that she would like to do anything else until the sudden breakdown came, and a few incautious words spoken on her sick-bed revealed Mrs. Gibson's longing for a change from housekeeping and nursing.

It was then that Mr. Gibson suggested going to the seaside. For more years than he cared to remember he had never taken a holiday with his wife, but once long ago they had spent a few days at St. Andrew's and Mr. Gibson never forgot the delightful sensation of the salt wind blowing on his cheeks, or the exhilaration of the air which made him feel like a boy again.

"Let's go to St. Andrew's, Marcia," he begged so eagerly that his wife smiled back at him lovingly, and fell asleep with the sound of ocean waves echoing in her ears.

As soon as she heard of her parents' decision, Helena wrote offering to take the house. She said Clifton would be the very place in which to spend the

Summer, and she promised that her children should not be allowed to injure the furniture or the garden which was her father's most cherished possession. When she read this paragraph of her daughter's letter, Mrs. Gibson could not help smiling as she glanced around the shabby dining room at the shabby furniture and worn rugs that were a characteristic of the Gibson home. Still it was kind of Helena to want to come, while her plan certainly would simplify the old troublesome question of expense. For this reason, after she had talked it over with her husband, Mrs. Gibson gratefully accepted her daughter's suggestion, and a few days after the Gibsons had set out on their journey to the sea, the Lawsons came from Montreal to take up their abode in the simple town house so filled with memories of the Gibson children's childhood.

Several years had passed since Helena had visited the old home in Clifton so that her recollection of what it looked like had grown dim. She knew that it was shabby, but she had no idea that it was quite so shabby as it appeared when she went from room to room on a tour of investigation. None of the furniture had been changed since Helena was a girl. The ugly walnut dining-room suite with its high sideboard and narrow table, the square piano with its fluted legs and the wooden bedsteads carved by machinery still held the places which had been theirs long ago. Only in the living room there had been some slight attempts at modernizing, and here a few reed chairs and some baskets of ferns gave the room a cosy appearance which the others lacked.

Laughingly Mrs. Lawson commented to her husband on this one alteration. "I don't see how Mother brought herself to do it," she observed. "She is so conservative, and she never seemed to have much taste about furniture. Perhaps it was because all the furniture was ugly in the years when Father and Mother set up housekeeping, and then Father bought everything we have, but Mother never worried about whether it was pretty or not. She was more interested in giving us good meals."

"And a good thing too," commented Mr. Lawson approvingly. "Anyway the house looks good enough for me. It was a fine idea our coming here instead of taking a cottage. A man has room to stretch his legs, and one isn't worried

to death for fear the children will drown themselves in the lake, or get run over by an automobile. As for furniture I suppose your mother didn't care about it. Lots of women don't."

THIS opinion coincided so nearly with her own that Helena never dreamed of entertaining any other until one day she discovered the little red notebook in a drawer of an old desk in the attic. At first Helena could not imagine what it was because the pages were closely covered with writing and figures under such curious titles as, "grand piano, davenport or electric stove." It was only when she had studied the different entries for some time that Mrs. Lawson was able to grasp their significance. Then her eyes filled with smarting tears and it was some minutes before she could take the little book downstairs, to consult her sister who was visiting her, about its contents.

For in the page after page of her Mother's fine writing Helena discovered something she had never dreamed of before. Mrs. Gibson loved beauty with an intensity of emotion scarcely to be understood. All her life long she had craved for it in her surroundings, her home and her clothes. All her life she had been vividly conscious of its absence from the Gibson house; but it had been necessary to sacrifice beauty in material things for beauty of infinitely more value. This book was the record of these sacrifices, a tender, little concession to Mrs. Gibson's unfulfilled desires, the imaginative expression of her wishes. In it, Helena's mother balanced her wants against realities. Instead of a grand piano, there were music lessons for Helena and Rosamonde and Hugh. Instead of new bedroom furniture which would turn the sunny rooms into replicas of some of those in "The Home Beautiful," money had been spent to send Hugh to college. Instead of velvet suits and handsome furs for Mrs. Gibson there were parties and concerts for all of the children. All her life Mrs. Gibson had been playing a game of which this little red book was the record. As if she were working in Permutations and Combinations, as Hugh had done in his Algebra, the loving mother bought one thing and pretended that she had purchased something else, Helena's new ulster took the place of a piano lamp, and Rosamonde's party dress was con-

verted into a satin comforter. There were so many ulsters and party dresses. For the first time in her life Helena realized what buying them had involved; and for the first time with a bitter intensity of longing she wished that she and Rosamonde had been more moderate in their demands for luxuries.

Once, twice, three times, Helena read the little book tabulating its contents in her mind. Then with scarcely a word she handed it over to Rosamonde while she herself went to the telephone to ask Hugh to come over to see them that evening. "Don't bring Cicely," she urged, speaking of Hugh's wife. "This is something for us to settle among ourselves."

"But what can we do?" demanded Hugh in masculine exasperation when Helena had shown him the book several hours later, and he had at last grasped the significance of its contents. "I'm sure it is out of the question for us to refurnish the whole house and I doubt if Mother would like it if we did."

Helena smiled. "I've got a plan," she said. "It's a splendid plan and it can't help but succeed. Still I am not going to tell it to you yet. You have to have a day or two for this to sink into your mind. Then when I make my suggestion I am sure that you will be willing to accept it. As for Rose I can count on her. One always counts on Rose."

Hugh left his parents' house with an uncomfortable feeling tugging at his heart. He was able to remember as Helena could not, the intense disappointment experienced by his mother on several occasions when Mr. Gibson had bought new furniture for the home, furniture of which the only recommendation was that it was cheap and strong, guaranteed to last as it had lasted until its owner was weary of its very sight. Moreover Hugh could not help thinking uncomfortably of the beautiful walnut desk which he had lately added to the contents of his own bedroom. It furnished such a marked contrast to the golden oak table which did service for his father.

During the rest of the week Hugh's brain mulled over the situation which his sister had outlined, without his being able to come to any solution of the difficulty of providing for some of his mother's wishes out of the means at his disposal. For this reason he was heartily glad when Helena relented and called him into consultation about the proposal she had to make.

"It's all as simple as it can be," Helena assured them when once again the little red book had been exhibited and Rosamonde had wiped the tears from her eyes. "If Mother could put up with furniture she hated for thirty years I guess it is our turn to put up with it now. Between us all we have nearly everything Mother has wanted all this time. I have the piano and the white enamel bedroom suite. Rose has the dining-room furniture, and Hugh has just what Father needs to make a handsome bedroom."

"But what about us?" demanded Hugh and Rosamonde in unison. "What are we to do? We can't buy more."

Helena laughed. "Why we will take Mother's old stuff," she answered blithely. "I'll admit it will be a bit of a blow to our pride but what is pride where love is concerned? It is the least we can do when we think what Mother and Father have done for us. Where would you be Rose without your music or Hugh without his college education?"

"And where would you be if you had not gone to school in Montreal?" retorted Rosamonde gaily. "It is a case of the pot calling the kettle black. Well I am game now Helena. I understand what you mean. When is the exchange to take place?"

"As soon as possible," returned Helena. "This house is going to be a bower of beauty before I leave it or my name is not Helena Lawson."

"Hurrah for you," cried her husband from the doorway. "But I want to have a finger in this pie too. Why could we not have the whole house done over? It needs paper and paint far more than ours did down in Montreal."

Helena hesitated. "Could we afford to do both houses?" she asked doubtfully, but her husband was quick to take her up.

(Continued on page 73)



Then her eyes filled with smarting tears and it was some minutes before she could take the little book downstairs

Taking the Scissors From Baby

BY MABEL V. LANGWORTHY

Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore

AN impassioned robin was pouring forth his even-song and Aunt Jool softly raised the sitting-room window to give him better audience. Across the street a group of children played hopscotch, their shrill young voices forming a running accompaniment to the robin's warble. Suddenly a little doll with a red tam o'shanter on her dark curls spied the face at the window and, still poised on one foot, waved a merry greeting. The woman smiled brightly and blew a kiss in exchange.

"Auntie,"—it was Patsy's voice from the stair—"where did you put my candy-apron,—the little Dutch one I embroidered?"

Aunt Jool turned from the window. "It's still in the clothes-basket, dear," she confessed, as she emerged into the hall. "Is Will coming to-night?"

The girl leaned over the banister and affectionately patted the grey head below. "Yes," she said, "he's coming at eight,—the old candy-fiend. And I'll iron that apron, Auntie, you look tired." She tripped lightly up the stairs again and Aunt Jool went back to the window.

The children were gone now, and the robin, his vespers ended, seized a luckless earthworm and disappeared among the eaves.

In the hush that followed, Aunt Jool folded the little red sweater she had been knitting and yielded herself to the mood of the hour. She was conscious of the unfinished ironing awaiting her, but the robin's carol, the children's laughter and the scent of "green things growing" were luring her down the valley of memory to scenes and incidents that other and happier Springs had crowned.

The sharp ring of the telephone broke the spell. Aunt Jool started to answer it, then hearing Patsy run down the stairs she passed on to the kitchen.

A moment later Patsy appeared at the door, her pretty face flushed and an indignant sparkle in the big grey eyes.

"What's the matter, honey?" asked Aunt Jool, looking up from the clothes basket.

"It's Will," flamed Patsy, "he's not coming."

"That's too bad. Business again?"

"I didn't wait to find out. I just rang off."

"My dear! Another quarrel?"

"Well, I'm tired of this sort of thing, Aunt Jool, and I'm going to give Will a piece of my mind—you see if I don't." To bar a possible plea for the defence she flounced away and the little French heels registered keen displeasure as they tapped their way up to her room.

Aunt Jool sighed. "I'm afraid we've spoiled Patsy, Gunga Din," she said, as for the third time she picked that riotous young feline out of the clothes-basket. He promptly climbed in again, and this time got the slap that was coming to him. In surprise he sought the protecting rungs of a chair, from which point of vantage he viewed his mistress with a new respect.

"You had to learn your lesson, you little black imp," laughed Aunt Jool. "You're just like Patsy,—you don't know when to quit."

The girl did not appear again that evening, and with none but the rollicking kitchen company Aunt Jool finished her ironing and worked on the little red sweater till bedtime.

In her own room, as she stepped over to pull the shade, she was startled to see a tiny, white-clad figure leaning out of the window of the house opposite.

"Madeline," she called sharply. "Do you want to catch your death of cold? Get into bed at once."

"Oh, Aunt Jool," floated back a protesting little voice. "It's not a bit cold, and it's so sweet and Springy—just smell—"

The tiny figure disappeared abruptly and the window went down with a bang.

Aunt Jool drew the shade. "Poor kiddie," she murmured, as she turned away. "Springtime appeals to youth and age alike. I feel foolishly sentimental myself, to-night."

PATSY'S tilted chin at breakfast next morning told that her pout still existed. Pouts being frequent occurrences with Patsy, Aunt Jool was not greatly disturbed until she noticed a letter protruding from beneath the girl's plate. Quarrelling by telephone is bad enough, but quarrelling by letter is serious. Aunt Jool began to experience alarm.

"I see you made good use of your evening," she remarked casually, with a glance at Patsy's plate.

The girl reddened, but made no reply. "I should have written a few, myself," continued Aunt Jool, hopefully, "but I worked on little Madeline's sweater instead."

Beneath the gaze of the sweet, anxious face opposite, Patsy unbent.

"If you must know, Auntie," she said, at length, "I wrote to Will. I told him he needn't bother coming any more—that I was tired of this unflattering habit he has of breaking engagements at the last moment."

really value him. They have a big scheme on just now and Will's right in the middle of it."

Patsy maintained a sulky silence, and the gentle voice continued: "I want to see you happy, little girl. You won't always have your old aunt to look after you, and there's no one I'd rather trust your future to than Will—"

"Any letters to mail?" It was small Madeline at the back door.

Patsy rose. "Yes, Madeline, one for me, please. I'm sorry, Aunt Jool," evading the pleading eyes, "but I've thought this out very carefully and I must really use my own judgment."

With all the dignity of twenty-one she handed the letter to the child, who put it safely in the pocket of her light Spring overcoat.

Some grim little lines came into Aunt Jool's face and settled about her mouth.

"Trot along into the kitchen with me, honey," she whispered to the smiling child,

for the time being relations were just a little strained.

Left to herself, Aunt Jool produced the mooted letter and regarded it dubiously. What to do with it was the next question. It didn't seem right to burn it, yet she disliked having it in her possession. On one point she was decided,—Will must not get that letter. In the school of experience, whose fees run high in heartaches and many a vain regret, Aunt Jool had learned that it is possible to kill the most ardent love if only the right weapons are used. That Patsy, in the arrogance of her youth, might wield these weapons to her own heart's undoing was a source of apprehension to the elder woman.

"It's just like taking the scissors from a baby," she argued, as she finally slipped out the back door and "cached" the offending missive by tucking it under the stoop.

Patsy telephoned later that she would not be home for lunch; she and Molly were going to take in a matinee. Aunt Jool was immensely relieved. She still felt justified in regard to the confiscation of a foolhardy letter, but she wasn't quite ready to face its author.

Shortly after the twelve o'clock whistles had blown Madeline appeared at the back door. She was on the verge of tears and Aunt Jool took the forlorn little mite to her heart.

"Aunt Jool—the letter—" sobbed the child. "I went to mail it and it wasn't there."

Aunt Jool's conscience smote hard. "Never mind, honey," she comforted, "it wasn't your fault,—I'm sure of that. Look—see what I baked for you this morning."

No risk of spoiling her dinner marred the little one's enjoyment of the freshly-baked ginger-bread. She ate a cow and two elephants without stopping. Then, with a sigh of content, she settled back in her chair. "Nobody can hold a candle to you for baking, Aunt Jool," she said.

Aunt Jool looked at the little thing in astonishment. "Wherever did you hear that?" she asked.

"I heard Daddy say it," admitted the child. "He often talks to me about the time when you were both young and he used to go to your place for tea."

Great waves of color were flooding the woman's face. "I guess you had better run along to your dinner, now," she observed, as she bent over the cake she was icing. "And I don't think you had better say anything to Patsy about losing that letter,—she might be angry. I'll make it right with her later."

Impulsively the child threw her arms about the woman's waist. "I love you, Aunt Jool," she said, with worshipping eyes. "I wish I was your little girl." Then she disappeared.

Aunt Jool left the layer cake and went to the open window. The child's artless speech had come as a crowning touch to the pensive longings and bitter-sweet memories that had been stirred to life by the subtle influences of the Springtime. For several moments she stood looking out upon the little garden where the gay young daffies were just opening into bloom. They nodded and smiled, companionably, but to Aunt Jool their sunshiny faces seemed indistinct and far away, for her eyes were blurred with tears.

Patsy came home full of the day's doings. The shopping had been a great success; they had found a new tea-room; the matinee had been thrilling, the music superb. Aunt Jool let her rattle on.

After supper Molly, Jack Perdue and a friend of the latter's, a Mr. Sibley, came over to play five hundred. There was considerable hilarity and although to Aunt Jool, sitting in the kitchen, such terms as "Six in hearts," "She renege," "You trumped my ace," were meaningless phrases, she knew from the pitch of Patsy's voice that she was at high tension.

Next day found her still gay and talkative, and Aunt Jool felt sure that she hourly expected Will to call up and ask for a reconciliation. Aunt Jool also knew the routine well; apologies and pleading from Will, pouting and hesitation from



"Well, I'm tired of this sort of thing, Aunt Jool, and I'm going to give Will a piece of my mind, you see if I don't."

"But, dearie, you know Will always has a good reason—"

"I don't care for his reasons. Jack Perdue never disappoints Molly. He's always on hand, rain or shine."

"Jack Perdue! A fellow with no more ambition than a stuffed Thomas-cat. Why, child, he's a mere drifter compared to Will."

"It doesn't make any difference, Auntie. I'm through with Will, and when he gets my letter he'll be through with me. For one thing I told him I couldn't respect a man who breaks his engagements."

"Patsy!"

"That's what I said."

Aunt Jool looked her distress. She laid down the piece of toast she had buttered and came over to Patsy's chair. "Listen to me, girlie," she said, persuasively, as she patted the shining hair. "You're in a pique just now, but you take my advice and stick to Will,—he's pure gold. He's going to get somewhere in the world, too, and I know for a fact that his employers

and the two left the dining-room together, while Patsy slipped upstairs.

In the kitchen, Aunt Jool perched the little girl on the table. "Now, shut your eyes and open your mouth and see what God will send you." This was a favorite game between them and the child screwed her eyes up tight, while her mouth flew open like a young robin's. Instantly something white and flat was transferred from her pocket to the bosom of Aunt Jool's housedress. Then a generous lump of toffee was dropped into the waiting mouth, and the eyes—two big, brown pansies—came open. Aunt Jool gazed into their velvet depths for a moment, then kissed a suddenly swollen cheek. In the distance a school-bell rang and the child wriggled to the floor and scampered away.

Patsy came downstairs, presently, dressed for the street. "I'm going shopping, Aunt Julia," she announced stiffly.

"Very well, Patricia," answered her aunt, in kind. Each understood that

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The Outdoor Living Room

By COLLIER STEVENSON



The pergola-sheltered porch is both practical and artistic. It admits of the free circulation of air, yet does not darken the house of which it forms a part. It is, too, an incentive to the cultivation of the vines that are always desirable as a means of softening the contours of a house. As the floor of such a porch is more or less exposed to the weather, it should be of masonry construction. Brick, as shown in the illustration, is colorful and attractive—and its ruddy hue is especially effective in contrast with the stone walls of the house and the white-painted pergola and wood-trim. Furniture of both wood and wicker is used: the wicker pieces being stained a warm brown and cushioned with linen striped in brown, tan and salmon-pink, and the wooden pieces painted white—the soft ivory tint of the woodwork.



Green and white predominate in this attractive porch of conventional roofed-over type. Against the cool gray stonework of the house-walls the white-painted woodwork and ceiling of the porch are especially effective and the dark gray of the floor is entirely harmonious. The great stone fireplace is both decorative and practical. In addition, if the porch is to be glazed in for winter enjoyment, the fireplace is an asset of real worth. The large awning which screens this porch is of dark green, lined with white and edged with a fringe of green. The unpatterned grass rug is also of green. Several very interesting pieces of antique furniture, finished in white to match the woodwork, are used with good effect: but most of the furniture is of green-stained wicker. For the cushions, a large-patterned chintz is employed—its design being developed in green and turquoise blue on an ivory-white background. For that element of contrast that is always essential in a decorative scheme, several flower-holders of burnished copper are introduced.

As the Spring days lengthen, the call of the outdoor world rings out loud and clear to all of us. To some it may paint the joys of far-off country lanes, mountain trails or sea-lapped shores: to others the nearer pleasures of garden work or a round of golf. Again, it may bespeak the lure of a sheltered porch—that modern embodiment of outdoor comfort. And, when properly planned and appropriately equipped, the porch can unfold a magic package of Summer-long enjoyment and daily-diversified charm. Term it what we may—porch, piazza, loggia or veranda—the ideal porch of to-day is truly the outdoor living room of the home: and, as such, it both demands and rewards the discerning attention of its fortunate owners.

Let us, then, first of all delve into some of the factors that bear upon the planning of any porch that is to be successfully used as an outdoor living room. Do you remember the old-fashioned porch—a narrow affair, stretching across the entire front of the house and frequently extending around both sides as well? 'Twas utterly impossible to furnish that early porch attractively or logically: for there was not sufficient width for anything except an uncompromisingly stiff row of chairs—and certainly no room for the tables, hammocks and other appurtenances which we now deem indispensable. Furthermore, this long, narrow porch almost invariably darkened the rooms within and made them gloomy on even the brightest days. Crude as it was both practically and artistically, the early porch nevertheless served a useful purpose in furthering that love of the open air which is reflected in the outdoor living room of to-day.

That the porch be adapted in contour to a pleasant and rational disposal of furniture is really of prime importance. Of course, the matter of floor-area cannot be ignored—and the space allotted to a porch should be as large as is compatible alike with the size and the style of the house. The relative bearing of area and contour can, perhaps, best be gauged by a concrete illustration. A porch five feet wide by twenty feet long is equal in actual floor area to one ten feet long by ten feet wide: but the narrow oblong

shape does not begin to compare with the square contour in possibilities from the standpoint of furniture placement. Indeed, the more nearly a porch conforms with the form and size of an average room, the easier it is to adorn and use.

But, in planning a porch of generous width, location must also be considered. Both on the score of proper privacy and relation to the rooms within-doors, the placing of the porch altogether apart from the main entrance of the house is desirable—and, when the porch is located at the side of a house, there is gained a breadth that is usually satisfying architecturally. Naturally, however the situation of the outdoor living room should never be determined without regard to the points of the compass—for any room intended for Summer use should have an exposure that, as far as possible, avoids the direct rays of the sun but catches the prevailing breezes. Nor should the matter of outlook be overlooked in selecting a site for the porch. Indeed, a pleasant outlook is so important, that it might properly receive first consideration.

There are several distinct types of porch that are well adapted to use as outdoor living rooms. Of these, of course, the conventional covered type is familiar everywhere. It has at length achieved distinction in design and excellence in equipment, though its earlier phases were weighted down with the barbarities of wooden and wrought-iron gingerbread. A porch such as this—especially if fairly wide—should not be placed against a room that has windows upon only one side, except as a last resort, because of its darkening effect during the Winter months when abundant sunlight is so desirable throughout a house. There are, however, other porch forms available. A simple wooden platform or a paved terrace can be converted into a satisfactory porch by an awning extending from the house-walls over a metal frame supported by slender iron uprights. This is an advantageous arrangement: for the awning can be removed to leave the windows of the lower floor unobscured in the Winter.

In place of an awning, a pergola is effective as a shelter in any weather except the very inclement: and, when gracefully trailed with vines, it is exceedingly attractive. Without vines, a pergola is, of course, meaningless and its usefulness as a porch-cover negligible. Vines, however, almost deserve a separate chapter: for they are simply invaluable in promoting the privacy of a porch and as a means of softening the effect of the structural lines.

When the location of the porch has been decided upon and the type of porch best adapted to that particular position determined, the question of flooring naturally arises. If the porch floor is to be very close to the ground level—and that is desirable, in order to create a low, homelike effect—it should be of masonry construction: for a wooden floor at grade level, no matter how dry the site is, lasts as a rule but a short time. Contact with the soil, especially as the timbers get little ventilation, is almost certain to cause rot. For an open terrace or any other form of uncovered porch, wood is also scarcely suitable, as it has not the durability to withstand the piled-up snows of successive Winters and the beating rains of many Summers. A flooring of wood, laid in slats with ample spaces between for water to escape, is, however, entirely satisfactory for a porch arranged on an upper story over the sloping roof of a lower porch or other "lean-to" of the house proper.

BRICK, tile, stone and cement are all suited to the requirements of a porch floor, and each is adapted to a variety of treatments. Cement, for instance, which we think of usually as a cold-looking substance, takes on real beauty when its dull gray-white surface is enlivened with inlays of tile or warm-hued brick. Flat stones of random size and shape are always effective for a porch floor: and brick, which can be laid in an endless variety of patterns, is both durable and attractive.

Although porch furnishings should, above all else, be simple, in order to express the freedom of the open air, the outdoor living room can nevertheless, with entire propriety be a place of gay color and daring pattern, keyed to the bright arabesque of Nature in the immediate surroundings. Colors pure and vivid, to echo the hundred hues of flower and foliage, do not offend the eye in the open air as they often do when used within four walls: and what is true of color applies to pattern with equal force. It is, then, to the quantity and to the type of furniture and furnishing that the rule of simplicity is applicable.

Primarily, the furniture chosen for an outdoor living room should be light in weight and strong in construction. The reason for this is obvious. A porch is so essentially informal in character, that its furniture must be light enough for moving about as occasion arises, yet strong enough to withstand harder usage than the furniture used within-doors ever receives. Even on a covered porch, there is likely to be some exposure to sun, rain and dampness: which but makes sturdy construction the more desirable.

Wickerware and willow furniture is in many ways ideal for porch use. It is light and strong: graceful, too—and, best of all, it is comfortable. In its newer development, the earlier "natural finish" has been superseded by paint, stain or enamel in colorings that range from shining black to glistening white, from royal blue to apple green: not infrequently varied by interesting combinations of two, or even three, harmonious colors. Picture, for instance, great roomy wicker chairs enameled in the softest French gray, adorned with bands of wistaria and delicate green and cushioned with a black cretonne, patterned in wistaria, rose and green. Against a plain dull green rug, the effect of this combination is especially delightful—although, to complete the decorative scheme, several cushions of plain rose linen, piped with green, are really essential.

For owners of more conservative taste, both willow and wickerware are available in quiet shades of brown and green, and with a stained finish in place of the painted or enameled surface. With this type of furniture, either patterned or unpainted cushions are appropriate—although the present vogue seemingly is solely for much-patterned fabrics of pronounced color.

Horticulturists may not have achieved a satisfactory blue rose—but interior decorators have! Blue roses—the blue of perennial larkspurs—riot with tiny yellow rosebuds and yellow-green leaves over the alluring rose-colored background of one ultra-smart chintz shown this season for porch use. Blue roses, conventionalized to a small square design, interspersed with gray foliage and diminutive black-and-white birds, lend novelty to still another chintz that has a very faint rose background—a rose that almost verges on light mauve. Blue, indeed, appears in many of the newest fabrics: not only in its lighter phases, but in shades as dark as navy.

One especially attractive cretonne has a background of broad stripes in black and navy, carrying a large foliage pattern in gray-and-white, with little parrots in their natural coloring at wide intervals. Another cretonne—and one which would be effective on either black or navy blue wickerware—is adorned with cubist flowers in sulphur-color, touched with lavender and cerise, on a solid background of navy blue.

LESS extreme and more generally available, gingham has a recognized place in the decoration of the modern porch. It is durable and washable: and its variety is almost infinite in both design and coloring. Some of the very large checks shown this year are almost perfect for porch requirements. Jade green and white, periwinkle blue and white, red and white, yellow and white—every old favorite and most of the newer hues are to be found in gingham. In buying gingham for the porch, however, there is no real economy in being governed by low prices: it is better far to give a fair price and thereby secure a fabric of guaranteed fast color—for partially faded cushions and accessories never add to the general attractiveness of an outdoor living room.

In choosing either furniture or fabrics for porch use, it is always imperative to

consider the coloring of the house-walls. Vermilion, as the predominate hue, would be bright and sparkling against walls of cool white or light gray stucco: its effect against red brick walls would be distracting and discordant. A decided yellow would also be inharmonious with those red brick walls—but visualize its effect against walls of pale yellow! The house is of yellow stucco, its woodwork painted white: and on the porch the furniture is all of white, the chairs cushioned in a simple gingham of wide yellow-and-white checks. The inexpensive woven-grass rug carries a hint of blue in its border and several cushions of blue denim, piped with yellow, furnish just the requisite touch of contrast. A simple little scheme—yet one that emphasizes the importance of going slowly in choosing porch furnishings.

Not only should an effort be put forth to maintain harmony between the porch furnishings and the house, however: there is just as great need to see that the various units entering into the furnishing harmonize. The coloring of the structural woodwork of the porch must be considered, the color of the floor, of the furniture, of the fabrics used for the chair-coverings and cushions—and, what is often ignored, the color of the awnings that may be necessary to adequately screen the porch. Then, and then only, will success attend amateur effort in porch decoration.

Grass, straw and rush rugs can be found in a diversity of weave and coloring: and they are unequaled for the constant wear and tear to which a porch rug is subject. In the design and coloring of Navajo blankets, some of the woven-grass rugs are especially interesting. Attractive, too, are the grass rugs of round and oval contour: for they are reminiscent of the Colonial braided rag rugs that we value so much indoors. Occasionally, of course, the rag rugs are used on the porch: but, while they are pleasing in appearance, they are not strong enough for long-continued service out-of-doors. Navajo blankets and Scotch reversible art rugs are also often employed—but neither they nor any other type of rug is likely to supplant in popular favor the woven rug of rush, straw or grass.

And now to revert to the quantity of furniture that should be employed upon a porch: our axiom might be furniture sufficient for the uses to which the porch is to be put—and that, of course, allows a fair leeway. Even on a very small porch,

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An open terrace, or uncovered porch, if placed upon the shady side of a house can be converted into a delightful outdoor living room by the addition of suitable furniture and appropriate planting. Wood is seldom satisfactory for a terrace, as the contact with the soil is almost certain to cause rot: but brick, tile, stone and cement are all well adapted to terrace construction. For the terrace depicted, a dark brick was chosen—and it harmonizes perfectly with the little English cottage of red brick and white stucco. A low hedge defines the edge of the terrace and the giant trees about the house insure ample shade at all hours of the day. As it adds very materially to the charm of the terrace, the planting is worthy of note. Vines, supported upon white-painted trellises, adorn the lower walls of the house: and they are met by a wealth of greenery that hangs from the flower-massed boxes of brown-stained wood at the second-floor windows. Furniture of quaint form is used upon the terrace: wooden chairs of Windsor design and a drop-leaf settle-table that are painted white to match the trellises and sturdy benches which are stained brown to correspond with the flowerboxes.



The attainment of a porch, such as this, is simplicity itself. The slatted floor can be laid over a sloping roof, the balustrade and an awning added—and presto! the porch has been achieved. And therein lies a good suggestion for the beautifying and utilization of the roof of a one-story kitchen or other lean-to structure. In this instance, the slatted floor is painted sand-color and an awning of tan, fringed with dark brown, is used. The cane furniture is painted white to match the balustrade and the chairs are cushioned in a chintz that carries burnt orange, blue and brown in a floral pattern upon a white background.

THE IDOL OF YOUTH

(Continued from page 6)

twinkle. Automobiles and aeroplanes weren't the only problems he could tackle!

"You'll have to consult your chaperon about some things, I guess, or she'll quit," he said. "If you don't, she'll think she's ignored because she's been only a saleslady, and you must remember, at a few hours' notice a saleslady in hand is worth two county dames in a bush. I bet this Miss Wellington, with fifteen years' reference from a Bournemouth store will be more of a stickler for proprieties than a Duchess—yes, even an Iron Duchess! I bet she's holding a book of etiquette in one hand now, and packing her grip with the other."

That tactful argument let me out; and I was as grateful to Henry S. as if he'd given me another thousand dollars.

Well, we started that evening at six o'clock, the five of us (including Petro) squashed into Horden's hospitable limousine.

Oh yes, Petro was really going! As Patchinka had said, he was destined to be our mascot. He had flown with Sacha in the war. He should fly with us, in Peace. What did it matter that dogs were not allowed to return to England from abroad? English laws were not made for a Polish Girl, no, not though she was half American. Miss Kapieha had come to England solely to collect the dog, without him she would not budge. Besides, neither she nor Petro was bound to come back to England ever, ever again if England did not want them. England was not their home!

These words struck cold upon my heart—that small, yet warm spot that I wished might be Patchinka's dwelling-place for ever, and in which I could find standing room for Petro as well. But the best I could do at the time was not to argue the point. Instead, I took Petro on my knees (which he over-lapped like a thick fur rug) and scratched that tit-bit of velvet softness that lies behind the fiercest-bull-dog's ear.

Miss Wellington, anxious to earn her salary and privileges, threatened to be chatty about nothing at first, the most maddening trait a woman can have. But an absent-mindedness in Patchinka's eyes, and agitation of Horden's rather conspicuous Adam's apple somehow repressed her. When we all ate sandwiches and drank coffee out of a Thermos to save stopping *en route*, she developed another dreadful idiosyncrasy; holding her littlest finger at right angles from the rest, while she ate, as if the digit had been a remote and dreaded contingency. But that trick also she dropped on observing Patchinka's fingers group together in a simple and natural way as she held cup or bread; and I began to hope that my choice of chaperon would work out as well as had the silk stockings and bronze hairpins.

At 10.30 we arrived at the Savoy Hotel, where Horden had phoned for a larger suite with more bath rooms; and next morning Patchinka, Miss Wellington and I were out after pass-ports.

Patchinka was already in possession of one, given her by a British consul in Sweden, when she had arrived there from Bolshevik Russia with a few jewels, one dress, and a name that would carry her anywhere. Officially, she had to be Patricia Kapieha still; but she meant to be known in Monte Carlo as she had been at Bournemouth. She didn't want everyone to know that Sacha Kapieha's half-sister had come after his aeroplane; therefore she proposed, with Horden's approval, to remain for those whom it didn't concern. "Miss P. Smith."

Passport trouble not being what it was, all went well (as reporters say in working up a par. about an accident) until the time came to buy our tickets. I had had visions—as I'd told Horden—of sending Patchinka by *train de luxe*, and travelling "any old way" myself. But people who wished to visit the Riviera had evidently not been scared by those rumours of a French railway strike which had excited me that night on the West Cliff. Everybody in England seemed to be going to Monte Carlo (doubtless because of Sacha's biplane, Patchinka thought) and the selfish brutes had engaged their sleeping berths weeks ahead.

We wouldn't and shouldn't wait weeks. We must go as best we could. We must stuff ourselves in anywhere, with Petro under a seat. Most women would have flunked the prospect; but not so the Iron Duke or Sacha Kapieha's sister. For Spartan travellers commend me to a girl who has escaped with her life and not much else from Bolsheviks, and a woman who has served in a shop from nine to six every day for fifteen years. Mind? Why, bless them, they found everything glorious!

To them it was thrilling to be hurled, pushed out of a stuffy train by a fighting crowd before dawn in shivering cold at Lyon railway station, for the bare hope of hot coffee and a roll. A bare hope it would have been, too, if I hadn't used trench tactics for Huns on some fat, greedy brutes, pretended I was a Tank, rushed the defences, and returned with the goods!

After endless hours of discomfort crowding, and a close compartment, most women, too, would have been dead to the charms of scenery. Most women, in fact were very much so, in that train of ours; but Patchinka and the Iron Duke were fatigue-proof. Clean, fresh, unrumpled in the midst of fug and squalor, they leaned forward to stare brightly from the windows while others snored.

"Ah, I remember!" the girl breathed as we came in sight of the rose-red rocks that jut from grim pines into sapphire blue sea. "We shall be coming to Cannes before long. Six years ago last spring! I was a child then. Now I shall soon be twenty-two—almost middle-aged. And Sacha is dead—But—the world is still beautiful."

It was divine to me. I had never been down to the south of France. Until now, for all the years that mattered France had meant fighting and trenches and bleak ruins to me. Here it was a blue and gold heaven, starred with flaming oranges and their white blossoms. I felt that nothing could go wrong with us in a place where everything was right!

We arrived at Cannes, and shed many passengers. We went on, and lost the red rocks, but had other rock of grey; soft-looking rocks like dove-coloured velvet. Red-roofed villas were draped with roses. The air (when our companions allowed us to get any) was warm and sweet with flower-perfumes. There were numerous little stations, and then big, important Nice with its background of pale mountains. But we were not getting out at Nice. We were going on to Monte Carlo. It seemed as if I (and I knew Patchinka felt the same in her tense, suppressed way) couldn't live another hour without entering that *Place du Casino* where reigned the aeroplane.

More stations, with musical names bawled by southern voices. Small white buildings bowered in bougainvillees, magenta crimson; distant, towering hotels, girls sauntering with their tennis racquets, under palm trees; men in flannels and Panama hats; ahead, a pinkish-grey and rather majestic rock crowned with a castle as old as time. "Monaco!" sang a voice, and Miss Wellington jumped to her feet, but Patchinka gently pushed her down.

"Ours is the next station," she said. "I remember well how I could hardly wait."

The train ran close along the shore. The water was clear green like beryl, and in the distance sapphire blue. I took down from the racks Patchinka's brand new, beautiful hand-bag; Miss Wellington's equally new but less beautiful one; and my old war-souvenir. Monte Carlo! was the golden cry. My heart thumped, but I tried to look as stolid and British as Petro did without effort, despite his many adventures.

In another minute I had the dusty bull-dog beside me on the platform, and was ready to give a hand to—no, not Patchinka, who spurned it, but to the Iron Duke.

What a strange place for a railway station! It might almost have been a flower garden, and more than half the crowd of women looked en fete in white dresses and ermine furs.

"As—cen—seur!" bellowed a boy's voice. My eyes turned to find the bellow. But Patchinka touched my arm. "You see that man in front of us—the one in a slouchy black hat and thick brown overcoat, with an astrakhan collar turned up as if he were cold?" she whispered. "Yes," I pitched my answer to the same tone. Tall man, middle-aged; thick hair as curly and black as his astrakhan. "That's the one I mean. He must have been somewhere in the train with us. Captain Malet, that's one of the Syndicate we talked about—the Spaniard."

CHAPTER XIV.

The Brown Overcoat.

I knew at once what was in Patchinka's mind. It would have been a waste of breath for me to ask the question. "What do you suppose he's here for?" and for her to answer it.

Whether she were right or wrong, I knew what the girl believed; that the Spaniard (described by Horden as a "Spanish Jew") had come to Monte Carlo because of Sacha Kapieha's aeroplane.

As for getting the machine, he might cherish the same desire and the same designs that we cherished. I could see no possible short cut to obtaining it for him, or for us. He would have to win the prize, or buy it from the winner. But, if the man suspected the existence of a valuable secret concealed somewhere in the aeroplane, there might, of course, be some tricky short cut towards obtaining that. Personally, I couldn't see how he could manage to steal that secret treasure, provided the machine were guarded day and night, as it doubtless was. But I wondered if 'the Spaniard's' mental eye-sight were sharper than mine, and I felt a stir of uneasiness.

"Do you think he can recognise you?" I asked Patchinka.

She was positive on that point. "No, he and the other two saw me only once, and I was a little girl with my hair down. They took no notice of me. I was much fatter too—oh, quite plump! If you saw my photograph the way I was then you would say it was somebody else."

"Good!" said I. "Then, if we want to watch the fellow a bit, for one reason or other, we can do it without his guessing who is on his track. Lucky thing they're not so particular here now as they had to be in the war, about your 'piece d'indentite' founded on your passport, and all that red-tape rot. At least, the tourists' agent people told me they weren't. You are Miss P. Smith, so far as anybody here is concerned—even if the whole Syndicate turns up."

"They will!" prophesied the girl. "I am sure. Only, will they be working together, or each man for himself?"

"That remains to be seen," I replied judicially. "What do you think of my trying to get into the hotel or boarding house where this type is going to put up?"

"Oh, would you do that?" exclaimed Patchinka. "It would be splendid of you—and self-sacrificing, for I think he is not the kind who lives at the best hotels. Oh, there is one thing I had not thought of. He may have seen Petro."

"If he has, it won't matter," I assured her. "One bull-dog camouflaged all over with brindles looks much like another bull-dog decorated the same way."

"I don't agree with you!" the girl said hotly. "Petro is different from every other bull-dog in the world. But I do hope most people are as stupid—I mean as—unobserving as you. It would give us away if this Ramiro Mendez knew Petro by sight."

"He won't know Petro," I said. "So his name is Ramiro Mendez? Sounds more romantic than he looks. Smart of you to remember, all these years. But it is rather a striking name."

"That is not why I remember! It is because the man wronged Sacha—cheated him. So the name and the face were printed on my brain. It is the same with the other two. I can see them both—though I told you I met them only once and they hardly looked at me. The French Algerian was a rich wine merchant. Sacha thought he had Arab blood. His name was Amedeo Dupont. And the Italian was Edouardo Moroni. He was fat and almost blonde, with bulgy grey eyes—like a German. I knew very little about Germans then, but Wilna taught me too much."

By this time we had walked the length of the platform, and were close behind

the man with the soft black hat as he stopped to give up his ticket. It gave me a caterpillar creepiness inside my spine to think that this tall, somewhat stooped figure so near us, had come from a distant place—a very distant perhaps—on an errand like our own, an errand whose success would spell our failure. I watched the line of crinkly black hair between hat and turned-up, high collar, in an odd sort of fascination. And I told myself that, if Patchinka were an ordinary girl I should think she was mistaken; I should think that she was nervous, hysterical, about her brother's wrongs and his wonderful machine which we were soon to see, and that she was deceived by a resemblance.

But Patchinka was not an ordinary girl; far from it. Asshegazed from under lowered lids and curled lashes at the man's back she had the air of a young Fate. Her very modern dress and hat, her shoes of the *dernier cri*, were the only modern things about her. No English girl could ever have looked like that.

We had planned to leave our luggage in the station and go straight up to the *Place du Casino*, which Patchinka said was near—just up the hill—no walk at all. Then we were to gaze our fill at the aeroplane. And when we could tear ourselves away it would be time to think what ought to become of us next.

Now, this man had changed everything—for me, at all events. Whatever Patchinka and Miss Wellington and Petro might do, I had pledged myself to follow the alleged Ramiro Mendez.

It was the height of the season, and we did not know where we were going to stay—had been warned by a tourist agency that we should have difficulty in staying anywhere at all. Yet, I believe, if we had had the best rooms on the Riviera offered for nothing on condition of rushing to them at once, we should have let them go to someone else, rather than put off seeing the aeroplane. Now I was cold with fear lest this Mendez business should knock the gilt off my gingerbread. What if he didn't go up to the *Place*? What if I had to let Patchinka walk on alone and get her first sight of the aeroplane without me?

But my worry was vain, as most worry is.

A few words with an intelligent porter solved the luggage question temporarily, and we were free—free for watch-dogging in all its branches!

We had talked a good deal during the long journey, Patchinka and I. What she hadn't told me about Monte Carlo wasn't worth knowing and (to be brutal) part of what she did tell possibly wasn't, she having spent just two days at Monte more than six years ago. She had, however, a remarkable memory for other things besides the faces of her brother's enemies. I believe she could have looked at the outline of a mountainous horizon, and have sketched it afterwards with precise accuracy, a rare feat, especially for a girl. Unlike Aunt Sarah and other women who never take the right way anywhere if they can find the wrong one, Patchinka had shown me already that she possessed an amazing "bump of locality," so I did trust her description of geography if not of gamblers.

She had mentioned three ways up from the railway station at Monte: in the ascenseur, advertised by loud bawls; up the steps and steep paths leading through the gardens; or along the road which motors, cabs, and hotel buses take. We knew that Mendez had not been lured to the lift, but there was a minute of anxious doubt when we feared he might nip into a taxi and disappear before we could follow. He did not do this, however, and he was not one of those comfortable, well settled ones for whom the buses were waiting. He made for the gardens, thus showing former knowledge of the place, and we three with the dog, trailed after him in silence up the asphalt steps where the old woman sells matches, along the brown paths, up more steps past the bandstand, under palms and flowering trees, avoiding the terrace high above railway and sea, round the big ornate white building of the Casino, and—into the *Place*.

It was to me like a dream come true. There, in a blaze of afternoon sunlight towered and stretched a great biplane, beautiful, graceful as a trapped giant bird. There were little flags waving, palms blowing, people promenading or

(Continued on page 67)



"Whenever soap comes in contact with the skin, use Ivory."

Watch those first 10 years

THOSE who study human habits agree that most of our *good* habits are formed before we are ten years old.

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SUMMER CAMPS FOR GIRLS

BY MARY S. EDGAR



EDITOR'S Note—The writer of the article which follows is a camp leader of wide experience and is known to many young Canadians as the author of "Every Girl" and other plays. It will be interesting to our readers to know that Miss Edgar is opening a camp of her own this summer (Glen Bernard) near Sundridge, Ontario, in the Parry Sound District. Quebec Province, also, has a girls' camp:—

"O the great days in the distance
enchanted! Days of fresh air in
the rain and the sun."

IN the Long-Ago-Days the magic music of the Pied Piper of Hamelin lured troops of eager children out through the cobbled streets, beyond the sight of home and the city gates, and on and on through the meadows and over the hills until the town of Hamelin was only a memory and the enchanting music held them captive. It has never seemed like a very happy ending to a pilgrimage which began so merrily but perhaps the grown-ups who passed the story down knew nothing whatever of all that happened beyond the walls of the city. It's as like as not that the children tripped along hippidy-hop with a song on their lips and it may be that after all there was an Enchanted Garden for them, — or better still a Camp at the end of the trail. Now-a-days when the year comes round to holiday-time there are troops of eager boys and girls who stream out of all the cities and towns in answer to "the call to go camping," and for them there is just as much of the magic and thrill to that call as to any music of any ancient piper. They know that the end of the trail means the freedom of the great Out-of-Doors, the joy of swimming—boating and scouting, the beauty of dawn and shadows, sunset and stars and above all that good comradeship of campers and leaders which makes up that wonderful thing called "Camp-Spirit."

If one could watch "the long trail a-winding" to the Girls' Camps of Canada one would be amazed at the proportions to which it has grown during the last few years. The very first Canadian Camp for schoolgirls was held in 1920 at Lake Couchiching near Orillia. Last summer there were girls camps in the shadow of the Rockies, by the popular-skirted lakes of the prairie-provinces, in the Highlands of Ontario, among the Thousand Islands, up in the Laurentian Mountains of Quebec and down in the Maritimes where the Atlantic breaks in spray against the rocks or rolls up over stretches of white sand. There were no less than thirty-two Camps conducted last summer for "Canadian Girls in Training" and these were attended by over two thousand girls. Girl Guide Camps were held in all the provinces and beside these there were all the local Camps of the Y.W.C.A. Social Settlements, churches and child welfare organizations. If one could total up the vast number of girls who responded to the magical Camp-Call last summer we would probably discover that it went away up into the tens of thousands, and next summer there is no doubt that "the long long trail" will grow longer still.

What is the spell of Camping-out-Days? What is it that makes them live so long in one's memory? If you ask a

group of Campers what it is they love best about it all, you will get a great variety of answers. One girl says "Oh! the glorious swims!" Another says: "Discovering trails and flowers, and everything out of doors!" and another says: "The bonfires at night and the stories!" There are so many sides to Camp-life that every girl finds something

equipment and plain fare to keep the fees within the reach of junior employed girls in stores and factories and some organizations have a Holiday-Camp Fund to assist in special cases where it is known that financial assistance is needed. It is a great joy to be a Camp leader among a group of employed girls to whom Camp-life is an absolutely new experience.



Launching out into the lake

there that appeals to her tremendously. For the athletic girl there is the joy of swimming, boating, hiking, games etc. for the girl who loves to "discover things" there is the whole world of nature for exploration and for the girl to whom comradeship means most there are all

Many times I have had girls tell me, "This is the very first time in my life I have ever been out of the city." There is a picture that will always stand out clearly in my memory of a little fourteen-year-old factory girl kneeling beside a wild pink rose, not daring to touch it



Story hour at a Girl Guides' Camp

kinds of adventures in friendship and the ruddy glow of the bonfire draws the Camp-family close together at the end of every day.

Fortunately Camp-life is enjoyed by the under-privileged girl almost as much as it is by the girl of means, for it is possible with volunteer leadership, simple

or pick it, but "just loving it" because as she expressed it, "I never seen one jist growin' natural before." It means something to see a crowd of these girls troop back to the city at the end of their week's holiday with a rosy glow in their cheeks and a whole-hearted merriness in their laughter.



Tenting on the old Camp Ground

I have seen town-weary mortals lose their languor in a day, As they wandered back to childhood through the happy lanes of play.

And play there is!—always, from rising bell till the stars peep out,—and ever after the last "lights out" bell goes at night one hears subdued giggles from the white-canvas tents among the trees. It is all play! Even tent-tidying and orderly duties, building rafts and blazing trails and dragging logs for the bonfire. Of course it's play! That is the magic thing about a Camp, that you work like a Trojan at all kinds of things and yet you never think of it as anything but sheer fun.

The programme of an up-to-date, all round Camp is a very inclusive one. The Swimming Instructor sets her hear on having every last Camper pass the boating and swimming tests and even aspires to have most of them qualify for at least the elementary test of the Royal Life Saving Society. The Nature Study Leader would blush with shame if any girl left Camp without being able to attach the common names to the common wild flowers, birds and trees, but besides that she shares with them her knowledge of moths and mushrooms and stars. The Camp-Scout insists that every one must know something about tracking, hiking and Camp-craft, and woe betide us, if we cannot build and light a fire on a wet day with one solitary match. The Camp nurse expects us to know something about the rules of health and commonsense and besides that she gives talks on "First Aid." There are frequent amateur dramatics and out-of-door pageants where latest talent is drawn forth, and a daily or weekly Camp Chronicle in which budding genius expresses itself in prose or verse. An always there is the Story Hour or Sing Song around the bonfire at night when the leaders share the very best of their stories and experiences.

"Have you gathered round the fire
In the Council ring at night
And watched the eager flames leap up
And the tree tops catch the light?
Have you joined in song and story
Or drawn closer to a friend?
Then you know the day's best moment
Is discovered at the end."

The appeal of Camp-life is a natural universal appeal and it is not only responded to by the Youth of the American continent but by an ever increasing number of girls and boys all around the world. Can you imagine anything more lovely than to Camp at the foot of peerless Mt. Fuji in Japan. That was my privilege in September 1920 with a group of Japanese girl-leaders of the Y.W.C.A. I shall never forget the morning when Mt. Fuji threw off his grey draperies of mist for the first time after three cloudy days and we saw him in all her marvellous beauty. It was an early morning that a Japanese girl waked me saying: "Do come and see Fu Yama!" And now I know that no artist can ever exaggerate its loveliness. It was so much closer than I had ever dreamed and rising sheer before us to a height of 12,365 feet. The long sweeping lines from sea-level to its white cone shaped peak were wonderfully beautiful. Behind it the sky was lemon yellow with a crescent moon hanging low over some pine trees. At this crest there were vivid streaks of cerise and flame-color where the snow had melted. The lower slopes shaded from lavender to deep purple and it was all reflected in the little lake in front of us. It was a long line of Japanese girls who stood at the edge of the verandah with their hands behind their backs, their heads up at their eyes shining, silently drinking in the beauty of it all. When I think of Japanese Girls' Camps now I think of that long, long row of girls and all the beauty of the out-of-doors means them. My very first night in Burma I was at the Girls' annual meeting of the Y.W.C.A. in Rangoon and heard most interesting reports given by Eurasian Campers of their Girl Guide Camp. In India I was invited to spend a month

(Continued on page 80)

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FULLER BRUSHES

69 USES — HEAD TO FOOT — CELLAR TO ATTIC

Something About Salads

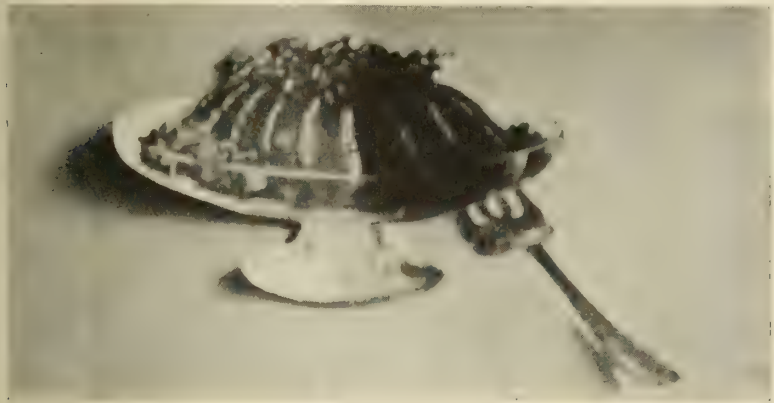
BY FRANCES McNALLY

It is true, that the time has passed, when we had to wait until Spring came around in order to get green vegetables, especially salads; but it is also true that a keen relish for the cold crisp salad comes with the warm days of Spring and Summer. There is no dish prettier or more popular to serve in hot weather than a fancy salad. Not only is it decorative and edible; but it is nourishing, refreshing and wholesome. Indeed, salads cannot be over estimated in food value, especially in warm weather, when they seem to fill a peculiar need. Any combination salad, for a noon repast, may be sufficiently hearty for hot weather. It may be added too, that few dishes are more economical. The ingenious housewife makes a salad of almost anything that is left over, and in the summer time,

Then there are also the accessories, such as olives, cheese, pimento, nuts and even flowers, all to be used in tasteful combination.

(1) The two important points in the preparation of the material for salad are; first, *everything* should be thoroughly dry, second, *everything* should be thoroughly chilled. The importance of these two points cannot be over emphasized and they are of equal value.

(2) Salad plants should be tender, cold, crisp. Gather green vegetables in the early morning, or after sunset, keep in a cool place, closely wrapped in paper or in a closed vessel. A lettuce bag in which to put the lettuce, after it has been carefully cleansed in several waters, and the leaves cut apart from the centre, is a necessity. If placed near the ice, the leaves will grow



For the Salad Course

holds it in high esteem. The salad is the conservator of the perishables, since all the "bits" in the refrigerator may thus be appetizingly utilized.

Someone has said, "To assemble the harmonious ingredients in a salad, is like selecting the right persons for a party, folk who are not congenial and foods that do not mix, prove how essential it is, to be wise in directing either." It is certainly true, that one must have a working knowledge of food values and flavors, to make a success of this branch of the culinary art. With such a knowledge, one may make combinations of marked originality

crisper as they stand and keep good for two or three days. If used at once, after cleaning, every piece should be carefully wiped until quite dry. Many a salad is unpalatable because it is watery and wilted.

(3) Salad materials should be neat and symmetrical in shape—vegetables and fruits cut in cubes or small slices; meat, poultry and fish cut in small pieces, chopped or flaked.

(4) Cooked salad materials should be mixed with some of the oil and acid, and allowed to stand in an ice-box for some time before it is dressed and arranged for



A Group of Salad Materials

and gain a reputation for salads, which is distinction indeed.

The materials used in the modern salad are so varied that a complete list would include nearly all of our fruits and vegetables and many of our meat foods. There are six distinct classes:

- (1) The salad of greens, such as lettuce, romaine, water cress.
- (2) Vegetable salads, using uncooked vegetables such as tomato, cucumber, radishes, onions, cabbage, celery, peppers; and cooked vegetables such as potatoes, beans, asparagus, beets, peas, carrots, spinach.
- (3) Fish salads.
- (4) Meat salads.
- (5) Poultry salads.
- (6) Fruit Salads.]

serving. This process is called marinating and gives a flavor to the salad, that it cannot have, if a dressing is poured over the ingredients just before serving. Meat, fish, and most cooked vegetables, used in salads, should be well marinated, cold, and the marinade carefully drained off before mixing with the crisp salad plants and the thicker dressing.

(5) Salads dressed at the table should first be sprinkled with salt and pepper, then oil added and lastly vinegar or lemon juice. A salad is perfectly dressed, when each individual leaf or bit of vegetable is lightly coated with oil or appropriate dressing.

(6) The principle to remember in garnishing is that the dish should be made

(Continued on page 62)



A Clog in The Carbureter— A Lonely Road— And a Dark Night

A very little thing can paralyze the mechanics of an engine, and bring annoyance and hardship.

Everyone realizes the necessity of taking care of a machine, and of taking warning when it "knocks."

Yet some people expect the body to take care of itself, though its mechanism is far more delicate and complicated than that of any mechanical device.

Carelessness in selecting food, and neglect of warnings has stalled many a human machine when the trip was far from finished.

Grape-Nuts feeds the body scientifically, and it has a wonderful charm for the appetite. The full richness of wheat and malted barley, together with the vital mineral salts which the blood corpuscles and bone structure must have are in this food; and Grape-Nuts is so processed in the making, that it digests quickly and completely.

Try Grape-Nuts with cream or good milk for breakfast, or in place of a heavy, starchy meal for lunch. You'll greatly relish the delicious crispness and flavor of this splendid food, and you will be helping yourself to better health—away from the danger of accidents along the road.

Grape-Nuts—the Body-BUILDER "There's a Reason"

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The Girls' Institutes of Ontario

THEY hold the Future in their keeping, those little soft-handed rosy-lipped girls in their teens and early twenties. A girl's intrinsic value to her country to-day is very great, greater than it ever has been probably, because in addition to her trained ability to do practically every sort of work as efficiently as her brother, she still carries the life of the race secure and secluded beneath her heart, and is a more tremendous force than she often realises in shaping the social ideals which will govern the next quarter century in both home and state.

It is cause for rejoicing therefore, that the daughters of rural Ontario are taking a well-balanced view of their individual self-development as well as their place in society, and are organising in study groups which take a four-square outlook upon life.

The Girls' Institutes continue to be one of the interesting features of the general Institute organization, the girl membership carrying on their activities in various ways.

Where the numbers are small, they usually carry on as an active part of the Women's Branch, receiving special consideration when the programme is being planned and carried out. In this case it is usual to elect a girl to the Board of Directors of the Branch to represent the girls and their views.

Again, they form a Girls' Circle within the Branch which is in such cases responsible for all of some meetings or some of each; also having its own chairman who is a member of the Executive. The officers and committee may be the same as for a regular Women's Institute.

When there are a considerable number of girls brought together by such interests as one of the Short Courses, they frequently decide to organize a Junior Institute, still co-operating closely with the Women's Institute, if there is one, but planning and carrying on their own work and meetings, and receiving help from the Department.

Besides the regular study of better and more scientific homemaking, community matters are given consideration, the Hospitals, Schools, Libraries and Recreation.

For the Hospitals, the Branch undertakes plain sewing of such a kind that the youngest girl can take her share in it. In some cases, at least one complete infant's layette, cradle included, is made during the year. An interesting feature of this is often a demonstration by a trained nurse in the bathing and dressing of a baby.

The Girls' Institutes are also showing an active friendly interest in the schools, visiting them and the teacher, giving prizes to the School Fairs, encouraging the literary societies, and doing what they can generally to aid in getting better, cleaner, and more beautiful schools and grounds.

Play has, of course, had its legitimate place. Co-operation with the Seniors has resulted in the provision for tennis, basket ball, and volley ball, in connection with the Community Hall grounds. In some cases the Juniors have helped in the decoration of those halls. At the indoor gatherings, essays, discussions, debates, music, contests and games are features. One young president sums up the ideal actuating the girls as follows: "No dancing or card playing is allowed at these meetings because we want everybody to come and everybody to feel satisfied and happy. Everybody is given a chance to display her talent not only in practical home-making but in writing, editorials, poems, or humour. One evening a month we study Shakespeare. Our meetings are always properly chaperoned and we close not later than 10.30 P.M."

HOME ECONOMICS SHORT COURSE BOLTON

This was one of the four longer Short Courses lasting three months. The Department of Agriculture has felt for some time that the January Short Courses

were too short and the Honourable Manning Doherty was responsible for establishing these three months' courses in Agriculture and Home Economics, covering the period from November 28th, 1921, to March 3rd, 1922.

At Bolton, Ontario, we had a total registration of seventy-five girls, with an average attendance for each day of the course of forty-eight. Some four hundred and eighty-three visitors came in for a day or a few days.

Major subjects for each month were—sewing and millinery; home nursing and first aid, and food values and cooking. Other lectures, covering from two to ten periods, were given on child study and mothercraft; millinery; household administration; Equipment and management; house planning; laundry; civics; public speaking; poultry; farm dairying; cuts and curing of meats; apiculture; botany, entomology; farm water supply and sewage disposal; bacteriology; animal husbandry; birds of Ontario and miscellaneous subjects as books, etc. Each day alternate periods were devoted to English and mathematics.

Several times during February, the class was divided into working groups of two, three or four girls each, and assigned practical work in Cooking. Practice in public speaking was taken advantage of by all the class and teams from our class met representatives of the agricultural class in debate on three occasions—two of them successful from our point of view.

Examinations were written on ten subjects. Prizes were offered for best kept notebooks, week's menu and home nursing and first aid. For general proficiency a scholarship of summer school for rural leaders and a reserve medal were offered by Miss H. L. Beardmore. The first was won by Miss Laura Johnston and the second by Miss Lillian Rutherford. Other prizes were provided for by the County Council.

Early in the term, the class was organized and as much responsibility as

possible thrown on the students themselves.

Friday afternoons were for the most part used for debates, Public Speaking contests, demonstrations or organized games, etc., Community singing and readings formed a part of these interesting days when Home Economics and Agricultural classes were together.

Play was not forgotten. Two days each week, the rink was open to the girls from 12 to 1.30 for skating. A broom ball team was organized and played in finals at the tournament, losing by only one goal. Physical Culture claimed some time almost every day and sing songs or class yells were used occasionally to divide lectures. The girls gave one afternoon tea and each class entertained the other when iced desserts were made.

A circulating library of books, largely text with some fiction, was well-patronized. At the close of the term a Junior Institute was organized.

The last day was spent in Toronto. The girls visited the Household Science Building first. At the Royal Museum, Dr. Currelly took charge of the party and an interesting two hours was spent. After lunch, at the Diet Kitchen, we joined the Agricultural class for a tour of other University buildings and to attend a session of the Legislature. A banquet at the Carls-Rite Hotel closed the day.

FEATURES OF INTEREST FROM THE GIRLS' PROGRAMMES.

Programme planning with the Junior Institutes as with the Seniors, is an important phase of the work.

One branch arranged their two hour meeting so as to devote the first to serious things,—papers, debates, discussions, demonstrations pertaining to better home-making, and the second to recreation,—instrumental music, choral and community singing, tableaux, physical culture, and athletic games.

(Continued on page 25)



Some members of the Bolton longer short course

Ford

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City streets for a playground, *heat, dust, danger, din*,
or the open country where the air is perfumed with
the scent of growing things and the butterflies
dance in the sunshine?

The Ford Car is the friend of childhood—the
modern Magic Carpet that will transport them
and you from the baking asphalt to shady country
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*The price of a Ford
is within your reach*

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Posed by Wanda Hawley, a Paramount motion picture star. Miss Hawley is one of the many beautiful women "in pictures" who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for proper care of the complexion.

Does Spring bring a fresh, healthy glow to your cheeks?

AFTER a winter spent inside, after a season of indoor activities—what of your complexion? Do spring sunshine and balmy air restore freshness to a sallowed skin? Does your complexion grow fair and radiant?

You can aid nature to bring back a fresh, healthy glow to your cheeks. You can attain new beauty of complexion if you begin at once the daily use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find, is more than a face cream—more than a cleanser. It has an exclusive therapeutic property which serves to refresh and nourish the skin cells—to "tone-up," revitalize, the clogged, sluggish tissues of the skin.

Applied regularly Ingram's Milkweed Cream soothes away redness and roughness, heals tiny eruptions. Used on the hands it protects against the coarsening effects of garden work or household tasks. Get your first jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream at once—learn for yourself what a real aid it is to a clear, soft skin, a fresh, glowing complexion.

Read this booklet of hints

When you get your first jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream you will find in the package a booklet of Health Hints. This booklet tells you the most effective way in which to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream—tells you how to use it in treating the common troubles of the skin, and

in protecting the skin against their recurrence. Read this booklet carefully. It has been prepared by specialists to insure that you get from Ingram's Milkweed Cream the fullest possible benefit.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or the one-dollar size. Begin now to gain the fresh, wholesome complexion, the clear, soft skin that should be yours.

Ingram's Rouge—"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Subtly perfumed. Solid cake. Three perfect shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50 cents.

Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder—A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore, a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh, Brunette—50 cents.

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Ingram's Beauty Purse — An attractive, new souvenir packet of the exquisite Ingram Toilet-Aids. Send us a dime, with the coupon below, and receive this dainty Beauty Purse for your hand bag.

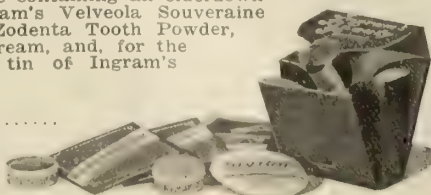
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Gentlemen: Enclosed please find one dime, in return for which please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse containing an eiderdown powder pad, sample packets of Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder, Ingram's Rouge, and Zedenta Tooth Powder, a sample tin of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample tin of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

Name

Street

City Province



THE springtime seems to bring an unusual number of inquiries concerning the hair, its persistent falling and its obstinate way of turning grey before its time. There are women who insist that they admire grey or white hair, but there are few women who do not mourn over the appearance of the first grey hair, while the early coming of these ghostly intruders is little short

the hair, this sudden fading of gold or brown or auburn into monotonous grey. Of course, if a woman is fifty years of age—and upwards—she may be reconciled to grey or silvery locks; but most women who have not reached the half-century mark resent the coming of the dull locks. In fact, few women will admit that they are fifty or forty or any particular age. In spite of the vote and



JANE COWL

The beautiful and gifted actress has been in Canada recently in her famous success "Smilin' Through."

of tragedy. When a woman under thirty discovers that her hair is becoming grey, we admit that she has reason for displeasure, even disgust. The causes for this early greyness are not easy to determine. Climate may have something to do with it. Certainly, many of our young correspondents—women of twenty-five or twenty-six years of age—complain bitterly of the unkindness of Alberta and Saskatchewan to the crown of glory.

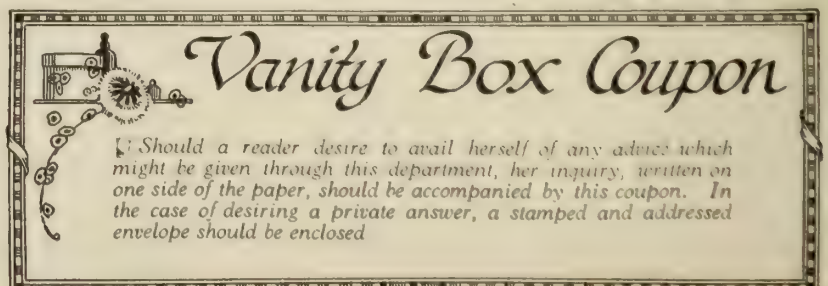
Illness or worry also may have something to say about this lack of color in

our professional and industrial careers, we women are still highly unwilling to admit that Time is flying away with much that we held desirable.

What is to be done with the premature greyness? I believe that the old proverb about an ounce of prevention and a pound of cure is more true in this case than it is in others—and that is saying a great deal, for prevention is always the best policy.

The woman who is anxious to retain the gold, brown or auburn in her hair

(Continued on page 23)



The Vanity Box

(Continued from page 22)

should begin to have treatments when the grey threads first make their appearance, if she is anxious to keep the drab tint from spreading. The attainment of "hair health" frequently means that the greying process is arrested. One thing must be understood distinctly, that a preparation which changes the color of the hair is a dye, and its use will require repetition.

As to "naturalness," the dye is usually a vain deceiver. The brown has a dull or reddish tinge which does not "go" with the complexion. Hear the words of Dr. Harvey Wiley on the subject. Dr. Wiley, as most of you know, is the greatest authority on the Continent in the matter of pure food and drugs:

"Black hair dyes frequently contain nitrate of silver, which, while less poisonous than lead, is still dangerous when used by the inexperienced. Serious consequences frequently follow the constant use of such products. No hair dyes can be recommended. As one eminent dermatologist has said: 'The only sensible thing to do with grey hair is to admire



A TROUSSEAU DINNER GOWN
One of Princess Mary's gowns. It is made of mauve chiffon over blue with lace.

it.' Dyeing is unaesthetic, as well as unhygienic. Nearly all of the tonics claiming to restore the color of the hair without dyeing it depend upon the interaction of lead acetate and sulphur to brown the hair. The hair, under the use of dye, soon becomes dead and dingy in color and repeated applications of the dye must be made, so that the results are undesirable, from the standpoint of beauty, as well as from that of cleanliness and health."

THE LETTER BOX

MABEL:—I am glad that you spell your name in the correct fashion, and not with that foolish perversion, "Mable," which the United States seems to favor. The name is really the French "ma belle," and means beauty in the possessor. It is, therefore, no wonder that you are anxious to be rid of any disfigurement in the complexion. I have sent you the names of several good creams, but such a mole as you describe should be treated by a specialist.



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Here at the Institute, or in your home, you may have the benefit of our 30 years' success in restoring the radiant freshness of youthful girlhood to neglected skin. If you cannot come to the Institute, write us. We will send our scientific preparations with full directions for successful use at home. If you suffer from Pimples, Blackheads, Wrinkles, Blotches, Redness or any non-infectious skin troubles, we can offer you wonderful results. We permanently remove unsightly superfluous hair by Electrolysis.

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And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her.

—Ruskin

SORRY to be obliged to say it, Mrs. Sidney, but the owners of this building have made a new rule, declaring they will have no babies in these flats, and I am commissioned to give all families with children one month's notice to move out."

This was the sentence that greeted her when Mrs. Sidney opened the door of her two roomed flat to the janitor this May morning.

"I suppose there is nothing for it then but to move."

"Afraid not, Mrs. Sidney," and he moved off to the next flat.

Evidently things were beginning to happen for the Sidneys after many weary months with poverty staring them in the face. After getting his discharge Frank Sidney and Mary, his bride of a year, reached Vancouver to find practically no place to lay their heads, and were obliged to take this flat at forty dollars a month. Shortly after this little Frankie arrived, adding new expenses. Frank was unable to get work. Each day he set out bravely to hunt for a job, only to return weary and discouraged. But never did he allow his weariness to go with him into his little flat. He mastered it before he walked up the long staircase. If he could not do so he walked around the block, or went down to the sea until he did master it. His little wife must not be worried just now, or at any time; but she, being no fool, understood.

To-day Frank had heard of a job at Hollyburn in a saw-mill, and had gone to see about it. As she went about her work of bathing Frankie and tidying the little flat Mary almost prayed that the job at Hollyburn would prove a success. She would know the minute Frank entered. Brave and cheerful he always was, but she understood what it cost him to be cheerful.

The Homemakers of Hollyburn

BY LAURA B. GRAY

"Mary, Mary, I've got it! I've got it!" The door burst open and Frank caught hold of her hands and danced her around until a table and chair were knocked over.

"I'm to begin to-morrow, checking the lumber at five dollars a day. I am going to live there in the bunk-house, and spend the week ends here with you."

"Oh, Frank, aren't we the luckiest pair in the world! But, oh, I don't like the idea of my living here and your living there." Then she told him about the janitor's message.

"But, dear, there is no place for you to live near the mill."

"Is there no little shack where baby and I could live?"

"I do remember seeing two very small, dilapidated-looking shacks about three quarters of a mile from the mill, but quite unfit for habitation."

"Perhaps they could be made fit. Let us go and look at them this afternoon."

"All right, let's," and a thrill of joy shot through Frank's heart, only to be followed by a second thought.

"No, Mary, it wouldn't do. Think of your home in Toronto—all the beauty and comfort that has surrounded you all your life, and then there is our son to be thought of. No, I could not let you live in a shack."

"Now, Frank, stop! Think of your father's home in Montreal! We are both Canadians and, to a certain extent, pioneers in this new part of our own country. What is good enough for you is good enough for me, and as for the son he has a beautiful new pram and a little white crib fit for a prince. There will be room for these in the shack, won't there? That will do for the present. Let us be together."

It was a glorious afternoon when the Hollyburn ferry pulled out into the green waters of the inlet. A few gulls circled around the little boat. The mountains on the north shore lay peaceful and beautiful in the sunshine with the little settlement nestled at their feet.

"What a glorious country and our very own to make or mar. What a sacred privilege to have a hand in the making," thought Mary as she felt the fresh breeze in her face.

At last the little boat drew up at the Hollyburn pier. Close by was the motor stage that was to take them within walking distance of the mill. It rattled along for some time, stopping here and there to let people off. At last it stopped at a sign post with Fifth Avenue on it. With the exception of the road the stage was on, nothing was to be seen except a luxuriant growth of young alders, salmon berries, devil's club, skunk cabbages, and here and there a giant cedar or fir. But on closer inspection they saw a trail that burrowed its way into the depths of this growth, like the entrance to a giant's cave. This then was Fifth Avenue. What a veritable fairy-land! Frank, carrying the baby, led the way.

"Watch your steps carefully just here, Mary," said Frank as they came to a swamp with a series of planks laid across side by side. "This is an old skid road and these planks were laid by the loggers a few years ago to make a road to get the logs down to the sea."

"Oh, I must stop to admire these beautiful, wonderful, yellow lilies," cried Mary, as she reached out and broke off a large succulent bloom. "Ugh! I know now why they are called skunk cabbages." Then she risked another sniff, and then

another. "I do believe I am beginning to like the smell."

"This will never do, Mary; we must make haste or we shall never catch the five o'clock ferry home."

They walked on for some time and at last they came to a cleared spot, but already dotted with young alders that would in a few years be a new forest. Here in this cleared spot were the two little shacks. Frank had spoken truly; they were dilapidated. The larger of the two consisted of three rooms and a small veranda. There was one door and three small windows from which the sashes had been stolen. The door also was gone. The steps probably had never existed. A lard pail poking through the roof did for a chimney. The roof had leaked badly, and stained and torn building paper hung in ribbons from the ceiling. Neighbouring goats had made it a shelter. Mary's heart sank. Frank watched her face keenly, trying to guess her feelings.

"No, dear, I knew it would not do," he said at last.

Mary went out and sat on a stone, holding Frankie in her arms, and a black cloud seemed to settle upon her. What was to be done? Frank watched her face, a pang at his heart; but suddenly the expression changed—a smile, a great hopefulness spread over Mary's features. Imagination, her childhood's friend, had come to her aid.

"What is it, Mary?" cried Frank, reflecting her smile.

"We can do it, Frank, we can! You are good at carpentry—the mill is near. We can make the cosiest, loveliest little home out of it."

Frank having less imagination could not see how, but was willing to be led by his wife.

"All right, Mary, I have been looking at the posts and find they are quite sound, and there is a tap behind that bush. Tell me what to do."

(Continued on page 53)



A picturesque road in British Columbia

Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from page 20)

Another gave a meeting to each of the following in rotation:

1. Horticulture, Agriculture, and out-of-door matters. 2. Literary and educational topics. 3. Practical and ideal home-making. 4. Social. Most, however, plan a more or less balanced arrangement of all for each month.

Some of the special studies have been Parliamentary Law and Procedure; the laws of Ontario affecting the home; how we are governed; public speaking; English and Canadian literature; laws of health and beauty.

As the majority of the girls are looking forward to having homes of their own, one of the primary ends of the club is to prepare them better to fulfil this mission. Some of the subjects dealt with are:

Planning our week's housework.

Understanding and caring for the human body.

What a human being should weigh, measure, and be fed at the different stages of development between birth and the age of eighteen.

The influence of surroundings on digestion.

A farmhouse planned and furnished for comfort, beauty, economy of money and the house-keeper's energy.

Table setting and serving.

Dressing on the average girl's income.

"Good form" in the home, travelling, and in public places.

School improvement.

Most of the girls are actively interested participants in the economic side of country life and are giving considerable attention to the making and marketing of milk products; possibilities of the garden—flowers, bulbs, vegetables, fruit; the canning and preserving of fruit and vegetables; poultry, bees, their care and management and shipping and marketing the products.

"Work, play, love, and worship," said Cabot, "properly balanced, are all needed to make a full and happy life."

The Juniors have a varied programme for the play side of life, both out and indoors. Some of the favorites are:

Out of doors—

Skating, snow-shoeing, sleighing, bird hikes, nutting, corn roasts and story telling, basket, volley, and captain ball, baseball, tennis, motoring, picnics, and excursions.

Indoors plenty of fun is furnished by charades, tableaux, dramatics, debates, one-minute speeches, story-telling, spelling matches, folk games and dances, instrumental and community music.

Rural Ontario has decided in overwhelming numbers that quite one of the most enjoyable things in life is the learning something new. Consequently the Travelling College or Departmental Short Courses have never been so popular. The Junior Women's courses in Domestic Science, Home Nursing and First Aid, Sewing and millinery, Labor Saving and Interior Decoration are very frequently carried on concurrently with the men's Courses in Agriculture, the Junior Farmers and the girls' organisations uniting for a weekly literary afternoon and concluding the month's or three months' course with a joint banquet.

One county followed up a Short Course in Domestic Science by selecting a team of four, captain and three others, from each Branch in the county, to put on a Canning Contest at the Fall Fair. The prizes given were trips to one or other of the cities of Ontario at the time of the great Annual Women's Institute Conventions, or canning outfits for the home. A few centres are inaugurating also University Extension Courses during the winter term.

A WELL PLANNED PROGRAMME
CHELTENHAM GIRLS' INSTITUTE.

AUGUST

Roll Call.—Motto Suggestions.

Paper.—Life of a Canadian Author with readings from his Works.

Demonstration.—Salad Making.

Music.

SEPTEMBER

Roll Call.—My Favourite Pickle Recipe.

Paper.—True Hospitality
Demonstration.—Pickling.
Music.

OCTOBER

Roll Call.—Hints for Entertaining

Paper.—Autumn

Demonstration.—Short Course Songs.

NOVEMBER

Quilting

Discussion

Demonstration.—Making Hot Drinks.

DECEMBER

Roll Call.—Gift Exchange.

Paper.—Household Economy

Demonstration.—Christmas Candy

Making

Christmas Readings. Music.

JANUARY

Roll Call.—What I Have Found Out.

Address.—Citizenship.

Demonstration.—Light layer cake; angel cake. Music.

WHAT THE JUNIORS ARE DOING.

DELTA offered prizes for the best pie, doughnuts, and sewing by the Juniors and had a sale of fancy and useful articles made by the girls at the Fall Fair, gave wedding presents to fifteen graduating members, assisted the Sick Children's and Muskoka Free Hospital, remembered the sick in the neighborhood with flowers, and helped financially with the education of a talented young member of the community besides holding their regular monthly meetings. Blackwell purchased a basketball and baseball for themselves, helped the boys of the school to pay for their footballs, put on a play to purchase swings for the school, raised ten dollars for the Sarnia Y.W.C.A. by a "Hard Times Party" and are now bending their energies to assisting the Seniors in the erection of a Community Hall. Four members have been lost through happy marriages which took them to other parts.

Cheltenham had a winter University Extension Course in English Literature, in addition to the regular programme. Paisley conducted a booth at the School Fair which they assisted with funds, co-operated with the Seniors in the management of a tea-room, had two Sewing Courses, one each in domestic science, labor-saving, and home nursing, and concluded their studies by a joint banquet with the Junior Farmers at which over two hundred were present. West Ops helped towards an organ for the school, with the Lindsay Santa Claus Fund, made a quilt, joined a Sewing class, and had a Christmas Tree, also a concert. They had a weed-naming contest, mean to study Botany this Spring, have debates alone and jointly with the Junior Farmers, and helped the Senior Women's Institute with a garden party. In winter they have skating, with indoor games and community singing afterwards. In summer they play basket ball in a member's orchard, sometimes with their younger brothers of the 'teen age, and one delightful day was spent at a joint picnic in the woods with the Farmers' Club and the Women's Institute. This in addition to the regular monthly Saturday meetings! Bond Head made a special study of the Law of Ontario.

Fordwich had courses in Domestic Science, Home Nursing, Sewing, and Labour Saving, had a doctor give them an illustrated lecture on "The Unsanitary Mouth and Its Relation to Systemic Disease," have given some excellent papers themselves, put on a play, had a Pound Social and sent clothing to the Goderich Shelter, besides purchasing two shares in the new Rink and co-operating with the Women and the Junior Farmers in picnics, garden parties, and an excursion to the lake. Almonte members are co-operating in many ways with the Junior Farmers. They put on joint plays, have taken over and fitted up an old hall for a com-

(Continued on page 29)



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and
COMFORT
are embodied
in
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REED
FURNITURE



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Does beautiful embroidery in one-quarter the usual time. Gives your lingerie, outer garments and household linen the exquisite charm of beautiful needlework. Works a wonderful beaded effect for sport blouses or coat suits. Embroiders chain stitch or French knots.

Send only one dollar for holder, three sizes needle-points and full directions. Money back in three days if not satisfied. Agents make big money. Terms accompany first order.

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ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE MCGILL UNIVERSITY MONTREAL

(Founded and endowed by the late Rt. Hon. Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal.)

For women students, resident and non-resident, preparing for degrees in the Faculty of Arts (B.A., B.Sc., B.H.S., B. Com.) and in the Faculty of Music. Students are eligible for scholarships.

Applications for residence should be made early, as accommodation in the College is limited.

For information apply to the Warden.

\$2,000 in cash prizes

Many people have discovered that 2 in 1 Shoe Polishes are good for other things than for shining shoes. *For example:—*

2 in 1 BLACK—Good for polishing motor cars; refinishing suit cases, kodaks, black gloves, rubbers, hats, etc.

2 in 1 WHITE—cake or liquid—Good for cleaning hats, stains in white skirts, white kid gloves, auto tires, etc.

2 in 1 TAN PASTE—Good for polishing furniture, hardwood floors, etc.

For the Best List of New Uses for 2 in 1, We are Awarding Cash Prizes as Follows:

1st award \$500.00—for the most acceptable list	20 Prizes of \$15.00—for the next twenty
2nd " 300.00—for next best list	50 " " 5.00—for the next fifty
3rd " 200.00—for third best list	50 " " 2.00—for the next fifty
10 Prizes of 25.00—for the next ten	100 " " 1.00—for the next 100 lists

Try to find new uses for any of the 2 in 1 Shoe Polishes, either black, tan, oxblood, or brown paste, white cake or white liquid, black or tan combination.

Write on one side of paper only. List uses according to colors. Awards will be made according to decision of special committee, and payment made on or before October 1st, 1922. All lists submitted to become our property. Address:

Prize Editor,

F. F. DALLEY COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED,
HAMILTON, CANADA.

2IN1
Saves You
Money

Anecdotal

Two small boys, proud of their immediate ancestry, were arguing as to the respective merits of their fathers, and, in the course of the argument, each did some pretty good boasting.

"My father's been to India," said one of the boys, "and he's shot hundreds of tigers."

"Don't believe it!" replied the other bluntly.

"It's true!" retorted the son of the tiger-slayer, "He brought back the skins."

"Well, what if he has?" exclaimed the second boy, unable to make any further denial in the face of such positive proof.

"Anyway, my father's done bigger things. He's been to the North Pole!"

"That's not true!" answered the other.

"I knew you'd say that," said the son of the Arctic hero, "but you're wrong. We've got the pole!"

* * *

The head of one of the large American railroad companies was making inquiries with regard to acquiring a small branch line which belonged to one old man. "Now, as to the state of your road," he asked, "is it well and safely laid?" "Sir," replied the old man indignantly, "ours is the safest line in the country. I may say we have been running for over twenty years, and have never had a collision." "That's good!" exclaimed the big man. "And what's more, sir," went on the proprietor of the little line, "a collision would be impossible." "How do you make that



"These looks, yer know, marries the theayter girls for their looks; they wants ter marry somebody as'll stick to 'em."

— The Tatler

out?" queried the other in surprise. "I know that the latest automatic devices are excellent, but 'impossible' is a big word." "It is literally true with us," was the proud rejoinder. "In what way?" "Well, sir, we have only one train."

* * *

A lady who is a district visitor became much interested in a very poor but apparently respectable family named Curran, who lived in a slum district of her parish.

Every time she visited the Currans she was annoyed by the staring and the whisperings of the other women living in the street.

One day she said to Mrs. Curran: "Your neighbors seem very curious to know who and what I am, and the nature of my business with you."

"They do," acquiesced Mrs. Curran.

"Do they ask you about it?"

"Indade they do, ma'am."

"And do you tell them?"

"Faith, thin, an' Oi do not!"

"What do you tell them?"

"Oi just tell them," was the calm reply, "that you are me dressmaker, an' let it go at that."

* * *

A Middle West tourist tells the following story: "I was promenading the deck of a steamer en route to San Francisco

(Continued on page 31)

Barber - Ellis FRENCH ORGANDIE

Is used by all who appreciate high class stationery

In note paper and tablets with envelopes to match



Summer Dishes

Now that the summer days are near and we are considering gingham gowns and lace hats, the subject of summer cookery also comes to the fore; and the drink which is cooling and the sandwich that is "different" are topics of timely concern. So, if you wish a bright page of culinary hints, just turn to our cookery department.

The Chronicles of Eve's Garden

By EDITH S. RUTHERFORD

MAY in an apple orchard! Could anything be more blissful? Sometimes when I read about gardens with great stretches of green lawn, orderly shrubberies, borders arranged accordingly to color, and—this is a mere detail usually overlooked—an army of gardeners to look after them: I feel rather discontented and wish I could re-arrange my garden to at least approach this ideal, but in May and June I love my garden so that I wouldn't exchange it for the greatest triumph of a real landscape artist.

It is on an evening such as this, when the mountain peaks blush rosy red under the good-night kisses of the sun; and the

Unfortunately Adam's idea was to have a fruit ranch, so the trees were planted all over the three acres, and poor Eve left to realize her ambitions in the garden—ing line as best she could between the rows of apple trees. About the centre of the lot a flat terrace faced with stone, overgrown with grass, formed a sort of lap on which the tiny white cottage perched. And that was the only bit of level ground on the place, the rest sloping steeply from the foot of a high mountain to the lake.

There was no money to hire labor. Adam was away at his business all day; so it was Eve's spade and mattock that broke up the hard ground and in con-

I still grow golden glow, for old times' sake, and as a sort of thank offering for the hosts of yellow blossoms it gave me that first summer when nearly everything else failed. But I must confess I keep it a bit in the background.

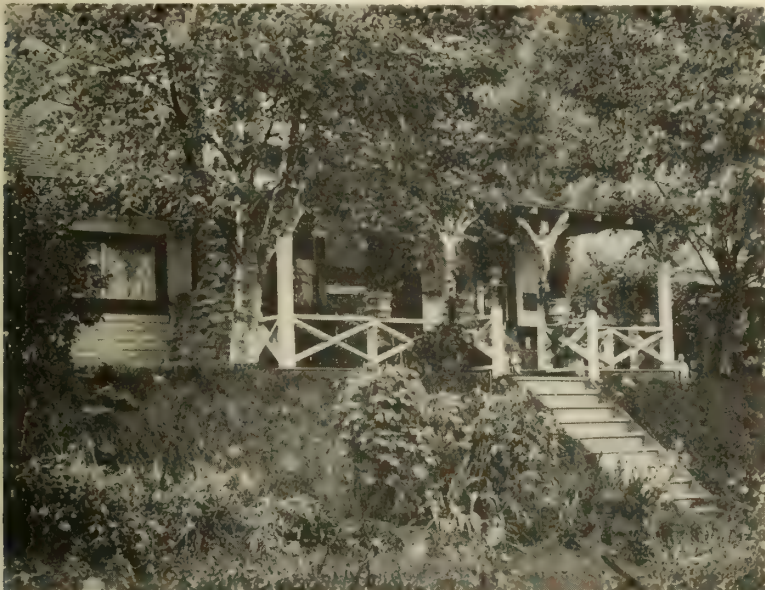
Some good angel prompted us to plant cherry trees near the house, forming a sort of uneven boundary to a semi-circular open space that I pre-empted for my own, and every spring since I have blessed said good angel, for that half circle when it is filled with blossoming daffodils, tulips, and hyacinths is like a little bit of Heaven shut in by white walls of odoriferous cherry bloom.

My garden started out with two long narrow beds on either side of the path leading from the terrace steps to the lake. I think they were about twenty feet long and five feet wide and I sowed all sorts of annuals in them but nothing but the poppies amounted to anything. Nothing could dampen my ardor though so long as I could be out doors all day, with the blue lake and the mountains for companions, and the dream garden of the future to allure me. I used to sit on the steps, and look at that dry barren slope and wonder what it would be like when the tiny trees we had planted were bearing, and my semi-circular plot was full of flowers, but in my wildest dreams I never fancied anything half so lovely as the scene my eyes rest on this May evening, nor did I guess what joy and happiness I should gain in making that dream garden come true.

The narrow borders on each side the path have lengthened and widened until they reach the lake and occupy all the space between two rows of apple trees; the little garden in front has escaped from its boundaries on one side and stretches over towards the line fence, and there is another long path leading to the highway behind the house, and having also its wide border of flowers on either side. Adam complains that my garden is spreading over the whole three acres, but that is manifestly impossible as anyone knows who has tried to grow flowers among trees, but I must admit that there is a small rose garden on one side of the path, and a new pergola which I hope to see covered with roses this year. The fruit trees have nothing to grumble about though for the extra care I give the flowers near their feet is reflected in their increased vigor.

Like most amateurs we planted a good many poor varieties of apples, and when, after years of waiting and hoping, Adam finally is convinced of the utter

(Continued on page 58)



The House and Garden Which Eve Acquired

lake like a great opal with changing lights of saffron, blue, and green shot through with crimson fire, nestles in the setting of greeny-gold filigree formed by the birches and willows edging its shores that I look out across the blossoming fruit trees, from my cottage door and feel surer than ever that the Garden of Eden must have been intended to serve as a model, inasmuch as it included fruit trees as well as flowers.

Elizabeth of German garden fame speaking of her longing to do some of the actual work in her garden says: "It is not graceful and it makes one hot, but it is a blessed sort of work and if Eve had had a spade in Paradise and known what to do with it we should not have had all that sad business of the apple." Not being either hampered by convention or blessed with money and servants as Elizabeth was, I've done most of the work in my garden with my own hands. So perhaps that's why the serpent has not entered my Eden, and my beloved garden seems to be almost a part of my very self.

If I were asked my formula for Happiness it would be something like this. "Live in the country, plant an orchard, and make your own garden." Bacon in that quaint essay "Of gardens" says "God Almighty first planted a garden. And indeed it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man. Without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks, and I believe that one misses the greatest joy of a garden unless it is tended by oneself.

I smile rather ruefully now from the high eminence of the knowledge gained in fifteen years experience, when I think of my first efforts to realize the dream of my life—to have a real garden. From a tiny child I had loved and worshipped flowers, but it was not till we became the proud owners of a little bit of ground on the shore of a beautiful mountain lake, that I had any chance to have a garden of my very own.

sequence there wasn't very much done that first year. The sweet peas I sowed only grew about a foot high and never bloomed at all, and only the Shirley poppies and some golden glow saved me from despair. Do you remember what a wave of enthusiasm for golden glow swept over the country twenty years ago? That wave was about at its height, and gardens everywhere were afflicted with a sort of yellow eruption, when I started my garden and the very first thing I planted was a big clump of golden glow on each side of the path. Now when no up-to-date gardener would own to a taste for anything so plebeian



The Dream Garden



I have written a Baby Book



Since I began this little series of comfort letters a great many mothers have written to me for advice about babies. And the funny thing about these letters is that a doctor would have found it difficult to answer any of them.

After all, bringing up babies is a trade which only mothers ever seem to master.

So some time ago I started to write a Baby Book which would discuss all of these interesting and important details about which only a mother knows or cares.

It seemed like a big job at first but as I got into it I found that most of the material was contained in my "Comfort Letters" and in my correspondence with thousands of mothers who have written me regarding their baby problems. I have consulted most of the big authorities in order to check up on my experience with my own babies and at the hospitals during the war.

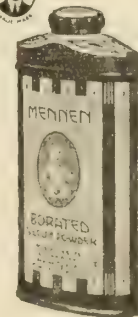
Several people who are qualified to judge have told me that my book is the most useful and practical text book for motherhood that has been written.

The Mennen Company, who make Mennen Talcum, is publishing my book. It is beautiful illustrated, contains charts, tables, question blanks and is thoroughly indexed. It's the sort of book you would pay about two dollars for at a book store, but The Mennen Company will send out a limited number of copies for 35c.

That is because I frankly say in the book that only Mennen Talcum should be used on babies because it is pure, safe and endorsed by three generations of doctors, nurses and mothers.

Better fill out the coupon at once.
Lovingly,
Belle.

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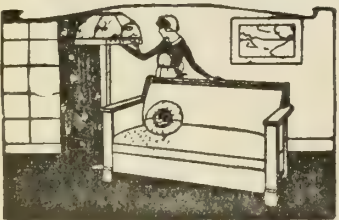
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THERE is no country in the world that offers a greater variety of beautiful scenery than Canada, and nowhere can there be found a more delightful climate than our own, from May to September. It is not surprising therefore, that it has become almost a national custom to live most of one's summer in the open air, and the picnic spread has become a regular part of meal planning in summer.

When the picnic is planned days ahead, it is comparatively easy to cook a lunch that will be both inexpensive and appetising. But when a friend, unexpectedly telephones: "It is such a wonderful day we are going to the woods to have our supper. Do bring along anything you have in the pantry and come with us. You must do some quick thinking. The pantry shelves may be well laden and the ice chest well filled but everyone knows, that everyday meals do not seem suitable, usually, for a picnic. To plan and prepare quickly a dainty nourishing lunch, which may be carried without injury to appearance of flavour, is a real accomplishment.

An emergency shelf is a great resource for a hurry up picnic lunch, and it is easy to possess one. In canning time, put up in small jars some of the foods most suitable for salads and sandwich fillings—pineapple, asparagus, peas, string beans, pickles, jellies, marmalades and jams—and place them on the shelf ready for just such occasions.

Add to these a few commercial products such as potted meats, cheese, sardines, baked beans, olives, nuts and pimento and your problem is easily solved.

We probably think of sandwiches first, when a picnic lunch is suggested and an emergency shelf supplemented by the left overs in the refrigerator makes many varieties possible. Here are a few suggestions for sandwich fillings.

1. Hard boiled eggs and olives, chopped and mixed with salad dressing and seasonings.
2. Peanuts chopped very finely and mixed with cream cheese.
3. Baked beans, creamed together with yolks of hard boiled eggs and moistened with salad dressing.
4. Sweet pickles chopped and added to cheese and salad dressing.

5. Chopped olives, pimento, mustard pickles, and parsley added to creamed butter.
 6. Finely chopped ham or tongue and grated cheese mixed with salad dressing.
 7. Chopped olives, pimento, nuts or dates, or a combination of any of these with cheese.
 8. Sardines with lemon juice and a little dressing.
 9. Equal parts of chopped celery, apples and nuts with salad dressing.
- For Sweet Sandwiches—
1. Chopped almonds and seeded raisins moistened with orange juice.
 2. Dates, cooked with enough water to form a paste. Lemon juice and peanuts may be added.
 3. Chopped nuts added to any marmalade, jelly or jam.
 4. Orange marmalade with cheese.
 5. One apple, one banana, one orange, one slice of canned pineapple, chopped and moistened with whipped cream. Chopped nuts may be added.

The bread used for sandwich making, should not be too fresh to cut well. Either brown or white bread may be used but one should choose wisely. Certain fillings require white bread, in order that their distinctive flavour may be pronounced, whereas others are improved by the nutty flavour of brown bread. The crust should not be removed from sandwiches for the picnic lunch. The bread should be cut as thin as it may be, and allow for even spreading. If the butter is well creamed, it will spread easily in a smooth thin layer. Never, under any condition, melt the butter. Melting makes it oily and indigestible. Be careful in spreading the bread that the slices are kept in pairs and that the proper side of each is buttered, so that the sandwiches will fit together when they are done.

If you are fortunate enough to own a garden, the possibilities of the hurry up lunch are greatly increased. Lettuce, radishes, tomatoes, cucumbers, all carry well and, if a small jar of salad dressing is on hand, may be quickly transformed into a dainty salad at serving time. Even without a garden, a salad is not impossible, for many of the left overs in the refrigerator—string beans, peas,

carrots, potatoes, salmon—arrive in first class condition if carried in wide-mouthed glass fruit jars, and may be combined with bottled salad dressing at serving time.

Fruit is always a welcome addition at the picnic lunch but it should be washed and cleansed before being taken. If good drinking water is not available fruit is the most valuable thirst quencher. Avoid bananas as they bruise and blacken easily.

Here are some suggestions for picnic menus that can be prepared on short notice.

—1—

Stuffed eggs
Vegetable Salad (from left overs)
Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Pineapple and Orange diced together
Cookies.

—2—

Tomato soup carried hot in thermos bottles
Cheese and Ham sandwiches
Gingerbread (baked at home in twenty minutes)
Peaches and Pears.

—3—

Salmon Salad
Cucumber and Tomato Sandwiches
Marmalade and Nut Sandwiches
Fruit

—4—

Hard-boiled Eggs
Potato Salad
Lettuce Sandwiches
Plain Brown Bread Sandwiches
Fancy Crackers
Any Seasonable Fruit

A few general rules should be followed in the packing of any lunch.

1. No food must be carried which is in any way too perishable to arrive in good condition. If it is merely a question of packing, ingenuity may suggest some way of meeting the difficulty. If it is a question of change in the food itself, run no risks.

2. Avoid making the lunch unnecessarily heavy or bulky.

3. Be sure that each person is provided with a napkin and an individual drinking cup.



An ideal summer camping ground in British Columbia

Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from page 25)

munity centre, the girls have a basket ball team and the boys football. They do not patronize the town rink, having a lake of their own, build their own driftwood fires, and have their own skating parties. Their gatherings are all properly chaperoned and close at a recreationally early hour.

Lansdowne members have a named cot in the Children's Hospital, give prizes at the local fair, are working towards a library and Rest Room, and seeing to the Medical treatment and education of a family of defective children in the neighborhood.

Hillsburg is one of the baby branches. It began by turning the village into an embryo University and carried on by organizing a Junior Institute last winter.

THE FORDWICH JUNIOR YELL

Fe Fo Fi, Fe Fo Fi,
We are the Girls of the R. G. I.
We can clean and, we can sew,
We can make big onions grow,
We can sing and bake good pie,
We are the Girls of the R. G. I.

OUR NATIONAL TREASURER

By Elizabeth B. Price

An office that carries with it a good deal of work—one that is extremely important and yet at the same time has the least honor is that of the treasurer. This office on the Board of the Federated Women's Institute of Canada is no exception to the rule. The position is filled by Miss Eliza Campbell of Fred-

cooks. They agreed to cater for the supper of the Nurses' Association which was meeting in Fredericton. Such a fine meal did they provide that the Nurses' association volunteers to pay them twenty-five cents per plate extra than that agreed upon.

As a national officer, Miss Campbell has been of the highest order. She has faithfully attended every board meeting which has meant journeys from New Brunswick to Ontario to Quebec and to Alberta. She has always presented the clearest of reports and as guardian of the national funds has been expert in the accounting to the last cent and balance.

MANITOBA'S CONVENERS.

The following is the list of newly elected conveners of standing committees in Manitoba:

Education—Mrs. R. Johnstone, Deloraine; Institute Technique—Miss A. Playfair, Hartney; National Events—Mrs. Dalton, Gilbert Plains; Household Economics—Miss Hayward, Director; Agriculture—Mrs. Leslie Melita; Health and Child Welfare—Mrs. Speechley, Winnipeg; Legislation—Mrs. A. Rogers, Winnipeg; Immigration—Mrs. C. Robson, Winnipeg.

SHORT COURSES

The second of a series of Domestic Science Short Courses for women and girls from rural districts was recently undertaken in Charlottetown. These classes were held in the Women's Institute Rooms, Kindergarten Hall. Practical work was done in Cookery, Sewing, Millinery, Home Nursing, Laundry and lectures were given along other lines. The following pupils are registered for this Course:—

Hazel Jackson Brackley; Elsie Bryenton, Stanhope; Addie Hamm, Charlottetown, R. R. 5; Lucy Smallwood, Charlottetown, R. R. 5; Margaret Stewart, Dunstaffnage; Georgina Thompson, Dunstaffnage; Charlotte Bernard and Nina Bernard, French River; Minnie Brown, Margate; Lillian Matheon, Bradalbane; Annie McLeod, Clifton; Lillian Currie Fairview; Carrie Prowse, Brackley; Vera Brown, Clifton; Rebecca Stewart, Soonie Shaw, Harrington.

WOMEN'S INSTITUTE METHODS

Conducted by Mrs. Alfred Watt, M.B.E.

CO-OPERATIVE PURCHASES

There are many advantages to be gained by the Institute adopting the co-operative system of purchase. Purchasing wholesale is always cheaper and there is the much abused middleman to be eliminated if so desired. Besides these considerations it is good for members to act together in this way and a rudimentary idea of business is a quired which is especially helpful to the younger members. Co-operative buying promotes good feeling and encourages the corporate idea or team work and if carried out on business lines and good fellowship lines, it is bound to be helpful.

A start can be made at a monthly meeting by a short talk on the value of co-operation by a farmer or a member who has felt its benefits. A local speaker should be secured if possible as it is always more convincing if local figures and facts can be cited. The preliminary talk is a necessity as even the word co-operation is not always understood. One of our English Organizers, Mrs. Clowes, asked for a definition of it at an Institute meeting and one dear old village lady said she knew it was some kind of an operation because "our Peggy had it" but she was not sure which it was. So we are never safe in assuming that everybody knows what we are talking about.

A discussion should follow, and members could state what they would like to buy co-operatively, either at the meetings or through the Suggestion Box

(Continued on page 32)



Miss Eliza Campbell of Fredericton

erickton, New Brunswick—who has held it ever since the inception of this organization in 1919.

Miss Campbell is representative of the ideal type of institute woman. Her home is on a farm—where she keeps house for her father—situated on the St. John River some six or eight miles from Fredericton. She has been president of her own institute—the Lower Kingsclear branch for seven years and is one of those presidents that the members "Will not let go" simply because they cannot get along without them.

"We have such good times in our institute—" says Miss Campbell, "We always meet at the homes—spend all afternoon in work and then meet with the men members at night."

"Our work has been of all kinds. During the war we knitted hundreds of pairs of socks and did every kind of war work needed. Since then we have taken up community work such as shingling the hall, helping those in distress etc. Our institute is very proud of the fact that we have had exhibits of canned fruits, preserves, bread, cakes at both the Moncton and St. John fairs and succeeded in winning second prizes at both places for two years."

Another fact testifies that the members of the Lower Kingsclear W.I. are good

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Ask your druggist, jeweler or any department store to show you "Ivoris". Note how perfectly the "Ivoris" pieces match in color, grain and texture.

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Cocoa beans from languorous palm plumed islands, Nuts and fruits from the tropics, butter and cream from the land of Evangeline—all confectioned into dainty masterpieces of the candy maker's art—The Moir Way.

One trial will tell you what words must fail to describe—that Moir's have a distinction which makes them the ideal gift candy for wife, sweetheart or friend.

Moir's Chocolates

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MOIRS, LIMITED, HALIFAX.

Fall in, Folks! We're Going Home

BY A COMMON FATHER

WHAT is the matter with the youth of to-day?
What is the matter with the parents of to-day?

If you're good at guessing, the answer to the last question will give the answer to the first. It's what is the matter with the parents of to-day that makes it necessary to ask the first question.

I'm a father and a plain everyday Canadian citizen, possessed of a fair education. Own a good home and have plenty for my brood of five; three boys and two girls. The children are all young, the oldest being passed six years. They set me to thinking seriously. Am I a good father? What will become of my boys and girls? These are two of the questions I ask myself and in the asking thereof, up springs the two questions at the head of this article. Maybe you're one who does not see a thing the matter with the twentieth century youth. Then why are so many 'teen-age children before the courts of the land? Whose the fault that so many boys and girls scarcely out of the cradle spend their nights in dancing and "petting parties"? Why does the 'teen-age youth seek pleasure away from home?

In our town, a few over fifteen thousand people, we had a striking case of child depravity recently. One of the privileged few, I sat in a court room, ordered cleared by the police magistrate (we have no juvenile court) and listened to most loathsome evidence given by police officers. In the prisoner's box there stood five youths and three mere slips of girls. None of the boys was over eighteen. The girls gave their ages as sixteen, seventeen and eighteen respectively. They appeared much younger. Their appearance in court was the aftermath of a "petting" party, at which the boys served liquor. The police broke it up at 4.30 a. m., hustled the children into a sleigh and to the police station where they spent the remainder of the night. The next morning, the magistrate, bound by the laws of Society, sent the girls to a reformatory for two years each. The boys went free on payment each of forty-five dollars fine. The question of the double standard of morality was discussed by a women's organization (Local Council of Women)

and they talked of sending the magistrate a letter of censure because he sent the girls to prison and let the boys go free. In an interview, the magistrate replied, saying he had to give the boys the opportunity of paying fines. He sent the girls out to become marked with prison pallor because Society had to be protected. The girls were said to be diseased.

I asked several persons working among children, to what they attributed youthful decadence. Two said parents were to blame. Children, they said, were not under parental control. Home was not home to many 'teen-age youths and maidens. Parents failed to make the house which covered them, homes.

"But" I asked "how are parents to control their children? Must they be always brandishing a whip? Must the boy of sixteen be continually dressed down, nagged at and beaten?"

"No," one answered, "the use of the whip or strap should be discarded. Rule the children by comradeship and good guidance." I agree with him. I'm doubtful if all the beatings in the world would make a child good. Whipping, I'm certain, promotes in the child fear and hatred. Sooner or later the child resents it and there comes a time in the life of every father and mother when physical mastery over an offspring brings retaliation.

How then to control a child? Parents' companionship? Yes, for one thing. The understanding of child temperament for another.

How many parents of today are the companions of their children?

How many parents make any attempt to study child temperament?

A few, yes, precious few.

When Frank, six years old, asks father on a Sunday afternoon to take him for a walk into the woods or out along the river bank, what is invariably the answer? Isn't it something like this: "Run away and play with your toys. I'm tired after a week's hard work and besides I've just got nicely interested in this novel. Now you run away and don't disturb daddy again."

What is the child to think? What will he do? Won't he seek companionship elsewhere, away from home? Thus he grows into young manhood finding

his comrades and his friendships in questionable quarters. The police constables can generally tell you where.

* * *

AND what about most twentieth century mothers. Are they companions to their daughters? Rather are they not strangers to both sons and daughters alike. Daughters are handy creatures to have around when mother serves afternoon tea to a party of women bridge-whist fiends. At other times daughters are not handy; they are handicaps.

How many mothers know what their children are doing day after day? A hurried kiss in the morning and Marjorie and Frank are off to school. Many of the modern mothers never see their Franks and Marjories then until next morning when kissing time comes around again. Society's call has been answered by too many mothers. In my opinion, women who want to mix in Society should never have children. I'll agree many don't; but hundreds do. Child bearing and raising can't be made to mix with pink teas and bridge parties.

A hurried morning meal and the children away to school; the Society mother starts off on her daily round. Six times out of ten the children do not see her again during the day.

The maid sets out the luncheon of cold ham, cold something else and cold something more. Father doesn't come home for luncheon—he eats down town. The children eat alone. Home from school in the evening they find mother still absent. She's probably at Mrs. Duff-Smythe's Bridge Whist, and children are farthest from her mind. Free to come and go as they please, the children turn out into the highways and byways and find their pleasures. Mother may turn up around six o'clock. Father comes in about six-thirty, and he's brought home a grouch. Small comfort for children in a grouchy parent. Mother nibbles at a fancy biscuit, sips a cup of tea and is away to her boudoir to prepare for the Huntingdon-Rice's ball. She drags Father along. He makes a big fuss about Society taking all one's time

(Continued on page 34)



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"Cyco" Ball Bearing
Carpet Sweeper
Supreme for
46 Years

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We can supply any size cottage you desire from one room up. Write for plans and literature to "Dept. H."

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MOST OF ALL

That is new and desirable is found month by month in the Advertising Columns of the

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



This oddly constructed Indian bridge, which is situated at Awellgate, near Hazelton, British Columbia, is entirely made out of poles tied together with bark.

Anecdotal

(Continued from page 26)

from Los Angeles. The ocean was decidedly rough and the boat rolled from side to side. A submarine captain on board told me the boat was top-heavy, and it was loaded light. I was passing the entrance to the bridge when people began pouring from their cabins, buckling on life preservers, faces blanched and terror-stricken. There was a concerted rush to starboard. The boat gave an upward heave, and a woman fainted and fell at my feet. I picked up a life-preserver and, buckling it about her waist, carried her to a railing. A captain in uniform ran shouting into the crowd, but his voice was drowned in the confusion. As I leaped to the rail to dive overboard I glanced over my shoulder. The crowd had paused. Women were chatting comfortably, while the men were calmly enjoying a smoke. A man in puttees, carrying a megaphone, approached me and grinned: 'We are making a moving picture, but we didn't shoot this scene. This was the rehearsal. You got so much pep in it we'll give you a fifty dollar voucher if you'll do it over and make the dive.'

* * *

Booth Tarkington is said to be an admirer of the gentler qualities of the colored people. The following story at least bears up the assumption. "They are a delightful race," Mr. Tarkington is quoted as saying. "I know a minister who once married a young colored couple. 'How much Ah owes you, revund,' the bridegroom asked after the ceremony. 'Oh,' said the minister, 'pay me whatever it is worth to you.' The young darky looked his dusky bride over from head to foot with adoring eyes. Turning to the minister, he said, 'You's ruined me fo' life, revund, yo' shoa' has!'"

* * *

The Whistler Journal quotes Thomas Carlyle's experience when he sat for his portrait to Watts: "There was Mr. Watts, a mon of note. And I went to his studio, and there was much meestification, and screens were drawn around the easel, and curtains were drawn, and I was not allowed to see anything. And then at last the screens were drawn aside, and there I was. And I looked. Mr. Watts, a great mon, he said to me, 'How do you like it?' And I turned to Mr. Watts, and I said: 'Mon, I would have ye know. I am in the habit of wurin' clean lunen.'"

* * *

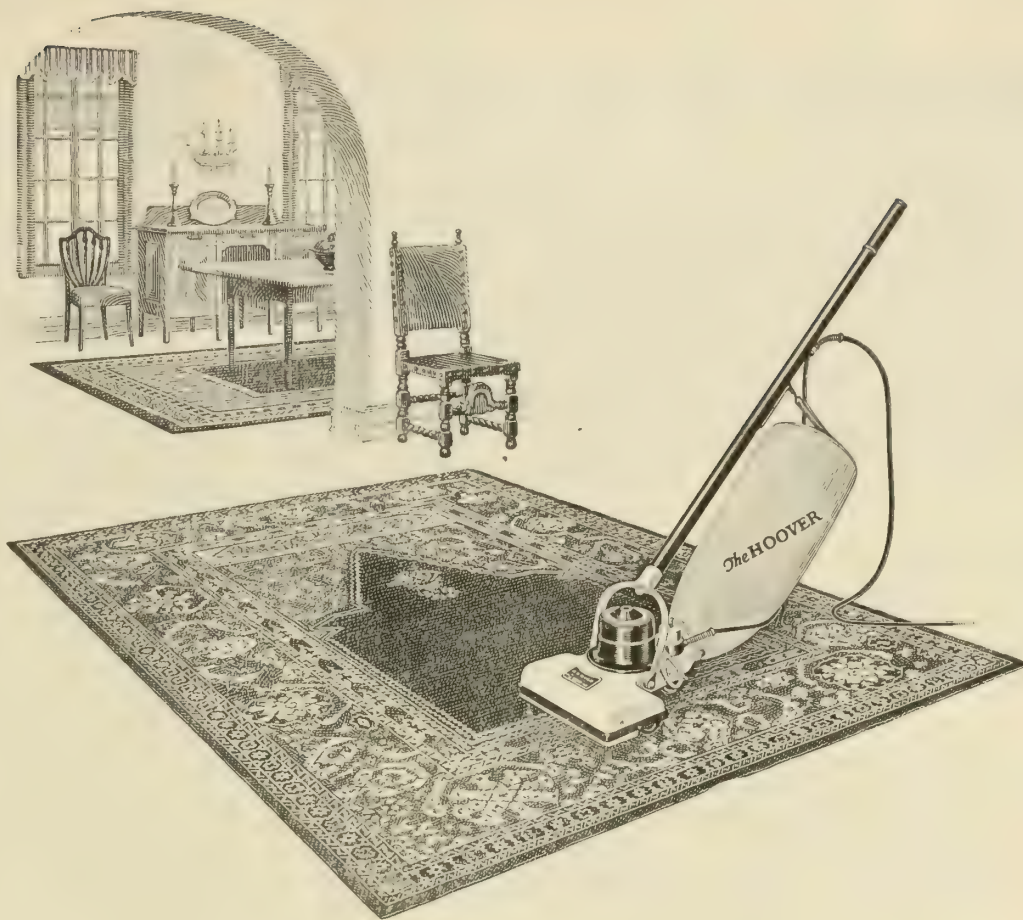
Martha was a pale little wife whose white cheeks indicated her listless condition. Her husband worried about her lack of bloom till Cousin Helen came from the East for a visit. Martha improved wonderfully with bright companionship. Her husband was not slow to express his gratitude to his wife's cousin. "Helen, you can't imagine how much good your visit has done Martha. She looks ten years younger." "Well, I am so glad, Cousin George," Helen babbled. "And if she keeps on using that rouge I'm leaving her she'll always have that healthy complexion, like mine."

* * *

A real estate agent was showing a prospective buyer over a large estate in the south of England. He was a youngster who had been through the war and had become Americanized. As the car threaded its way through English lanes he extolled the natural beauties of the place, park, meadows, woods. At last, the car having arrived at a clear space where there were neither trees nor gardens, the enthusiastic agent pointed heavenwards. Waving his arm, he concluded, "And there's a sun for you! Can you beat it?"

* * *

An old lady of seventy, a member of a long-lived family, had been paying a visit to her mother, aged ninety-five. The aged daughter was rather tearful at the parting. "Good-by, dear mother!" she said, "I hope we shall meet again." "I hope so, my child," her mother briskly retorted. "They tell me you are looking very well."



A Simple Test Will Convince You

Next cleaning day, after your rugs have been vigorously swept, telephone one of our Authorized Dealers to send out a representative with a Hoover—*no obligation, of course*. Just let him glide The Hoover over your cleanest rugs, after first showing you that its bag contains no dirt.

You will be appalled at the dirt he will soon empty from the Hoover bag. You will be surprised that such apparently clean rugs could in reality be so unsanitary.

Naturally, such a condition is no reflection upon you. It is simply impossible to dislodge buried dirt from rugs except by beating, electric sweeping and air suction. The Hoover is, therefore, an absolute necessity.

Electrically it beats out all the nap-wearing, disease-laden grit from rug depths; electrically it sweeps up the stubbornest litter, erects crushed nap, freshens colors and cleans by air—in one easy, rapid, dustless operation *guaranteed to add years to the life and beauty of all your rugs and thereby to repeatedly save its cost*.

Have a free home demonstration of this time-perfected cleaner and its attachments.

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Write for names of Authorized Dealers.

THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
Factory and General Offices: Hamilton, Ontario

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The HOOVER

It BEATS.... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

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of the Many BENEFITS offered in this copy of the
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL?

Besides the many useful hints given in the editorial columns—the fund of helpful suggestions contained in the advertising columns is well worth your close attention—Look them over carefully and take full advantage of them.

Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from page 29)

Marked Points of Superiority:

Point 1 Seamless— (Fashioned without seams)

THE women's hose knit to fit without a seam. Mercury Hose for women is full fashioned in knitting—not a seam anywhere. Perfect fit from toe to top. Full length—no strain on garters. Comfortable and aristocratic looking—always—and it costs no more.

Silk (plain or drop stitch), cashmere, lisle, mercerized and cotton—or two-tone effects of heather and Lovat shades.

Other points of excellence: widened top, full fashioned calf, fashioned ankle, and shaped foot without seams.



Mercury

Hosiery

Mercury Mills Limited—Hamilton—Canada
MAKERS OF HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

130

If a decision is reached early in the year it is likely that the first purchase arranged co-operatively will be that of garden seeds. Many of the members will belong to the Farmer's Institute and will buy their fertilizers for their gardens through that body. But members will be glad to begin with garden seeds as they will realize that the best seeds are procurable from the best dealers only in large quantities. They can then give in their lists of seeds required and orders can be bulked and all share in the wholesale rates. After this beginning, other purchases will be suggested although it is well at the outset to go slowly. The well known Clubs of the English Institutes such as Clothing Clubs, Pig Clubs, Rabbit Clubs and so forth are all based on the co-operative purchase and sale idea.

Besides materials many Institutes buy labor-saving devices co-operatively, tools, implements of many sorts either for co-operative use by members or for members to make a selection from. Vacuum cleaners and mangles and canning outfits are owned by many Institutes in this way. Fruit bottles are often ordered in the Spring in wholesale lots and in the winter months knitting wool and other material for carrying on home industries are frequent requests.

One essential is a good treasurer as accurate accounts are of course a prime necessity. The regular monthly meeting makes a convenient centre for taking orders and distributing purchases. We were all proud during the war that the Government made the Institutes distributing centres for rationed food such as sugar and in many cases this was the beginning of an interest in co-operation and its methods.

The Belgian Women's Institutes are fortunate in having open to them always the whole machinery of the largest co-operative societies, the Boerinnbund of the Flemish Farmers' co-operative organization.

FROM THE ALBERTA WOMEN'S INSTITUTE PRESIDENT.

Everyone knows and loves Isabel Noble and when she writes a letter it is very welcome. The one just received is doubly welcome because it means that we are being of some service to that efficient body of women the Alberta Women's Institutes. This federation had for years the splendid services of Mary MacIsaacs in the Department and Isabel Noble out in the field. Miss Noble writes:—

"Dear Mrs Watt:

I want to tell you how much I am enjoying your page on Institute work in the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. The February number especially has so many helpful suggestions. The articles on Discussions I heartily approve of. We find it hard work to bring out discussions but your suggestions I believe will be of help to all. I'm sure they will help me."

What one likes is the last phrase "I'm sure they will help me." We are always so ready to think that sermons are good for others!

When Miss Noble, herself born in the United States, visited Manitoba she left with our Institutes there the beautiful collect of the American Club Women which I should like to give here in response to many inquiries as to where it can be got.

"Keep us O God, from pettiness; let us be large in thought, in order, in deed.

Let us be done with fault-finding and leave off self seeking

May we put away pretence and meet each other face to face without self-pity and without prejudice.

May we never be hasty in judgment, and always generous.

Let us take time for all things; make us to grow calm, serene, gentle.

Teach us to put into action our better impulses, straight-forward and unafraid.

Grant we may realize that it is the little things that create differences; that in the big things of life we are one.

And may we strive to touch and to know the great common woman's heart

of us all; and, O, Lord God, let us not forget to be kind."

Perhaps this will answer the perennially old question which has come up again, Should the Institute meeting open with prayer? If so what?

We all know that it is entirely the Institute's own affair whether it does or no, but it is such a thorny question and if we were all not agreed that it is the last matter we should quarrel about, there might be real trouble over the question. As you all know some Institutes do have a few minutes' silent prayer, others do open with the National Anthem and in the States the above Collect is largely used. But by far the larger number have no form of prayer and often no formal opening. On the programme of the first Institute formed in England there are two prayers at the beginning and the end. That before January meeting reads:—

"O, Lord make each member of this Institute Thy instrument for good and inspire each one with words and deeds for the community" and after December:—

"O, Lord give us grace to carry out the resolutions of our happier moments."

A plan is being considered at the Essex Women's Institutes of having at the opening, the beautiful dedication of Cecil Spring Rice "I vow to thee my Country," then for the reception of new members to sing the Institute Ode as originated by the Canadian Women's Institutes and for closing, the National Anthem. I think this is very fine and ought to make the meetings dignified and uplifting.

LEADERS IN COMMUNITY SINGING.

One is often asked whether governments send out leaders in community singing and if so what is the arrangement locally. One example is that of Cornell University (the State University of New York) with its Agricultural and Domestic Science Colleges, which has entered into community life in the most wonderful way. In Canada we have made a beginning with having Mrs. Rose Morgan at our big Conventions. Those who heard her at Alberta last year will never forget her description of "Songs that Live" and her happy leading of the "Sing-Song" before each meeting.

The leaders sent out from Cornell usually choose the time of a Conference or a Short Course in Home Economics or a Demonstration School of one sort or another and the instruction and assistance is given as part of the Conference or Extension work. These leaders make use of local material and the local choirs are pressed into service. Old Fashioned Singing Schools are started and before the week passes usually a keen interest is worked up in Community Singing.

At a big Conference the programme of one session read:—

Sewing Demonstrations
Dress-Making Shop
Junior Games
Preparation of a Picnic Lunch and of a School Lunch—Demonstrations.
Community Picnic
Community Singing

It all sounds most attractive. Community Singing has come to stay and even if it may be overdone as in one case in British Columbia where we have all to sing after each course of a luncheon, still it is a splendid thing and there is so very much in the leading that it would be worth while working the matter up among the Institutes. All our Conventions, nowadays, are the richer for our Chorus singing. Let us make the most of it.

THE QUESTION BOX

Question—Are Institute Members admitted free at all entertainments got up by the Institute?

Answer—Each Institute decides this matter for itself and on the merits of the case. But there is a general feeling that members should have at least reduced rates. When this is done it is usual to direct either that the badge be worn in a conspicuous

(Continued on page 61)

THE CHOIRMASTER

Some Reflections on a Much Tried Functionary Who is not Infrequently a Woman

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

LATELY I was glancing over a series of essays on musical bibliography by O. G. Sonneck, an official of the Library of Congress at Washington, who has made a specialty of collecting historical information with regard to music in America; and encountered something which set me thinking. He spoke of the great gap in the data relating to this particular field through the lack of information with regard to the development of sacred music and the church choir in North America. When one comes to think of it, this is a very serious omission, for not only in the greater part of the United States but in Canada, the church choir is the unit from which a very considerable part of our musical effort springs. When we look into the history of the choral organizations which have made Canada famous, we find that they originally grew from the personal ambitions of choirmasters; who at the outset used their own church singers as the nucleus of the larger organizations they have created. A year or so ago when the history of the Mendelssohn Choir was published in these columns, details were given of the long apprenticeship which its founder, Dr. A. S. Vogt, served in various churches of Western Ontario, and finally at Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto. I think it will be found that in almost every instance where a choral society has risen to an important position in any part of Canada it will be found that its conductor was or is a church choirmaster. That was assuredly true of the old Philharmonic Society of Toronto which exercised so wide an influence over the earlier history of Canadian music; and which was developed by the late Dr. Torrington from his vantage point as choirmaster of the Metropolitan Methodist Church of that city. It is true of the many notable and brilliant choral organizations which have sprung up in Winnipeg, Hamilton, London, Brantford and other Canadian cities. Moreover if we look into the professional history of Canadian singers who have gained international success in the operatic and the concert field we almost invariably find that their early training has been obtained in church choirs. The history of Albani who as a young girl was a choir singer in Montreal and later in Albany has been repeated in the cases of Florence Easton, Jeanne Gordon, Bertha Crawford and numerous other noted singers of Canadian training and origin.

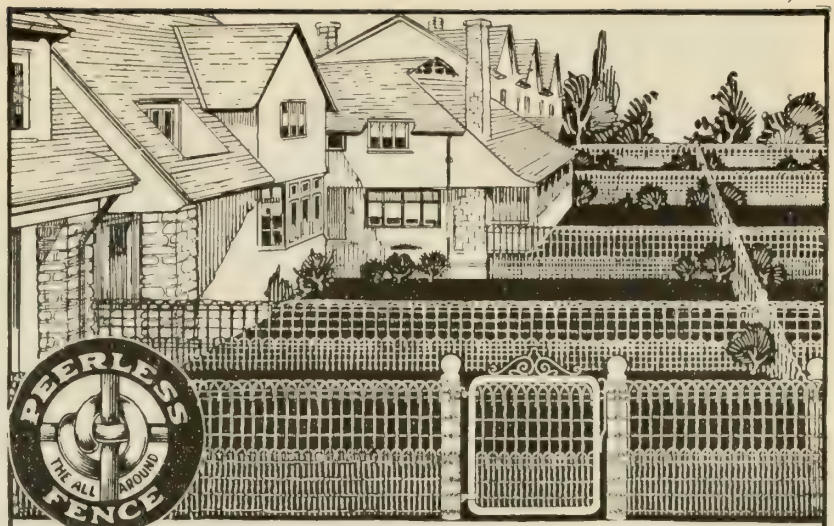
Accepting the church choir as an immensely important unit in the progress and development of music we must go back to the unit within the unit, the choirmaster; upon whose enthusiasm, taste, and personality everything depends. From the earliest times he has played a part in music that many are apt to overlook. Most of us are prone to regard musical history as chiefly signifying the biographies of various men of genius who have arisen at epochal periods; just as in ordinary history the individual achievements of a few statesmen and generals are stressed out of proportion to the general course of events to which a great many active personalities contributed. Thus little attention is paid to the great part that choirmasters or capell-masters have played in the general advancement of the art ever since music became an active factor in the spread of Christian worship.

Personally I get a good deal of pleasure from digging out the facts surrounding unfamiliar names whenever I run across them on concert programmes and I not infrequently find them to be those of organists and choirmasters long since dead, whose work is forgotten and yet who exercised an immense influence in their time. The ancient order of choirmasters may boast at least two names of immortal fame in their roster, Palestrina and Bach, but there were countless others who did yeoman service. Not long since I heard the New York Symphony Orchestra play a composition by a modern composer founded on an air by Thomas Tallis. The name is not wholly obscure because it still figures occasionally in the musical services of the Anglican Church, especially at Christmas and Eastertide. But few really know whether Tallis was a Victorian or Elizabethan musician. Yet

Tallis, who is known to historians as the father of English Cathedral music, lived, and followed his art as a church musician, throughout the most momentous period in English religious history, that of the Tudor Reformation. He was born in 1515 six years after Henry VIII came to the Throne; and died in 1585, when Elizabeth had been Queen for twenty seven years. For most of this period he was officially connected with the institution around which sanguinary warfare waged,—the church. As a lad he was a chorister at old St. Pauls and as a young man, organist at Waltham Abbey. On the dissolution of that monastery in 1540 it is recorded that he received twenty shillings wages due and twenty shillings as a compensation for loss of position. Shortly afterward, he was appointed a gentleman of the Chapel Royal, directing and composing music for the choristers of that historic institution,—which is still maintained. From thence onward he continued to produce liturgical music of an inspired and elevated devotional character. He passed unscathed through the conflicts of the Nationalist and Romanist parties in the Church; and composed at will for either English or Latin text. When in 1552 the second prayer book of Edward VI was issued in the common tongue, he supplied the music for the new form of service; but some of his most beautiful works were Latin chants, probably composed during the reign of Mary, some of which were later adapted to English words. He seems to have enjoyed the favor of Queen Elizabeth for, in 1565, she granted to him and to his pupil, William Byrd, a monopoly of the right to print music and to sell ruled music paper for copying and composition. There is however strong reason for believing that both he and Byrd, though outwardly conforming and the leading creators of choral music for the reformed church, remained Catholics at heart.

At another recent concert I found the name of J. Matheson (1681-1764) on a programme. It was attached to a beautiful air, played by the gifted violinist Josef Stopak. I had never seen the name on a concert programme before and, curiosity aroused, I traced its significance; making the interesting discovery that it was that of a man who among many other callings was a choirmaster, responsible for much. He was in truth the very first man in the history of church music to introduce women's voices into religious services. Thus in the case of every choir row in which the women singers are involved or which arises from differences between the soprano soloist and the choirmaster we may blame Matheson. Though his name indicates Scottish descent he was born in Hamburg and christened Johann. He was a veritable "Admirable Crichton," for he was a student of laws and of languages, and is reputed to have acted as Ambassador for the free city of Hamburg to other States. He wrote important treaties including biographies of the musicians prior to his time, and an account of all the known musical instruments up to his period. He was an executant on the harp, organ and harpsichord and both a tenor singer and conductor at the Hamburg Opera House. In this capacity he befriended the youthful Handel prior to the latter's advent to England. But it was as choral director of Hamburg Cathedral that the progressive measures which influenced the subsequent course of choir performance were initiated by him. The innovation of employing women choristers, which spread to other lands has been mentioned; and it was he also who developed and gave vital existence to the church cantata, afterwards brought to a higher perfection by Bach. All his compositions were supposed until recently to have been lost; and it was by the discovery of his air for violin that his name has been lifted from oblivion, so far as the public, other than musical antiquaries, is concerned. We can imagine, in view of the above facts, how great a figure he cut in musical circles two hundred years ago.

(Continued on page 57)



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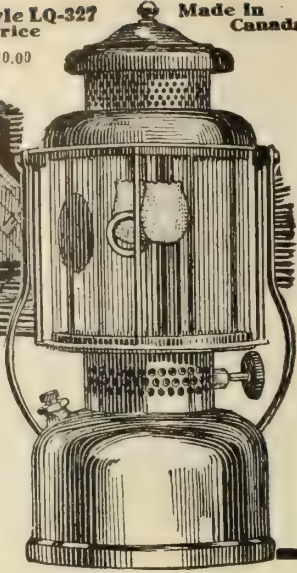
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gives instantly an appearance of wondrous beauty. That smooth, delicate, refined complexion it gives will render enchanting beauty even to the most perfect of natural skins. Does not rub off or give that "made up look." 80 years in use. Made in White—Flesh—Brunette.

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Here is your opportunity to possess this combination of Beauty Requisites. Send us your name and address with 25c and we will send you Gouraud's Oriental Cream—white—flesh—brunette, a tube of Gouraud's Oriental Cold Cream and a large cake of Gouraud's Medicated Soap.

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, M. eal



Fall in, Folks! We're Going Home

(Continued from page 30)

but he goes along to keep up appearances, so he says. Yet it was father who helped to place Mother's feet on the ladder to social success.

What becomes of Frank and Marjorie? Marjorie has fallen in love with a man of poor reputation as a man, but feelingly referred to as a "heavenly dancer" by the girls in Marjorie's set. She spends her spare time with rough people in rough places. She can tell a risqué story without a trace of a blush. Though she's eighteen she knows nothing of herself physically. Mother has been too busy Society strutting to tell her daughter of the mysteries of life.

And what of Frank? Oh, Frank's spare moments, (he has plenty of them) are spent in Murphy's pool hall and the questionable dance hall on the back street. He's learned how to break the prohibition laws. He stands in well with the youth he mixes with, because he knows the place to get all the liquor needed for a little "petting" party.

The crash comes. Marjorie, never taught self-control, never told to be wary of certain men, listens to the words of so-called love and falls. Frank takes the easy path. He finds the roses outgrown by the thorns, and eventually becomes a "bum." Both outcasts of Society, true, yet both made outcasts by Society.

The parents? They wring their hands and cry aloud unto the skies. "What have we done to deserve this?" they moan. They attempt to console one another. "We've always been good to Marjorie and Frank. They have had everything they wanted. We educated them and told them to be good citizens. We even cried over them when they were babies."

Had everything they wanted? No. They wanted parent's companionship and guidance. Toys a plenty and good times, modern good times? Yes. A sincere parental interest in their welfare? No.

A word on Jazz. I've no daughters of the dancing age. By the time they reach that age I'm sure Jazz will have gone the road to the garbage dump. It's on the garbage wagon now and the driver's about ready to say "Get up."

This physical ruination of young men and women to make a Jazzy holiday must stop or back we go to animalism in the sense in which we speak of animals. I think we're prone to libel animals. Jazz does not generate Love; it mocks Love.

ABOUT Fathers. Too many fathers have a mistaken idea. They admit they should be companions to their sons but shun, yes, resent any inference that they become comrades of their daughters. Sometimes a father can talk to a daughter better than the mother. It's a good plan for a father to take a tramp with a daughter. I'm waiting for my two to reach an age of understanding. I'm going to make their lives so interesting they're going to miss

me and long for me when I'm out of sight. How will I do it? I'll find a way. There's plenty of woods where we live. There are hundreds of running streams. How better can you talk of Nature than by getting back to Nature?

Prohibition has prohibited the man who doesn't want liquor from getting it. I mean by that, the man who drank in a public bar did so occasionally, because he could get it. That kind of drinker does not go bootlegging today. The young man who didn't drink before prohibition does drink now. Worse, the young woman who once loathed liquor, or the smell of it upon a man's breath, drinks it now. In our town the youth who knows where to get liquor is very popular with both sexes. There are many "hip-pocket" drinkers here. A boy takes a girl to a dance. Between dances they slyly slip out into the corridor or ante-room and "swig" from a small flask the youth carries on his hip. What is the result? What is generally the result when you pour gasoline on a fire?

I believe we'll have to get back home before there'll be a change in morals; in the temperament and daily life of Canadians. Unthinking parents must discard the cloak of foolish sentiment and don their thinking caps. The home, basis, rock of the foundation of any country, must truly become HOME,—not the parking place for a mother's gloves or a father's lodge apron. Too long has home been a half-way house along the road of life. It must be put on rollers and moved to the very beginning of Life. Sons and daughters must be called back, nay welcomed back. If through the means of proper home influence, we bring about the regeneration of our young people, won't the effort be worth while? If we can get the Society-crazed mother back to normalcy; back to where she will serve fewer pink teas and more black tea and full course meals—if we can see the maid relegated to the position of maid, not mistress in a home—if we can, as fathers, forget an occasional game of cards at the club, an occasional Sunday novel and one or two of those important business deals and spend the time thus saved with our growing up sons and daughters, how long will it be before the craze for insane pleasure dies out, to be replaced by the desire for sanity in living, action and thought?

Companionship is the key to the heart of the teen-age boy and girl. We parents all have a key. Shall we insert it and throw open the doors, or shall we keep them forever closed? Let's make home worthy to be called such. Let's see if we can't coax our sons and daughters to come back home. Let us as parents go back first and welcome them with open arms. Let's go.

Editor's Note.—This article is written by one who is evidently strongly convinced of the necessity for reform in the modern parent. While we may not sympathize with his prohibition views, we have found this article highly interesting and stimulating.



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As a wealth of well-groomed hair

Nothing so beautiful and nothing more easily attained—if you know how. Satiny, silky, glossy hair is the reward of intelligent care. Follow the suggestions we give you here and prove it.

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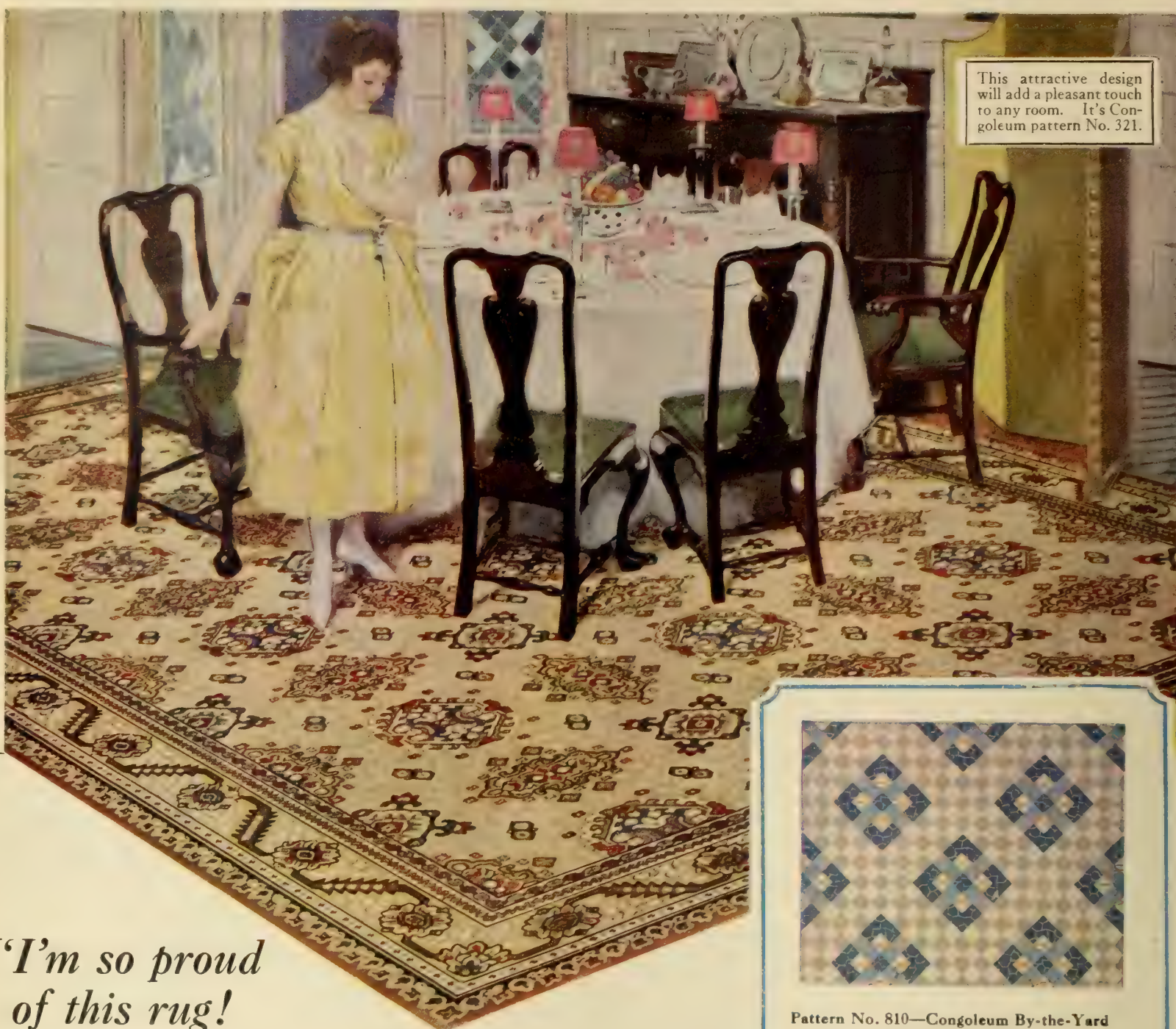
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Summery Frocks of Modish Fabrics

BY CHARLOTTE M. STOREY

As pretty as the new cotton dress goods are in the piece, they are a hundredfold more beautiful when made up into summery frocks.

Cotton in its many phases is an unassuming kind of textile. You rarely see it posing as silk and when it does, it is such a bad actor that the fraud is detected at once and it receives very little patronage. When it masquerades as wool it is equally unsuccessful. We admire cotton most when it makes no false pretenses, just as we do people. Thus we like our cottons straight and we also like them made up simply.

New arrivals from Paris herald the vogue of crepe, embroidered voiles and batistes and even ratine, and our own designers whether in custom shop or factory, have not been slow to appreciate the beauty and the possibilities of cotton textiles available for this summer. Some of the models that we have seen have been so charming as to make us almost wish we could skip the Spring interlude and that

Set in the front of the skirt were little sections of lace-trimmed batiste. The dress hung straight from the neck, confined at the waist with a loose girdle of black crepe ribbon.

* * *

MOST of these summer frocks hang straight from the neck in chemise style and are girdled with a ribbon usually from an inch to three inches wide tied in the back, with long ends.

Red is one of the colors which shines forth resplendent in the summer wardrobe. According to our conservative way of thinking this is inconsistent. Red is too warm a color for a Canadian summer; still fashion must have her own way and we have no doubt that some of the warmest days will see youth and beauty arrayed in all these various shades of red. There is no doubt about their being attractive and one is sometimes at a loss to know which she prefers, the yellowish reds or the purer salvia tones. Of all the new



Two charming summer costumes, showing the latest touches in decoration

Summer with her accessories of clover bloom and summer frocks and hats might arrive without further delay.

White is becoming very fashionable once again; but except for confirmation and wedding dresses almost invariably there is a touch of color somewhere. Colored embroideries on a white ground are admitted to be quite the thing and it is not the pale tints alone, but for example, red and black used in a small design so as to suggest, but not quite form a block. An extremely pretty model that we saw was made up of just such material and design with a simple round untrimmed neck, short sleeves with little turned-back plain batiste lace-trimmed cuff. The skirt had panels down the side made of plain white batiste trimmed with lace and around the bottom of the skirt there was a small cord piping of salvia to match the color of the embroidery and sewn in with the piping a little upstanding ruffle of narrow val lace.

names for this shade of red, this to our way of thinking, is the most acceptable, for the moment you see it, the mind pictures beds of brilliant salvia against the green lawn.

One lovely red voile had a ratine stripe at intervals of about an inch and was extremely pretty.

Tiger lily is another shade which makes up well, especially if the material be dotted Swiss. Organdie is used a great deal this year in conjunction with dotted Swiss and there is no end of ways in which it can be used. Some designers are very lavish in their use of it but we really think it is more effectively used in small quantities, a good example of which was one with narrow straps of organdie edged with val inserted in the body of the model, ending at the waist and groups of straps similarly trimmed, set in the skirt four or five inches above the hem. Here again was a black three inch crepe ribbon sash.

(Continued on page 38)



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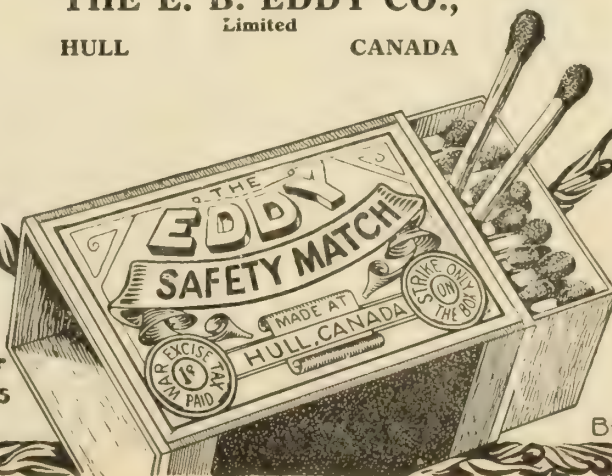
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Summery Frocks of Modish Fabrics

(Continued from page 37)

Two things one observes in these summer frocks, one is the plain bateau neck almost invariably untrimmed except for the tiniest cord that introduces a complementary color. This cord is sometimes repeated on the sleeves around the bottom of the skirt, or perhaps as a trimming where sleeves or skirt are slashed.

White Irish crochet about an inch wide was a new note one noticed on a fancy voile with little Egyptian characters arranged in squares and embroidered in salvia. This had short sleeves, slashed from bottom to top and edged with the lace and it was interesting to find that lace was also used around the bottom. Plain hems have been used so long that it is like going back (or is it going forward?) a decade or two to find lace trimming around the bottom.

Among the imported models several new things are introduced in the way of decoration. For instance in linen with drawn-work embellishment a sort of inser-

French model had a front panel made of row after row of these pretty petals. On another model, a bold design was carried out with coronation braid and large leaves of the material of the dress, but in a different color. Drawn work trims a great many of the French models.

Another summer offering will be the sports dresses designed for those who look on, rather than those who participate in the game. Baronet satin, so popular for summer sports skirts, is also used for sports dresses. One very smart model that we saw was made of white baronet satin with a sailor collar and V front cut rather low and filled in with a vestee of the same material, and wide Jenny sleeves of fisher-maid cloth in a bright green color. In case some reader is not familiar with the weave of fisher-maid cloth one might say that it is something like a coarse mosquito netting made of loosely woven silk threads. Another useful sports dress is



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tion was made of atoms of the linen supplementing the drawn work. Some of these models were embroidered almost all over in a sort of cross or V-shaped stitch with two colors of woollen yarn, say black and white. One very unusual model had the neck cut in scallops, the top of the scallops being caught together with a little network of fine woollen yarn. The use of woollen yarn embroidery on cotton has survived longer than most such novelties do. Wool and sheer materials seem a very inconsistent combination, but inconsistent or not, there is more of it used to-day than there ever has been since it came into vogue; but one must admit that it is used with a great deal more discretion and therefore is more effective.

One of the favorite trimmings seems to be material cut in the form of petals and picoted around the edge. One

made of Crepe Knit, which is a silk material with a very short loop surface. One model of this material was made with a middie of dark rich red color and a navy blue skirt. A metallic girdle was worn with this suit. Another baronet satin, which happened to be in a tiger lily tint, had long wide sleeves of white Georgette crepe embroidered in black.

Now most of the models mentioned have been of the dressy type, but the backbone of the summer wardrobe will be its gingham dresses. Small checks of dandelion and white and of lavender and white are to take the place of the black and white and the black and red of last year. Not entirely of course, because one still sees great quantities of both black and white and red and white, but these are new colors introduced this year with the sanction of Dame Fashion.



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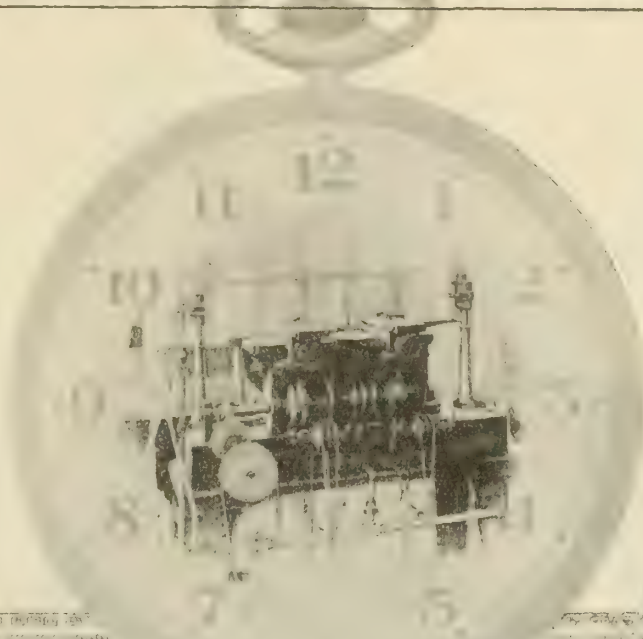
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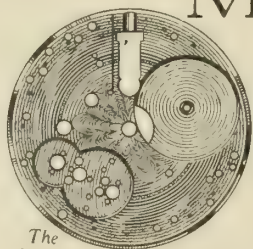
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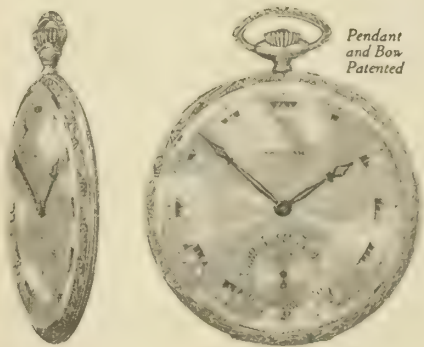
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Dress 9997

Overblouse 9899
Embroidery 12667

Jacket 9999
Skirt 9904

Dress 1013

Jacket 1008
Skirt 9904
Blouse 9654

Cape 9965
Dress 9967

Dress 1003

Dress 1020
Appiqué 12671

1021 9997 9654

9965 1008 9899 1022

9967 9904

1020 1003 1013

1008—Ladies' and Misses' Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. No. 9904—Misses' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The suit in size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch homespun—2½ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining jacket. No. 9654—Misses' Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1⅛ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine.

9899—Misses' Overblouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch Canton crêpe—5 yards 40-inch contrasting Canton crêpe for sleeves. Embroidery, in design 12667, forms an elaborate border on the wide flowing sleeves. The design may be worked with metallic thread or silk floss in flat satin stitch.

These are Pictorial Review Patterns. If your dealer cannot supply them, send direct to Pictorial Review Co., 263-267 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Attractive Skirts and Blouses for Street or Sports Wear

May Patterns and Prices

For page 40:

9997—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 32-inch check gingham— $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 40-inch organdy for collar and pocket trimming. Many new designs are being introduced in gingham and with a contrasting material a good effect is given.

1003—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch dotted swiss— $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 40-inch voile— $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards rick-rack braid— $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. This cool-looking frock combines dotted swiss and voile and with the addition of hemstitching a chic touch is given.

9965—Ladies' and Misses' Cape. Designed for 16 years, 36 and 42 bust. No. 9967—Misses' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. The costume in size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards wool Jersey— $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine for collar, cuffs, and cape lining.

9999—Misses' Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 9904—Misses' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. The suit in size 16 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 54-inch tricotine— $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 54-inch check— $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining jacket.

1020—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch linen— $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 40-inch organdy for sleeves. A smart touch is given to this simple frock by the applique in design 12671 which may be cut from colored linen and couched down in outline, buttonhole, or blanket stitching.

1013—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 16 requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch handkerchief linen—7 yards pointed trimming. To provide a smart fashion note, applique motifs of contrasting material may be used to trim the collar and sash.

Dress 9997—35 cents.

Overblouse 9899—30 cents.

Embroidery 12667—40 cents (Blue or Yellow).

Dress 1020—35 cents.

Applique 12671—30 cents (Blue or Yellow).

Jacket 1008—35 cents.

Skirt 9904—30 cents.

Blouse 9654—30 cents.

Dress 1003—35 cents.

Cape 9965—35 cents.

Dress 9967—35 cents.

Jacket 9999—35 cents.

Skirt 9904—30 cents.

Dress 1013—35 cents.

For page 41:

1027—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for blouse— $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine for yoke, cuffs, and girdle. Beading, in design 12574 is applied to the yoke, cuffs, and girdle of this blouse. Steel, opalescent, crystal, chalk, or colored glass beads may be used in carrying out this design.

9511—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch batiste—2 yards lace insertion. No. 9993—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge with plaits drawn out, about 2 yards. Size 26 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch tweed.

9497—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard 54-inch wool Jersey— $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs. No. 9883—Ladies' Knickerbockers. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 54-inch twillcord.

1009—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 40-inch satin crêpe. Beading, in design



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Young Folks' Attire for Every-Day or Dress-Up Occasions

Coat
9830Coat
9872

Dress 1043

Suit
1006Dress
9762
Embroidery
12206

Dress 9482

9830—Child's Single-breasted Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 36-inch taffeta—2 yards 36-inch silk for lining. The front and back of this cunning little coat are shirred and attached to a round yoke.

Dress 1031

9872—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 54-inch serge—2 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch pussy willow taffeta for lining. To give a smart touch to this coat a collar of Georgette crêpe, organdy, voile, or linen may be worn over the collar of self-material.

1043—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1 $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch dotted swiss—4 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards pointed trimming—2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards satin ribbon for the sash.

Sports Suit
9010Blouse
1019
Skirt
9909

Dress 9803

Dress 1038

Overblouse 9898
Skirt 9909

Coat 9984

12319, outlines the neck and sleeves. The design may be carried out in chalk, crystal, opalescent, or colored glass beads, or if desired braiding may be substituted.

1051—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 26 requires 1 $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 54-inch diagonal cheviot.

1053—Ladies' Wrap-around Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Size 26 requires 2 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards 54-inch homespun.

1055—Ladies' Wrap-around Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Size 26 requires 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44-inch striped serge.

1060—Ladies' Wrap-around Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Size 26 requires 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 54-inch tweed.

1053—Ladies' Wrap-around Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Size 26 requires 2 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards 54-inch check.

Overblouse 1027—30 cents.

Beading 12574—75 cents Blue or yellow.

Blouse 9511—30 cents.

Skirt 9993—30 cents.

Overblouse 9497—30 cents.

Knickerbockers 9883—35 cents.

Overblouse 1009—35 cents.

Beading 12319—25 cents.

Skirt 1051—30 cents.

" 1053—30 cents.

" 1055—30 cents.

" 1060—30 cents.

" 1053—30 cents.

For page 42:

1006—Boys' Suit. Designed for 4 to 10 years. Size 8 requires 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 54-inch tweed— $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch linen for vest and collar. The suit consists of a jacket vest, and side-closing trousers. In place of tweed, serge or Poirer twill, velveteen could be used for suit and the vestee made of satin.

9762—Child's Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 4 to 10 years. Size 8 requires 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch china silk for foundation slip—3 yards ribbon—13 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards edging. The front and back are gathered to a scalloped yoke. Embroidery, in design 12206, forms dainty little motifs on the yoke and on the scalloped trimming-pieces. They may be worked in raised satin stitch with mercerized cotton or silk floss.

9482—Girls' Dress. Designed for 4 to 10 years. Size 6 requires 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch taffeta— $\frac{1}{2}$ yard contrasting for piping. The dress slips on over the head, and the front and back are laid in shallow plaits and joined to a deep one-piece yoke which is cut in one with the short, comfortable, kimono sleeves.

9010—Boys' Sports Suit. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2 yards 36-inch linen for blouse—1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch contrasting linen for trousers and collar.

1038—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch linen— $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch contrasting linen for collar and cuffs.

1031—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch dotted swiss— $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch voile for piping.

1019—Girls' and Juniors' Blouse. Designed for 6 to 17 years. No. 9909—Girls' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 6 to 18 years. The costume in size 14 requires 2 yards 54-inch wool Jersey— $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs.

9803—Girls' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 3 yards 32-inch check gingham— $\frac{1}{8}$ yard 32-inch plain gingham.

9898—Girls' Overblouse. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch linen. No. 9909—Girls' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 6 to 18 years. Size 12 requires 1 yard 54-inch check. The skirt closes at the left side.

(Continued on page 44)

It's Thrilling to Dye!

THE latest 'Thrill' in our house was introduced by little Sister Florence. She came home from school all agog with excitement. "Grandmother," she cried, "I was taught how to dye by the latest process to-day,—it's just wonderful!"

Dear old Grandmother smiled wistfully from her comfy old armchair. "My dear," she said, "I used to dye your Mother's little garments when she was a girl like you!"

"I know," replied the child very confidently, "but the wonderful Modern Dyes and the scientific Modern Method didn't exist then. Teacher explained it all to us."

And she rattled on, begging me to get her some of the 'Modern' fast, all fabric dye so that she could show me, her big sister, "all about it."

I went to the Drug Store and asked to see the Color Card of the Dyes Florence had mentioned. From a veritable galaxy of colors I chose Navy Blue and Pink, buying two cakes of each.

Returning home I studied the directions contained in each of the little packages. It was very easy to follow these simple directions and the next afternoon saw us started on an adventure that proved the most interesting and profitable experience I have ever had. Taking Florence's white voile frock which was still wearable but sadly yellowed by washing and weather, I weighed it and found that it tipped the scale at half a pound. I cut off half of the pink dye cake and put it away in its foil wrapper for future use. I then shaved the remaining half into a small enamelled saucepan of boiling water and stirred it until thoroughly dissolved.

A small washboiler was then filled with just enough water to cover the garment and brought to a boil. The pink dye solution was poured into the simmering bath. The dress was immersed and stirred with a stick taking care to spread out all folds. After ten minutes of this treatment the dress was lifted out with the stick and one-half cup of common table salt stirred into the bath. The dress was then put into the bath again and kept moving by use of the stick for twenty minutes.

At the end of that time it was taken out with the stick and rinsed in cold water until all excess dye had been washed off. After pressing the garment gently with the hands—not wringing it, mind you—it was hung up to dry, carefully spread out.

When nearly dry it was ironed on the wrong side.

It was perfectly surprising and delightful to see the result. Florence was enchanted. Mother was incredulous. Grand-

ny, dear old soul, shook her head. "It used to take me most of a day to dye like that," she said.

"Yes, and a fretful, messy day, too," added Mother, who well remembered Grandmother's toil and trouble.

"At least it was an easy and delightful experience to-day," I said, and then I fell to thinking. There were twenty colors on that Color Card, and Mustard and Khaki made twenty-two. The Drug Store Clerk stated positively that I could make two thousand different shades in addition to a perfect Black and a true Navy Blue.

"Mother," I broke out at length, "I am going to dye my gray 'party' dress and an old pair of gray silk stockings. You see, it doesn't matter what kind of material it is, so I shall dye that cheap cotton waist and a few ribbons and ties and some woolen things as well."

Well, I did everything I intended to do and more. I bought some yellow, and using just three-quarters of the amount mentioned in the Direction Sheet, I dyed another white dress 'Canary Yellow.' Then I mixed two cakes of Sand and one-sixteenth of a cake of Orange and dyed some cheesecloth light Tan for the Sun-room curtains. An old brown silk dress of Granny's I dyed a perfect black by adding one-half cake of Navy Blue to the black dye bath to counteract the influence of the original dark brown of the material.

And I dyed and dyed and dyed, simply fascinated by the wonderful color combinations I was able to obtain, until the whole house was transformed and rejuvenated. Old materials of all kinds came under the spell of the wonderful new dye. My friends have caught the 'fever' and are vying with each other in beautifying their homes and wardrobes.

The expense is absolutely trivial compared with the saving and increased self-respect, for one is not conscious of that 'dyed over' feeling, the colors are so true, so lustrous, so even, so deep, so fast, so perfectly delightful and wonderful.

Little Sister Florence has caused quite a sensation, but the most amazed person of all is dear old Grandmother. As each new dyeing triumph is unfolded before her eyes she exclaims, "Land sakes! How the world does progress to be sure!"

"It's the new way," chimes in little Florence, "everybody doesn't know about this Dye yet."

And, judging by the number of people who want to know, it won't be long before 'everybody' will be dyeing for pleasure, appearance and economy.

I am sure that dyeing this way will never lose its fascination for our family—it's a 'thrill' that has come to stay.



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GOSSARD FRONT LACING CORSETS

made for you that will corset you without a tell-tale line; give you a smooth, pleasing curve from armpit to knee without a moment's discomfort. And with this unrestricted natural charm of line comes that subtlest and youthfulest of all the beauty gifts—grace.

You will find these original front lacing corsets at the best stores—everywhere—and you will be served by trained corsetieres who will unerringly help you select just those models that will best express your personal charm. Your Gossard never coerces—it persuades. It does not attempt to make you conform to something you never were. Gossards are created for those women who cherish good taste and who have that true perception of beauty that must be the foundation of all becomingness in dress. As faultless in material and workmanship as they are in design, they will retain their original grace of outline to the last day they are worn. In the economy of this superior wearing service alone they amply justify their nominal cost.

"THE GIFT OF EVE"—So we have named a tiny book that is just off our press. It is not pretentious but it will be cherished by every woman who appreciates the importance of that quiet distinction that ever marks the woman of good taste. To you we shall be glad to send it, if you will trouble to write your request to our home offices at 363 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Canada.

The CANADIAN H. W. GOSSARD CO., Limited
363-377 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Canada

Chicago New York London Sydney Buenos Aires



These Little People's Clothes Show the Correct Lines



Dress 7972

Bloomer Dress
9372

Rompers 9434

Pantalet Dress
9270

7972—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2 $\frac{7}{8}$ yards lace edging. The dress, which closes in back, is gathered and attached to a square yoke finished with a round collar.

9875—Girls' and Juniors' Jumper Dress. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch linen for dress—1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch dotted swiss for blouse. Very smart for school are these little jumper dresses fashioned of linen, chambray, gingham, ratiné, or cotton crêpe. The blouse may be of dotted swiss, organdy, voile, batiste, or cotton crêpe.

Jumper
Dress
9875

9372—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 $\frac{5}{8}$ yards 32-inch check gingham— $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 32-inch plain gingham for binding. For playtime wear nothing can replace the bloomer dress. This frock closes at the center-back and has short kimono sleeves finished with trimming-bands of plain gingham. The lower edge of the dress is also trimmed with narrow bands at the sides.

9434—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 2 requires 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ yard 32-inch gingham— $\frac{1}{8}$ yard 27-inch chambray. The bloomers distend at the sides and are gathered to narrow bands at the lower edge. A shaped trimming-band is adjusted on the front of the waist.

9270—Child's Pantalet Dress. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 2 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards 27-inch chambray— $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 32-inch check gingham— $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch lining for underwaist. The pantalets are attached to the front of an underwaist and are gathered to a band at the back.

9979—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 $\frac{5}{8}$ yards 36-inch linen— $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch white linen for collar and cuffs. The collar and cuffs are outlined in blanket-stitching with silk floss or embroidery wool.

9010—Boys' Sports Suit. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 32-inch madras for blouse— $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 54-inch check for trousers.

MAY PATTERNS AND PRICES (Continued from page 42)

For Page 42:

seam, and if desired suspender straps may be attached to a straight belt.

9984—Girls' and Juniors' Coat. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch velvetyne—3 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining. The coat has raglan sleeves which are finished with straight band cuffs, and the collar which is rolled with the fronts of the coat may be buttoned high to the neck when the weather is chilly. A narrow belt slips through straps at the underarm seams and is buckled in front.

Coat 9830—30 cents.

" 9872—30 cents.

Dress 1043—30 cents.

Suit 1006—35 cents.

Dress 9762—35 cents.

Emb. 12206—30 cents. Blue or Yellow.

Dress 9482—30 cents.

Sports Suit 9010—25 cents.

Dress 1031—30 cents.

Overblouse 9898—30 cents.

Skirt 9909—20 cents.

Coat 9984—30 cents.

Dress 1038—30 cents.

Blouse 1019—30 cents.

Skirt 9909—20 cents.

Dress 9803—35 cents.

Dress
9979

Sports Suit 9010

For page 44:

7972—Price 25 cents.

9875— " 30 cents.

9372— " 30 cents.

9434— " 30 cents.

9270— " 30 cents.

9979— " 30 cents.

9010— " 25 cents.

LINOLEUM RUGS



Make Your Living Room the Children's Room

THE cheerful living room with its Linoleum Rug of charming design is an ideal place for the little folks to play. There they can romp by the hour and mother need have no qualms about soiling dainty clothes. Besides, the ever-fresh and sanitary Linoleum Rug is safe, germ-proof and stainless.

It is a comfort to realize that no acci-

dent can affect this beautiful floor — a damp cloth will remove the most injurious "spills" — ink, grease, fruit juice, leaving the Linoleum Rug as perfect as before.

Linoleum Rugs make a permanent and beautiful floor. The strong canvas back with its long tough fibres guarantees years of wear.

At your favourite Department or Furniture Store you can see a wonderful display of Linoleum Rugs. The large variety of artistic designs and harmonious colorings will please you. Linoleum Rugs can now be secured at lower prices than have prevailed for some years past.

Illustrated below is one of the beautiful designs in Linoleum Rugs with appropriate Rug Surround.





The Coca-Cola Company
Winnipeg - - Montreal
Toronto

King Neptune Smiles on the Season's Bathing Suits

1047—Misses' Bathing Suit. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch taffeta— $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch contrasting taffeta— $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Checked taffeta makes a pretty finish for the bottom of the bloomers, Peter Pan collar, and cuffs. The skirt is shirred over the hips to allow more freedom when swimming.

1045—Misses' Bathing Suit. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards 36-inch striped sateen— $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch plain sateen. The belt, collar, piping on bloomers and the short sleeves are of the plain sateen. In place of the sateen, Jersey, taffeta, or satin could be substituted, using any pretty contrasting material for trimming.

9447—Juniors' Bathing Suit. Designed for 13 to 17 years. Size 13 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch taffeta for dress— $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch taffeta for bloomers. This suit fashioned of any colored taffeta is sleeveless, and is shirred deeply at the waistband. It slips on over the head and fastens on the shoulders. The bloomers are full.

9405—Child's Bathing Suit. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 1 yard 54-inch wool Jersey— $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 54-inch contrasting Jersey for collar, belt, and trimming. Lacing fastens the front of this little bathing suit, which could be made of any colored Jersey or flannel, having the sailor collar, belt, and bands on drawers in white.

1044—Ladies' Bathing Suit. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch striped taffeta— $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch plain taffeta— $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The lower edge of the dress is scalloped in design 12567 and the scallops may be bound with plain taffeta.

1048—Girls' Bathing Suit. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch check surf satin— $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch plain surf satin— $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

1049—Ladies' Bathing Suit. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards 36-inch striped satin— $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch plain satin for collar, sash, and trimming— $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

1046—Ladies' Bathing Suit. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch taffeta— $\frac{1}{2}$ yard contrasting taffeta for collar, cuffs, and trimming.

Bathing Suit 8309, 30 cents.

" 1048, 35 cents.

" 1047, 35 cents.

" 1045, 35 cents.

" 9443, 35 cents.

" 1044, 35 cents.

Scallop 12567, 20 cents (Blue or yellow.)

Bathing Suit 9447, 35 cents.

" 9405, 30 cents.

" 1046, 35 cents.

" 1048, 35 cents.

" 1049, 35 cents.

8309—Girls' and Juniors' Bathing Suit. Designed for 8 to 17 years. Size 12 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch surf satin— $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch contrasting satin for collar. The suit closes at center-front. This cunning little suit could also be made of dark blue mohair or flannel, with white satin sailor collar bound in red braid, red sash, and buttons on the waist.

1048—Girls' Bathing Suit. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch satin— $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch contrasting satin for cuffs and collar— $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch lining for underwaist. For little tots, Jersey is a much warmer material for bathing suits than satin, and a suit of Foch blue with scarlet satin collar, cuffs, and belt would be quite attractive.



Bathing Suit 8309 Bathing Suit 1047

9443—Ladies' Bathing Suit. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires $5\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch taffeta (with underbody and bloomers). The front of waist may be trimmed with braiding. Sash ends tie in the back.



Bathing Suit 9443



Bathing Suit 1045

Bathing Suit 1044

Scallop 12567

Bathing Suit 9447

Bathing Suit 9405

Bathing Suit 1046

Bathing Suit 1048

Bathing Suit 1049

These are Pictorial Review Patterns. If your dealer cannot supply them, send direct to Pictorial Review Co., 263-267 Adelaide St. W., Toronto



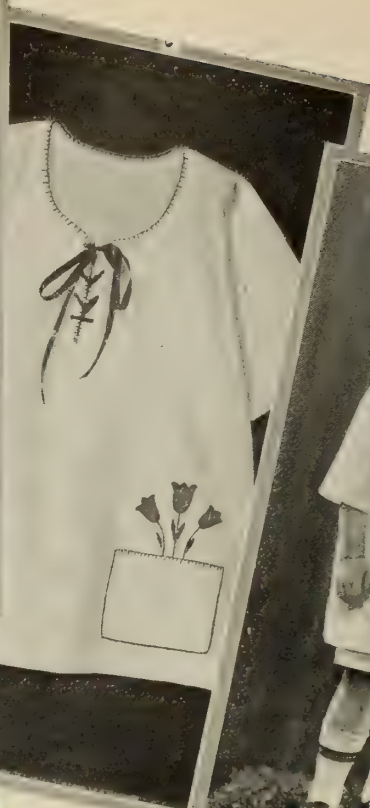
No. 12683.
Pussy's Head
Forms Pocket
on 9908



No. 12683 in
Appliqué on
Dress 9832



No. 12684 Of-
fers a Variety
of Fascinat-
ing Appliqués
to Lend Inter-
est to the
Children's
Play Frocks.
Illustrated
Above on
Bloomer
Dress 8306



No. 12672 Is
Charming on a
Little Blouse



No. 12682
on Cap 8445
and Suit
9820

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12683, blue or yellow, 25 cents (1/3), gives two each of ten designs suitable for appliqué work as well as extra patch pieces for cutting. The heads of a dog and cat are of a size that may be used for quaint pockets on a small frock, while the other picturesque designs make charming appliqués in colored materials. Two of the designs are illustrated above, on Kimono Dress 9832, 30 cents (1/6), 2 to 6 years; and on One-Piece Slip-on Dress 9908, 30 cents (1/6), 2 to 6 years.



The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12685, blue or yellow, 25 cents (1/3), furnishes two each of eight designs for appliqué work and extra patch pieces for cutting. The designs here given are suitable chiefly for small children's play frocks, including as they do, dancing teddy bears, dancing pigs and little Dutch children, which are delightful in bright colors on the wee rompers or bloomer dress, and lend charm to the plainest frock. Illustrated at left on boys' suit 8062, 25 cents (1/3), 2, 4 and 6 years.



No. 12682 Is Very
Appealing on
Frock 9372

No. 12685
For Little Boys'
Suit 8062



No. 12672 Decorates
Child's Dress 9819

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12629, blue or yellow, 30 cents (1/6), furnishes eight appliqué designs with three transfers of each and extra patch pieces for cutting. There are six fruit designs and two designs of a duck. Illustrated in the center below on Dress 9372, 30 cents (1/6), 2 to 6 years.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12684, blue or yellow, 25 cents (1/3), provides two each of nine designs and extra patch pieces for cutting. One of the designs is a large rabbit's head which may be cunningly applied as a pocket, while the others show rompered children with toys or animals, as illustrated on Rompers 8306, in the center above. This pattern is 25 cents (1/3), cut in sizes 1, 2, 3, and 4 years, and though perfectly simple is effective—a necessary adjunct to the child's wardrobe.



No. 12672. Makes Picturesque Appliqués



No. 12629. Fruits and Flowers of Brightly
Colored Linen or Chambray Make the
Most Engaging of Appliqués to Adorn the
Children's Simple Little Play Things.
Dress and Bloomers 9372



No. 12682. On Dress and Bloomers 9305

No. 12630 Prettily Decorates
Dress 9552

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12630, blue or yellow, 30 cents (1/6), contains twenty-one motifs: three of each part of the long rose and leaf motif, three of each of a small rose and leaf motif, and six each of a conventional poppy and rose design. These are intended for appliqué or patch-work, and may be attractively applied to a great variety of garments and household fabrics. Children's play frocks and small blouses, flower-like in gay shades of chambray and linen, are made doubly beguiling by a bit of an appliquéd rose or a bright poppy. Little aprons and bibs become things of charm. New interest is given to dainty curtains and nursery bed-spreads by the use of this simplest and most effective of decorations. Illustrated on Dress 9552, 30 cents (1/6), cut in sizes 6 to 12 years.

These are Pictorial Review Patterns. If your dealer cannot supply them, send direct to Pictorial Review Co., 263-267 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Child Welfare Notes

Perhaps the fearful slaughter of the war and the tragic loss of young life may account for the increased interest which all nations are taking in the preservation of infant life. A writer in an American magazine says of recent efforts in the United States:

"It costs so little in money, time and energy to save mothers and babies that one wonders why this work is not and has not always been universal. It does not mean the expenditure of any vast sums of money, although it would be most desirable in every way if there could be in every county or township a hospital where women could receive the care they need.

"Whenever the infant mortality rate of any community is greater than seventy-five deaths to each one thousand babies born, it must be considered entirely unwarranted. This is not an ideal standard, for even in our largest cities it has

lems of our big cities, the death rate of mothers and babies can easily be reduced to the vanishing point. Each community should see that competent medical advice is available. In the great rush to the cities that has occurred during the last ten years the doctors have not been left behind, and large numbers of rural communities are finding themselves without any opportunities for medical care. The call to the great centers of population is an insistent one; nevertheless the country and its people must be served.

"The problem is one that must be solved both by community and individual responsibility. The community must be stirred to action, and in this all the fathers and mothers of the country must bear their share of responsibility. The spirit of universal motherhood must be aroused in our American woman, and no woman can free herself of her responsibility in



AT AN OLD ENGLISH FAIR.

This fair was held in England in the Kensington Palace Fields, in aid of the Blind Babies' Home for the National Institute for the Blind. Princess Beatrice performed the opening ceremony. The smallest pony in the world is seen in the photograph, with a small "trainer."

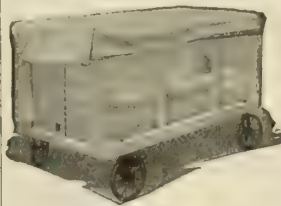
been found to be a practical accomplishment. As a matter of fact, there is no reason why half this number of babies should die before they reach the first birthday; but just as a standard to work on, seventy-five infant deaths per one thousand births may be taken to indicate a commonplace goal for our largest cities, where conditions of insanitation, lack of proper hygiene, poverty and the presence of vast groups of people of foreign nationalities present a problem that is difficult to solve. In country districts or rural communities, from thirty to fifty deaths of babies out of every thousand born should be taken as the highest permissible standard.

"In general, it may be said that in the West and in rural communities or small towns that do not have to meet the prob-

lems of our big cities, the death rate of mothers and babies can easily be reduced to the vanishing point. Each community should see that competent medical advice is available. In the great rush to the cities that has occurred during the last ten years the doctors have not been left behind, and large numbers of rural communities are finding themselves without any opportunities for medical care. The call to the great centers of population is an insistent one; nevertheless the country and its people must be served.

"The words by this writer apply also to Canada, where the value of studies in child welfare is realized in many communities. Our Women's Institutes are doing work of inestimable importance in this way—and the "youngest Canadians" are being guarded with a new sense of their value to a world which has seen wholesale destruction of homes and coun-

Wherever There's A Baby There's Need For A



CRIB OR PLAY PEN



FRESH AIR, SUNSHINE, SAFETY



TAKE BABY FROM ROOM TO ROOM

MADE BY LEA-TRIMBLE
KIDDIE-KOOP
TORONTO

—a Bassinet, Crib and Playpen combined, for the price of a crib alone.

Baby can sleep and play in the Kiddie-Koop, inside the house or outside, in perfect safety. He can't fall out. No flies or insects can touch him.

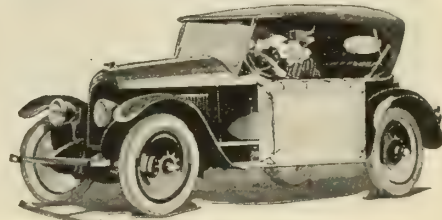
You can wheel the Kiddie-Koop from room to room—it goes through any doorway on its rubber-tired wheels. You can fold it instantly to carry up or down stairs—it weighs only 45 pounds.

Springs can be raised or lowered with one motion. With each Kiddie-Koop we supply carton for packing when travelling.

WRITE FOR CATALOG H.J.

showing not only the Kiddie-Koop but also many other L.T. Nursery Necessities that mean safety and comfort for baby and lessened care and labor for mother.

LEA TRIMBLE MFG. COMPANY,
289 - 291 Sumach Street, Toronto.



TAKE THE KIDDIE KOOP ALONG

FLEXIBILITY

Flexibility of your corset is essential to poise and charm, whether in the evening gown, the afternoon frock or the street costume.

Corseted the P.C. way assures not only absolute comfort, but also an air of fashionable poise and dignity. P.C. Corsets make for figure improvement.

Ask your dealer for P.C.'s. They are the utmost in value, style, comfort and service.

Front lace, back lace,
white and flesh

PARISIAN CORSET MFG. CO.
LIMITED

QUEBEC
Montreal Toronto



Write for booklet showing the new
styles fitted on living models

"P.C." Corsets
RUST PROOF
GUARANTEED

YOURS FOR BETTER BREAD



ROYAL YEAST CAKES
MAKES THE WHOLEST
BREAD
E.W. GILLETT CO. LTD.
TORONTO, CANADA
WINNIPEG

EACH CAKE WRAPPED

MADE IN CANADA

BEST YEAST IN THE WORLD

ASK FOR ROYAL DECLINE SUBSTITUTES

RICH IN VITAMINES

MANUFACTURED BY
E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, CANADA. MONTREAL



Miss M. L. C. Pickthall is known best in Canada by her first volume:—poems entitled "Drift of Pinions." A later edition of this work, "The Lamp of Poor Souls," added a few poems to the original volume. Then came a novel, "Little Hearts," written and published in England. Miss Pickthall is regarded by most Canadian readers as a poet, although her short stories have been appearing for years in the leading magazines. "The Century," for instance, published three or four of her stories during last autumn and the early winter. In "Everybody's Magazine," the story now published in book form—"The Bridge"—ran its course last year, and is now appearing in "The Sphere" (England). The sub-title proclaims this book as a story of the Great Lakes:—and, verily, Tallis Island, on

and his two young cousins, Sombra and Salvator Luz. The girl rescues Maclear from the storm, and the love which springs up between Sombra and the man who has such bitter need of youth and hope, is one of tragic intensity.

The return of Maclear to a moral strength and sanity, in which he recognizes the wrong that he has done, seems to be accomplished through the love which, for Sombra, means utter belief and devotion. The ghoulish hate of old Ransome for Sal, in whom his disordered mind sees the gallant sailor who had won the girl whom Ransome loved, gives an eerie grimness to the final struggle. The characters are as remote from "Main Street" as from the Chambers novel of city life. There is a suggestion, in the passion of the human emotions and the



This is from a recent photograph of Miss Pickthall, taken in Victoria.

which the most dramatic scenes of the story are enacted, is "girdled by Huron's throbbing and thunder." The lake may not be Huron, but the life is that of the remote regions of the lakes—those far from the well-known wake of the large steamers, which carry the summer tourists. Maclear, the hero of the story, has been guilty of commercial dishonor, with the excuse: "It's done every day." He has "saved" on a bridge contract, with the result that one span of the structure is defective; there is a fatal accident, and Maclear's own brother is one of the four who lose their lives. Maclear, in his desperation, takes refuge on Tallis Island, lonely and storm-swept, yet possessed of a savage beauty. There he finds the curious household of Morning House:—Mait Ransome, the demented old man,

loneliness of the environment, of the spirit of the Brontës. It is a far cry from a Yorkshire moor to a tempest-tossed inland sea in Canada:—but Heathcliffe would have understood Mait Ransome.

"The Bridge" is unusual, both in plot and characterization, and, although called "A Story of the Great Lakes" is a poem in its most poignant paragraphs. (Published by Hodder and Stoughton, Toronto. Price, \$1.75)

"My Pocket Beryl," by Mary Josephine Benson, is a book of poems by a Canadian woman who has an unusual imaginative gift which has an interesting tendency towards the fantastic. "Words" is one of the most memorable poems in

(Continued on page 55)

An Exquisite Gift for Her Personal Use

Something to make her home more beautiful—and yet something with a personal note—such is the gift the bride appreciates the most.

Exquisite Keystone French Ivory Mirrors and Brushes combine both these attributes.

Keystone French Ivory Brushes are filled with the finest

Stiff, Glossy, Russian Bristles

which brush through the hair and massage every part of the scalp thoroughly.

Keystone French Ivory Brushes and Mirrors are formed of solid blocks of finest Ivory, brilliant in finish and unbreakable. Each piece is marked with the name "Keystone." Each is absolutely guaranteed by

Stevens-Hepner Co., Limited
Port Elgin, Ont.



MADE IN CANADA
Keystone
FRENCH IVORY
and EBONY



Questions about Health, Sanitary Subjects and the prevention of disease will be answered in this column from time to time, subject to reasonable limitations.

If requested, replies will be sent direct to the correspondent if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed, but no diagnosis or prescription can be given. This coupon should be enclosed with inquiry.

YOUR BENEFACTOR.

The French are a wonderful people. It would be well for all of us if we knew more about them. As clinical physicians they rank high in the medical world. They are, and always were, superior to the Germans, but they do not advertise themselves. The French are greatly represented in that small company who have made all the difference to the history of the race.

There was Louis Pasteur. Did you notice in the Revue Internationale de la Croix Rouge, Nov. 15, 1921, that in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Pasteur, an Inter-allied Hygiene Exposition will be held in Strassburg from May to October, 1922, under the auspices of the Pasteur Institute of Paris, the University of Strassburg and the city of Strassburg. The exposition will include the subjects of city planning, public gardens, sewage, housing, personal hygiene, and other problems. So if you are one of the fortunate people who are "going over" this year, it may be that you will have the pleasure of visiting this Exhibition, which will probably be a memorable event.

HIS SHRINE.

In the crypt of the Pasteur Institute at Paris is a chapel which has become a shrine. Poor women of Paris, with their children, go there to pray on a Sunday afternoon. The chapel is a little one. In the centre is a railed enclosure round the tomb of Pasteur which is placed a little below the level of the chapel itself. All the walls and the ceiling are of mosaic work, portraying, with exquisite art and taste, the triumphs won by the man who sleeps below. Triumphs won, not for himself, but for the human family and the humbler creation. The artist has represented on these walls the animals whose diseases Pasteur studied and conquered. Witnesses to his knowledge and skill and to his devotion, the silk-worm, the fowls, —cows and sheep and oxen—and dogs and other domestic animals appear there. How was there time in the years of his life to accomplish so much?

HIS AMBITION.

But the greatest marvels of Pasteur's genius and the greatest thing he gained for mankind can scarcely be represented even by an artist. They are unseen.

In March 1863, Pasteur told Napoleon Third that his one ambition was "to discover the causes of putrid and contagious diseases." He has done it. Pasteur was born on December 27, 1822. When he died on September 28th, 1895, he left us living in a new world. We were no longer in hopeless darkness about contagious diseases. We knew how to defend ourselves against them, how to prevent them. And all this came about because Louis Pasteur was able to find out the cause of these diseases.

HIS HOME.

He was not a Doctor. He was not a favourite of Fortune. His father and his mother were descended from many generations of working folk. His father, Jean Joseph Pasteur, served in the Peninsular War, rose from the ranks, received the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and when the war was over, went back to his business. He was a tanner, as his father and grandfather had been before him. Louis Pasteur was the only son of his par-

ents; he had three sisters for whom, as well as for his parents, he had the deepest and tenderest affection all his life long. Louis Pasteur was born in Dole, but his chief home was in Arbois,—"a little house with a tan-yard, close to the town and to the river." He went to the Arbois school, and perhaps the turning-point in his life came when the Principal of the School urged that he ought to study for a University degree. So he and another boy were sent to a boarding-school in Paris. He was very lonely. "I should get on all right" said Louis to the other boy, "if I could only smell the tan-yard." He could not stay. He could not stand the loneliness. His father came and took him away.

HIS DEGREE.

He went back to Arbois College and it was three years before he spread his wings and took flight again. He worked hard for his degree and passed, but without distinction. He, the greatest chemist perhaps, that the world ever saw, was marked "moderate" in chemistry. But he had heard Prof. J. B. Dumas lecture on Chemistry at the Sorbonne. Then he taught for a while, studied much chemistry and physics and mathematics. He had a genius for hard work.

HIS KINGDOM.

Then he spent twenty years in hot pursuit of the undiscovered secrets of ferments, the "diseases" of wines and grapes, and the diseases of silk-worms. Had he done nothing more he would have been a very great man. He saved the whole silk-worm and silk industry. France, Italy, Spain, Greece, Turkey, China, were all involved in it. To all these countries—to the world—and to you too he has been a great benefactor. Have you a thread of silk about you at this moment? Of course you have. If it had not been for Pasteur, there would be no silk for you, or for the world. He saved not only the silk and silk-worm trade, from extinction, but he saved the creature itself. Silk-worm disease threatened its total extinction.

A GREATER KINGDOM.

But this was only the introduction to his work. It was only the beginning. Faithful in these few things, he went on to rule a greater Kingdom. The light that dawned on his mind as he worked over the humbler creation grew brighter when at fifty years of age, he went on to the protective treatment of sheep, cattle, poultry and swine against their fatal diseases.

THE GREATEST KINGDOM.

He was sixty-three when he first used for man his protective treatment against hydrophobia. This kingdom of medicine he still rules. Every Nurse, every Doctor, every Research Worker, is a disciple of Pasteur. He is the benefactor of every patient.

THE LEADER.

Who can understand his genius? Who can fathom his mind? Can we tell what it was that made Shakespeare, or Newton, or Galileo what they were? Not so. What we can do is to learn from them. Lister caught the accents of Pasteur and became his co-worker. "To change the whole outlook of medicine and surgery, Heaven took and

(Continued on page 55)



A Delightful Test

To bring you prettier teeth

This offers you a ten-day test which will be a revelation to you. It will show you the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

Now we combat it

Dental science, after long research, has found two film combatants. Many careful tests have proved their efficiency. Modern authorities endorse them. Leading dentists everywhere urge their daily use.

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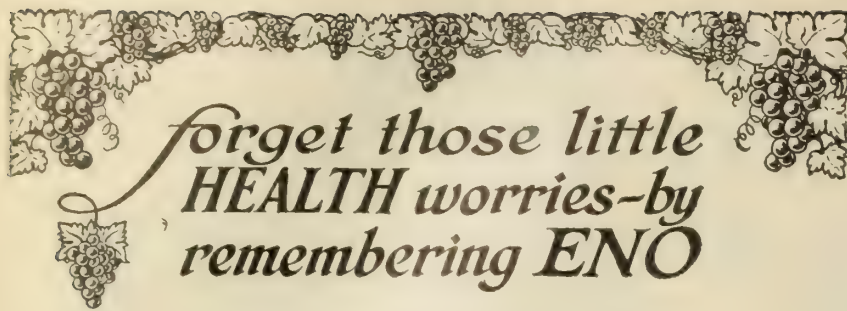
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The Advertising in the Canadian Home Journal

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More About Eve's Garden

BY E. S. R.

I really have a passion for foxgloves! Perhaps it dates from my baby days when my favorite lullaby was "A fair little girl." You remember it, don't you?

"A fair little girl sat under a tree
Sewing as long as her eyes could see
Then smoothed her work and folded it
right
And said dear work Good-night! Good
night!"

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head
The violet curtsied and went to bed
And good little Lucy tied up her hair
And said on her knees her evening pray-
er."

Anyway I love the tall foxgloves dearly, and can never have too many of their slim spires in my garden. How lovely they are in the early morning before the mists have quite lifted, their dainty fingertips gemmed with dewdrops! but it is on a moonlight night that I love them best. 'Tis then they turn the garden into a temple, their chaste white forms like tall candles, standing out clearly against the dark foliage of the trees.

Another flower I was ambitious to grow was the Oriental poppy. Years before an old English friend had brought me some seed from home, and gave such glowing accounts of their beauty, that I was very anxious to have them. But none of the seed came up, so I determined to try again in my new garden. By that time the narrow beds beside the path had been planted with rose bushes, and the space between the two rows struck me as being just the spot to sow those Oriental Poppies! !

It was almost as bad a mistake as the first Eve made, for like the consequences of that fatal apple, the trouble those poppies made seemed as if it would last forever. The first year they hardly showed at all, and I have no doubt I destroyed a lot of them the next Spring, thinking they were thistles, which they greatly resemble, but enough were left to completely overwhelm the roses, and though I dug them up painfully—they have terribly long roots you know,—they kept coming year after year from bits of root cuttings, and even now after ten years, I find an occasional plant trying to sneak into the old place.

In spite of this bitter experience, I persevered in the growing of Oriental poppies and in their Season there is nothing to touch them for gorgeous display. They look especially fine against a green background, and a big border of them at the foot of my grass terrace is a picture. I tried growing the new pink ones from seed, but out of about fifty plants, only two came true, but those two so exquisitely lovely that I shall take pains to increase my stock by every means in my power. I see there is a white one offered now, and am hoping to secure at least one plant of it this year. Oriental poppies do not transplant very well, unless they are shifted early in September, just as they start into growth for they die down altogether in the summer. By the way if you want a really magnificent mass of color to bloom just as the late tulips are passing, plant some good big clumps of Oriental poppies, and near them groups of the June Marguerite. They bloom at exactly the same time and the dainty white and gold of the marguerites makes a beautiful contrast to the bold form and glowing color of the poppies.

I consider this common dog-daisy or June Marguerite one of the indispensables in my garden, and much prefer their graceful waving blossoms to the larger stiff ones of the Shasta Daisy, though it of course has a place too. The chief recommendation of the former is its earliness, for it helps to fill in the rather bare time between the late tulips, and the Iris and Columbines. They last a long time too, quite to the middle of July, but you must watch and not let the seed ripen, for they spread like weeds. As a matter of fact they are weeds, as many a farmer knows to his sorrow, though the beauty of a meadow where there are more daisies than grass should almost justify their presence.

The biggest difficulty I had to face in those first years, was how to get water for my flowers. We hoped to be able to afford a water system some time, but on hot summer days I used to look at the sparkling blue lake almost at my feet and listen to the bubbling laughter of the mountain stream away over to my right; and think I must be a pretty poor sort of a gardener, or I would manage somehow to get a little of that cool refreshment for my poor limp flowers. I think it must have been in August of the second year that I got quite desperate, and arming myself with a hoe, and a determination to get water somehow or perish in the attempt I set off to try my luck at bringing water from the stream near the top of the garden. Did you ever try to divert the course of a mountain stream? I don't believe I've had so much fun since that ran at the foot of the orchard on the old farm where I was born.

Shall I ever forget that day? The sun was blistering hot, and when I saw how many small gullies lay between the garden and the stream. I nearly gave up in despair. But "where there's a will there's a way" must always be a gardener's motto and finally I contrived a scheme that worked. By nailing a couple of long, narrow boards into a V. shaped trough, I conducted the water over quite a wide gully, and had it where the rest of the course was down hill. But oh me! that ground was hard, and there were all sorts of obstructions: rocks and stumps to be avoided and hidden holes where the whole stream used to disappear for a time. But every foot gained meant water that much nearer to my perishing flowers so I stuck to it until, muddy but triumphant, I saw a small stream trickle into my rose beds, and knew I had overcome the drought at last.

For several years I conducted my primitive irrigating plant, and if there are any tricks that water can play while seeking its own level, that I did not have to meet and combat, I should be glad to know what they are. I lived in a perpetual state of wet feet and drapped skirts, and the way that water would find a new channel for itself and engineer a wash-out among my most precious seedlings, the minute my back was turned, was enough to try the temper of a Saint. It was especially exasperating just when one had changed into a white frock and slippers for the afternoon, to have someone yell "That water has broken away again, and is washing all those plants out of the ground!" No time to change into other shoes; nothing for it but to run at once to the rescue and with a piece of sod or a stone, stop the outlet, and start the water on its proper course again. Indeed "The Water" was sometimes almost as much a curse as a blessing, but it would have been quite impossible to have a garden on this hot sandy slope without it. So I wrestled with my little ditches until we finally were able to put in a reservoir on the main stream and pipe the water to the house and garden. There is a good fall which gives me plenty of force for sprinklers, but I go back to the old plan often, letting the water run from the hose into shallow ditches until the ground is thoroughly soaked, in preference to the usual plan of sprinkling. Sweet-peas, for instance, will come through the driest summer in fine shape, if, about once a week, you give them a thorough watering, by this method, letting the water run all night in a shallow drill along the edge of the row, and then as soon as the surface has dried a little, making a dust mulch by cultivating lightly either with a wheel hoe or one of those tools like a miniature harrow that are so useful in a garden.

Isn't it a lucky thing that Nature is such an artist that even from such ill considered planting she can make a pleasing picture? Surely she has had a more than kindly eye on my garden for some of my very loveliest effects are the result of neglect or reckless planting of things in order to avoid throwing them away. Fortunately too most plants are reasonable beings and do not object to an occasional shift of quarters.

The Homemakers of Hollyburn

(Continued from page 24)

"Well, the first thing is the roof. You could bring a bundle of shingles from the mill and mend it in the evenings."

"I could get a galvanized pipe for the chimney. There is a tinsmith's just where the ferry lands. And there is a sash and door factory in North Vancouver. I could get three window sashes and a door sent out by the train," added Frank with growing enthusiasm.

"Wouldn't it be nice to have a window on the west side of this room which will be our sitting room—three little casement windows?"

"The very thing, and I shall enjoy doing it all too."

* * *

THEY sat there talking, planning, building the little shack into the cosiest little home; until the shrill whistle of the ferry reminded them they had but a half hour to catch the five o'clock boat.

As soon as the roof was mended, doors and windows put in, a stove, a bed, two chairs—Frank was going to make a table—were installed, Mary and the boy were to move into the shack. Life seemed almost too happy.

That evening they talked it all over, and long after they were in bed they lay thinking and planning; and by the time they fell asleep each had a vision of a pretty comfortable, little home with a garden and a rustic fence.

By the end of the following week the place was ready for Mary and the baby. Frank had learned from the mill owner, Mr. Gifford, that the property had been owned by a young man who had been killed at the front, and that now it belonged to an uncle and was in the hands of a firm of lawyers in Vancouver. On enquiring Frank learned that it was for sale for two hundred dollars cash. The property consisted of two fifty foot lots with the two shacks. It had not occurred to Mary and Frank to buy, and they had not two hundred dollars in the world. It was not to be rented, and at first the firm would accept nothing but the two hundred cash. This was very distressing for two days, but at the second interview the firm agreed to accept a payment down of fifty dollars and twenty dollars a month until the sum was paid.

Saturday afternoon was set for the moving. Mary, baby, baggage, boxes, trunks, etc. were safely embarked on the little ferry. Frank was to meet them on the other side, and help them to the new home.

"Oh, Frank, we shall be so happy here," cried Mary as she walked through the little place. The new windows had been cut in the west side—three casement windows, low and wide admitting a grand view of the sea, Point Atkinson with its lighthouse, and beyond, the mountains on Vancouver Island, like ghost mountains on the horizon.

"Life could never be dull or commonplace for me with a view like that," said Mary. "One never saw such a view in Toronto."

"Nor in Montreal," added Frank.

"Oh, Frank, you didn't tell me that you had put new building paper on the walls."

"No, I wanted that to be a surprise, and I have another surprise. Come into the kitchen."

It was a small room, but Frank had blacklead the little second-hand stove that they had bought for eighteen dollars, until it looked like new. A shiny kettle was now simmering on it. Two sets of shelves and a shelf table that could be shut up when not in use he had also made.

"Oh, a sink! I would have been quite content with the tap outside, but it will be so much easier to do the work with this beautiful white sink. How did you get it put in?"

"I bought the sink, a new tap, and some pipe at a plumbing shop for twelve dollars, and the mill-wright came over and helped me put them in and connect them with the pipe outside. Wasn't it good of him? He is an awfully good sort and has been very kind to me. He lost his only son at the war and his wife is dead."

"Poor man," said Mary, "we must have him here some evening. He must be very sad at times. We are too happy to keep it all to ourselves."

"Here is our bedroom. It is very small, Mary."

"But there are two windows. That window wasn't there when I first saw the house, was it?"

"No, that is another surprise. I thought the room was too small for the three of us, but with plenty of window space it won't be so bad."

"That's true. How thoughtful you have been, but how did you get it all done in so short a time?"

"Oh I was not alone, for half the mill hands have been down here the last few evenings—some helping, others giving advice. They are all very interested in our coming. Last night Mr. Gifford said that his wife was very glad you were coming because there were so few people living near, and she hoped to have you for a friend."

A knock at the door took Frank away. "How are you, Mr. Gifford?"

"My wife has sent me to ask you all to come and have supper with us to-night, and so save your unpacking until tomorrow."

"My wife, Mr. Gifford."

"How do you do? I hope that you will come this evening, Mrs. Sidney."

"Thank you ever so much. It is very kind of you, and will save us no end of trouble. How very thoughtful of your wife."

Soon the little group were on their way along Fifth Avenue which led them to a pretty bungalow. Here they were most hospitably treated and made to feel that there would always be a welcome for them. This hospitality is one of the best characteristics of the west. They left early, for little Frankie was upset with the moving and had grown fretful, and then there were the beds to be made up. When they reached home the luggage had arrived and the transfer man had simply opened the door and put the things where he thought they would be needed. Bedding was unpacked, and soon the little family were sound asleep in their new home.

The next few weeks and months were very busy happy ones. Most of the spare time was spent on the home—their very own. Money was not too plentiful, and operations often had to be postponed until next pay day. Taking Frankie in her arms, Mary went to Vancouver; and bought a sufficient number of yards of factory cotton at fifteen cents a yard to make curtains for all the windows. At an art shop she bought a stencil poppy design, and suitable brushes and paint at a paint shop.

In the evenings when Frankie was in bed she and Frank stenciled brown poppies down one side and one end of each curtain. They made a wide hem at the top and bottom. The curtain rods, also fifteen cents each, were put through the top hems, so that the curtains could be drawn in the evenings, thus doing away with the necessity of blinds.

An end of rose-bud chintz left from the curtains in Mary's little pink and white bedroom in Toronto, helped to make the bedroom curtains. Instead of stenciling these Mary stitched a slip of chintz along the bottom of each about four inches from the hem. A frill for the top of the windows also had a strip of chintz stitched across it. The kitchen curtains were the same as the bedroom. The effect was very pretty and the total cost of materials in the neighbourhood of four dollars.

The walls were the next thing. Frank put up a narrow shelf in the living room on a level with the top of the windows. Some calomine was purchased. Below the shelf, light brown was used. The space above the shelf and the ceiling was tinted cream. The woodwork, the floor, and the homemade table they stained a rich brown. In time a blue and brown grass rug was secured for the floor. A spring stretcher bed (five dollars second

(Continued on page 56)



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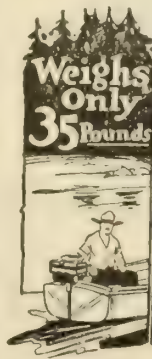
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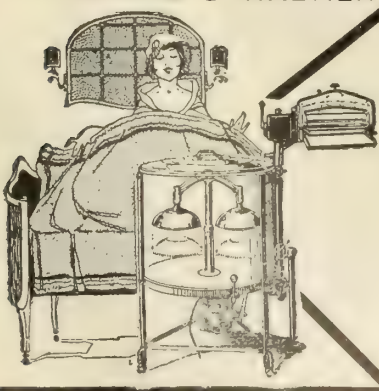
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The Least Monotonous Work in the World

BY LILIAN D. MILNER

WHEN I told one of my friends I intended writing an article on this subject, she asked eagerly: "Whatever is it?" When I answered that it was housework, she exclaimed: "Housework! Why, that's the most monotonous work in the world! It's simply cooking, and washing dishes, and cleaning over and over again!"

Monotony is chiefly a point of view. Let the stay-at-home girl who thinks housework is one long round of doing the same things over and over again take a position as stenographer, and type steadily hour after hour, with, in offices where dictaphones are used, not even the welcome change to shorthand, and she will learn that there are more monotonous occupations than the much-despised but variable one of housework.

There never was a girl who hated housework and all it entailed more than I did. When I was just entering my teens I happened to overhear my mother, exasperated at something I had done, say to

even the daily routine, but in a large office where I typed steadily all day long. I suffered from recurring attacks of nervous exhaustion. These necessitated my spending two or more months of every year away from the office, enforced holidays I could ill afford, for someone else was dependent upon my small salary. It was while I was visiting a friend during one of these enforced holidays that I acquired the point of view which made me realize that housekeeping was not, or need not be, a round of endless drudgery, and that office work could be a much more monotonous occupation.

My friend, a minister's wife, was the daughter of a university professor of French extraction, and had the French gift for cooking. Although she kept a maid I often found her out in the kitchen making wonderful dishes out of nothing—by "nothing" I mean things most folk throw away. When I watched her one day put some red apple peelings in a small saucepan to cook I thought she was carrying her econ-

meeting here this evening. You can make that. The maid was off for the afternoon, and the minister's wife, realizing I would want to make the cake "all by myself," sat in a little sitting-room, opening out of the kitchen, and called out directions to me. When she told me to put in one cupful of sugar it didn't seem enough to me to make a big cake sweet; so I added another half cupful. I was so anxious to have that cake turn out just right and beautifully light that I doubled the quantity of baking powder! When I peeped into the oven a few minutes later I knew that I had done right in doing this—the cake was rising beautifully. A little later I took another peep. "It has risen ever so high!" I announced joyfully.

"Well, I'd leave it alone for about twenty minutes now," the minister's wife suggested. I went into the other room and sat with her, occasionally glancing at the clock in a veritable fever of impatience. I had the feeling of satisfaction that accompanies, or should accompany, every act of creation, even the humble one of making a cake. I imagined the compliments the minister would pay me on the lightness of my cake. I was going to make more things!—the vow was broken!

"I think you can take your cake out of the oven now," suggested my friend. The minister came in just at that moment, and I said to him; "Come and see what I have made!" They followed me out to the kitchen. I opened the oven door triumphantly; then stepped back! The cake—why, where was the cake which I had seen rising so beautifully? The baking-pan and the floor of the oven were covered with a crisp, dark brown mixture resembling toffee! The cake, about which I had made so much fuss, was a failure!

I flung myself into my friend's arms. "I didn't do what you told me!" I explained between sobs. "I put in more sugar and twice as much baking powder. You'll never let me make anything again! You'll never trust me again!" I wailed.

She laughed. She was a childless woman but she had an abundance of motherly understanding. "Why, child, of course I will! We'll clean up the oven and you can make another cake right away."

I did. She went out again to the little sitting room, and I followed the directions implicitly this time. The result was a cake which turned out so well that I didn't like to see people eating it!

I washed up all the utensils I had used for the cake-making right away, because the minister's wife explained that if they were let stand they would be much harder to wash, and in the meantime they would attract flies. She had a very old, exquisite tea-set, which was used only on special occasions, and which she washed herself, not caring to risk any of the pieces being broken. The efficient way in which she performed this prosaic task made me see that there were pleasant ways of even washing dishes.

One of my young friends said to me recently, with almost a note of protest in her voice: "You wash dishes as if you liked doing it!" I returned; "But I do!"

She retorted; "Well, if you have the sort of mind that enjoys washing dishes, I feel sorry for you!"

When I made no reply, she continued; "Of course, one of these days you won't have to do your own housework, will you?"

I smiled. "I don't want to ever give up doing my own housework," I said.

If writers, painters and musicians did not hold ever before them the vision of their completed work, they would find the preparatory work very monotonous. The housewife must do likewise, and she should experience the thrill which accompanies completed creative work several times a day, each time she surveys a room set in order, or a table before a meal.

Instead of writing, or painting, or playing a musical instrument for hours on end, she can go from dish-washing to bed-making, from bed-making to cooking. Hers is an ever-changing employment, and it is because of this that I call housework "the least monotonous work in the world."



CABBAGES AND KINGS—OR A QUEEN

Here are cabbages for salads and chow-chow and everything else where the refreshing vegetable can give variety to the menu.

a friend: "That child will never be any use to me around the house!" I am afraid that speech was at least partly responsible for a vow I registered about that time that I would be a teacher, or stenographer, when I grew up, and I'd never do any housework—never!

The immediate result of that vow was my arrival home from school one day with the little white apron and sleeves I wore to cookery class. I joyously informed my horrified family that I wouldn't need them any more! My mother, upon making enquiries, was informed by the principal of the school that, while he had no complaint to make re my work in other classes—I had, in fact, been recommended for a certain much coveted scholarship—the cookery teacher felt that it was a waste of time trying to teach me something I evidently could not assimilate.

I became a stenographer—not in a small office where one has changes of work in

omical methods too far, but when I saw the little glass of pretty pink jelly which resulted I was simply dumbfounded! When she explained to me how that little economy would save her opening up a fresh sealer of fruit, because she would use the jelly in a trifle for dessert the following day, I began to see that the phrase "Domestic Economy" stood for something.

Another day I arrived home from a walk in time to see my friend cut up a large plain cake she had made, and, by using different icings and fillings, make four different kinds of cake for an afternoon tea. I realized then that one could use brains in housework and get some joy out of it. When I saw the different things the minister's wife could make from a plain biscuit dough foundation, my enthusiasm burst its bounds. "Let me make something, too!" I begged.

My friend said; "Why, certainly. I want a cake for a junior missionary circle

The Book Corner

(Continued from page 50)

the volume, and shows the writer's passionate love for the material with which she works:—the craftsman's true fondness for his tools. Mrs. Benson's sense of color is shown at its best in her descriptive poems. Among those called "contemplative" the most striking is "Hereditude and Ego," from which we quote the verses:

"I with the seashell-sounding heart
Have scarcely seen a boat,
And I who tent on the plain apart
Have sight of hills remote.

"Of lordly seas and mountains grand
My blood has sudden sense,
Although I live afar inland—
With sky for recompense.

"My father was a sailor free,
My mother from the hills,
And hauntingly they share with me
My desert's joys and ills."

This volume is published in Toronto by McClelland and Stewart.

Anyone who read "Marqueray's Duel," by Anthony Pryde, will not need persuasion to read "An Ordeal of Honor" by the same author. Mr. Pryde has given us in the hero, Charles Auburn, a character somewhat resembling Marqueray, wilful to perversity, charming in the whimsical changes of mood and possessed of a fortitude which, in Marqueray, was somewhat lacking. The tragedy in which Auburn is involved, and in which he appears to have been his father's murderer, brings out the finer and sterner side of his character and places a severe strain on the loyalty of his young fiancée, Dorothy Carminow. The mystery of the murder is very ingeniously concealed throughout years of Auburn's imprisonment. However, it would be unfair to say anything of the denouement in a story, so dramatic. The style of this writer, vivid, tense and yet not sensational, is as captivating as in his earlier work:—and the Carminow household is a remarkable

picce of characterization. The book is published in Toronto by the F. D. Goodchild Company. Price, \$2.00.

"The Rider of Golden Bar," by William Patterson White, is, as one might easily guess, a tale of wild adventure, with rough riders and frequent "shootings" to enliven the scene. Hazel Walton, the heroine, is really a womanly young person; but there are so many villains in the neighborhood that Hazel is obliged, more than once, to resort to the gentle art of self-defence, all the way from kicking a ruffian on the knee-cap to holding him at a distance with a loaded gun. However, the hero, Bill Wingo, is an honest citizen who comes to her rescue in chivalrous fashion and, although there are the usual misunderstandings the course of true love finally emerges from the rapids into smooth water. The book is published in Toronto by the Ryerson Press. Price, \$1.75.

Health and the Home

(Continued from page 51)

trained a 'pure scientist,' who had never done an operation nor written a prescription; a man who had to screw up his courage even to look at some of the ordinary sights of a hospital; took this non-medical man of science, and set him to be head of all the heads of the medical profession, to have them all obedient to his teaching, and proud of the very sound of his beloved name. It is near twenty years since he died; and the work of these years has been done as it were in obedience to him, and in memory of him. The whole world is well aware that he has availed more than the physicians and surgeons of his time for its health and happiness. He was set apart from them, that he might be the leader of them; and he led them into that kingdom which they longed for, but could not find for themselves. — *Stephen Paget, 1914.

Anne, Vanessa and Doreen Had Been School Friends Together, and when they married they made a compact.

"That Every Month
For Twenty Years—
Each One—
Should Put Aside—
Ten Dollars—
To be spent—
At the End of that Time—
On Her Dearest Desire."

Anne's Story

(Doreen's Story appears next month. Watch for it.)

Anne (poor darling)

Died of the Flu
When the Twins—
Dicky and Dot—
Were three years old.
And she had only saved
Three hundred and sixty dollars
In cold cash
For her precious babies!

But every year
She had paid the whole
Of her savings
Into
A Twenty-Year
Endowment Policy.

At once, the Insurance Company
Paid the full amount
Of Anne's Policy
(\$2,500.00) "In Trust"
To the Father
Of Dicky and Dot.
And he
(Being a Wise Man)
Invested the money
At Six Per cent.

And in a year
The interest (\$180.00)
Paid the premiums
On new Twenty-Year Endowment
Policies
Of Two Thousand Dollars each
Upon the Twins.
(At a cost of \$88.00 per year,
per child.)

When they were 23
(The investment having matured)
Each Twin had a clear
Twelve hundred and fifty dollars
In the Bank.

Dicky took his
And bought a Young Partnership
In a Good Business.

Dot
Went into Partnership also
Buying a trousseau
And House Furnishings.

And when They were 24
Their Policies matured,
Giving each Twin
Two thousand dollars
(Plus Interest and Profits—)
Money
That to all intents and purposes
Had not cost Anybody
ANYTHING!

Dicky, instead of drawing
The full amount of his Policy,
Left a Paid-Up Insurance
Of Two Thousand Dollars,
Standing to his credit
In Favour
Of his Wife and Child.

(Dicky
Because of the Inheritance
Left him by his mother
Had been able
To marry young.)

And bought a little Car
With the Interest and Profits.

While Dot—whose Husband
Was WELL-OFF—
Spent hers on the
One Thing she wanted most.

Well—she called it
A Present
From her "dear little mother"—
And of course its name
Was—Anne!

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THE LATE ROBERT GLASGOW, M.A.

An eminent Canadian publisher, who died suddenly in New York recently in his forty sixth year. The late Mr. Glasgow was a native of Sherbrooke, Quebec, and rendered national service to his native land by publishing the historical series, "Chronicles of Canada." In recognition of his services to the cause of history he received the honorary degree of M.A. from Yale University

The Homemakers of Hollyburn

(Continued from page 53)

hand) covered with blue and brown chintz served as a lounge by day and an extra bed, in case of a visitor, by night. Two Chinese grass chairs and some bookshelves completed the furniture for the present. Of course a small stove would have to be installed next winter.

The bedroom was the next to be done. When buying their bed they bought a good mattress and spring, and fastened four legs to it until Frank had time to make a pretty frame of square, wooden posts, enamelling them white. The woodwork and table were painted white; the floor stained brown; the walls calomined canary yellow; and the ceiling and border white. The kitchen floor and woodwork they stained brown, and the walls they

lawn. The rest of the land was made into a kitchen and flower garden.

It was a beautiful evening in August and the little garden was already beginning to be worthy of the name, and Frank was showing the mill-wright, who had been having supper with them, some raspberry canes which had done remarkably well.

"Those are two fine wild cherries you have there, Sidney. Are you going to graft them?"

"How, why, what do you mean?"

"I mean turn them into tame cherries."

"I should like to do so if I knew how."

"Next March you ask Mr. Gifford for some cuttings from his cherries and I will show you."

"It is strange that you should say all this to me, for Mary and I have never thought of it in that light. All I know is that we have been very happy—almost too happy—and that the work we have done has given us any amount of fun and enjoyment."

The days and weeks sped swiftly on. Summer was over and winter had settled down with its long, rainy days, but the family were busy and happy as ever. There was still work to be done in the garden between deluges of rain, and when there were no intervals, there was the cosy little sitting room with books, sewing, etc.; and, above all little Frankie, who had grown into a most entertaining young man and a great solace to Mary just now; for Frank was very busy at the mill, often returning after supper to help the owner with the books. Frank took a keen interest in the work and had made himself so useful that Mr. Gifford found him indispensable. It was a disappointment to both when Frank was obliged to spend an evening away from home, but there was Frankie's future to be thought of.

a year ago when they first came to live here. Frank was coming towards them, his arms full of bundles, for he had been to town, and had called at the post office on his way back.

"Any letters, Frank?"

"One for you, dear."

"Oh, it is from Aunt Martha. She hasn't written to me for years. What can it be about? Let's see."

Mary read it and gave it to Frank, keeping the envelope.

She pondered the address. 'Fifth Avenue, Hollyburn P. O., B. C.' What impressions could her aunt have of their home? Aunt Martha, her father's sister, prim and proper, and one who had never knocked about the world; would she get a shock when she saw this place? Well if she did Mary determined it should be a pleasant shock, and a great wave of longing for the sight of somebody connected with her old life swept over her.

"Sunday, May the twenty-eighth," read Frank, "Why that is to-morrow. She says she is coming to stay for a little while. Great Caesar, Mary! Where are you going to put her?"



A smiling prospect in Prince Edward Island

made yellow. All this, of course, took time and work; but it brought great joy to these two homemakers.

The other shack, consisting of one room with a window and door in it, when it had been made rainproof, furnished a good woodshed and trunk room.

The garden was an ever ending source of joy to Mary and Frank. They got a man with a team of horses to plow up the two lots, leaving one or two little fir trees, some wild cherry trees, and a beautiful dog-wood. The fence they made of cedar poles, with the bark still on, which gave a rustic effect. Over the gate Frank built an arch, and at the foot they planted rambler roses. In part of the ground was planted clover and grass seed for a

"Oh, thanks, I should like to know how that's done."

"You have done wonders with this little place, Sidney, and made it a home to me and the boys at the mill. You and your wife have been very kind."

"I am glad if you feel that way, about it, but for myself I am not conscious of having done anything except a great deal of delightful work."

"I am an old man now, and my wife has been dead a long time, since when I have knocked about this western Canada. I have worked in mines; I have gone out fishing; and I have worked in the forest. It is to be a great country; but, to my mind, there is nothing so valuable in it as the homes, such as yours."

Each month they went to Vancouver; and, after keeping out enough money for monthly expenses, deposited the rest to their account at the bank. Living expenses were small and the bank account was growing steadily. The home was all paid for. All this gave them a feeling of contentment and security; for although happiness is not to be obtained through money, the lack of it is sometimes very distressing.

* * *

ONE Saturday afternoon in May, Mary, with Frankie toddling at her side, walked slowly down the narrow path known as Fifth Avenue, hedged in by lovely growing things, all new and beautiful as they had been

"Why, on the lounge in the sitting-room."

"On the lounge in the sitting-room! Your Aunt Martha!"

"Why of course. It may be a bit of a shock to her, but we'll not let her go until we make her appreciate some of the benefits of living as we do."

"Well, Mary, I think you have your task cut out for you, but you can see farther than I can. You transformed this shack, and perhaps you can transform Aunt Martha."

"I do not wish to transform her, but only to let her have a glimpse of how happy we are."

(Continued on page 60)

The Choirmaster

(Continued from page 33)

The names of the most eminent of all choirmasters, Palestrina and Bach, have been already mentioned. Though he never entered the priesthood and was a married man, Palestrina, born near Rome in 1526, was capellmaster at St. Peter's and other churches of the Eternal city. He constantly encountered difficulties because of the opposition of clerical singers to taking direction from a layman. When after the Council of Trent the authorities of the Catholic Church resolved to make reforms in church music, which had become sadly vulgarized, Palestrina was the man entrusted by Pope Sixtus V and afterwards by Pope Gregory XIII with the task of restoring its devotional beauty and dignity. How well he succeeded in the task is shown by the fact that his music is still sung by all the great choral organizations of the world both Protestant and Catholic; and represents the ultimate ideal in lofty expression.

The greatest of all the men who followed the noble calling of choirmaster or capellmaster was Johann Sebastian Bach who was born in 1685 and died in 1750. Though as a young man he served in various capacities in German capitals the latter part of his life was spent in Leipzig, when he composed an enormous number of compositions for the churches with which he was connected, and definitely established the polyphonic school of composition. During the past two or three years the vogue of Bach despite the fact that almost two centuries have elapsed since he died has been steadily on the increase. This winter I think, taking it in the aggregate, I have heard more of Bach's music, than that of any other composer.

I suppose these old fellows experienced just the same troubles that the average ambitious choirmaster of to-day has to contend with; troubles which are not lessened when, as often happens, in some of our smaller cities the choirmaster is a lady. Probably they could not see eye to eye with their clerical chiefs at times; and had to fight for their ideas firmly but tactfully. Great tacticians they must have been to accomplish what they did in the way of progress; for the choirmaster who is not born with a sense of tact has a hard row to hoe; what with clergymen who have their own ideas and recalcitrant singers, who get huffy and are slack in the matter of practice. Unfortunately tact does not always go hand in hand with ambition. But in addition to tact and ambition, the choirmaster must have personality. When he rises to be the conductor of an eminent choral society where public rather than congregational support is an essential of success, personality is a tremendously important factor, but it means much at all times. The other day I was reading an article by George M. Brewer, a member of the Canadian College of Organists, in which he held that personality was all-vital in choir achievement, great and small. His theme was "What's Wrong With Church Music?" and he argued that church musicians should be personalities. He holds that it is this quality that enables the choir master to exact from singers really great music and interest the congregation in it; instead of wasting time on superficialities.

When one comes to consider how much influence a choirmaster wields over musical taste, especially in the smaller centres where the church choir is the actual and indeed the only fountain head of musical activity, the question of the personality of the choirmaster becomes of the highest importance. Mr. Brewer holds that if a man has the requisite strength of personality he is bound to make the congregation enjoy the best music. Such a man is entitled to the confidence of those in authority; if he is sincere he will demand it, and what is more get it. "What is paramount," says Mr. Brewer "he will compel all who come in contact with him in person and through his music to enjoy—I don't hesitate to add, to become enthusiastic, over that music. It all devolves around personality. Such a personality will make classical music popular, a mission surely of the highest."



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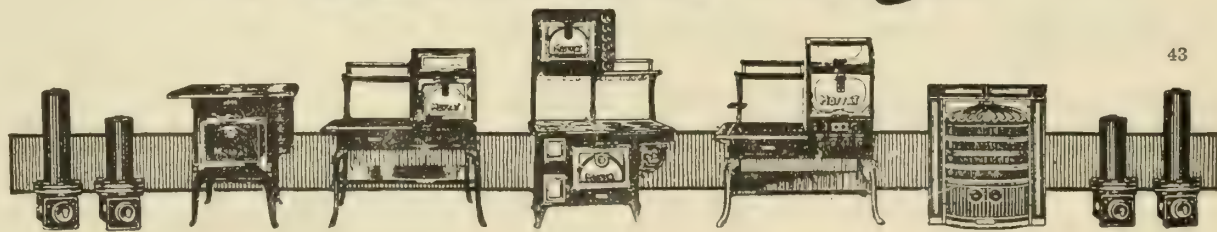
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AGENCY DIVISION

Canadian Home Journal

The Chronicles of Eve's Garden

(Continued from page 27)

worthlessness of some tree, I have a great time wheedling him into cutting it right out instead of top-grafting. The first Eve seemed to have more influence over her man, for sometimes I have to give Adam a quid pro quo in the shape of one of my beautiful birch trees, which I have by dint of much coaxing kept till now in various parts of the orchard. I do not give them up without a struggle, but my poor flowers do suffer so for lack of sunshine that when all else fails I allow him to cut down a birch in an out of the way corner as the price of a little more open space for my garden.

long they have lived their lives out under the sky, and how long, long after I am gone and forgotten they will remain. Surely in some former incarnation I must have been a dryad and lived in a tree, and truly I should like to be buried beneath one "by some unfrequented garden-side" like old Omar. Did you ever see a little poem by Joyce Kilmer called "Trees?" I clipped it from a newspaper some years ago, and often whisper it to myself.

"I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree—
A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray
A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair.

Upon whose bosom snow has lain
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God could make a tree."

It is interesting to trace one's actions to their source. When I was quite a child I saw a fine display of Canterbury Bells and fox-gloves, and their beauty so impressed me, that the very first Spring after we bought this place I sowed seed of these two things, and the next year had a wide curving border of them to outline my garden. It looked perfectly charming, and being my very first achievement in the gardening line I was immensely proud of it. Of course I confidently expected to have an even finer show the next Summer, so you can imagine my bewilderment when not a single Canterbury Bell put in an appearance. I simply could not understand it; the true inwardness of a bi-ennial not having been demonstrated to me yet. But the next Summer along they came, scores of them, wherever they had happened to escape the hoe; from self-sown seed, and I learned that Canterbury Bells belong to that class of plants, whose "flower once blown forever dies."

I fancy this climate is particularly adapted to seed growing, for every flower seems to perfect seeds of high germinating power. For years, I never sowed any more seeds of those two flowers, yet always had all I wanted to fill my borders until I began to graduate into a real gardener, and wanted special varieties to carry out some cherished scheme. Since those days I have eliminated all the dark majenta pink fox-gloves, and grow only the white and palest pink ones, though last year I had some new spotted ones that were rather striking.



The orchard plot

Why is it that men have such a mania for cutting down trees? It would almost seem as if they could not have descended from monkeys, for if they had, surely some dim survival of the days when trees were their only home, would stay their hands.

I have seen the most ruthless destruction of trees! One case in particular nearly broke my heart. There is or was a beautiful mountain stream in a little valley, or gully—as we say out West—quite near my garden. Indeed we carried all our drinking water from there the first few years we lived here, and many an hour I spent exploring its lovely length. The banks were covered with beautiful young trees, tall slender birches, cedars that were perfect pyramids touching the ground, and dark symmetrical firs, while dozens of different varieties of shrubs clustered about them. The rocky sides of the gully were jewelled with moss and many a hot summer day I sat beside that stream, fairly green with envy and covetousness. What wouldn't I have given to have had it on our land? But, at any rate, we could all enjoy its beauty and we did till the land changed hands, and the new owner sent a man to clear it, and he cut every single tree along that stream, though the sides of the gully were nothing but rocks and could not possibly be used for growing anything. It was one of the cruellest sights I ever saw.—That lovely cool green hollow transformed into a waste of shrivelling trees, and the poor stream that had so long laughed its way through dappled shadow exposed to the glaring day! I nearly cried my eyes out, and quite disgraced myself by flying at the offending owner and telling him what I thought of him.

"Things of slow growth are precious" and what more precious than a tree? All trees, but more especially those that are of Nature's own planting and nurture have a peculiar fascination for me, a sort of awe inspiring quality. They are so wonderfully alive and seem so wise and kind, and I am always thinking of how



The pergola with roses



SOME years ago the fashion was set of choosing a Sunday in May as "Mother's Day," in honor of our maternal parent, and the carnation was chosen as the suitable flower to be worn. Then a resourceful person suggested that a white flower should be worn in memory of a departed mother and a pink flower as a tribute to the living. The custom became established. The florists were enthusiastic over it, and now, early in the month of May, "Mother's Day" is widely advertised. Some of the mothers, however, did not approve of certain aspects of this observance, and I heard a canny Canadian (with Paisley blood in her veins) say, not long ago:

"It's too much foolishness altogether. I'm fond of the flowers and think the woman who started this Mother's Day carnation meant well. But the idea is a one-sided affair. Why not include the whole family and have an Old Home Sunday? It's the home idea, not the mother idea, that needs emphasis to-day. We hear too little about what the father means to the home. It's bad for the fathers to be ignored, but the world's a silly place to-day. There used to be a song: 'What is Home without a Mother?' There is another side to it. 'What is mother without a Home?' I'd like to have it a Home Day and a Home Sunday. I don't want a carnation on any particular day, because I tried to bring up my children right and give them a good home training. Their father helped in the home work and kept the home fires burning. Why should he be left out? My boy, David, gets his engineering skill from his father and the youngest boy and his 'Daddy' are together in their wireless experiments. The boys know better than to send me flowers in May with a foolish card. David writes to us every week and Rose, too,—though she's away off in Vancouver."

"But Mother's Day means a letter," said a younger matron. "Some men who haven't written home for months send a line to their mothers during the first week of May."

"Well, perhaps that's better than none at all," said the mother of Paisley descent. "But it's little I'd think of any son who'd write home only once a year. I tell you, I don't like the Mother's Day idea, at all. It makes a display of what ought to be only a duty—and a joy, as well."

This reminded me of a letter recently received from the Women's Institute at Port Colborne, which told of a "party" which must have been an enjoyable affair. The programme was prepared by the grandmothers, each of whom received a flower as a mark of appreciation. There were two choruses by fourteen grandmothers:—"The Old Oaken Bucket" and "Love's Old Sweet Song." There were also duets, such as "Whispering Hope" and "Carry Me Back to Ole' Virginny." Of course there was a dialogue and there was a kind of adaptation of Arnold Bennett's "Milestones" in which the grandmothers of three generations were represented. It must have been a joyous meet-

ing for both audience and entertainers, and I think a "Grandmothers' Programme" might be given by many an organization with great success.

* * *

FOR many years men have been informing women that they (the women) are extremely vain and loquacious and that their brethren, on the contrary, are "big" in their ideas and ways, with no jealousy, no vanity and an immense capacity for silence. Of course, we knew that in private life men are very much like women—just as fussy about their own importance and quite as given to talking. However, we thought that in public affairs there might be a difference. Man might, in political, literary or artistic circles, manifest an immense superiority, in the matter of modesty and reticence. Women are discovering that public debate, as managed by man, is just as tiresome as any of the feminine organizations, while the chairman who fails to pin bouquets upon himself is yet to be found.

So reflected a melancholy band of women, who recently attended a dinner at which, it was understood, there were to be several inspiring addresses. The chairman, on that occasion, refused to remain in the chair, mounted the rostrum and discoursed for more than thirty minutes. There were several speakers for the evening, but only two of them (the one woman speaker, and a university professor) observed the time limit and kept to ten minutes. Their speeches were both graceful and effective. The evening dragged wearily along and still we waited for "the" speaker. As the hour was nearing midnight, this gentleman was called upon for an address. He firmly and coldly declined to make any remarks, stating that he knew he would not be forgiven if he spoke at that hour. He was quite right in his refusal, but those who know how acceptable and stimulating his speeches prove, can hardly forgive that egotistic chairman and certain other tedious gentlemen for taking all the joy out of the evening. It was assuredly a badly-managed and clumsily-staged affair, and the women who attended were quite disgusted with the deadly dullness of it all.

I had the wisdom to leave before ten o'clock, and so missed the worst of the boredom. Still, it was dismal enough to be defrauded of what one really wanted to hear.

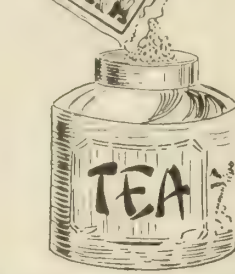
"It serves you right," said Araminta, who scorns all clubs and considers them the last word in desolation. "You shouldn't expect men to know how to manage things of that sort. They are far more conceited than we are and love to hear themselves talk. But it's too bad that So-and-So did not give an address, for he's worth while. That young chairman needs a lesson in politeness."

"And speakers should be given a time limit—and obliged to observe it, even at the point of the sword—or the gong."



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"SALADA"

The Woman Who Wished She Could Play the Piano

And How She Found an Easy Way to Turn Her Wish Into a Fact

A YEAR or so ago this woman didn't know one note from another. To-day she plays the piano—entirely by note—better than many who have been playing for years. Here she tells how she learned and why it was so easy. Thousands of others, from school children to men and women of 50 to 60, have also learned music in the same easy way.

FROM the time I was a child, I have always had a yearning and longing to play the piano.

Often I felt that I would gladly give up half of my life if some kind fairy would only turn my wish into a fact. You see, I had begun to think I was too old to learn, that only some sort of fairy-story magic could give me the ability to play. I was 35 years old—and the mother of a small family—before I knew one note from another.

Again and again, parties and other social gatherings have been all but spoiled for me. I could enjoy myself until someone suggested music or singing; then I felt "left out"—a lonesome wall flower—a mere looker-on. Instead of part of the party, I was missing half the fun. The way I have suddenly blossomed out in music (almost overnight, you might say) has been a big surprise to all who know me, and to myself as well. My friends seem to think it must be that I had a previously undiscovered genius for the piano. But if there was any genius about it it wasn't on my part. But in the lessons I took—a new and simplified method that makes it remarkably easy for anyone to add music or singing to their daily lives. Anyone anywhere can now learn to play any instrument or learn to sing just as easily as I did. All the hard part, all the big expense, all the old difficulties, have been swept away by this simple new method.

I learned entirely by home study—in my spare time—from fascinating Print and Picture lessons that make everything so simple and easy that one simply can't go wrong on them. I call it a short-cut way to learn—it is so much simpler and so entirely different from the old and hard to understand methods.

Within a year after I took my first lesson, I began teaching my two little girls to play—using exactly the same lessons I myself had studied. And I noticed that both of them seemed to be getting along better than any of their playmates who have private teachers. In addition, I am saving the money it would cost to have a private teacher—I figure it would cost at least \$3 to \$5 a lesson to have a teacher whose instruction could compare with that contained in the printed lessons from the U.S. School. Yet, from the first lesson to the last, the total cost of learning the way I did averaged only a few cents a lesson.

My only regret is that I didn't know of this really wonderful method years before. The ability to play is such a great comfort. No matter how much I am alone, I never get lonesome—I can always turn



to my piano for amusement. I am never at a loss for a way to entertain callers. I no longer feel that I am "out of it" at social gatherings. Do you wonder that I so gladly recommend the method that has brought me so much pleasure and satisfaction?

This woman's experience is by no means unusual. Over 250,000 others—from school children to men and women of 50 and 60 have learned to play their favorite instrument or learned to sing in the same way this woman did. Largely through the recommendations of satisfied pupils, we have built up the largest school of music in the world.

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\$5.00	\$5.00	\$2.00	\$3.00	\$4.50	\$2.00	\$3.50

The Homemakers of Hollyburn

(Continued from page 56)

The next few hours were very busy ones, trying to make things as comfortable as possible for Aunt Martha.

Sunday morning dawned, beautiful and bright, with the air full of song and sweet scent. Frank crossed the inlet to meet the ten o'clock train, while Mary was busy at home putting little touches here and there to make everything look as pretty as possible. On the little verandah, now nearly covered with honeysuckle, Frankie was taking his morning nap. Inside, the table was spread with beautiful white linen and silver—wedding presents—and a chicken was sizzling in the oven. Mary looked at everything and felt proud. A click of the gate and voices! They must be back.

"Oh, Aunt Martha, I am glad to see you. It is so long since I have seen anyone from home."

"And I am glad to be here. I felt I must come to see you all. I met Mr. Gifford in Toronto when he was there on business, and hearing that he came from Hollyburn, naturally the conversation turned to you. Of course he knew you and told us all about the dear little home you had made. He spoke so highly of Frank. I believe he loves him; at which I am not surprised. Oh this is little Frankie. We must not wake him. He is very like your father; isn't he, Mary?"

"Yes, I have often thought so." When dinner was over and Aunt Martha had been shown everything about the place they sat under the dogwood tree and had a long talk.

"Your and Frank's letters have always been so bright and happy, and your father and I have always felt contented about you, but none of them gave us much idea of your circumstances, and we did not understand until we met Mr. Gifford."

"Yes, Aunt, Frank and I thought this would be a bit of a shock to you."

"Indeed it has not. I think it is a delightful life, and I have already caught the spirit of the country, and, old as I am, I have just been wondering if you

could find me a shack to 'do up' too, but first of all I am going to take charge here, and let you and Frank go out together sometimes. You have been tied up with this son of yours for too long."

"Oh, Aunt, you are very good, and how did you know that it was hard to be tied up with a baby?"

"I have not lived all these years among human beings for nothing."

The next days and weeks were very bright. They all went on little trips by motor and boat to show Aunt Martha the beauties of the country, and often Aunt Martha took charge of Frankie, while Frank and Mary went out together—a pleasure, the sweetness of which can only be appreciated by those who have been long tied up with young children.

Toward the end of June Aunt Martha found a pretty little bungalow near the sea, with a garden and some well grown fruit trees. Here she spent most of her time digging, planting, weeding. It was very nice for Frank and Mary to have her near, and to see her so happy in her garden, but the best was yet to come.

One day towards the end of July Mary came home from the post office radiant. Frank was not at home. She must tell him her good news. Should she go up to the mill and find him? No, that would never do, but how could she wait! She had received a letter from her father saying that a very successful investment had made it possible for him to retire from business, and that by the time she got this letter he would be on his way to Vancouver where he hoped to spend the rest of his life. Soon! in a few days, she would see her dear father again, and he would live here always. The joy seemed too great. Would Frank ever come home! He was already half an hour later than usual. At last she heard him whistling down the path.

"Oh, Mary, I have the grandest news!"

"Oh, Frank so have I."

(Continued on page 61)



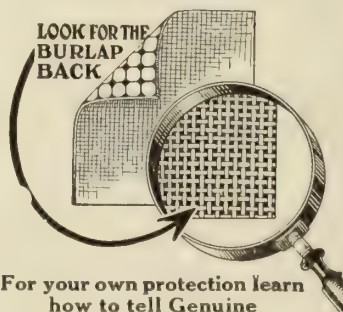
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DUNDEE SCOTLAND

Ask the merchant to show you the woven BURLAP back.

Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from page 32)

ous place or the membership card with receipt for the fees of the current year shown.

Question—What skin or leather articles are made by Girls in Institutes?

Answer—Gloves, slippers, sachets, bags, mitts, waistcoats, muffs, card cases.

Question—Who is the Editor of "Home and Country?"

Answer—MRS. NUGENT HARRIS. It was founded by Miss Alice Williams.

Question—WHAT IS THE NEW Canadian Badge like?

Answer—The body of the design is the new Canadian Coat of Arms. It is quite a sumptuous badge and is worthy of the admiration it gets. Miss Eliza Campbell the Treasurer of the Federated W. I. of Canada, Fredericton, N. B., keeps the stock of pins.

Question—When there is a printed yearly programme, is it not helpful to have it in form of a leaflet with information about the Institute movement?

Answer—There is really no need of such a leaflet. Much useful information about the activities and organization of the local Institute can be printed on the outside of the programme.

Question—How often should there be a meeting of the Executive or the Directors?

Answer—That depends upon your Constitution and on the amount of business to be transacted. It is usually advisable to hold a meeting very soon after the regular monthly meeting in order to plan details of the next meeting and to carry out instructions of the Institute as set out at the meeting. There is usually something to be arranged at once. The frequency of the Directors' meetings also depends on how active the Standing Committees are.

Question—Who was the first organizer of Women's Institutes?

Answer—Mrs. Laura Rose Stephen, now of Huntingdon, Quebec, Convener of Standing Committee on Agriculture Federated Women's Institutes of Canada. She worked for the Ontario Government under, I think, Mr. George Creelman, but she will tell us if that is not right.

Question—Are there Women's Institutes in Australia?

Answer—Not that I know of, although there is a great interest in our work. New Zealand has a few of recent origin.

Question—Why are Cercles de Fermieres so called and what is the difference between them and Women's Institutes?

Answer—Circles or Unions of Farm Women—to translate freely—seem to most of us to be an admirably descriptive title. There is no difference between them and Women's Institutes in aims and objects and methods of work but there are differences of a minor sort in administration and workings. The Cercles are so called in Belgium, in Quebec and in France.

The Homemakers of Hollyburn

(Continued from page 60)

"Well you tell yours first."

Mary told him about her father's letter.

"And now for my news. Mr. Gifford has started a new business in Toronto which needs all his attention, and he has offered me the managership of the mill at three hundred a month, and I have accepted it."

A click of the gate made them turn and look. There was a fine-looking, white-haired man coming up the path. "Father, Father, is it really you!" cried Mary as she ran into his arms.

That evening Aunt Martha joined a very happy group under the dogwood tree. They all sat talking long after dark—talking, yes, but often just silently feasting on the joy of reunion. Frankie climbed into his grandfather's lap and went to sleep, and Mary carried him in to bed.

"Well, Martha, is there room for me in your bungalow?"

"Oh not to-night, father, stay with us to-night," cried Frank and Mary together.

"All right, children, I will stay."



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SPREADS LIKE BUTTER

"Can be used in a hundred different ways"



Something About Salads

(Continued from page 19)

attractive with as little labor as possible. Everything used as a garnish should be edible. A bed of crisp lettuce leaves is the most attractive setting for any salad. Cress or a nest of shredded lettuce, also makes an attractive border. Celery tops, cut radishes, pimento strips, ribbons of green pepper, sections of hard boiled eggs, nuts, olives, candied grapefruit or orange peel may also be used to make a salad appetizing. The colors in the salad itself and the firmness of the fruits or vegetables used, constitute an important factor in securing attractiveness. One must have "salad sense" to know what materials agree in flavor as well as color to originate combinations.

The dressings for salads may be divided into four classes—French dressing, Mayonnaise, boiled dressing, and cream dressing. Each has its particular place and is suitable for certain kinds of salad.


A very simple, old fashioned form of dressing for plain lettuce is vinegar and sugar. Substitute lemon juice or fresh lime juice for the vinegar and you will have a very refreshing and simple salad for a summer day.

A simple French dressing easily and quickly prepared consists of three tablespoons of olive oil and one tablespoon of vinegar, seasoned with an abundance of salt and pepper or paprika and beaten to a creamy smoothness. It is not well to have the salad stand for long in the dressing, and for this reason, it is well to mix it on the table, just before serving. When this is not convenient, the dressing may be passed around or added the last thing before serving from a side table.

whipped cream or egg white when mayonnaise is to be used. Mayonnaise should be stiff enough to hold its shape when done.

Points to observe in making Mayonnaise. (1) Place the bowl on ice (2) Olive oil and eggs should be chilled, (3) Have egg yolk as free from white as possible, (4) Do not add ingredients rapidly. The dressing may curdle if the ingredients are not cold or are added rapidly without thorough blending. A curdled dressing may be corrected by placing an egg yolk in a clean bowl and adding the curdled mixture gradually, beating thoroughly and then continuing with the oil. Mayonnaise may be varied by adding one-half teaspoon each of finely chopped capers, pickles, olives and parsley just before serving.

Boiled Dressing is a very common and useful form of salad dressing. It is especially useful in garnishing vegetable salads and is sometimes preferred in any salad by persons to whom oil is distasteful. The butter of boiled dressing takes the place of the oil. Two eggs, one-half teaspoon of mustard, one-half teaspoon of salt, one half-tablespoon sugar, 3 tablespoons of vinegar, one-half cup hot water, one tablespoon butter, few grains of cayenne. Mix dry ingredients and beat with the eggs until light. Add vinegar and water and cook in a double boiler, stirring constantly until thick and smooth. Remove from fire, stir in butter, and set away to cool. Whipped cream added after the dressing cools is a great addition. In a closed jar this dressing will keep for weeks.



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For Infants, Invalids and Growing Children. Rich Milk, Malted Grain Extract in Powder

You Will Be Handsomely Repaid

for all time spent on the reading of "Direct by Mail" Advertising in

The Canadian Home Journal

French dressing is chiefly used for uncooked vegetables and for marinating cooked salad materials.

Grape Fruit French Dressing. Five tablespoons olive oil, two and one-half tablespoons grape fruit, three quarters teaspoon powdered sugar, one-half teaspoon salt, one quarter teaspoon paprika. Mix ingredients in order given, chill thoroughly and shake well before using.

Astoria Dressing. One-half cup olive oil, juice one-half lemon, juice one-half orange, one teaspoon grated onion, one quarter teaspoon salt, one quarter teaspoon paprika, one teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, one quarter teaspoon mustard, one tablespoon finely chopped parsley. Mix ingredients in order given, chill, beat thoroughly.

Mayonnaise Dressing. Three egg-yolks, one tablespoon mustard, one tablespoon sugar, one teaspoon salt, one-quarter teaspoon paprika, one tablespoon mustard, one tablespoon sugar, one teaspoon salt, one-quarter teaspoon paprika, two cups olive oil, one-quarter cup vinegar, one and one-half tablespoons lemon juice, one-half cup whipped cream or white of one egg. Mix dry ingredients, add to beaten egg yolks. Add oil, drop by drop, and beat constantly. After one-quarter cup of oil has been added it can be added in larger proportions. When it comes thick thin with a little vinegar. Then alternate with vinegar and oil until all is used. Add lemon juice last. Fold in

A variation of boiled dressing is *Thousand Island Dressing*. To one cup boiled dressing add one tablespoon each of minced onion, green pepper and pimento, a hard boiled egg chopped fine, paprika and salt to taste, or you may add to one cup of dressing three tablespoons of home-made chili sauce.

Cream Dressings are especially good for fruit salads. They are particularly easy to make and an excellent way to utilize sour cream. Mix one and one-half tablespoons sugar, one teaspoon salt and a few grains cayenne with one tablespoon lemon juice. Add to one cup of cream (sweet or sour) stiffly beaten. Lastly add one tablespoon of vinegar.

Summer Salads. The following recipes are designed for warm weather menus. They are summer salads. Some of them will be most suitably served during the dinner, other may constitute the main dish for luncheon or supper as they are nourishing as well as appetizing, and still others with crackers and a bit of cheese may serve as a dessert.

Watermelon Salad. Cut balls of the melon with a scoop cutter or cut one and one-half inch cubes and place on hearts of lettuce with French dressing. The coloring of the melon makes an attractive table decoration.

Prune Salad. Mix together one cup of chopped prunes, one cup almonds, one cup marshmallow. Serve on lettuce leaf with cream dressing.

Pompeian Beauty powder



They Turn to Admire

What is it they admire so much—the radiance of her lovely coloring? Yes, but even more the sparkle of her eyes, the glow of her expression, that come from knowing her skin is like a rose and that she is looking her very best.

One bit of magic gives her this enviable position—this radiant confidence. She knows the secret of Instant Beauty—the complete “Pompeian Beauty Toilette.”

First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. Work the cream well into the skin so the powder adheres evenly.

Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of delicate fragrance. Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle with a new beauty?

Lastly, dust over again with the powder in order to subdue the Bloom. Presto! The face is beautified and youth-i-fied in an instant! (Above 3 preparations may be used separately or together. At all druggists, 60c each.)

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The new Hawthorn Fabrics for Spring offer a delightful range of novel and distinctive shades and effects that will delight the eye.

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17

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Anna Connor

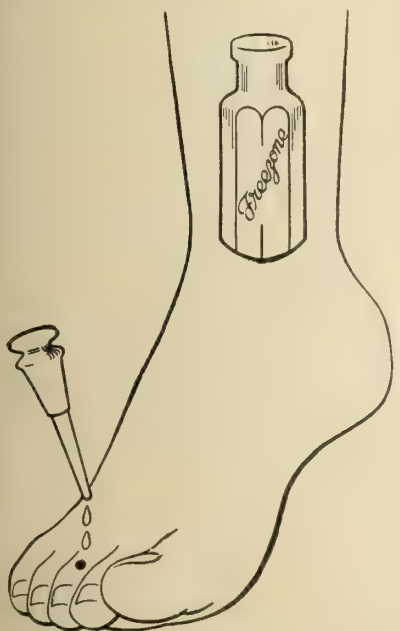
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JUNIPER JUNCTION

BY BERTHA E. GREEN

THE wide-awake sun of a May morning was fast drinking the dew that lay on each leaf of the almost treeless ridge. There were bushes, some of them wild brier with freshly opened blossoms, that had found a foothold in the shallow soil in the rock crevices. Lichens and mosses spread in gray, green, and brown patches here and there, as if they sought to cover the bareness of the rocky ridge.

At the peak of this rock-tumbled hillock grew what seemed to be a stunted tree, for, instead of a straight trunk with shading branches, this evergreen held its branches low, stretching them out crookedly, hugging the rocks as if afraid. Two of the branches were far longer than the others, one pointing to the North and the pines, the other toward the East and a little lake. This was Juniper Junction.

A tiny speck of red shot through the sunlight, coming to rest at the fork of the two long limbs of the Juniper.

"I really don't know why I came, but I'm here anyway," said the tiny, red speck, whom one might now have seen to be the Ladybird, that pretty, little, scarlet beetle with a single black dot on each wing.

The raven looked very wise as he said: "When'er you whistle, you will find, If you that whistle bear in mind, Sooner or late will come a breeze To sing or whisper 'mongst the trees!" "You don't say so!" exclaimed the Ladybird.

"Yes, I said so," retorted Blackie Longbill rather gruffly; then, in a more polite tone, he remarked "I suppose you came over to see the procession. I may as well tell you there isn't going to be any."

"What procession do you mean?" inquired the Ladybird.

"The grand march of the caterpillars," was the reply. "Everybody expected them to start to-day, but not one of them hatched out in time. Too bad, wasn't it?"

"I should say so!" exclaimed the Ladybird. "I suppose that you came a long way to watch the procession."

"Oh, no," laughed Blackie Longbill, "my nest is almost within sight of here. I didn't come to watch any procession, but to find out who was whistling."

"And now that you have found out, what are you going to do?" asked the Ladybird.



"I am the Black Rove Beetle," was the reply. "Just now, I'm a teacher of manners."

"What shall I do?" she continued "Shall I go to the lake, or to the pines? I'll whistle while I think about it."

It was a faint, high whistle, as if the Ladybird did not wish anyone to hear it, but someone had good ears, for a harsh voice said:

"Do you think that will bring it?" The Ladybird looked around quickly, and saw a coal-black raven perching on one of the long branches of juniper.

"I'm Blackie Longbill," said the raven. "I did the talking, and, if you don't remember what I said, it was this - Do you think that will bring it?"

"Do I think what will bring what?" asked the Ladybird.

"That, is the whistle and it, is the wind," replied the blackbird. "You're whistling for wind, aren't you?"

"I never thought about it for a moment," laughed the Ladybird, "I don't believe such a thing anyway."

"That shows all you know about it," said the raven, shaking his head "why, I whistle sometimes myself."

"And does your whistle bring the wind?" asked the Ladybird.

"Wait until somebody else whistles," answered the raven.

There was a sharp, whistly snort from the other side of the Juniper, and both the raven and the Ladybird jumped.

"You didn't have to wait long for another whistle. Did you Blackie Longbill?" said some one from behind the Juniper.

"What are you hiding for?" asked the raven angrily. "Why don't you show yourself?"

"Who is it?" asked the Ladybird in a low voice.

"O, that old grunter, Grimmer the woodchuck," replied the raven. "I'm sure I never asked him to come here."

There was a grunt from behind the Juniper, and the woodchuck spoke again: "I wouldn't bother asking you whether I could come or not, Blackie Longbill."

The raven ruffled up his feathers at this, and the woodchuck walked slowly around in front of the Ladybird. He was a rough-coated fellow, was Grimmer the woodchuck, with stubby nose, stubby

(Continued on page 76)



Hollins

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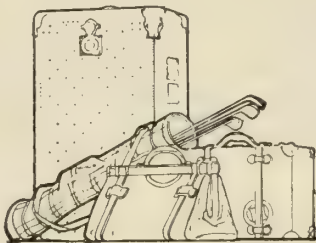
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The Blossoming

(Continued from page 7)

the bank of the river towards his house. He held her hand in his, leading her, directing her in the darkness. When she faltered, he put his arm about her. She rested on his strength. The mystery of the woods enclosed her. Cool leaves touched her. Branches would have held her. She was not afraid. She saw the ranked trees of the young orchard, the wild apple tree like a cloud against the stars, before it seemed possible. She said dreamily, "Are we back already?" In a minute he told her, "You have been walking two hours."

* * *

HE LED her up a long path between rows of apple saplings which would one day be great and fruitful; he opened the door of his house, went in, and lighted a lamp. The place sprang to her sight in a cordial glow; walls of red cedar, shelves, books, rugs. She entered after him. He pointed to an inner door.

"My sister's room," he said. "You'll find everything there. Towels, blankets, clothes. And a lamp. Here are matches. While you change, I'll get into some dry things, light the stove, and when you're ready, we'll have something to eat."

Anna said doubtfully, "Your sister—she won't mind if I use her things?"

He looked at her with his strange still eyes. He said, "My sister died last year. I keep her things ready for her just the same. I like to. I thought—perhaps she liked it too."

Anna bent her head. She went softly into the inner room, looking back at him with eyes grave and clear as a child's, and shut the door.

He had the stove lighted and food prepared when she came out, wearing clothes too large for her, and carrying her own wet ones, which she dropped by the stove. He said, "I'm afraid they're spoiled."

"It doesn't matter," answered Anna vaguely, "they're not my clothes."

She meant that they were Mrs. Aymery's clothes. Mrs. Aymery had clothed her and housed her for three years that she might make a good match at the end. And Cavan was the match. Suddenly, Anna laughed aloud, stirring the wet garments with her foot.

Woodin made her eat and drink. She obeyed him, smiling like a child through a drowsiness so deep it was like a mist, now of foam, now of blown apple-petals. He talked to her sometimes, sometimes was silent, watching her. Soon he said, "Now go and sleep."

Again she went softly to the inner room. "Good-night," she said. But he did not reply. He was looking from the window at his baby-orchard, dark under the stars, as if he thought the little trees must suddenly have bloomed.

Anna lay down on the dead girl's cot and sank at once into a fathomless security of sleep.

When she awoke it was morning. Birds sang. In youngest sunlight the woods spread beyond the orchard like a sea. From the window she stretched her hands to them. "Lovely," she said, "lovely!"

She came out to Woodin, wearing his sister's clothes. He had made a fire in the stove and prepared breakfast. He asked her, "You slept well?" She told him, "All night long." Her face confirmed it, and the morning in her eyes. They sat down and ate together. The shadows shortened on the cedar floor.

Later, he told her, "It's time to go." She stood up, ready to follow him through the woods, back to Milbrook. She glanced about the room slowly. He said, "You'll see this place again."

When they went out, the hour's promise lay on the orchard. Each twig was tipped with the green flame of spring. But half-way down the long path, Anna stopped. She said to Woodin, "Look." Raising a little apple-bough, she showed him the flower buds, the first, nested in the living green and ready to unfold.

(Continued on page 70)

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The Idol of Youth

(Continued from page 14)

seated at small tables before fantastically eastern Cafe de Paris. Pigeons whirled and strutted, or sat on the hands of the Casino clock. It was like a scene in a wonderfully staged play; and none of the many characters assembled knew that the hero and heroine of the piece had just come on. But we knew it. We knew it well, and I thrilled all over as Patchinka pressed my arm.

Just for an instant I'd forgotten that I had to double the part of watching with that of leading man. I had gazed up at the aeroplane—dead Sacha's Mascot—and glanced down at the rapt face of Sacha's sister, small and pale. But I quickly remembered, not too late; and there was the brown overcoat with the astrakhan collar, so near that it seemed as if the electric current of our thoughts must strike it as it stood, and make it wince.

If I'd needed proof that Patchinka had identified the man, I had it then. This man's interest in the finely displayed prize was no chance interest, like that of many others who paused, gazed, admired, and passed on. He was absorbed, and thought of nothing else—not even of himself.

There was a light barrier round the machine, to prevent idle or mischievous hands touching the wings, or the singularly long, swallow-like tail. There were also several good-natured and rather bored *gens d'armes* guarding the bright, particular star of the Place; but Senor Mendez of Barcelona edged as close as he dared. Nor did he stop in one place. Having looked his fill at one of the wings he strolled slowly to a position where he could examine the tail, and from there he passed on to feast his vision upon another wing.

Whatever he did, we did also, though keeping at a discreet distance not to attract attention, and talking in low voices.

"Is it quite understood?" Patchinka asked at last. "You will go after him when he goes, and you will know where to find us again, when you are sure where he will stay?"

"Yes," I assured her. "You and Miss Wellington will do what you proposed; take a table in front of the Cafe and order tea. But mind, we mustn't have any blunders! No matter how long I have to be gone, you will stay in one spot and wait."

"It is a promise," she said.

Almost as she spoke, Mendez decided to tear himself away from the object of his interest.

He had a small bag in his right hand, shifting it to the left, he turned his back on the biplane. Then he began walking up the palm-shaded Public Gardens that stretch away from the Place du Casino straight to the street of the trams and shops. The man had a purposeful air, and I told myself that, despite the crowded state of the hotels he had secured himself a perch of some sort in advance. I hoped that there might be a garret or a cellar in it for me, for this affair had settled the matter of my residence. It wasn't to be Cap Martin. It wasn't to be Nice. It was to be Monte Carlo, if I slept upon a seat on the Casino terrace!

CHAPTER XV.

A Girl On A Balcony.

AT the top of the Gardens Mendez turned to the right and walked with a decided step along the street of shops and trams, the Boulevard des Moulins. On, on he went, I trailing him at a safe distance, glad that he never glanced back.

Presently the Boulevard des Moulins renamed itself Boulevard d'Italie. The shops were fewer and less smart. Huge box-like buildings composed of flats dominated the side of the street which had the view of the sea. What should I do, I asked myself, if Mendez went into a private apartment house, instead of an

hotel? My calculations would be disastrously thrown out.

To my relief, however, just as the situation was getting on my nerves the man stopped and pushed open the glass door of a bar. "British Bar" I read in gilded letters on the glass; and in connection, I rejoiced to see, was "British Hotel."

A balcony ran across the front of the white-washed, cheap-looking but not unattractive building, and on this balcony sat a young woman in a deck chair. My attention was so firmly pinned to Mendez' back, that I might not have noticed her, if the girl hadn't jumped to her feet, and leaned well over the railing, just above my head. Evidently small incidents such as the arrival of new comers to the hotel were of keen interest to her. An involuntary upward flash, in which my eyes met a light blue gaze, showed me a face round and pallid as the moon, framed in straw-coloured hair and shaded with a big, flower-laden hat. Just the sort of face that would want to know everything that happened in the street, and concerning everybody who went in, or came out of, its hotels. Just the sort of face to see once was to forget twice; and I promptly forgot it as I followed Mendez into the bar.

The very fact that the house was called "British Hotel" made me sure that, whatever else it might be, British it was not; and this assumption was justified by the presence of two unmistakable Italians behind the bar; a stout elderly man and a slim young one. Except in their age and their figures, the pair resembled each other; the proprietor and his son, I deduced. They greeted Mendez in French, as a language common to the three; and I was able to pick up, in a few words, a certain amount of free information. Mendez was known by name to the Signori Bagnoni. He had stopped at the British Hotel some years before, being remembered there, it seemed, by a big win he had made at the Casino. He had now engaged his room in advance, and wished the landlord to think that he had come to try his luck again at the Rooms. No mention was made of the forthcoming lottery, nor the prizes.

I was allowed to wait during the few minutes' chat, no attention being paid to me—save a polite bow—until the younger Bagnoni, addressed as "Paul" by Mendez, had begun to mix a cocktail for the thirsty traveller. Then the fat landlord turned to me, with a questioning "Monsieur?"

I ordered a glass of Monaco beer, and asked in my lame French if I could have a room.

The drink was promptly given, foaming and cold. But as for the room, the Italian proprietor of the British Hotel regretted that he had not one at his disposal. Indeed, he feared that there was not much chance of my getting one anywhere at Monte Carlo. The place was full. The whole Riviera was crammed. There were so many attractions this season, among others the great lottery of which no doubt Monsieur had heard?

At this question Mendez' bright black eyes flashed to me, with his first show of interest. He wished to know how that question would be answered; but I gave a languid reply, and persisted in my request for a room. Anything would do for me. Wasn't there a box-room where I could be put up?

"I fear there is nothing at all Monsieur," said Bagnoni senior, with the polite indifference of a landlord whose pockets are full as well as his house. But as he spoke his eyes suddenly fixed themselves on something behind me. Mechanically I turned, and saw that the girl with the flowery hat and straw-coloured hair hovered in a doorway between the bar and the hotel restaurant. With her was a buxom looking, richly-tinted woman of fifty or so, with Irish eyes and a long upper lip. The latter lady wore

(Continued on page 71)

The Royal Baking Service

from The Royal Educational Department

EDITOR'S NOTE—Did you know that the entire staff of the Royal Educational Department is continually busy making home cooking easier and more attractive for you? Whether you are an expert or an inexperienced cook and housekeeper you will undoubtedly find some little hint or 'short cut' suggested on these pages of interest and help to you. Write today if your questions are not answered here.

More Cake Questions!

OF the hundreds of queries on every phase of baking received in this department daily, the majority emphasize "cake troubles". Space does not permit our answering all questions on these pages, so only a few of the commonest difficulties follow:

Question: How can I cream shortening easily and quickly?

Answer: When getting ready to make a cake and before measuring materials, pour a little boiling water into the mixing bowl. Let stand until ready to begin cake, then rinse and dry out bowl before measuring the butter or other shortening. This will soften it without melting it too much.

Question: Can sour milk be used with baking powder with good results?

Answer: Yes, if just sufficient soda is used to neutralize the acid of the sour milk and then the usual amount of baking powder added for leavening purposes; for example, a recipe calling for one cup of milk, two teaspoons baking powder, use one cup sour milk, one-third teaspoon soda, and two teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, sifting the soda and baking powder in with the flour as usual. Buttermilk can also be used in same manner as sour milk.

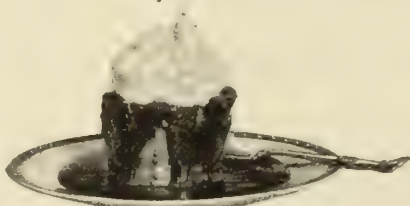
Now that the warm weather is approaching, many women, and especially those in the country, will undoubtedly have sour milk on hand. Do not hesitate to make cakes and other baking powder foods

because you have only sour milk, for when properly used it will give you excellent results. Many sour milk recipes are unsatisfactory because too much soda or a poor grade of baking powder has been used. One-third of a teaspoon of soda to a cup of thick sour milk, plus the standard amount of Royal Baking Powder for the flour called for, will give you as good results as if sweet milk were used. While the question of sour milk is taken up here in connection with cakes, it applies equally well to biscuits, muffins, and other breads.

Question: My cakes rise beautifully and after removal from the oven fall in the center. Can you tell me the trouble?

Answer: You have probably used too much sugar and shortening in proportion to the flour and baking powder, or else you have taken the cake from the oven before thoroughly baked. Use level measurements for all materials and follow carefully recipes on these pages.

Try One of these for Dinner Today!



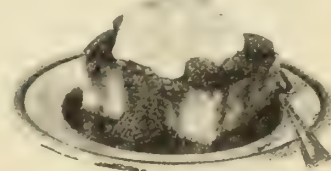
Luncheon Cakes
With Chocolate Sauce
(Recipe below)

Have you ever stopped to think of the great food value in cake—good home-made cake—the kind you make yourself with good, pure, wholesome materials? Perhaps you have been accustomed to regard cake merely as a dainty addition to serve with fruit or ice cream, but in reality it is a dessert in itself and a valuable, important article of food deserving of a prominent place in the diet.

Send today for additional recipes "Cakes for Delicious Desserts", and the New Royal Cook Book—they're free. Address—

ROYAL EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT
Royal Baking Powder Company, 141E William Street, New York

— Cut these out and put in your cook book. —



Butter Cake with Strawberry Sauce
(Recipe below)

These delectable desserts take a very short time to prepare, and are delicious with or without whipped cream.

Luncheon Cakes

With Chocolate Sauce

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon

Cream shortening; add sugar gradually, beating well; add egg yolk, vanilla and half the milk; then half the flour sifted with the baking powder and cinnamon; add remainder of milk and flour and fold in beaten egg white. Bake in greased small tins in moderate oven about 20 minutes. Serve hot with following sauce, topped with whipped cream:—

- 1 ounce unsweetened chocolate
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add butter, and when mixed pour boiling water on slowly, stirring constantly; then, add sugar. Bring to boiling point and boil 5 minutes without stirring; add vanilla and few grains salt. Serve hot.

Butter Cake with Strawberry Sauce

1/2 cup shortening

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 cup milk
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Cream shortening; add sugar gradually, beating well; add beaten egg, one-half the milk, and mix well; add one-half the flour, which has been sifted with salt and baking powder; add remainder of milk then remainder of flour and flavoring; beat after each addition. Bake in greased shallow pan in hot oven about 20 minutes. Cut into squares and serve hot with strawberry sauce, with or without whipped cream, as desired.

Strawberry Sauce

- 2 cups strawberries
- 3/4 cup granulated sugar

Pick over strawberries; put in dish; cover with sugar and allow to stand for about half an hour. Remove half the berries to serve whole and crush the remainder, mixing well with sugar. Add whole berries and serve.

This is the
sixth of the
Royal Baking
Service



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JOY

By MARJORIE SUTHERLAND

I THINK I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained;

I stand and look at them long and long. They do not sweat and whine about their condition;

They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins;

They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God;

Not one is dissatisfied—not one is demented with the mania of owning things;

Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago;

Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole earth.

* * *

WHITMAN'S unfenced lines seem refreshing in this day of insomnia and much pulling in all strata of society in order to extract some species of "problem." We may gloat over the racy half-truth of Whitman's observations and try to make ourselves believe that it would bring us joy to be a pig without any troubles. But to be a beast without troubles is not perhaps the realization of joy, at least no beast has ever revealed to us its beatific state. Even the little vivid flashes of joy which come like lightning to the painfulest lives, even these, it seems to me, are worth the other sorrows of being human. And this reminds me of a moment of joy which I, in a sort of second-hand fashion, once saw in the life of another. I did not know the person, had never seen her before, nor have I seen her since, and yet I know that however dull or painful or stormy life has been to her—once at least she knew a moment of perfect joy.

It happened in a railway station in a busy unpoetic Western town, on a clear day of July that I saw a girl waiting for someone. I have seen many women who were more beautiful, indeed there were handsomer ones in that very station, only this one seemed to be glorified with the radiance of a great expectation, and instinctively I knew that she was waiting for her lover. She was slender and tall, dressed simply in a lavender gown with long white gloves and a white hat. The clothes were perfectly ordinary, except that they almost glowed with tiptoe anticipation of bliss. When she came into the waiting-room she looked immediately at the clock, then she removed the glove from her right hand, tucked it in carefully at the wrist, and sat down. A train boomed into the station, and instantly the girl sprang up, then looked at her clock again and sat down. It was not her train. She smoothed out her dress prettily just as if she were a little girl who had been warned against wrinkles and dust. But she was not a little girl. There was a prophetic consciousness of womanhood in her manner. All the blood of her grandmothers who had waited sometime beside a brook, under a lilac-tree or beside the church door for their mates—all the tingling expectant blood of dead women who had once been happy, glowed in the girl's cheeks as she waited.

And then a second train arrived, but of course eagerness had brought her there much too early. She was youthfully impatient and yet if only she could have realized how sweet it was to wait! The hungry wistful suspense that precedes realization—perhaps this is compensation for the pangs of disillusionment. To believe—just once—that something will be perfect, surely this exquisite faith is worth the price of imperfect reality. In years to come when the girl's bright brown hair had faded and when the wonderful passion-light in her eyes had died, perhaps she would remember this moment when she had been perfectly happy, when faith and youth conspired to elevate her to an ecstasy which reality might never fulfill—once in my girlhood, on the sixth of July, when my blood ran warm and when desire was a slow great flame within me—once I knew a moment of perfect joy, once before anything happened, before anything was real, like a vision

of heaven, like a dream of peace—once, ah, once!

And then the third train came in. She walked quickly to the door and looked down the long line of dusty coaches. She was utterly oblivious to the activities of her fellow men. As far as her interest in them was concerned they lived on another planet or they were quite dead and buried. It was just as if she were alone by a brook or under a lilac-tree as her grandmothers had been—she was so perfectly sure of her moment. Detectives and undertakers and sweating burden-bearers were meeting that train also, but it was nothing to her. Why should it be? Life doesn't give us many moments like this. The sunshine of that too brilliant summer day intensified the splendor of the girl's eyes. Her hands were clenched tightly—the pink ungloved right that would soon clasp its mate. Underneath her modestly sweet gown one could see the rapid rise and fall of her young breast. A wonderful sight for her lover. Ah, it was his moment too, only men cannot give themselves, all of themselves like that.

The moment of joy was over, gone like a snuffed flame. Before this lonely pair stretched the world of reality and they were to make of it what they could

The Outdoor Living Room

(Continued from page 13)

there should be comfortable lounging chairs, whether of wood, willow or wicker-ware, and a table of practical size for reading-material and flowers. On the larger porch, a couch-hammock might well have a place. A tea-table, too, is an appropriate adjunct or even a larger table, in order that occasional meals may be enjoyed in the open air. If the porch has sufficient area, a desk and a magazine-stand will be found both useful and ornamental—and sets of porch furniture that include these furnishings may now be found in the shops. In wicker, they are particularly charming and Summer-looking. Bird-cages of wicker, mounted upon tall standards, are also suited to porch use.

Porch-boxes aglow with nodding flowers, hanging-baskets filled with ferns, wicker or painted tin wall-pockets brimming over with seasonable blooms: these all have a place in an outdoor living room. And, while flowers are under consideration, it is interesting to note that fickle. Fashion has restored to favor the bent-wire flower-stands of Mid-Victorian days. For porch use, they are especially attractive when filled with gaily-painted pots of trailing English ivy or feathery ferns.

Many of the little accessories of the complete porch are painted this season. Sweetmeat-boxes of tin, painted in the brightest of colors, painted tin book-ends and flower-holders, decorative watering-cans and wrought-iron aquarium-stands vie with one another in gaiety. It is, indeed, a season of joyful color—and the contagion has spread even to glass: for glass vases, candy-jars, and other small accessories suited to the porch, fairly glow with color that is frequently also iridescent.

The decoration of the porch is really a fascinating thing to-day, so lavish is the array of beautiful and utilitarian furnishings that awaits our careful choice and proper placement. Nor need we in our choosing be restrained by thoughts of cost: for, in furniture, fabrics and fittings alike, thoroughly satisfying selections can be made for a very modest outlay. Then, too, the present popularity of painted furniture and accessories materially reduces the cost of an attractive porch—*or* can do so, if the painting be done in the home by amateur hands.

Of whatever type your porch may be, it is—if only in embryo—an outdoor living room that can readily be developed during these days of Spring into a thing of joyful color, daily-diversified charm and Summer-long enjoyment.

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The Blossoming.

(Continued from page 66)

"The first blossom," he said in a low voice, "and yours."

His hand went out to break the spray for her, but she put it aside. "No," she said, "leave them. Let them bear you fruit."

They went into the woods together. They were silent. It seemed to Anna that the trees and the grass spoke for her, said all in their silence that she could have said in words. She touched the trees as if she loved them; she left a blessing on the keen grass.

It was nearly noon when they stood on the edge of the road she had crossed, only the day before. The roof of the small freight-shed showed through the trees. Woodin said, "You're safe now."

She lifted her eyes to his. "I'm always safe now."

"The train will be signalled in a little while."

"Then I must go."

"But you'll come back." He smiled at her.

"Yes," assented Anna gently, "I'll come back."

"When my trees blossom," repeated Woodin with assurance, "you'll come back and marry me."

"If you'll have me," answered Anna Aymery, "I'll come back and marry you next spring."

"Then hadn't you better tell me your name and address?"

They laughed helplessly, like children. She felt in her pocket and found a folded telegram. Woodin found a pencil. She scored the written message through—the "Yes," to Cavan,—and on the back of the form she wrote her name and address and gave it to Woodin. They were grave now. The wonder of the promised thing stilled them, as the woods are stilled between night and day.

Then, with his hands on her shoulders, he drew her towards him. "I love you," he said.

"I—love—you....." Her words were the tenderest echo of his own.

"This," he said, "for remembrance." He drew her nearer and kissed her trembling lips. Then he pushed her gently away, and she knew, for that time, it was farewell.

She walked quickly up the road to the railway. She was crying a little. "He's poor, I suppose," she said to herself, "that's why he can't do with me yet. And goodness knows I'm poor. I'm even wearing his sister's clothes. I hope she wouldn't mind. I wonder what she was like." She lifted her arm and lightly kissed the other girl's sleeve. "I'll be good to him, my dear," she whispered, "I'll be good to him. And he'll write and explain things. There'll be plenty of explaining to do. I'll have to explain to Philip Cavan; but I don't think he'll mind very much. And to Cousin Julia. I—I'll have to find some work. I can't wear her clothes after wearing yours. But then—it's only to wait until the trees blossom....."

Far in the distance a train whistled. She began to run, still weeping softly. As she ran she held one hand closed to her bosom; closed on a handful of petals from a wild apple tree. They rained behind her like snow.

These also were for remembrance.

A dismal old lady was depressing her long-suffering husband with a monologue on his funeral, and her own epitaph. "Hang it all, missus," he expostulated, as she meandered on about the length of their married life, and came to a hitch at the word "survive." "How do you know you will survive?"

"I have survived," she answered coldly.



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The Idol of Youth

(Continued from page 67)

no hat, was knitting a red stocking, and had the air of a superior cook.

"Mademoiselle wants to tell you, Enrico," she said hurriedly in English, "that rather than turn anyone away, with Monte Carlo crowded as it is, she'll give up her private sitting-room, and we can make it into a bedroom for this gentleman."

This doubtless was Signora Bagnoni, and the "British" element in the hotel was supplied by her. But it was to "Mademoiselle" that my thanks were due. I smiled and bowed in her direction—a smile and bow mingling gratitude and respect as thoroughly as Paulo mixed a cocktail.

"I am infinitely obliged," I addressed her in French. "But is it not inconvenient Mademoiselle too much?"

"Not a bit!" she replied with a broad, thin-lipped grin which reminded me of some other grin that seemed to be a recent though illusive memory. "You can speak English to me. I'm American. That is, I'm half American and half Dutch, and I guess you're British. I thought you were, as I saw you come in. I like English-men-people; and I knew there wasn't a room free in the house, so I just popped down to tell Mrs. Bagnoni what I was willing to do, in case you were after a room and not a—drink."

Half American—Half Dutch! Now I knew whose grin the girl's was like; the grin of Henry S. Horden, who had married a Dutch wife. He'd said that we might meet his daughter on the Riviera. But surely this couldn't be Miss Horden? The daughter of a millionaire would be at a millionaire's hotel, not at this small, third-rate place. Anyhow, for the sake of Miss P. Smith and of the Great Scheme, it would be unwise to show any knowledge of Henry S. Horden, especially at this juncture and in the presence of Mendez. Judging by the young lady's smile, she'd not be slow in giving personal details and extracting them in return. Judging also by her eyes, she was rather of a coming on disposition, I told myself; then reproached my lack of gratitude.

"Thanks most awfully!" I stumbled, consciously red with suppressed excitement. "You're sure you don't mind?"

"Sure," said she, with a strong accent of what Americans call the Middle West. "It'll be nice for me having someone young and English in this hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Bagnoni won't be cross if I say so before their faces, it isn't my kind of a hotel. It's very nice in its way, of course, only it's not a smart way, and I'm used to smart hotels everywhere. I was at the Paris here, but I made a fool of myself and lost pretty well every cent I had. Mother didn't want me to be at Monte alone, but she wouldn't come, and I was bored stiff at the Hague. I knew she wouldn't help me out at Monte, and I wasn't sure my Dad would, even if I knew his present address where I could reach him with a cable—because he doesn't approve of women gambling. Rather than explain and ask favours, I just sold some jewellery—or rather, got Mrs. Bagnoni to do it—I was recommended to her for that. And she's all right you may as well know in case you have bad luck! Then I came to this tame place and made myself comfortable, to wait till time for my next cheque. I wonder if you ever heard of my father? I guess you must have: Henry S. Horden, the automobile man."

So the grin was true to type! I wondered whether knocking up against the girl was a good accident or a bad one. Anyhow, it had happened, and couldn't unhappen. I must be wise as a serpent, and harmless as a dove!

"Yes, indeed, I've heard of Henry S. Horden," I admitted, under the black glitter of Mendez' eyes which looked quite ill with eager intelligence. "Almost everybody almost everywhere must have heard of him" (This was to prevent the young lass from saying, later, if worst came to worst, that I'd deliberately de-

ceived her). "I think it's absolutely top hole of you to give up your sitting room—"

The girl laughed, her wide, thin-lipped mouth showing what seemed like abnormal quantities of perfect teeth. "Say that just describes it!" she giggled. "It is a 'top-hole.' But I expect Mrs. Bagnoni will make you fairly comfortable. She's a real good sort, and it's kind of fun picnicking here. It will be more fun, now you've come. I bet you've been a soldier, haven't you?"

"Of course," I replied. "In France and Russia. It was tanks in Russia. My name's Christopher Malet."

"What a nice name! Are you Mister, or Captain or what?"

"Captain. I'm having—er—a sort of rest and look round. I don't know what I should have done if it hadn't been for you."

"Well, I shouldn't be surprised if I'd get back more than I've given," said Miss Horden, good-naturedly. "I told you I liked English men—people, and I expect we'll be pals before long."

"I hope so, if you'll allow me," I responded, perhaps rather stiffly. But you see, I was thinking about Patchinka and the Iron Duke and the bulldog; and I couldn't be sure, all on the spur of the moment, how a palship with Miss Horden would work in with my other duties and privileges. The girl (I remembered that her father had called her "Wendela") had a good-natured face as well as a good-natured voice. A round moon-face does give an impression of good-nature, just as the moon does, when serenely full. Still, her lips were thin,—much thinner than Henry S. Horden's, whose large mouth hers somewhat resembled; and one has heard that hardness dwells behind the pale windows of unusually light blue eyes. Putting this and that together, something within me shrank into itself, as a hermit-crab tucks legs and tail into his borrowed shell at the faintest hint of unseen disturbance in his neighborhood.

"I suppose you're alone at Monte Carlo, as I am?" Miss Horden went on. "At least, I did have a maid. But I shed her."

"I am —er—sort of looking after two ladies I travelled with," I explained. "And their dog."

"Sounds dull," laughed the girl. "But perhaps you'll shed them, now you've arrived at Monte—as I did my maid."

"I hardly think I can shed them," I said solemnly. "And that reminds me, I promised, when I settled myself at an hotel, to join them."

"How awful!" Miss Horden pitied me. "They're sure to be old maids—travelling with a dog."

"One is," I admitted. "Well, I must sign my name in the book—and thank you again—and be going."

"Poor you!" sighed the girl. "You'll be here to dinner?"

"I—think so."

"Yes, do. You can sit at my table. Oh, don't thank me! I'd like to have you. We might say seven fifteen. And if you want me to, I'll take you to the Casino later. Is that an engagement?"

Desperate to escape and get back to Patchinka, I said that it was and mumbled a few politenesses. Before I could tear myself away, however, Mendez had gone out, leaving his bag to be carried to his bedroom. He had vanished in the distance before I had shot into the street, but judging him to a certain extent by myself, I was convinced that he would be drawn to the Place du Casino by the lure of Sacha Kapieha's biplane.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Gathering of the Clan.

BY this time, the swift-falling southern twilight had dropped like a curtain of hyacinth gauze. I had never seen anything like it before, and the effect of electric lamps shining through this filmy curtain, the vivid emerald-green

(Continued on page 74)

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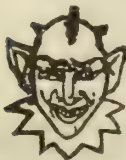
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Cocoa Fruit Pudding

- 1½ cups flour
- ¼ cup Cowan's Cocoa
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1/3 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1/3 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/3 cup finely chopped suet
- 1/3 cup raisins, seeded and cut in pieces
- 1/3 cup currants
- 1/3 cup milk
- 3 tablespoons molasses
- ½ teaspoon vanilla

Method:—Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add suet and fruit, mix thoroughly. Mix molasses and milk, add flavoring, add to dry ingredients. Turn into a greased mould, cover tightly. Steam 1½ hours. Serve with hard sauce.

Cocoa Toast

- 6 slices stale bread
- 2 teaspoons Cowan's Cocoa
- ¼ teaspoon cinnamon
- ½ cup pulverized sugar.

Method:—Toast bread, hold some distance from fire, turning constantly. Hold nearer heat to brown. Butter. Spread with above mixture. Serve at once.

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Taking the Scissors From Baby

(Continued from page 11)

Patsy, and finally a truce, with the latter dictating the terms of surrender.

The day wore on, Will's name tabooed by both women. At night Patsy went to the opera with the trio of the previous evening. Shortly after they had left the house Aunt Jool was summoned from the attic by the peremptory ring of the door-bell. It was a boy with a wheel. "Telegram for Miss Pennock," he announced briskly. The startled woman tore open the yellow envelope, then remembered that she had left her glasses in the attic.

"You read it for me, will you Sonny?" she asked of the lad, who was waiting for a possible answer.

He complied, willingly. "It's dated New York," he informed her. Then he read it all in one breath.

"Just arrived sorry not time say good-bye, home, Friday, if possible, love, Will."

Aunt Jool gazed blankly at the boy, then told him there would be no answer and watched him run lightly down the steps. She toiled back to the attic, found her glasses and sat down to read this strange message for herself.

In the first place she discovered that it was not intended for her at all, but for Patsy. Secondly, it explained Will's sudden breaking of his appointment, for that was the night that he had been called away to New York. In the third place it meant at least two days more of silence from Will—if Patsy did not see that telegram.

That Patsy should not see it Aunt Jool was determined. She was a general, now, planning a campaign against the stubborn, wilful young heart of her niece.

In the wisdom of her love for the girl, Aunt Jool knew that this seeming silence on the part of her lover would be strategy far more effective than any amount of pleading or argument. Therefore, when Patsy came home that night, the telegram was companioning a letter that for several days had been enduring a dark and damp existence beneath the back stoop.

* * *

THURSDAY came and with it reaction for Patsy. She was moody and silent, starting nervously every time a bell rang, watching furtively for the postman. Aunt Jool observed and pronounced it good.

After supper, Patsy came to the door of the kitchen where her aunt was preparing grapefruit for the morning meal.

"Aunt Jool," she said, tentatively, "do you suppose this—er—estrangement will go very hard with Will?"

Aunt Jool looked up in surprise. "Certainly," she answered bluntly. "What did you expect?"

Patsy colored. "Of course," she defended, "I wanted him to understand that it was all over between us, but I wouldn't like to think that I had been the cause of his doing anything rash."

Aunt Jool suppressed a smile. "I wouldn't concern myself about that," she said, complacently. "Will's far too sensible and level-headed to do anything idiotic. Of course," she temporized, as she wiped a bit of juice from her eye, "I've no doubt it's been a hard blow for him, poor fellow, but the fact that you haven't heard from him would lead one to suppose that he had taken you seriously at last."

Patsy stood tense and motionless as Aunt Jool sugared the fruit and put it in the ice-box. Gunga Din appeared from a mysterious somewhere, was fed and put down cellar, and still Patsy stood.

"I wouldn't let it worry me too much, girlie," said her aunt, at length. "Time heals all wounds, you know. Besides, Will is a very personable young man; there will be plenty of others to help him to forget."

Others? The shaft flew straight to its mark. Patsy's face went white, and murmuring something about being tired she went slowly up to her room.

That night on retiring Aunt Jool stopped at the girl's door. All was quiet and she stole softly in and pulled the chain of the little white boudoir-lamp. Patsy, flushed and tear-stained, had thrown both slender

arms above her head, and one hand clasped tightly—Will's photograph!

Aunt Jool bent over and kissed the sleeping girl. Tenderly she lifted down the bare white arms and drew the coverlet. Patsy stirred slightly and Aunt Jool put out the light and waited in silence until the breathing became regular once more. Then she stole quietly out again.

The day that followed was even more depressing than the previous one. Patsy was now openly wretched. A dozen times Aunt Jool was tempted to reveal the comforting truth, then decided to let things take their course.

Towards evening a cold, drizzly rain set in, and after supper the two sat in silence by the old-fashioned kitchen range, Aunt Jool knitting. Patsy teasing Gunga Din and finding momentary diversion in his tiny wrath. Presently she put him down and went to the phone, reappearing a moment later, her face white with misery.

"He's gone, Aunt Jool," she said, despairingly, as she sank into a chair. "Will's gone. I've just called up his boarding-place and they say he went away Monday night and they don't know where he is or when he'll be back."

The utter hopelessness in her voice broke the listening woman's heart. "It's all right, darling," she cried, "I should have told you—"

Patsy did not hear her. The telephone had rung.

In a few minutes dancing footsteps brought her back to the kitchen. "It was Will," she exclaimed, joyfully. "He's just back from New York—been away on business. He'll be over in twenty minutes." She gave her aunt an ecstatic hug then picked up Gunga Din and made him execute a fox-trot on the table.

Suddenly she let him go. "Auntie," she said, thoughtfully, "I told Will to— to disregard that letter of mine and he didn't know what I was talking about; said there was no letter at the house from me. What do you suppose could have happened it?"

Aunt Jool bent carefully over a dropped stitch. "Don't you think you had better light a fire in the sitting-room?" she countered. Patsy hurried away.

Half an hour later her sweet treble drifted out to the kitchen. "Aunt Jool, Will says he sent a telegram from New York. It was never delivered here, was it?"

Aunt Jool's heart sank. The time to confess had come—and confession seemed harder than she had imagined. Would they be angry—think her an interfering old fool?

Resolutely she laid down her knitting and entered the sitting-room. "Children," she began bravely, "I—I'm afraid I've been meddling—" Then she stopped and moved back into the shadow. She had not even been noticed. Within the protecting circle of Will's arm, Patsy was holding up a small white hand for inspection. On her slender third finger gleamed something that had not been there before; something that flashed and glittered splendidly in the firelight's fitful glow.

Aunt Jool tiptoed out to the kitchen. Quietly she opened the back door and guided by the light from the window made her way down the dripping steps. Gingerly, for it was very dark and creepy in there, she reached a hand under the veranda and drew forth two small, damp objects.

Back in the kitchen she raised the lid of the stove and dropped them in. They hissed faintly as they struck the glowing coals, then burst into flame and curled into black, fantastic shapes. With a sigh of relief Aunt Jool replaced the lid and took up the little red sweater.

The new guard was not familiar with a certain railway run in Wales. Came a station which rejoiced in the name of Llanfairfechanpwllgogerych. For a few minutes he stood looking at the sign-board in mute helplessness. Then pointing to the board, and waving his other arm toward the carriages, he called. "If there's anybody there for here, this is it!"



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New Gifts for Old

(Continued from page 10)

"We could, if you will choose cheaper paper for our home in Montreal," he answered instantly and after a moment his wife agreed to his suggestion.

FOR the next few weeks, confusion reigned in the old Gibson house in Clifton. Loads of furniture went away and loads of furniture came back again, much to the mystification of the neighbors, who could not imagine what metamorphosis was taking place. Paperers and painters appeared with their ladders and pails while in a back room a seamstress sewed busily on yards and yards of chintz.

When September came and the cool breezes drove Mr. and Mrs. Gibson home again, everything in their house in Clifton was in perfect order, and their children could scarcely wait for them to see it. Rosamonde and Hugh had gone to the station to meet the train and as they came home through the quiet streets of the sober, old town, Mrs. Gibson wondered what had happened to her son and daughter. They seemed different somehow, younger, less matter of fact, while their answers to her simple questions about home were positively mysterious. All sorts of explanations for their strange demeanor swept into their mother's mind. She was just beginning to reconcile herself to the idea that the house had been burned down in her absence or that something equally calamitous had occurred when the cab stopped, and Hugh was hurrying her up the steps to the big front door, with her husband and Rosamonde following eagerly behind.

At her first glimpse of the lovely old hall, lit by the soft glow of a stair lamp. Mrs. Gibson caught her breath in amazement and behind her, her husband uttered an exclamation of surprise. Looking at the pretty furniture, the lovely walls, and the soft thick rug on the floor both parents felt as if some magic had charmed their eyes, but before they could ask any questions Helena had opened the door into the living room so that they could see the rosewood piano, and the easy chairs gay in their coverings of pretty chintz.

Then Mrs. Gibson's eyes filled with sudden tears. "Oh what is it, my dears? What is it?" she asked tremulously.

At the question Helena and Rosamonde slipped loving arms around her.

"We found out what you liked," they said together, "We were awfully stupid not to have guessed it long ago."

"But what should an old woman do with such a lovely home?" objected Mrs. Gibson when her children had told her the whole tender little story of their Summer's work. "It was too sweet of you for words, but we must not keep your things, indeed, indeed we must not."

"The girls silenced her objections with kisses. "But we WANT you to keep them," they insisted, "Just as years ago you wanted to do things for us, and, if you don't take them," Hugh intervened, "My contribution shall stay out in the back yard. I wouldn't have the face to use it again, knowing what I do."

This seemed to settle the controversy but in the background Mr. Gibson rubbed his bewildered eyes.

"Why didn't you tell me that the house meant so much to you Marcia?" he demanded, "You might have had more things all along but I never dreamed you cared. I didn't understand Dear, I didn't understand."

Then his wife looked up at him with a face which glowed with happiness.

"Men never do understand," she said dreamily, "To most of them a house is a place to eat and sleep in, nothing more, but we women are shut into them year after year. They grow to be part of us somehow, and we hate to see them shabby and neglected when we are growing old together. You mustn't worry over it, now, Will. Its been worth the years and years of waiting for beautiful things just to know that our children did this for us, and that they are willing to give us their best."

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The Idol of Youth

(Continued from page 71)

of palms and grass touched by the brilliant lights, gave me a queer sense of unreality. Could it be true that I was in Monte Carlo, or should I wake from a Sunday afternoon doze at the Bournemouth Haven Hotel with an illustrated paper in my hand—a paper showing a big biplane in the Place du Casino?

Well, I shouldn't so much mind its being a dream if Patchinka Kapieha were in it, and I could find, instead of missing her, as one does continually miss the loved-and-sought for one in the most poignant kind of dream.

The Place was all a-glitter, and the flags and other decorations of the great lottery prize were gorgeous as poppies in July. The crowd was as thick as ever, and not a chair or table in front of the fantastically eastern Cafe de Paris was unoccupied. At first I couldn't see Patchinka's demurely toqued little head among the feathered and flowered hats, and a monkey wrench seemed to twist my heart; but as I stared vaguely about, something butted against my leg. It was the blunt nose of Petro used as he used it when shutting a door with his face.

His crooked tail wagged, and he guided me through a labyrinth of closely-set iron tables until I caught sight of a small, waving hand; the hand of Patchinka.

Petro saw you and went of his own accord to tell you where we were. I did not send him,” she said. “See, we’ve managed to keep a chair for you. What is the news?”

I told her, and she listened with the shadow of a frown to the story of Miss Horden and her kindness.

“I hardly know whether to thank our lucky stars for the young woman, or to wish her at the Dickens,” I laughed, when Patchinka continued to brood. “What do you think?”

“I think—she will be a complication,” exclaimed the girl.

“What kind of a complication?” I pressed her; but she shook her head, smiling faintly. “I can't tell just what kind, but anyhow that is for you to puzzle out, because it may concern you more than the rest of us. There is one thing we can be sure of, though. As Miss Horden is here, and mixed up with our lives we must make the best of her, and—Mendez will do that too! You remember what Mr. Horden said—that Mendez had business in Holland and had met Mrs. Horden there, long ago? Well, he has heard this girl tell you who her father is. He will pick up acquaintance with her, as they're in the same hotel, and we don't know what that may lead to.”

“Shall I wire Horden that his daughter's in a cheap hotel alone at Monte Carlo, jolly hard up?” I suggested. “He'd wire her money and she'd go back like a shot to the Paris, or some other smart hotel, out of Mendez' way and ours—perhaps be asked to leave Monte altogether.”

“It is not worth while to mix yourself up in the business with that hope,” pronounced Patchinka, with the grave wisdom of a Fate. “Miss Horden will not waste her kindness. She will not leave the little hotel, no, not if her father sends ten thousand pounds.”

“How can you be so sure of that?” I argued. “She can't be very comfy, especially now she's given up her private sitting room to me.”

“Whether she's comfortable or not, she will stay,” the girl persisted, and I had to let it go at that. After all, I told myself, Miss Wendell Horden could be nothing worse than a bore. My principal interest in her at the moment narrowed down to the question: How was I to get out of dining with her, as, in my desire for escape at any price, I'd recklessly agreed to do? But even that could be decided in future. The present was occupied utterly by Patchinka.

“Miss Horden can stay at the British Hotel all the rest of her young life for all I care!” I dismissed the subject. “The thing is, what's to become of you—and Petro and Miss Wellington, of

course? It's early yet, although the sky and the whole air are turning such a wonderful purple—or is it a strange blue? There's a taxi-stand just up the Gardens. I saw it. We'll whizz over to Cap Martin in no time, and if your fair Marquesa is there—

“Sacha's fair Marquesa,” the girl caught me up. “She is there. But—”

“Who told you?”

“The waiter who brought me this sirop. I talked to him. I got him to talk. I asked about several well-known people—and the Marquesa di Fiumine. Everyone knows, it seems. It is a strange story! Now I understand why she never answered my letters. Poor lady, perhaps it was grief for Sacha that turned her brain—though people who know nothing of him think it was what she went through of persecution in the war—and shame because of her suspected husband. She is living there in her beautiful villa, but she is like a prisoner, never going outside the garden gates. She has lost her mind, the waiter says. I am so sad for her, I cannot think about myself. Yet you see—as things are with her we can get no help of any kind from Sacha's love. It is useless to hope that I can stay with her at the Villa Persano, so we need not go to Cap Martin. I must live at Monte Carlo—or perhaps at Nice; though I would rather be nearer Sacha's Mascot.”

“Wait a minute. Let me think,” I said. “I'm not so sure you oughtn't to go to Cap Martin. Of course you can't visit the Marquesa if she's off her head. But a queer idea has popped into mine. Did your gossiping waiter say whether the lady's pro-Austrian husband was living with her at the Villa?”

“Oh no, the husband's not there. It seems he came back to France after the war was over, but people were so horrid to him, that he went to Italy.”

“Humph!” I grunted. “Supposing she isn't really insane after all, but only neurotic and easily brow-beaten? Suppose the husband was jealous of your brother, and wanted revenge on his wife? Or, suppose that this is a way of getting her fortune into his own hands, shutting her up, and administering her affairs—”

Patchinka opened her eyes wide and stared at me. Instead of green-grey, they looked black in the mingling twilight and electricity. “That is like the plot of a wicked novel,” she said.

I was half ashamed of my sensationalism. “I know,” I admitted. “It does sound silly. But since I began to do my soldiering in the war, now and then I've been sort of—fey, as the Highland folk call it. I feel things—odd things. Then I tell myself I'm an ass. All the same, if I don't act on the feelings, I generally regret it, —too late. For instance, that Sunday night at Bournemouth! Well—you know what I felt was going to happen. If I'd turned a deaf ear to the Voice—yes, it was a voice—but I can't bear to think of that, even now.”

“I can,” said Patchinka. “Petro and I would have drowned. Oh, we needn't mind Miss Wellington hearing. I've told her already, all the story. But I understand what you mean. I didn't realize Englishmen could be like that—sensitive, and having presentiments about things. One says they are too stolid. But I might have known you would not be stolid, whatever else you were. Even at first sight, when I thought you were a waiter. I might have known that. But does the Voice tell you that Laurette de Fiumine is in danger, and that I could help her if I went to Cap Martin?”

“I can't say the Voice tells me all that, or anything definite,” I apologized, sheep-faced. “I just had a sort of ‘hunch’ (as Horden calls it) that there might be something fishy. I'm afraid I was thinking more of you than of the Marquesa. If she isn't as dotty as she's supposed to be, and you could contrive to get at her, she might give you inform-

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The Idol of Youth

(Continued from page 74)

ation worth having, after all—about the pearls, or your brother's papers; or both."

Patchinka sprang to her feet, with an air of high resolve. "That settles it!" she exclaimed. "We have paid our bill for the sirop, and tipped the waiter. We can go. We will have one more close look at Sacha's machine, and then you will get us the taxi for Cap Martin. There is a very large hotel there you know. And if it is full, there may be another place, smaller and cheaper. For me, after what I went through in Russia, I am not too fastidious—if I can be clean. And as for Miss Wellington, she is—an Iron Duke!"

Followed closely by Petro, we strolled to the barrier round the biplane. The crowd there was not so dense now. The sunset chill had fallen. People were going indoors, to cafes, to the Casino, or the Sporting Club; back to their hotels, or as a last resort to the evening dullness of their homes. It was easier to find faces, and I spotted the profile of Mendez almost at once. He was talking with a couple of men whom I had not seen before. All three appeared to be somewhat excited.

"I thought so!" I said to Patchinka. "There's our man!"

For an instant she did not answer, and I supposed she hadn't heard. But glancing down I saw how, with narrowed eyes, she gazed straight at Mendez. "There are our men you might say," she corrected me. "The two with him are the other ones of Sacha's syndicate. Is there not a proverb in English—'Where the body is, there will the crows gather'? There's something like it in Russian—perhaps in all languages, for it is true. My poor Sacha's Mascot is the body. Here are all three of the crows who wish to pick it to pieces, each one for his own greedy maw."

"You're sure about these new men—as sure as about Mendez?" I asked.

"Yes, I am just as sure. There is the French-Algerian, Amadeo Dupont, the thin brown man like a handsome Arab. He is quite a dandy, you see, and much younger than the others. There is Edouardo Moroni—fat and blondish, more German than Italian in his looks. I said they would all come—sooner or later, didn't I?"

"You did. And it's much sooner than later."

"Yes. Dupont and Moroni may have got here before us. And they may have come separately or together. But I think separately."

"So do I. It's in my bones (you see, I'm 'feeling' things again!) that each of these chaps sneaked here when the lottery was advertised, hoping the other two wouldn't turn up. Then they stumbled across each other on the spot, and had to make the best of it—as we are to do with Miss Horden! To my mind they don't look too happy, in spite of their gestures and palaver. Got the air of pickpockets caught trying to rob one another, and pretending it was a joke."

Patchinka nodded. "That's just it!" she approved my simile. "We mustn't stare too hard, must we?—or they will be magnetised to look at us, and suspect that we are interested. If they did suspect—no matter how they may hate one another, they would band together against us. Then would come that danger for you I warned you of."

I laughed. "I didn't get through the war with only one Blighty and a few other scratches, to come to grief through a trio of perishers like those. If they're the danger, I *fiche* myself of it, as the French say!"

Patchinka's dimples showed, as if with reluctance. "The French don't say it exactly like that! Of course you would not be afraid, you! But all the same, a danger would come from some direction where your back was turned."

"That's no better English than mine was French," I taunted the girl. "Well, there's one good thing,—danger or no danger—these blighters can't have got

at the secret of Sacha's aeroplane already, and profited by it. If they had, there'd be no incentive to lure them to Monte Carlo from their far off beastly homes."

"I was thinking of that," the girl agreed. "But I was always very sure that they could not have found the secret. I felt they must have known vaguely of it—something Sacha let drop, perhaps, in a careless moment—one of the moments when he was like a big, happy boy. He might have boasted what he intended to do when he built the wonderful new machine these men promised to finance, to invent a hiding-place for valued things. But he would not have told them where or how he would hide what they hoped he might hide—what they could not buy, and would like to steal. You remember that the Mascot was not built in their day as a Syndicate. They would not produce the money they had promised, because Sacha would not give them more than he had promised. So I went to Vilna for the pearls; and meanwhile Mr. Horden gave that advance which saved the situation for Sacha. Oh, no, these men have had no chance for tricks since my brother died. They must have been hungry to get it! And now, they think, is their time. If we could see into their brains, we would learn in what sly way each is planning how to cheat the other."

"Perhaps we shall learn without seeing such an unpleasant sight," I mumbled encouragement. "Let's be glad we know these men, and they don't know us. Shall we start for Cap Martin now?"

"Yes," decided Patchinka. "We're ready, aren't we, Miss Wellington?"

"I'll call a taxi," I said. "And if you stay at the Cap, I'll send over your luggage later on."

Three minutes more, and we were on the road.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Amazing Success of Petro.

IT WAS not yet quite dark. The western sky still burned red with the ashes of sunset; and the east, behind the Italian mountains, was a luminous purple. The mountains were purple too, dark and velvety, and the sea was like wine with a dropped gleam here and there from some mirrored star.

Our silence was scarcely broken as the taxi spun along the curving white road, but I knew that Patchinka was thinking of Sacha. He, doubtless, had often brought her this way on that wonderful Easter holiday when she was a happy little school girl from Paris.

We plunged into the shadow of tall pines and spreading olive trees when we reached the Cap, and to our nostrils drifted a pungent perfume which was somehow sad.

"Rosemary," Patchinka murmured. "Rosemary; that's for remembrance!" And then spoke no more until the taxi slowed down at the door of a huge, illuminated hotel in the woods.

I left the girl and her chaperon in the car while I went in to enquire for rooms. Rooms? Oh, no, there were none at all. Everything was booked till the end of March. The two or three small, cheap hotels on the Cap were packed with ladies' maids, valets and chauffeurs belonging to the guests of the big one. And there was nothing else—nothing, that is, except a little pension lately started. It would not be suitable for ladies of position, was scarcely worth mentioning. Nevertheless I took the address, with directions how to find the place.

The road into which the main avenue would soon branch off, I learned led past the gates of a few villas; then turned, becoming at once an obscure lane.

"I know!" cried Patchinka, when I repeated my information to her. "The road they speak of must be the one past the Villa Persano. I remember the rough little lane beyond. I went that

(Continued on page 78)



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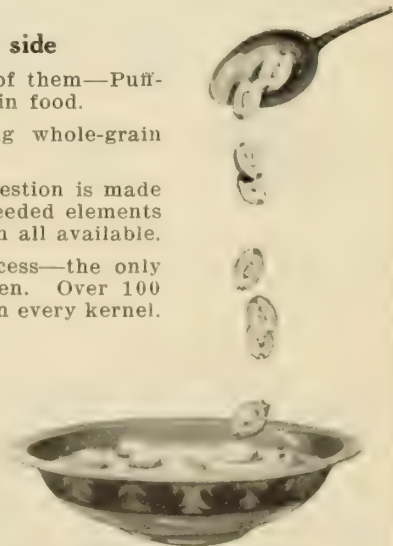
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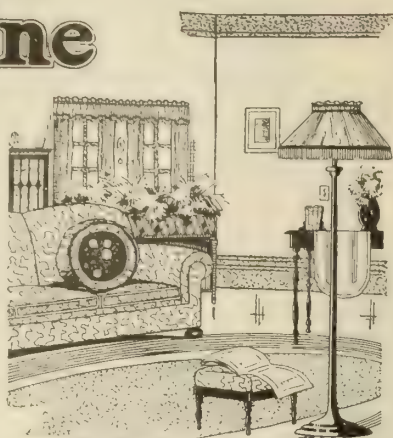
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Juniper Junction

(Continued from page 65)

legs, and funny, round ears. He waddled awkwardly over to a seat on the rock just below the raven, who repeated his question: "What were you hiding for?"

"I was listening to Mistress Ladybird whistle," answered Grimmer, "and I heard something else besides."

"Now, since you have heard so much, you should be satisfied and go home," said Blackie Longbill.

"But I haven't heard enough," said the woodchuck. "What's this about a procession, and who hasn't hatched out yet?" asked the woodchuck eagerly.

"Caterpillars, Master Grimmer," said the Ladybird.

"Oh, is that all," grunted the woodchuck.

"I like caterpillar processions," said Blackie Longbill.

"Caterpillars are too small to bother with," said the woodchuck, turning up his nose.

"Nothing is too small to bother with," said a sharp voice from just behind Grimmer.

Immediately afterwards, the woodchuck straightened up, gave a loud "Ow!", and almost fell backward under the Juniper branch.

The raven, who had glanced behind Grimmer, now hopped to the ground, where he danced excitedly and cried: "Serves you right, Old Surly Satisfied!"

"Whatever is the matter, Master Grimmer?" inquired the Ladybird anxiously.

A small, dark beetle walked around from behind the woodchuck, and stood between Grimmer and Blackie Longbill. The newcomer had a strangely-shaped body, dingy in color, an antlike head, and short wingcases, under which the wings were tightly folded. The tail part of the body was elevated, and the beetle teetered on his toes.

As soon as the woodchuck caught sight of him, he edged away quickly.

"So it was you, was it?" grunted the bristly fellow.

"Yes," replied the dark beetle. "I thought you needed a lesson. 'Nothing is too small to bother with—not even me.'"

"I should say not," grunted the woodchuck to himself.

"And who are you?" inquired the Ladybird of the black beetle.

"I am the Black Rove beetle," was the reply, "just now I'm a teacher of manners."

"A teacher of manners. Humph!" grunted the woodchuck.

"Stop grumbling, Grimmer," said the Raven. "A little nip on your tail won't hurt you."

"I notice you keep yours pretty well out of the way," said the woodchuck.

"You started it," said the Raven to the woodchuck.

"And I ended it," said the Rove beetle, whose name was Nip-Nip. "And now, to show you I am not quarrelsome, I'll give you all an invitation to view the caterpillar procession."

"When?" asked Blackie Longbill the Raven.

"Where?" inquired Grimmer the woodchuck.

"Do tell us all about it," asked the Ladybird.

The Rove beetle climbed up on a moss clump and said:

"If the splendid procession you all wish to see,

After just seven days, and just seven nights, too,

At Juniper Junction right here I will be,
To lead you to where you can get the best view."

The other three promised to meet the Rove beetle, who, after carefully folding his wings, which he had been stretching, using his curved tail to pack them closely under their cases, disappeared down a crack in the rock.

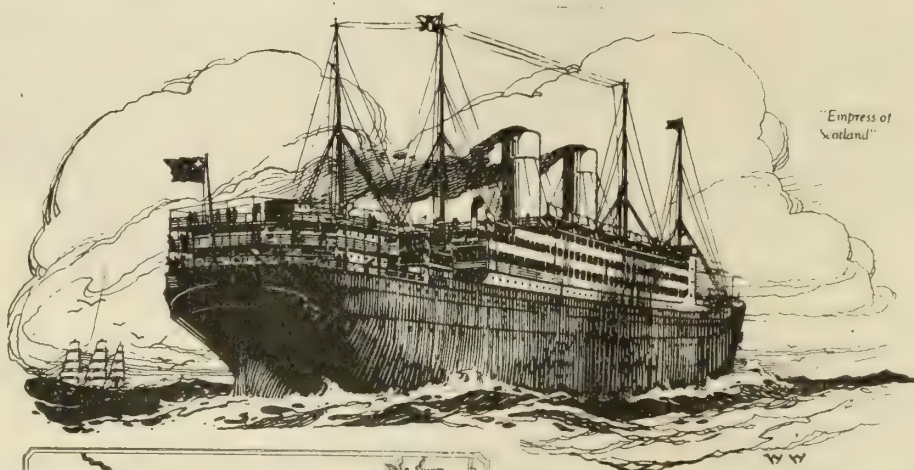
Blackie Longbill croaked a friendly "good bye" and flew homeward over the tree-tops.

Grimmer the woodchuck still sat by the scraggly Juniper as the Ladybird

(Continued on page 77)

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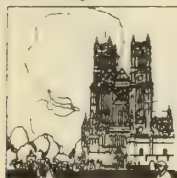
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JUNIPER JUNCTION

(Continued from page 76)

flew away toward the little lake. The Ladybird was whistling as she flew, and every time she turned and looked back toward Juniper Junction, she saw the bristly fellow's nose go up, and heard his cheery whistle in reply.

A whole week had passed, but the Ladybird had not forgotten about the caterpillar procession, or the Rove beetle's invitation. She had been to Juniper Junction several times during the last seven days, and had seen nothing of Grimmer or Nip-Nip, but Blackie Longbill had croaked a greeting once as he flew high above her head.

This morning, however, she looked forward to meeting all three, for she felt sure the Rove beetle would keep his promise. So, as the Ladybird came in sight of the scraggly Juniper on the ridge-top, she looked expectantly to see if the others were waiting for her.

"The greatest slowpoke I ever saw—" began a complaining voice.

"Is Master Blackie Longbill," finished another voice, tiny but shrill.

It was the raven who had spoken first. Blackie Longbill was perched on the Juniper branch where the Ladybird had first seen him the week before. He was a much surprised bird, for he had not known that anyone except the Ladybird was near.

"You are a slowpoke, Blackie," said the shrill voice, and the speaker, Nip-Nip the Rove beetle, climbed out of a crevice of the rock.

"I've been waiting ever since sunrise," continued Nip-Nip. "If we don't hurry up, the caterpillar procession will have started. I'm afraid we will have to leave without Grimmer."

"Not if I know it," came Grimmer's voice from just behind them. "To make sure I wouldn't be late, I slept here at Juniper Junction all night."

"You'll have to carry me," said Nip-Nip to Blackie Longbill. "Grimmer is too bristly a horse to suit me."

"I'm a woodchuck, not a horse," said Grimmer, sitting up very straight, "and I wouldn't carry you, anyway."

"There is no use in quarreling," said the Ladybird. "Blackie will carry Nip-Nip, I'm sure, and we will all start off as friends."

It was quite a little journey to the North end of the woods where the pine trees formed a green wall, winter and summer. Nip-Nip sat on the raven's back, pointing out the way. The raven flew from branch to branch above the path along which the woodchuck waddled, puffing and grunting. The little Ladybird, herself, followed the others.

They were under the pines at last. The ground was thickly carpeted with red-brown needles; there was no grass, and but little underbrush. It was very still, with only the light wind of the morning laughing softly as it played with the tree-tops.

"This is the place from where the procession starts," said Nip-Nip.

"Is there going to be a band?" asked Grimmer.

"A caterpillar procession doesn't need a band," replied the Rove beetle, climbing down from the raven's shoulder to the ground.

Blackie Longbill now flew to a perch on a branch some distance from the ground, whence he now cried excitedly: "Hurray! I see them. They're getting ready to start."

"I can't see a thing down here," complained the woodchuck to the Ladybird, who was sitting up beside the raven.

"You're all right where you are," said Nip-Nip. "The procession will come our way."

The Ladybird, as well as Blackie Longbill, could see where the caterpillars had gathered together. A gauzy, balloon-like tent enveloped one of the smaller pine branches. Inside of this tent, countless, red-striped caterpillars, each about an inch long, were squirming and hurrying to and fro.

As the Ladybird and the raven watched, one of the caterpillars appeared at a small opening in the lower part of the silken house, and crawled along the branch toward the tree-trunk. Another followed, then another—the procession had begun. Through the doorway of their home, the caterpillars poured in seemingly endless line, following their leader as he made a sure, though careful way down the tree-trunk.

The raven flew from his perch to the ground and stood beside the woodchuck. The Rove beetle waited at the foot of the tree until the caterpillars reached the ground, and then led the procession over the pine-needle carpet. Suddenly, Nip-Nip began to rush backward and forward between his companions and the procession, exclaiming:

"Keep back! Don't crowd the parade."

"Why all the fuss, Nip-Nip?" asked Grimmer.

"I'm the police," replied the beetle, trying to look important.

Blackie Longbill laughed at this, but the Ladybird noticed that both he and Grimmer did as Nip-Nip ordered.

The little Ladybird had never seen so many caterpillars together before. She wondered at their numbers, but wondered still more at their strange, silent procession. Together with her friends, she followed the long line of Pine Caterpillars beyond the shade of the trees.

"I say, Nip-Nip, where is this procession heading for, anyway?" asked Grimmer.

It was a strange sight to the Ladybird. The red-backed creepers moved slowly and steadily onward, never stopping to feed when they reached the grasses and plants that grew where there were no pine-needles.

"The procession will have to turn around and go back home pretty soon," said Blackie Longbill to the Ladybird. "They are getting too far away from the pine trees."

"What difference does that make?" asked the Ladybird.

"They eat only green pine-needles," explained the raven.

The caterpillars moved away from the trees toward a bare, sandy spot near the fence. It was quite sunny here, but the soil, though dry, was not hard and caked.

When the head of the procession reached this bare spot, it halted. At this, the Rove beetle rushed to the leader of the caterpillars, exclaiming: "Move on there! You're spoiling the march."

But the caterpillars paid no attention; instead, they all massed together in a wriggling heap for a moment. Then, each one for himself, they started digging holes. They worked fast and furiously, and as they dug deeper and deeper, each caterpillar disappeared in the hole he had made, and did not come out again.

"Where is your procession now?" laughed Blackie Longbill.

The Rove beetle really knew nothing of the true reason for the caterpillar's disappearance, but he pretended to.

"O, my procession has just gone in for a rest," said Nip-Nip.

Grimmer the woodchuck laughed quietly. He had been saying little since the digging began, but he knew much, for he now said:

"They have gone for a good rest, Nip-Nip. I'm not going to wait, for I know it will be weeks before anyone comes out of those little holes. Even then you will not see caterpillars; they will have turned into moths."

"I'm going to be around when they do come out," said the raven, "and I'll let you know when they are ready."

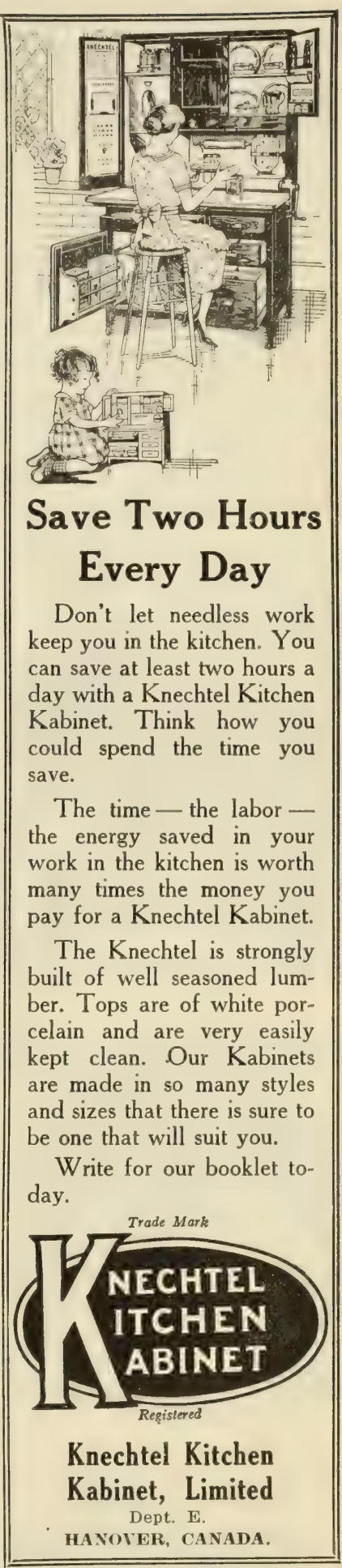
"But you don't know when that will be," laughed the Ladybird.

"I'll find out from Grimmer," said Blackie Longbill.

The raven flew away over the tree tops and the Ladybird and the woodchuck left the Rove beetle busily filling up the caterpillar doorways with sand.

Grimmer came with the Ladybird back to Juniper Junction, and as the Ladybird left him, the bristly fellow said:

"I've seen processions by the score, But none so gay and grand, Though I'd have liked this one much more, If there had been a band."



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The Idol of Youth

(Continued from page 75)

way with Sacha and Laurette to look for violets. When I found them, oh, but thousands, blue and big as wood nymphs' eyes!—I forgot everything else, and that was what those two wanted. I was a good chaperon. And I gave half my violets to Laurette. She kissed me for them—and perhaps a little for myself. How the memory rushes back! I'm glad now you would bring me to Cap Martin, though I didn't want to come.

Presently our smart taxi had bumped us into the lane in question, which had a vile surface, and a divine roof of silvered olive-branches, interlaced. There was only one house which could possibly be a pension, a box-like house which might have been enlarged and modernized from peasant origin. It was set back a little behind a low wall, with an olive tree or two in front; and it had a somewhat forbidding facade of new gret stucco.

"This won't do for you, I'm afraid," I said regretfully, "even if they've got rooms."

"It will do!" cried Patchinka, in sudden excitement. "I remember the place now, though it's quite changed, and twice as big as it was. A dairyman named Rossi lived here, who had lots of lovely white cows, Madame di Fiumine made her chef take all the milk for the Villa Persane, from him. He'd been a faithful servant of hers. If he's still there—if he is the one who keeps the pension we can find out perhaps about poor Laurette."

She had jumped out of the taxi, eager to go with me to the door. As I fumbled with the latch of the gate which was elusive in the dusk, there was a burst of music from the house. So unexpected was it, that involuntarily I paused. A guitar had begun to twang, and two voices broke into song; a woman's voice and a man's. Hers was a very sweet though slightly tired soprano. His was tenor or light baritone, not at its freshest, not perfectly trained perhaps, but luscious, with some poignant quality that touched my heart and gave it a squeeze. I had never heard the song before, but the pair were singing it in the language of love—Italian; and all my pent-up, suppressed worship of the little girl at my side rushed to my throat in a wave that choked my breath.

"By Jove!" I muttered. "They can sing, whoever they are. Shall we wait and hear them through?"

"Oh, yes!" Patchinka agreed. "We could not interrupt. Their voices are warm and sweet as sunlight on flowers in the south."

It was all I could do not to snatch her hand and hold it against my heart while the duet went on. But I did nothing of the sort. I didn't even touch her dress. And the passion of love and parting in the song made me miserable beyond words because I was sure Patchinka was not thinking of me—perhaps never would think of me as I wanted her to think.

There was a pattering of applause and a spurt of talk after the last notes had trailed into silence. Quickly I opened the gate, and as together we reached the porch with its common fan-shaped roof of glass, I pushed an electric button. The talking ceased as if it had been turned off at a tap. After two or three minutes a young woman appeared at the door, a plump figure and her head silhouetted against hard electric light and a white wall.

"Does this house still belong to Monsieur Rossi?" Patchinka anxiously asked, in her perfect French.

"It is called the Pension Rossi, but Old Monsieur Rossi is dead. I am his daughter-in-law. His son, my husband, and I keep the pension," was the quick answer. "Mademoiselle—Madame—knew my father-in-law?"

"It's Mademoiselle," cut in Patchinka. "I am—Miss Smith. When I was young, and here with my brother, I used to know your father a little, and liked him. I hope you have two rooms free in your pension. One for myself,

one for my friend Miss Wellington, who is in the taxi."

"Will not Mademoiselle and Monsieur her brother step inside?" enquired Madame Rossi.

"This is not my brother. He is a friend," Patchinka explained without the faintest flattering blush as we accepted the invitation. "He is staying at Monte Carlo."

The dark eyes of Madame Rossi took in the details of Miss Smith's pretty travelling dress, cloak and hat, which did my taste so much credit. "I have two rooms disengaged," she said. "We have been open only a few weeks, and are not much known yet. I should be charmed to have these ladies as our guests, but—I am afraid we cannot offer quite the luxury they are accustomed to. It is best to say that frankly at once, so there can be no reproach. We have staying here two Swiss ladies who keep a shop in Lucerne, they tell me, and a gentleman and lady once of the opera in Naples, who have come hoping to get some private engagements—or to sing at hotels. There are no others—no grand people. And only one bathroom. Now that Mademoiselle understands perhaps she—"

"I think it will be exactly what we want," Patchinka filled up the questioning pause. "I'll call my friend Miss Wellington and you will show us the rooms. Oh—I hope you won't mind a dog?"

The word must have caught Petro's ear and been recognized as something connected with himself. Before Madame Rossi could reply he had disengaged his collar from Miss Wellington's slight hold, leapt from the open window of the taxi, sprawled for an instant, recovered his balance, and bounded to the side of his adored one.

"Mon Dieu!" shrieked Madame Rossi in shrill cry.

Her cry was penetrating. Hardly was it uttered when a closed door burst open, and two men appeared on the threshold. Behind them were women; two respectable grey heads which would have been German if they hadn't been Swiss; and one not so aggressively respectable, of henna-auburn.

Petro, fawning upon Patchinka protectingly, gazed at the others as if they had been so much furniture. But this gave relief not offence, to the party.

"Quel monstre!" gasped Madame. "It is surely not a dog, this!"

"It is a British bull-dog, who has flown in a French plane and barked at the Boches," I explained hurriedly, seeing that Patchinka flushed as if she had been slapped. "He may look a monster to you, but he is an angel at heart."

I had made a hit! Everyone laughed. "Barked at the Boches!" echoed Madame, and ventured to pat Petro, who smiled as none but he had ever smiled—a smile which seemed to wag his funny tail. The lady with the henna hair (evidently the singer) went upon her knees to the creature who'd barked at the Boches, and kissed his forehead, cooing with ecstasy. Monsieur Rossi, a good expoliu type; the tenor, fat and sentimental; Madame Rossi herself, still trembling! and even the two stiffly corseted Swiss ladies threw themselves at Petro's head. It was a credit to the dog he kept it.

The best of everything in the house was at the ladies' service, and the business of our quest at Cap Martin was settled.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Laurette Mystery.

I urged Patchinka to go back with me and dine at Monte Carlo. Forgetful of my tacit promise to Miss Horden—forgetful even of the young woman's existence—I suggested some famous restaurant—Giro's perhaps. We shouldn't be in evening kit, but that needn't matter for once. We could talk over tomorrow's campaign, and—but I was cut firmly short.

(Continued on page 79)



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The Idol of Youth

(Continued from page 78)

No. I had advised coming to Cap Martin. I had had a mysterious presentiment about Laurette di Fiumine. Providence had brought us to the very place where we might learn all that we needed to know. We were here, on the spot, and Patchinka for one was determined not to waste a minute. As for 'talking things over,' why should not I stay and dine at the Pension Rossi?—unless I were too proud!

Too proud! I would have eaten bread and cheese, or bread without cheese, in a mud hut, with this girl, and imagined myself feasting in a palace. I wondered how it was that she didn't guess my state of mind. Probably she didn't concentrate enough upon me to guess anything beneath the surface, or even care a tinker's Anything what was there.

Still coolly oblivious of Miss Horden, I accepted the invitation, spun back to Monte, ordered my rather modest luggage sent to the British Hotel, and engaged an extra taxi as well to whisk the ladies' bags and boxes to Cap Martin.

It was not until after seven, when we were about to dine in the clean, bare *salle a manger* of the Pension that I remembered Miss Horden. Good Heavens, what had I actually promised her? I tried to recall my words, and couldn't. But there had been some suggestion concerning the Casino later in the evening. Hang it all, she'd have a right to think me rude unless I turned up, and I didn't want Henry Horden's daughter to think me rude!

"What is the matter with it, mon ami?" Patchinka wanted to know.

"N-nothing," I hedged.

"It is that you don't want to distress me. But you have forgotten something—something important?"

"Not important."

"Please tell me."

I told her, laughing. "It's too late to do anything now. I'll apologise tomorrow. Of course there's no telephone in this shack—"

"But there is. They advertise 'comfort moderne,' and they've put in a telephone instead of central heating because it cost less and sounded just as chic. You must phone to Miss Horden at once. We will wait for you, Miss Wellington and I—and see that your soup is kept hot. Yes, there is soup! Don't you smell it? One would say it is made altogether of the onions!"

So that was how Miss Horden got to know that I had—let's say, *interests*, at Cap Martin. Her knowing it didn't seem to matter tuppence at the time and when she enquired over the phone if I were at the Grand Hotel, I replied promptly in the negative. "Where are you then?" was a question I couldn't well refuse to answer, so I gave the name of the Pension Rossi.

"You've got friends there?"

"Yes. And fearfully important business with them. That's why I—"

"Well, I suppose you won't be with them *all night*? Can't you come and take me to the Casino. I've just refused—another person, because I counted on you."

Mendez! thought I. The man had got hold of her already. Quick work! Not that his getting hold of her could hurt us—so far as I was able to see. Still, the girl has sacrificed her sitting room for my sake, and I owed her a debt of gratitude.

"All right. I'll call for you at half-past nine if you won't mind my not being in evening togs," I grumbled.

Patchinka glanced at Miss Wellington when I told her. "Do you still believe," she smiled as one smiles at an infant, "that Miss Horden would move away from your hotel if her father cabled money?"

"Why not?" I challenged.

"Mon pauvre petit garcon!" she pitied me, and changed the subject when I asked her to explain. Of course I did begin to see what she meant; but it was nonsense; just what one girl—even

a girl like Patchinka Kapiecha—would think about another.

She had spent the time of my absence, it appeared, in tactfully pumping Madame Rossi about the Marchesa di Fiumine. She'd freely confessed her meeting with the Marquesa in the Spring before the war, and asked innocently if the lady still came down from Paris each winter to the Villa Persane. Then out poured the gossip of the Cap!

"It does seem as if your 'feeling' might be right," the girl went on, lowering her voice to a mysterious whisper, as she leaned across the small table to me. "Old Rossi died a year ago, and his son and daughter-in-law were never in Laurette's service, as he was. They sold the cows and gave up the *laiterie*, to build and start the Pension, so there's no coming and going between this house and the villa. Still the Rossis are interested and curious, evidently trying all the time to find out things about *cette pauvre dame, si jolie, si gentille*." The horrid husband came here, a few months after the war, and people were angry that he should be allowed back in France, because it was never believed that he was really interned in Meran. The gossip was, that he'd known the war would soon break out, and had sneaked into Austria to take his 'cure' on purpose to be there while the war was on. But it was only gossip—there was no proof. He'd been let out with other French and Italian prisoners; and he had a right to join his wife.

"She'd been suspected and persecuted on his account in Paris, you know. You yourself told me of that in Bourne-mouth, and how you'd read in the papers about her seeking refuge at Cap Martin. Here, the people knew her too well to believe any evil of their dear kind lady. She was so sweet to everybody—so good to the poor! Before the war she was in the South only for the season. But when she came for refuge, she stayed on, summer and winter. At first she seemed quite herself, Madame Rossi says, though sad and quiet. Then, quite suddenly, she stopped going out even for the long, lonely walks she had loved in the woods. She hid herself in the house and inside her own gates; and one of the servants at the Villa told Madame Rossi that she cried and cried, and scarcely ate. No one knew what was the matter, but I think I know. It must have been when she read the news of Sacha's death. They adored each other, those two. But Laurette is good. She has a white soul, and would never permit anything in their love to be ashamed of, and to repent. But her husband's health was always bad; he was a dissipated man. Maybe she and Sacha had some hope of the future. And then—to lose him. It must almost have killed Laurette."

"Not long after these days of her grief began, the Marquesa arrived, en bombe. How terrible for Laurette that a base creature like that should exist while glorious Sacha was gone! The servants talked about a dreadful scene between Laurette and her husband. It was partly about money, partly about something else—Sacha, perhaps. The wretch may have found letters, or photographs—who knows? He telegraphed for a doctor, a friend of his, to come from Italy—Turin, Madame Rossi says—and even when the Marquesa went back to Italy, the doctor stayed on at the Villa Persane. He is old, Madame Rossi says, with a quite bald head that shines, a big nose and the brightest black eyes she ever saw. He looks as if he could take in everything in the world with one glance." That's the way she expressed it. And people think that he is as much gaoler as doctor; that the wicked husband keeps Laurette shut up as if she were mad, until she signs over her money to him—or else in hopes that she may die. Just what you suggested! So you see, you were not wrong; there is a mystery. "It looks like it," I said, when I'd concentrated on details of the story, in

(Continued on page 80)

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THE IDOL OF YOUTH

(Continued from page 79)

spite of Petro's heavy head on one of my feet, and Miss Wellington crumbling her bread in a way that no man can stand without getting the jumps. "But, if there's anything in it, how did those two chaps—the husband and the doctor—get the poor lady into their power? It's her own house, with her own servants in it, and—"

"Oh, but you can imagine what servants would be like if they were told by a doctor that their mistress was insane! They'd be frightened-like rabbits. If she begged them to help her to escape, or even to take messages, they wouldn't dare do it. Besides, poor darling!—Laurette may indeed have been driven out of her mind by this time. One thing Madame Rossi mentioned makes me afraid it may be so."

"What's that?"
"Laurette worshipped music. That was one of the first ties between her and Sacha. He was sitting at the piano improvising, in a way he had—of, too adorable he used to look at the piano, my Sacha! His eyes half closed as if he was lost in dreams, a cigarette in his mouth, his head thrown back! That was how Laurette saw him first, in Paris, at the house of a friend. She told me so herself. She could not live without music in those days. Now, her piano is never heard. And wandering singers, or men with violins who used to be allowed inside the gates—clever special ones whom she knew, not vulgar horrors—are driven away by the lodge-keeper, on the doctor's orders. I do believe that the wicked creature is keeping music from her, not for her good, but to do her harm—to kill the poor lamb, or drive her completely out of her wits from dullness—from eternal boredom. Think what it must be like, month after month, never going outside her garden gates, having lost all hope as well as love! And she is still young—no more than thirty—and so beautiful!"

"Ah!" I ejaculated, striving to look inspired. "We must think up a great plan to find out the whole truth about her, as soon as possible, and then do something, not only for her sake, but for yours."

"I have already thought of a plan," Patchinka said, "I hope it is great. But we shall see. No! I can't tell you to-night. I want to take it to bed with me, and then—in my dreams, to Sacha. That is what I believe, you know. We go to those we call 'dead,' when we dream; and even if we don't remember what happens, we bring back inspirations."

She looked so wonderful when she said this, that I believed every word of it. And despite the onion soup—which the Swiss Ladies loved, and ate aloud—the room seemed filled with mystery and romance.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Lady's Age.

THE British Hotel at Monte Carlo had two entrances, one for the hotel proper (more or less) and one for the bar. The former plunged you into a small entrance-hall full of froust and furnished with a few wicker chairs and tables. When I dashed in, ten minutes late for my appointment, I almost fell over Miss Horden and Mendez, having coffee and cigarettes together. I mumbled "I told you so!" to myself, before apologising to the girl.

Mendez and I were introduced to each other, and he was explained as I knew he would be; an old friend of her mother's, had heard the name of Horden mentioned, and had ventured to speak on the strength of that acquaintance. "Mr. Mendez has the table next to mine," Miss Wendela vouchsafed, slightly "miffed" in her manner to me. "But when you threw me over, I invited him to come and sit with me and talk about Holland."

She evidently expected jealousy on my part, and threw Mendez a flirtatious glance from her big, light blue eyes, as though to say, "Holland wasn't the only subject of our conversation, was it?" Mendez responded with a warm gleam fifteen years too young to fit him, and my sole emotion was a faint disgust. It was only my respect and—yes, some-

thing like affection, for Henry S. which saved me from flaunting my indifference. "Saved" may not sound like the right word, but it is. If I'd acted then on my impulse, a fishing smack wrecked in port before it had ever made a haul, would have been my brother.

For Henry's sake I laid myself out to be polite to his offspring. And to prevent the girl, if I could, from making a fool of herself over Mendez, I tried to climb back onto the pedestal where she'd placed me as an Englishman. Anyhow, Mendez wasn't English! In spite of my failings, I scored over him there.

He walked with us to the Casino, telling the tale of his ancient wins, but in the Atrium were Dupont and Moroni; and rather than risk having to introduce them to Miss Horden, he joined them.

The girl led me to the vestiare, where I left my hat, and she an expensive, tasteless cloak. She then took me into the bureau opposite, and showed me with a possessive air, how to get my ticket of admission to the gambling rooms.

"We must play roulette," she said, "because the smallest stake at trente et quarante is a louis, and till I get my next cheque I can't go above a wretched five franc piece—unless I win a lot, and build up the bank's money. But I bet I shall win tonight! I've got a hunch you'll bring me luck. Do you know what a 'hunch' is, you English soldier boy?"

"Your father told me," I almost said, but not quite. In fact it wasn't necessary to answer at all. Miss Horden didn't give me time. That was the one thing about her which was restful. I soon found out; you didn't have to worry much when you were with Wendela what to say next. She seldom stopped talking long enough to give you a chance to say anything.

"You'll stake for me, won't you?" she went on. "Amateurs always have luck. And I suppose you are an amateur at roulette, aren't you?"

Well, I wasn't exactly. There was a chap in my regiment who hid a little portable wheel of his own in his kit; and sometimes we—but no matter. Wendela didn't really want to know whether I was an amateur or not. She wanted to think I was, so that she might have the fun of teaching me to play; therefore I meekly let her do it.

We walked into a vast and decorative room, which she informed me was the Salle Schmidy. My eyes were soothed rather than dazzled by the mellow, yellow light, which looked like illuminated gold dust—dust of all the gold that had ever passed through the hands of gamblers since the Casino was built.

But there was no gold now on the tables. Wendela explained that all those discs of different shapes and colours had represented money since the war; and she believed that they made people reckless. It never seemed important if you lost useless things like that.

She had a "lucky table," she told me. Not that she'd been lucky there lately! But I was going to "pull her up again." Hers was the first table in the middle as you went up the room. I must push through the crowd gathered round it, and she would follow close at my back, till we could get near enough to place our stakes. This was easier said than done, because it seemed to be the lucky table of a good many others besides Miss Horden—strong, energetic people, quite as capable of pushing as we were and of keeping their places behind the sixteen seated players when they'd secured them. We did wedge ourselves in, however, like meat in a sandwich, Miss Horden's chin on my shoulder, my chin pricked by a plume on a short woman's tall hat.

"What number do you feel will win?" Wendela's breath tickled my ear. "You must decide. What about my age—nineteen?"

Her father had mentioned that she was twenty-five, and her plumpness made her look it. "I don't feel that is coming up," I said diplomatically. "What I do—(I thought of Patchinka, quaint little creature, talking to Madame Rossi of 'when she was young')—'What I do feel is—twenty-two.'"

"Put on my five francs quickly, then!" gasped my task mistress—and one for yourself, of course, if you like."

I did like, because twenty-two at that moment represented all of Patchinka within sight or sound. Twenty-two was her age, and was black, which matched my mood when I thought of her, far off at the Pension Rossi, while I was in the Casino at Monte Carlo with another girl—a fat, uninteresting, inappropriate girl. Altogether the number suited my mood, though I placed our pathetic five franc pieces without the slightest conviction that twenty-two would win.

You could have knocked me down with the feather that brushed my Adam's apple when the wheel had spun and the croupier sang out "Vingt deux, noir, pair et passe!"

Each of us had gained thirty-five times the stake.

"Wonderful!" purred Miss Horden. "I knew what would happen. I said you'd turn my luck, and that you'd more than repay me for giving you my room, didn't I? You're a dear boy! Now what shall we do next?"

"The sensible thing would be to pocket our money and go home," I replied, remembering that portable roulette wheel and some tricks it had served me. "But what I want to do, is to leave four of my louis on twenty-two for a repeat."

"How smart of you! Why, you talk like an old player!" cried Wendela. "Do with mine what you do with yours."

I did, and blessed if twenty-two didn't come up again. This time we each made thirty-five times four louis, which was a rather different affair from our first small bit of luck. One hundred and forty louis for me and the same for Wendela!

"I declare I could kiss you!" cried she. I pretended not to hear, but others heard, and grinned; among them the syndicate trio who had tracked us to this table. "I'm going for twenty-two once more, this time with the maximum, nine louis," I announced.

"How ever did you know the maximum for a number en plein?" panted Wendela. "You've never played before, so you must be clairvoyant. I believe you are. Twenty-two simply can't come up three times in succession. Still—the maximum on it for me too."

If you'll believe it, twenty-two did perform the feat! and while we were being paid quantities of queer-shaped discs which denoted large sums, people who kept count of the game were saying that, no wonder twenty-two had appeared thrice running. The sacred camel of a number hadn't been up before in three whole hours!

I was a little dazed by my own luck, and told myself that, for Miss Horden's sake if not for my own, I ought to do the reasonable thing: stop. But I didn't wish to stop. I wished obstinately to go on.

"And now, my Mascot, what is our next move?" cooed the girl—that utterly wrong girl in the right place.

"Shan't we go? We ought to."

"Do you feel like going?"

"No."

"Then we won't go. What is your inspiration?"

"Nine; and rouge."

(Nine letters for the name "Patchinka," and rouge for the colour of my love and heart.)

"It goes for nine!"

I almost liked Wendela, in spite of her heavy chin and the equally heavy scent she used. She was anyhow a sport!

The reward of her courage was a fourth big win. A thousand francs on the even chance and another one hundred and forty louis on the number, for I had staked the maximum again.

Flushed with success, Miss Horden yearned to try her own luck, and put mine to the test with hers. I let her take my place, therefore, and watched her feverishly push our two stakes on to zero. "I just know zero will come out!" she cried; and a few other gamblers followed her play because of the phenomenal luck we had had so far. But alas, zero was in a retiring mood. He stayed in, though we coaxed him twice; and then, in fury at her failure after my success, Wendela was more than ready to go. "Come along, Boy!" she cried. "I feel just weak. Take me to Ciro's and give me some supper, and while we're there we'll count our winnings."

One would have thought by her tone that she had led me about on a leash for years! I hoped that no one had heard! But something drew my eyes across the table, and I saw—Miss P. Smith and Miss Wellington.

They were beautifully dressed. They were looking at me, and laughing—yes, laughing.

I forgot to bow. How dared they come over here to Monte all alone, without me, without a word of warning, and looking such swells—while I was still in my travelling clothes? I felt angry, hurt. Then I suddenly grinned. But the grin was too late. Miss P. Smith and her chaperon had turned away. They went quickly and with resolution. The very expression of their backs said "Don't come after us. We don't want you to speak. Go with your Miss Horden."

My Miss Horden. But I had to go with her, a plump arm linked in mine.

"You've only just got to tell me what you want me to do for you, to pay you for this, you nice, tall English boy!" she was cooing, with a squeeze of my arm.

I almost dropped hers. But something saved me again at the crucial moment.

Yes. Once more "saved" is the right word!

(To be Continued)

The Oil of Joy

(Continued from page 9)

Then she shrunk back abashed, for his eyelids slowly lifted. Only for a few moments, however, and they closed again. A few minutes afterwards he sat up dazedly. Molly sat back on her ankles.

"You're not going to die, then," she announced with relief in her voice, but somewhat embarrassed lest he should have heard her confession.

"Die!" exclaimed Hugh, weakly but with unmistakable heartiness, "Not on your life! Not if I know it—now. Molly, did you mean it?"

"Mean what?" innocently, as she gazed out over the lake.

"What you said when you thought I was done for. Oh, Molly, don't pretend. Say it again."

And Molly did.

The sun shone warmly down upon them. The white gulls circled about in silent, joyous flight, and the waves laughed together as they watched. This was Spring.

To Norma later, said Molly, starry-eyed and breathless,

"Why, Norma, he just loved me. I never tried to fascinate him at all, and I'm glad I didn't. It's all just a perfect gift of the gods."

"Maybe so, admitted Norma, smiling wisely, "still I do contend that it pays to advertise."

Summer Camps for Girls

(Continued from page 16)

at an Anglo-Indian Camp at Ootacamund near Madras which unfortunately I was not able to do. And then last June I had the pleasure of visiting a Camp at Newcastle, Ireland, and in spite of troublous times there was a contagious spirit of merriment at that lovely Seaside Camp which nestled at the foot of the Mourne Mountains.

"Camping" means something different in the old world from what it does here. Not often does it mean living in tents and rarely does it mean having a whole lake and a wilderness to explore as is frequently our delight in Canada and I have heard of one "Old World" Camp where the girls consider themselves lucky if they can collect enough small sticks and twigs during all their hikes to have one little fire on the last night. If only we could share the unlimited supply of underbrush and drift wood from our northern forests and lakes for a real roaring Canadian bonfire! Still in spite of the differences, the appeal is the same to the girl of Japan or Burma, or Ireland or Canada and the very word "Camp" or its equivalent, conjures up fascinating memories in the minds of all of us who have been fortunate enough to know what the magic word means.



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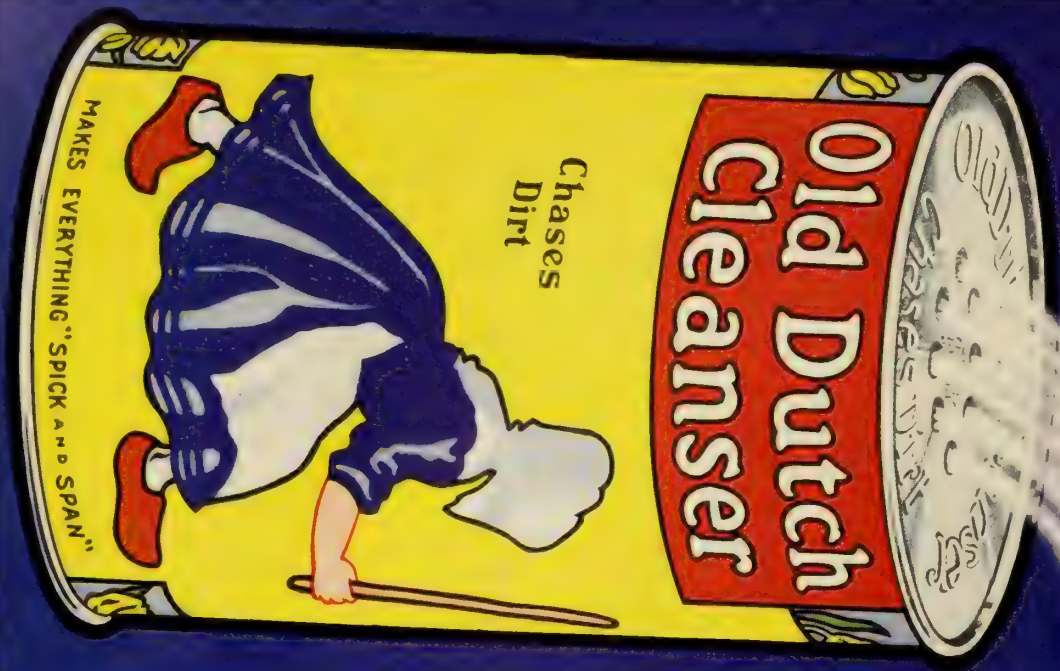
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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

A Monthly Magazine of Interest to All Progressive Canadians

OFFICE of PUBLICATION

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EDITORIAL CHAT

IS there any other month of the year which means so much to us as June? It seems the fulfilment of the spring-time, the month for which we have been waiting through all the frosts of February and winds of March. Yes, I know that some of you like the winter better than any other season, but you are welcome to it—even when it is brightened by the Northern Lights. Give me the green and rose of the first month of summer, and let the bracing days be forgotten. The scientists and philosophers all tell us that the winter is necessary, in order that our grain and our fruits should be the unsurpassed products that they are. Even the poets are with them in their high estimate of the North, and declare to us that a "conqueror never came from the South." We Canadians did not like "Our Lady of the Snows," which Mr. Kipling wrote a quarter-of-a-century ago; but we had ourselves to blame for the advertising of our winter. After all, "Our Lady of the Snows" is a beautiful name, and belongs to us for six months of the year. However, Canada is Our Lady of the Sunshine, too, and enjoys every moment of her summer-time. We are publishing, on our editorial page this month, a photograph by Mr. I. T. Parker of High River, Alberta, showing the beauties of that district in the days of warmth and fragrance. Mr. Parker is a true artist in his use of the camera and has sent us such beautiful studies of foliage, clouds and flowers that we should like to publish all of them.

Speaking of spring-time and summer reminds us that most of the spring poetry which reaches us comes too late. Of course, we admit that the publishing requirements of magazines are hard on the spring poet. The spring poem must either be kept for a year or reach us in January or February, when the snow is on the ground. It is beyond the vision of most poets to catch a glimpse of the blackbird on the pussy willows when the pipes are frozen and they are telephoning for the plumber and for extra coal. Years ago, a New York magazine published an announcement to the effect that all spring poetry must be "in" by February twenty-second. This regulation brought a poetic protest from no less a humorist than our own writer, Ethelwyn Wetherald, whose lines made a plaintive and topical appeal.

We dislike to say that we receive too much poetry; but, as a matter of fact, we are in possession of accepted verse, free and restrained, rhymed and unrhymed, to keep this magazine tuneful until November. We know that our readers appreciate the poems which we publish from month to month; but we cannot use all the poetic contributions which come to us—and those whose verses are returned may rest assured that the conventional editorial comment is true:—"this rejection implies no lack of literary merit."

The majority of those whose manuscripts or drawings we return seem to be experienced workers who take the "return" purely as a matter of business and sometimes send us other efforts. There are a few ultra-sensitive writers of fiction and illustrators who appear to regard a return of story, poem or picture as a personal affront. Two months ago, a poem was sent to us, accompanied by the would-be-cutting remark: "You have

been publishing such poor poetry that you may care for this, by way of contrast." Now, you will admit that this was a tactless note for an aspiring contributor to address to the editor. The poem did not appeal to the editorial judgment as one worth publishing; but it was difficult to read it without resentment of the writer's discourtesy. It is not necessary to send a letter with the manuscript. The latter speaks for itself. All that is needed is name and address of the sender, which should always be written on the first page of the contribution.

We do not wish to receive hand-written stories or articles. The type-writer should be used by any author who desires to please the editorial eye and save valuable time. A few writers send legible copy which hardly demands typing—but these are the minority. There is a general demand to-day among editors for type-written copy—and the demand is likely to become more insistent. It is also respectfully requested that contributors send a stamped and addressed envelope for return of manuscripts, for, in some instances, stories and articles have to wend their weary way homeward.

The matter of cover designs is of deep interest to us and appears to excite the ambition of many young artists. At present, we have on hand accepted cover designs up to the month of October:—and several artists are experimenting with the November and Christmas covers for our special use. We know that you must have liked our May cover with its merry dancers. The June is reminiscent of the "Wool work," dear to our grandmothers. These two covers are the work of Anna Wilhelm, a Saskatchewan artist who is evidently fond of flowers and at home in depicting gardens and those who love them. We think the blue of the June cover is especially attractive, with its suggestion of summer sky:—and the aspect of "God's own Outdoors"—as Dr. Henry Van Dyke has called it—belongs to summer's first month.

We know that you have noticed the first cookery articles by our new editor of the culinary department, Miss Frances M. McNally. Perhaps you have already tried some of the salads which were so temptingly described in our May issue and you may have profited by the advice regarding picnic luncheons. There has been much picnic

progress since the days when we "took chances" with the basket, with the sad result that the custard pie became involved with the pickles.

Then there was the out-door porch article by Collier Stevenson which is followed this month by an article on the kitchen:—with all manner of hints for the bride who wishes to have her new kitchen the most spick and-span room imaginable. There is no mistake about it:—man is passionately interested in the kitchen, for it is there that the delectable dishes which are to satisfy the masculine appetite are to be made. Wherefore, the kitchen should be the most convenient apartment imaginable, with all the facilities for culinary operations close at hand:—yet not too close. In the article and pictures which Mr. Stevenson has given us for June you will read descriptions of such kitchens as you would find so pleasant, as well as practical, that you would simply hate to go out of them.



In the leafy month of June

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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

EVER since she had awakened that spring morning, Marie Celeste had felt a curious, indescribable sensation of sadness. She had decided that it was the spring that was sad. The clear sharp sparkle of winter was gone. Instead, the air was like a soft sigh whispering over the bare fields; the trees were gaunt black skeletons; there was only a flicker of green in the hedges, and there was little warmth in the sunshine. Oh, it was surely the spring that was sad!

And it conveyed its sadness to her, who had so much reason to be gay. To be young, to be pretty, to be loved! Three good reasons to be glad. And she had finally made up her mind to tell Phillipe Baptiste that she would marry him in June. He had waited a long time for his answer, although she had known all along, as well as everyone else knew, that Phillipe Baptiste was the man that she would marry. It had always been intended so, as long as she could remember. But she had hung back from saying the final word. Once said, it was her honour pledged. She loved her freedom as the birds loved theirs. She liked things as they were; but older, graver minds said that the time had come for her to settle in life. She supposed that it were so. She could not remain always just Marie Celeste, care-free and gay, thoughtless of to-morrow. Life was not just a happy tune. It became serious as one grew older. She felt a slight tremor run through her when she thought of the importance of what she would tell Phillipe Baptiste that night at the country fair.

She had promised, however, that Joe should drive her to the fair. Poor Joe, with his twisted foot! He had so little fun at the fair which was the event of the year to the whole country-side. He could not join in the dances; he could only wander about, generally by himself, and watch the gayety of the others as they whirled about to the sound of the merry tunes.

Once she was there, she knew that Phillipe would claim her for every dance. He had such a way of pushing aside all the others who asked her to dance, of taking complete possession of her. She loved this forcefulness, this bold manner of courting, as she loved his eager black eyes and crisp curling hair.

She was still busy putting the last touches to her crisp pink muslin when she heard Joe's voice downstairs. It was a wonderful evening for a drive, but as she stood for a second at the open window before going downstairs, she felt again that same sensation of sadness as she looked out on the quiet fields, where the earth was changing to a dull red colour in the afterglow of the sunset.

With a feeling of impatience at her own stupidity, she ran downstairs, determined to enjoy herself. Seated behind the old plodding horse, with Joe talking in his quiet friendly tones, she felt more like herself again, the gay, happy Marie Celeste. The thought of the fair was exciting. She loved the crowd that would be there, the jostling friendly crowd, the ribbon decked booths, the merry music, the bags of pop corn, the tall glasses of pink lemonade.

"Oh, it is fun, the fair!" she exclaimed, "the dancing is so gay. I wish that you could dance, Joe."

He smiled contentedly. "I have my fun in watching the rest," he said. "One sees a lot looking on. I am glad that Phillipe will be there to dance with you. He's the best dancer in the whole country-side. So they say."

"Yes, he is," said Marie Celeste, glad to hear Phillipe praised, especially by Joe for she valued his opinion. "Do you like him, Joe?" she asked suddenly.

"Why, of course I like him," he responded. "I think he's a fine fellow. He's clever too. He'll be a rich man one of these days. He knows how to work as well as how to play. Phillipe Baptiste is all right."

Marie Celeste felt grateful to Joe. She knew all this herself, but she liked to hear Phillipe's praises sung. It was generous of Joe to be so enthusiastic, for he had every reason to know that Phillipe Baptiste was a rather serious rival in Marie Celeste's affections. She wondered if he would like him so well when he knew that she was to marry him in June. And then she was ashamed of thinking such a thing. Joe was not that kind. He would only be glad for her that she was marrying a man like Phillipe Baptiste. If there were any hurt to himself, Joe would keep it hidden. He would only

MARIE CELESTE

BY BEATRICE REDPATH

Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore

have words of praise for his successful rival. She knew Joe. She could almost hear him saying in his slow tones. "Well, it's the best man wins." She had so often heard him say it over a game of cards.

Suddenly she made up her mind to tell Joe of her decision. She wanted to say it and have it over. She dreaded the idea that it would hurt him.

"I'm glad you like him," she said, "because.....oh, because.....I am going to tell him to-night.....that I will marry him in the summer."

Joe did not answer. He flapped the reins on the horse's back. The wheels sank into a puddle and Joe glanced over the side to see that they were not sinking too deep into the thick mud. Marie Celeste wished that he would say something. She felt nervously unhappy. She knew that she had hurt him. She twisted her hands together in her lap and wished that he would speak.

At length he cleared his throat and forced a smile into his grave eyes.

"That's news indeed, little Marie," he said, "big news. Phillipe Baptiste is a lucky man. And you are getting a good husband. He'll be a rich man someday, but what is better than that, I'm sure he'll make you happy."

Marie Celeste nodded her head.

"They have always intended me to marry him," she said. "And it is time now that I should be getting more serious."

was what she was wondering. She felt a lump come up in her throat. She could not do without Joe. Phillipe for her husband.....but Joe for her friend.....always.....always her friend.

"Yes, he will make me a good husband," she said at length, "but somehow, Joe, I don't feel very gay to-night. Life is not quite simple after all. It seems like this.....if you get one thing then something else is taken from you. Life hoards its gifts like a miser hoards his gold."

It is strange for you to talk like that, Marie Celeste," Joe said, "life has not been miserly to you."

"We can't live just in our own happiness," Marie said thoughtfully, "No matter how happy we are ourselves, if someone we care for is not happy.....then there is no happiness at all."

Joe was silent for a moment, with a furrowed brow.

"I suppose I know what you mean," he said, "but I want you to know, little Marie, that I would not have cared to see you married to a man with a twisted foot. I want better for you than that. Don't think of me as unhappy. What more can I ask than to look on at your happiness. It is like looking on at your dancing.....that is the same for me as though I danced. To see you happy.....then I am happy. Phillipe is a fine boy. I am content."

She put her hand gently on his rough sleeve.

and she clung to him desperately to regain her footing. She felt proud to be seen with him as they stepped off the platform for a few moments in the cooler air beyond. She turned in the direction of where they had left Joe, but he tried to urge her to go in the other direction.

"Oh, you don't want to go back there," he said, "Come off here where there aren't so many people."

But Marie Celeste shook her head and wondered at her own contrariness. She had come with the definite idea of giving Phillipe his answer, and yet now that the moment had come she longed to postpone it from one moment to the next.

"Let us look at the booths," she said, "they are so gay."

They strolled in and out of the crowd, and Marie Celeste knew that people cast glances at them both. Phillipe Baptiste always attracted attention; his loud laugh always made him conspicuous. As they came out of one of the tents she saw Joe passing. He looked tired, she thought, for he went slowly, and his foot seemed to drag more than usual. Something like a sharp little shaft seemed to pierce into her heart.

Phillipe Baptiste too saw Joe and he broke into a loud laugh.

"See, your lover with the twisted foot!" he said, and there was contempt in his tone. "What a gallant figure he makes at the fair. I'd stay at home if I looked like that."

Marie Celeste stood quite still. Her hands clenched at her sides; her eyes narrowed. She felt rigid, stiff with a sudden overwhelming sensation of passionate anger. She felt that she could have turned and struck Phillipe Baptiste with her little fists. She waited to speak until



"See your lover with the twisted foot," he said, and there was contempt in his tone. "What a gallant figure he makes at the fair. I'd stay at home if I looked like that."



Joe smiled and put his big hand over one of hers.

"Never grow serious, little Marie," he said, "there are plenty of serious people in this old world. Never forget how to laugh.....how to be gay. Never forget to be just Marie Celeste."

The tears started in Marie Celeste's eyes. What a miserable business it was to have to grow older and make these decisions. She sat back with her eyes fixed on the sky that was melting from primrose colour to a pale toneless shade. She could hear the crickets in the fields piping their curious shrill song. It seemed to pierce through her strangely. How unkind it was to have to hurt someone so good, so true as Joe. Joe had been her friend for so long. She had never thought of him as a lover, although she knew that he loved her. He had never said so, and she knew that he never would until some time, perhaps, when she had grown quite old and had ceased to care for dancing. Then, if she were not married.....then, she felt that he would come and ask her to share the remainder of his life. A husband with a twisted foot! Oh, she knew that he thought that that was no husband for Marie Celeste, who was so quick-footed, who loved so to dance and run and romp. Would he always be as much her friend as he was now? That

"Dear Joe," she said, "we will always be friends. Will we not? Good friends. Always."

Marie Celeste's spirits rose as they came close to the fair grounds. They could hear the music, the shouts and the laughter. Marie's little slippered feet beat in rhythm to the gay tunes. She was eager now to be out of the buggy and to be whirling round and round in the dance. A platform had been erected at the far end of the grounds and she could see the couples in the distance.

Phillipe Baptiste was on the look out for her and joined them almost the moment they entered the grounds. Marie's cheeks burned with excitement and her eyes shone as she stared around her at the slow moving crowds, the booths, the lights, the gayety. She wanted to penetrate into the mystery of a big tent, but Phillipe put her hand through his arm and led her away to the dancing pavilion.

It was thrilling to be there on the slippery boards with Phillipe's arm strongly held about her waist. He was whispering compliments to her as they whirled round and round. He looked very splendid, she thought, his eyes were so black, his teeth so white and shining. There was no one there who spun round with the same agility and grace. He swept her completely off her feet several times,

the angry passion died and left her cold and contemptuous.

"Yes," she said, "It is true.....Joe has a twisted foot.....but it is you, Phillipe Baptiste.....it is you who have the twisted soul.....I am glad.....very glad, that you have shown it to me to-night."

In a flash she had left him and had crossed to where Joe was slowly making his way through the crowds. She slipped her hand through his arm and he turned to her in some surprise.

"I didn't expect to see you again," he said.

"Take me home, Joe," Marie Celeste said, "I don't like the fair. I like better to drive with you under the stars."

He frowned, puzzled, and looking up saw in the distance Phillipe Baptiste scowling as he watched them. Then with a shrug Phillipe turned and went into one of the tents.

Marie Celeste was very silent as they drove through the soft spring night. The air was like a caress on her burning cheeks. The stars were very bright and there was a smell of running sap and moist earth. At length she spoke.

"I have decided differently. I shall not marry Phillipe Baptiste."

"Why is that?" Joe asked.

(Continued on page 60)

THE IDOL of YOUTH

CN&AM WILLIAMSON

Illustrated by G. W. L. Bladen

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Captain Malet, a young officer returned from the war, is at Bournemouth with his Aunt Sarah when the beauty and distress of a young foreign guest at the hotel win his interest. In the guise of a waiter he makes her acquaintance, persuades an American millionaire, Henry S. Horden, to give him some caviare for the starving girl, and, before the evening is over, saves her from suicide and makes a friend of her dog, Petro. The girl is Patchinka Kapieha, a sister of the heroic aviator, Sacha Kapieha, who had lost his life in the war and whose plane is even then being offered as second prize in the lottery at Monte Carlo. Patchinka is taken to Mr. Horden, who had known her brother and who had wished to buy the aviator's secrets of invention. He adopts Patchinka as his niece and suggests that they should all go to Monte Carlo to buy the plane. In the meantime, Captain Malet is sent to buy a wardrobe for Miss Kapieha (known as Miss P. Smith) and is having difficulty explaining his needs to the saleswoman, "Miss Forty."

The latter (who is Miss Victoria Wellington) helps him effectively and becomes chaperon to Patchinka on the Monte Carlo expedition. They arrive and discover that three members of a syndicate, Mendez, Dupont and Moroni, are planning to secure the plane. Mr. Horden's wife (Dutch by birth) has been living at The Hague, but the daughter, Wendela, arrives at Monte Carlo, unknown to her father. The woman whom Sacha had loved, the Marguesa di Fiumine, who is unhappily married, is at Villa Persane near Monte Carlo. Wendela introduces a complication, becoming attached to the reluctant hero.

CHAPTER XX.

The Vision of the First Citron.

THERE was an old fairy story about a young prince, which used to be told me when I was small—before Aunt Sarah (who disapproved of fairy stories) took me over. It was a haunting little tale, and remained as an allegory in my mind while more practical lessons faded.

A fairy gave three citrons to the prince, as a reward for some knightly deed. "Take one, cut it, and see what happens," she advised him. "But above all, keep your head."

The prince cut one of the citrons, and to his astonishment a glorious girl—the girl of his dearest dreams—appeared. "Give me water to drink," she said with a bewitching smile. Alas, that smile was the Prince's undoing! He was so thrilled that he "sat like a mooncalf" (the story's words) and with a sigh the wondrous being vanished—gone forever, like a foam-wreath on a falling wave.

Of course, there were two citrons left; and though the silly princelet repeated the mooncalf act the second time, fortunately when it came to his last chance he had the water poured out in a jewelled glass. The third fair one drank and stayed. The pair were happy ever after as the hero and heroine of fairy stories invariably are. And that was that. But—was the third Vision as divine as the first would have been, had the Prince secured her? This question must have

troubled his mind sometimes, during years of wedded joy.

I often thought of the story, as I grew up, in connection with my own life. And if I've been quick as a rule to seize opportunities, perhaps I owe it partly to that fairy legend. You see, I've always asked myself, "What if the first citron should be the best of the three?"

Patchinka Kapieha was for the ineffable Vision, and I was horribly afraid of not getting the drink of water for her in time, of spilling it out of the jewelled glass before I'd pressed it to her lips, or finding that the water wasn't after all the kind she liked to drink.

This was why I didn't close my eyes that night, after bringing Miss Horden back to the British Hotel as early as I decently could. Henry's daughter and I had won quite a pot of money; and in most circumstances that fact would have excited me a good deal; but in these, I scarcely thought of it. My mind teemed with questions, all concerning Patchinka.

Had I read her look aright, in the Casino, interpreting it, "Don't speak to us, Don't follow us."

Even if I had read aright, ought I to have obeyed?

Wouldn't she think a lot more of me if I'd shed Miss Horden on the spot, to pursue her and Miss Wellington.

Wouldn't she misunderstand my sticking to Wendela, and letting her go without a word or sign?

Those were the leading Tortures among the questions; but there were two more which prodded me with red-hot poker-jabs: why had Patchinka come over to Monte Carlo at night, when she'd mentioned no such intention? And—why had she and the Iron Duke laughed?

I don't think that sleepless night should be called a "White Night." If you have anything to worry about (and who hasn't)? It's as dark as a tomb where you're shut up alive. Thoughts that have been dressed in bright colours, or in grey, at worst, flock to you draped in black. They are menacing, merciless. You wonder that you ever saw them in any other aspect, and you feel that now at last you face them as they really are.

I cursed myself for letting Patchinka go. She was to me so unaccountable, so delicately mysterious, that it seemed quite probable I had lost my Vision of the Magic Citron forever, because I'd made some stupid blunder of conduct, which I was too dense to see in its true light. I shivered and sickened in fear lest, when I did get to Cap Martin with the morning, it might be to learn that Patchinka had disappeared.

Naturally I was up at dawn, though I saw sunrise only because it happened in the direction of Cap Martin while I hovered anxiously at the window, in pyjamas. All the same it was a sight. "Like a basket of red roses on a table of lapis lazuli," I couldn't help saying to myself as the ruby disc hung poised over the deep blue sea.

Beauty and fresh morning sweetness opened the doors of darkness in my brain, and hope flew in at the window. I splashed, shaved, dressed, and was ready for action before any conventional time to act; but after what I'd gone through I'd not have been made of man's flesh and blood if I could have kept to the prog-

ramme Patchinka and I had mapped out for today.

Dining at the Pension Rossi we'd arranged to go early this morning to Nice and look up the school for flyers which used to exist.

"Early" meant starting at about nine from the Pension, where I was to call with a taxi. But now it was only 6.30. I couldn't wait two hours and give Patchinka time to elude me in case, somehow or other, in the Casino with Miss Horden and our wins, I'd forfeited her respect.

There was no one stirring in the hotel to give me coffee. At Monte Carlo, 6.30 a.m. is the dead middle of the night unless you have to catch a train: in which case you've given orders to be called. But I didn't care about coffee, I didn't even care about taxis. I went out from indoor dusk into pulsing, primrose light, and a street as empty as a street in a dream. I began to walk eastward, towards Cap Martin, but had got no further than the bridge dividing Monaco from France when a ram came along behind me. I jumped in with a few sleepy workmen, and rode on, on past Roquebrune as far as the first piney outposts of the Cap. As I threaded my way from one white road in the wood to another, I knew that I was on a fool's errand, because the window of Patchinka's room would give away no secret to my watching eyes. If she'd meant going, she'd probably have gone. If all were well, she'd be fast asleep; so I'd be no wiser either way. Of course, however, that argument didn't stop me for a moment. I marched past the Grand Hotel, and took the road we'd taken last night, which led to the rough lane of the Pension Rossi.

Now that full daylight azure the sky and lit the woods with gold and silver glints on pine and olive, the Villa Persane was clearly visible. We had stared from the taxi windows last night, but the dwelling had shown no lights, and was blotted out in darkness. Almost mechanically my quick steps slowed down, and I loitered past the long stretch of ivy-draped, pergola-like stone wall, gazing with a faint thrill at what seemed a house of mystery.

The villa stood far back from this barrier of reddish stone and bright green leaves, and surrounding it were many stone, pines dark, and tall, and umbrella shaped their level lines of sombre foliage striping with black the cream-white stone of the house. The building was suggestive of Persian pictures, and was somewhat fantastic in design, but somehow not gay. Behind it were more trees, but not enough to shut out a gorgeous view of sea, and of Monaco with the old stronghold of the Grimaldis and the Museum of the Prince. Among gnarled olive-trunks I caught glimpses of statues, and masses of colour which meant grouped flowers in a half-hidden garden. As I paused for an instant before the elaborate closed gate of old wrought iron, to my intense surprise the sound of singing floated to me with the sea breeze. It seemed very close. It seemed to come from the garden itself! And the voices—were they not familiar?

My heart gave a bump. Patchinka's plan!

She hadn't told me what it was. She had conceived it, hinted of it, dreamy eyed. But now it was as if I turned back

to the page of a manuscript in cipher, and read it with a key I'd unexpectedly picked up.

Softly I whistled to myself—the air which the soprano and tenor voices were singing. I'd heard it before somewhere. Where? Oh yes, it was a thing that Patchinka hummed sometimes, just above her breath, when she was thinking hard. And the tune—if you could call it a tune—invariably had the weirdest effect upon Petro. Even if he were asleep he would start awake, and turn his big head wistfully as though seeking someone. Not till the faint lilting notes died would the dog lay himself down again, peculiarly depressed and flat.

"By Jove!" I thought, "I've come at the right moment after all." And I was wildly happy because my forebodings of the night were nothing but bad, waking dreams. Patchinka didn't hate me, or, anyhow, she hadn't gone.

Still, the situation was a delicate one. I mustn't in any way "butt in." If I did, I might do a great deal of harm. If Patchinka had wanted me to be "on in this scene" she would have cast me for some part in it. She hadn't; so the sooner I left the stage and scuttled into the wings, the better for me.

I stepped off the road; and walking delicately like Agag through the long grass under olives, I sat down at a distance, on a fallen log beneath silver branches. There were wild orchids in the grass, like little brown serpent-heads with open mouths; and there were masses of clover among which two four-leaved stalks started to my eyes, offering themselves to my hand. One for Patchinka and one for me, growing side by side! What a thrilling omen! I wouldn't have been *not* superstitious for the world.

For a long time I sat watching the tall, ornamental gates of the Villa Persane, and nothing happened except that the church clock in the hill village of Roquebrune struck the half hour after seven. Just sixty minutes since I left my room at the British Hotel!

During my watch under the tree the singer had poured forth one more song, very wild, very sad and very beautiful. Then silence fell and was not again broken.

A quarter to eight: eight. Still the gates remained shut. I grew restless, wondering if I ought to wait longer, or go to the Pension. I had got to my feet, unable to bear the suspense and sit still when the two Italians—Signor and Signora la Daga, tenor and soprano—appeared, not at the gate but hurrying along the road as if they had come from the hotel.

I bounded out of the woods and accosted them in French. Hadn't I heard them singing in the garden of the Villa Persane? And if so, how had they escaped without coming through the gate?

Ah, "escaped" was the word! panted the Signor, fat and scant of breath. That devil-doctor would have set a dog at them, if providentially la Petite hadn't taken with her the brave Petro. Petro had frightened the doctor's cur back into the house with its tail between its legs, so that—Signor and Signora—had walked out with decent dignity by the way they came—at least, they had walked till they

reached the hole under the fence, where they had squatted down and squeezed themselves out. What fence? What hole? Oh, the fence at the back of the garden which ran down to the coast-guards' path along the cliff! The hole, made by heavy rain and a fall of stones. Mademoiselle had remembered the path and the fence, and hoped for a hole—or resolved at worst to create one. At dawn the three of them had gone exploring a great adventure, and they had been charmed to undertake it. Monsieur le Capitaine had doubtless planned the scheme with Mademoiselle last night?

When Monsieur le Capitaine confessed that he had not, the pair shut up. The affair was not their affair, except that they had been engaged for a princely sum by Mademoiselle to enter the garden of the Villa Persane as best they could before anyone was about, and sing there certain Polish songs suggested by her, which luckily they knew. Once the songs had been very popular during the war: words and music composed by a well-known airman, Sacha Kapieha.

Why Mademoiselle had chosen those songs, and why it had been worth her while to pay so much for such an adventure, she would be able to explain to Monsieur le Capitaine herself when she came.

"But when will she come?" I urged, as the pair betrayed gross impatience to get home to breakfast. "Where is she now?"

"We left her in the garden, talking to the lady—no doubt the Marquesa—who came out through a long window almost at once, when we began to sing," replied the Signora. "The doctor wished Mademoiselle to go with us. But Petro was there. And besides, the lady was holding her hand. We were no longer needed. Mademoiselle herself said that. But see, there she is at the gate! Someone—the lodge keeper—is opening it for her."

When I thought of the two again, they had gone. But by that time I was at the gate, and by the side of Patchinka. The vision of my first and only Magic Citron was safe, and within touch!

CHAPTER XX1.

"Loads and Loads of Essence."

PATCHINKA'S face had held possibilities of beauty before. Now it was beautiful, and radiant as the morn. Her head was bare, and her gorgeous hair hung down in two long plaits, making the girl look not a day older than fifteen.

"Success!" she cried. "Thanks partly to Petro. They've told you—the La Dagas?"

"Only that they sang—and a lady came out—and a doctor and a dog," I said, as we walked briskly away from the gate together, Petro at our heels.

Patchinka laughed excitedly. "Yes, they all came out, and then the dog went in. But you must somehow have guessed my plan that I wouldn't tell, or you'd not be here at eight o'clock?"

"I've been here since before seven," I explained. "But only because you came to the Casino last night—and laughed at me—and went off like—a witch on a broomstick. I was afraid you were annoyed at something. I couldn't bear to wait, so I—"

She looked up impishly. "What it is to be a man. Why should we be annoyed? We were oh, so amused. We had sent for the taxi and had gone to the Casino on purpose to be amused—in just that way. Besides—I too couldn't wait."

"Couldn't wait for what?"

"To see what Miss Horden was like. But now, no more of her. I can think only of Laurette. Mon ami, it was as I feared. She's been starved for music. It was part of a plot—a cruel plot. Now I know what we must do. We must save her. It may be difficult. But we must think hard, you and I."

"Is she sane? Have you found out that?" I asked.

"She isn't—normal. Except when she listens to music. That's why this wretch has kept it from her. But I will tell you all about everything as well as I can. You deserve to know, because it is you who suspected something wrong—you who would bring me to Cap Martin when I didn't wish to come."

And this, roughly, is the story of the adventure as Patchinka told it to me.

The "plan" had suddenly sprung into her mind when she heard the La Dagas sing, and learned that they needed engagements. Questioning the Rossi's about the habits of the household at the Villa Persane, she gathered that Doctor Silvestro (the second villain of the piece) was apparently a lazy man. He rose late in the mornings. He had no fear that Laurette would steal secretly away, because her maid was bidden (bribed) to take all her clothes out of the room each night. Well, a woman does not go for a walk without clothes! But Patchinka said to herself, "What would I do, if I heard someone sing, at dawn, music composed for me by the one man I'd ever loved? I would wrap myself in something, no matter what, and I would run instantly to see what the music meant. That was what Laurette did. She came out through a long French window on the ground floor, a satin bed-quilt over her dressing-gown, and her bare feet thrust into bedroom slippers. She recognised Patchinka and Petro, and cried with joy at sight of them.

roared that they were injuring his patient; threatened to have them arrested as trespassers; and demanded to know how they had got in.

It was Patchinka, of course, who answered. They had been out for an early walk on the coast-guards' path, and had found a hole under the fence. The dog had slipped through, and they had been obliged to follow in order to get him back. Once in, a good chance would have been wasted if they hadn't sung. Madame had come out, and had seemed pleased, that was all!

But Silvestro wasn't mollified, though it seemed as if his first suspicions were laid. His language in ordering the party to be gone was so—what Patchinka described as "extreme"—that La Daga took his wife by the arm and obeyed. Patchinka, however, stood her ground, backed up effectively by Petro. She used language too—oh, a very little, just a few things she had heard Sacha say when he was very angry indeed in Italian!—and refused to go except through the front gate. Laurette



"Success," she cried, "thanks partly to Petro."

The one thing which showed that her clear senses were "jangled, out of tune" was her lack of curiosity. She didn't seem surprised at seeing Sacha's sister and his bulldog, nor to realise that years had passed since she saw them before. Perhaps the two long braids of dusty, copper-beech hair worn as the girl had worn them at fifteen, partly accounted for that state of mind, where Patchinka was concerned; and Petro had first made acquaintance with Laurette later than that Easter holiday. She did know however that Sacha had been killed. His beloved songs filled her with an agony of joy, lifted her heart and tore it out again.

She was very ill, she said, and very unhappy. But nothing mattered, now that Sacha was gone. Patchinka begged her to come away, but she shook her head. It wasn't worth while to bother. And just then, as the girl had carefully worked up to the subject of the papers and pearls, appeared Doctor Silvestro, half dressed, with an overcoat on and no collar. A dog too—a yapping yellow dog. But Petro looked at him and growled once, and he vanished.

The doctor stopped the singing, in a rage. He cursed in Italian, mistaking Patchinka, the bulldog, and the La Dagas all for one party of professional entertainers—just as the girl had hoped he might do if he were roused by the music and came out. He "called them names,"

had become a changed woman the moment the music stopped, and Patchinka was determined to watch her at any price. The Marquesa dropped down on a garden seat, the light of excitement dying from her eyes, leaving them listless and dull. She shivered, but commanded by Silvestro to return to the house, she did not seem even to hear.

The moment that permission was given Patchinka to pass through the front gate, however, and the girl moved as if to go, Laurette stumbled to her feet again.

"Goodbye, dear child," she said. "I can't remember just now who you are, but be sure you give him my love. Tell him I don't know anything about hearts, and I forgot about the papers. But I didn't forget the essence. No one else knows except Rousseau, but the essence is ready whenever it's needed—loads and loads of essence."

With that, the doctor took the poor lady by the hand, and led her to the open window, where by this time a sharp-faced, middle-aged maid stood waiting. Silvestro was quite gentle in his manner—perhaps out of deference to Petro—and Laurette made no resistance. She went in-doors meekly, and the window was shut. Then the doctor walked with Patchinka as far as the lodge, to give orders that the gate should be opened for her and the dog. He patronised her in rather a lordly way, treated her as a child, and catechised her

thoroughly. What was her nationality? How had she happened to join a party of singers, and so on. She answered these questions, and the man seemed to have no suspicions concerning her. His great wish was that she should impress upon her companions one fact: Madame de Fiumine was hopelessly insane. The air raids in Paris had driven her mad. She could not now stand noise of any kind, even music.

"Hopeless is a strong word," I said, when Patchinka's story was finished. "But insane the poor creature does seem to be. I'm afraid she can't do anything to help us, even if we can do anything to help her, as she doesn't remember any 'papers or pearls'; and sending a message by you to 'him' looks as if she imagined your brother was still alive. That stuff about 'essence' loads and loads of essence, and 'Rousseau' sounds sheer nonsense—"

"Wait a minute!" Patchinka cut me short. "There may be more sense in that part than you think, Rousseau was the name of Laurette's chauffeur before the war, I remember, because she and Sacha called him always 'Jean Jacques' behind his back, for fun. I don't know what became of the man. I suppose he had to go as a soldier. Perhaps he's been killed. But there may have been a great secret about 'loads and loads of essence', and Rousseau may have been the only person in it except Laurette, himself—and Sacha. There was a scheme—I hardly know what—but I heard Sacha talk of it with her. Almost I thought they were joking, it sounded so romantic, so strange. Yet when she spoke just now of not forgetting the essence—'loads and loads of essence'—it all came back."

"What came back?" I ventured, when the girl's spirit seemed to float away on a dream.

"Oh, their talk, here in the woods—lovers' talk, Laurette was begging Sacha to fly to her sometimes, down in the South, where it was so quiet and sweet in Spring after the season crowds had gone, and no one could say cruel things about their love, things that were not true. Sacha kissed her hand, and said he would get a beautiful hydro aeroplane and name it 'Fair Dove'. He would start from somewhere up north, fly south, and alight in the sea just under her garden. Then he would take her far away with him, up into the sky, and not bring her back ever again unless she insisted. Laurette said she would hold him to his word, and she would spend her summers here, if he would come. She would tell 'Jean Jacques' to buy her thousands of gallons of Essence, and hide it for her in a safe, secret place she knew of, so they could fly together as far and as often as they liked. I thought it was just a pretty fantasy. But suppose Laurette was in earnest then? Suppose she wanted to make it possible for Sacha to fly to her really, and take her on wonderful sky journeys, without rousing gossip through having to buy essence—what you English call 'petrol', is it not? What if—"

"Great Scott!" I rapped out.

"And who is he—the great Scott?"

"A fellow you call on when you're surprised. I said just now that the Marquesa couldn't help us, even if we could help her. But may be she can. That is, if—"

"If?"

"If we get your brother's biplane."

"Oh!"

"And that reminds me—we ought have breakfast and start for Nice."

How heavenly it was to say "we" again!

CHAPTER XX1 I.

"The Divine Place."

THE Flying School still existed in Nice; or rather, it was restarting, managed by two of the old set, back from war. This was learned at a Cafe in the gay Avenue de la Gare, where we stopped, on the excuse of a sirop, to enquire. We were told, too, that the School was on the same ground as before, a mile or so outside Nice.

"We" were Patchinka, myself, and, of course, Petro. Miss Wellington, not sure of the rules which should govern the "Complait Chaperon" consented with moral reluctance and physical relief, to be left out of this expedition.

Skimming along the sea-front in a taxi, the girl was thoughtful, remembering—I was sure—her wonderful holiday week with Sacha. Silence between us was sweet to me, for I told myself that a girl must be feeling at home with a man when she doesn't "make conversation." Suddenly, however, she broke out. "There

was a person here I liked so much. I think he was the head—what you call boss. His name was Gregoire Borisoff. He was of Russian birth. My Sacha was a god for him. It was Borisoff who trusted me with his own machine, a little old monoplane, that he'd flown in the Gordon-Bennett of 1913 at 100 miles an hour. He loved her dearly but he let me play with her because I was Sacha's sister. When I looped the loop all alone and came down safely, he seized me in his arms and kissed me on both cheeks—then apologised, though I was only a child. There was a Frenchman, too—his partner, much younger and more handsome. But I don't care to remember him. He was what you call 'cheeky,' though a person of good birth. If dear Borisoff is back, what shall I do? He may know me again—may find me like Sacha. How can I be for him Miss P. Smith?"

"You can't," I declared. "You'll have to take him into your confidence. He sounds the sort of chap you can trust."

We arrived at the flying-ground, an expanse of rough turf which looked vast to us, surrounded on three sides by shelters for different types of aeroplanes. Some of these shelters were flimsy hangars thrown together of old war-canvas and kept upright by spiderwebs of rope. Others were solid structures built of what the French call "briques," big, square slabs of red and yellow, domed with zinc, and provided with huge sliding doors. Here and there cone-shaped bags of silky material were placed, evidently to show beginners the direction of the wind, and help them avoid bad "take offs" or dangerous landings.

Awkward-looking planes were waddling like overgrown geese in or out of hangars. Others seem to have gone mad, like titanic hens with their heads cut off. These were taxiing about under their own power, lurching and lolling over the coarse grass and bald earth-patches, each with a couple of cursing mechanics hanging on behind as if to tame the wild thing by putting salt on its tail. Above our heads big birdlike shapes—still painted with their war colours—rushed and swooped, and deafeningly droned, diving so low now and then, as though out of malice, that I felt like jumping aside or ducking my head.

Suddenly there was a soft touch on my arm. Patchinka had slipped hers through it, in boyish chumminess born of sheer, impersonal ecstasy.

"O—oh! Isn't this a divine place?" she breathed, pressing herself against me, utterly without self-consciousness. "I—I'm almost happy again! And look at Petro. See how he smiles. Ah, we are at home, at last at home, he and I. And—and—yes, it is Monsieur Borisoff!"

The man she gazed at couldn't have heard. He was too far off, and the noise of every beast in Noah's Ark at dinner-time would have been faint beside the row overhead and underfoot. Yet mysteriously he started, and turned away from a fur-coated youth—a mild, depressed, helmeted youth, never meant by heaven to fly—whom he had been haranguing. He stared straight at us, focussing on Patchinka, and pushed a pair of goggles further up on the top of his head, where they reared like the hood of an adder. His round, red face lit like the sun when a fog rolls away. At first glance I'd thought him old for a flying man, but he showed his white teeth in an immense grin, and looked younger than any boy would condescend to look.

"Mon Dieu, it is she—the Only One!" he shrieked in French, bounding towards us with a gesture that embraced a respectful circle of surrounding Patchinka. "My little Lady of the Air—my young sky goddess! And she is married and this is her husband."

The two were shaking hands as if they'd never stop, and the short, square figure in the goatskin coat gave little joyous leaps off the ground as if he were a human helicopter able to leave the earth without a "take off." Tears the size of pigeon's eggs popped out of prominent blue eyes and jumped off hard red cheeks as hail stones jump off rocks. Patchinka was crying too, and with an ounce of encouragement would have sobbed on a furry, farm-scented shoulder, I envied Borisoff, but less actively than if the girl had been in haste to deny me as her husband.

It was not until they'd mingled their grief over Sacha, revived old times, discussed the war, and Gregorie Borisoff had

remembered my existence with an apologetic glance, that Patchinka explained me away.

"Oh, I forget. I'm not married," she said. "This is my friend Captain Malet who saved Petro's life and mine in England (you remember Petro, when you met Sacha in Paris?) and I'm calling myself Miss P. Smith at present; but we will tell you everything. And Captain Malet has to be taught to fly in a great hurry. So much depends on that, for us."

Borisoff gazed on me as if I'd been a strange, though not wholly unpleasant species of animal. "Monsieur le Capitaine cannot fly?" he exclaimed. Had I been born without nose, mouth or eyes, it could hardly have struck him as more remarkable, more pitiable.

"Captain Malet was doing other things in the war, big things, and was decorated for doing them," the girl defended me. "Tanks for instance. He commanded a tank in Russia, and could drive it if he wished as well as you can drive a biplane."

"In Russia. A tank in Russia. Mon Dieu," Borisoff marvelled at me. "That

tour of my face. It seemed long as well as stiff, and of a consistency to knock off with a hammer. I prayed that Patchinka mightn't notice any change in my features!

If she did, she made no comment, but was all eagerness to begin the business of the day. When Borisoff had been taken into our confidence and pledged to help carry out our plans, there was no service we could have asked of him in vain.

"You remember 'le Beau Sabreur,' as we used to call him?" the little man enquired, on a sudden thought.

Patchinka flushed faintly. "Oh, yes! He exists still?"

"Indeed he exists. He is my partner here as before, though he was wounded in the war and limps a little with one foot. He is just coming down now, with a pupil."

"Le Beau Sabreur" is Monsieur Louis Gauthier," the girl explained to me. "The nickname is because he is handsome, and because he used to be a famous amateur fencer before the war. He and Sacha tried the foils together sometimes and,—

tints in the green-grey eyes, darkened lashes and brows, and burnished the copper-beech of Patchinka's hair. But she was quite grave. No show of dimples, as for Borisoff.

Never was man more palpitatingly male than this dark Gauthier when he greeted Patchinka, kissing first one small grey glove, then the other. Slowly she drew her hands from his clasp with dignity, but not with anger. If there had been things she wished to forget, she intended also to forgive.

"Welcome—you are welcome as spring sunshine after storm, Mademoiselle!" he exclaimed. "It is Mademoiselle, still?" he added quietly, with a glance prepared to pierce my grey matter if I had established a claim upon the girl.

"Oh, yes, Mademoiselle still, though incognita at present for reasons," Borisoff explained for her. "Le Monsieur Anglais here is le Capitaine Malet, a friend, a helper; for Mademoiselle has come south on a mission."

The fact that I was a "friend, a helper" did me little good with Gauthier, I saw, though he turned as soon as he politely could, to fling himself heart and soul into talk with Sacha Kapieha's sister, the little "goddess of the sky."

She heard with interest what had happened to him, and let Borisoff explain what had happened to her; how she had been too late to claim Sacha's mascot, and soon. Into the tale of her English adventures my name entered now and then: whereupon I felt the atmosphere between Gauthier and me become electrical.

"We will all, of course, help Mademoiselle to obtain her brother's Machine, which should be hers by right," he said. "Monsieur le Capitaine Malet shall not be her only champion. Who knows what we, her old friends, can do? And one small favour I claim for myself, to begin with. No, not from you, Mademoiselle; from le Capitaine Malet."

"Only too pleased," I answered, embarrassed.

"Good! I hold you to your word. It is, that I shall be your instructor—I, the one to teach you to fly—and that Mademoiselle shall watch."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Secret Name.

PATCHINKA'S long eyes opened uncommonly wide. Her lips parted, but she did not speak, she merely looked from Gauthier to me, and then in appeal to Borisoff.

Gauthier smiled charmingly: "Have no fears, chere Mademoiselle," he soothed her. "Ask old Gregoire, if I am not a skilled teacher."

"He is even better than I, if possible," Borisoff assured the girl, with engaging conceit. "It is a compliment that he asks to teach le Capitaine Malet."

"I hope Monsieur le Capitaine takes it as such," said Gauthier. His handsome eyes questioned mine in gay defiance.

"I do!" said I, accepting the challenge, and giving look for look. It was true; I did take it as a compliment that he wanted to teach me. He wanted to do it because he was jealous, and it was a feather in my cap that one of the handsomest men ever born should be jealous of me. It made me think better of myself. And that look of his sent no melodramatic shudder down my spine. He didn't intend to kill and make a martyr of me, thus presenting Patchinka with a grudge against him and my memory to mourn. He had formed a plan, but not a blood-thirsty plan. The spine wasn't where his look affected me. It was just under the waistcoat. He hoped to make me funk before our goddess, and I wasn't sure that he might not find some way of succeeding. I said that I should not like flying under the auspices of Louis Gauthier, le Beau Sabreur of Nice. But it had to be done, and I might as well get on with it.

"So you are in a hurry to begin?" he prompted me.

I said that this was true. "We must first try him with some of the tests, n'est-ce pas, Borisoff and Mademoiselle, to see what sort of flier he will make," Gauthier proposed.

Borisoff agreed. Patchinka was silent. But I saw in her eyes that she knew what they meant, and by the biting of her lip that she wished she had warned me be-

(Continued on page 14)



"Hop in," he directed in English, casually as a motorist might give some roadside pedestrian a lift.

for my idea, is beyond all. I would not have courage to enter a tank, me. No, the very thought makes me weak in the middle, as if the whale of Jonah were about to swallow me?"

I laughed, and so did Patchinka, drying her eyes. But my laugh wasn't, perhaps, as spontaneous as hers. She was as much at home in the air and at incredible heights as Borisoff was; more at home at home than on earth, while I—well, I must admit that the sight of these aeroplanes behaving like giant grasshoppers on earth and Brobdingnag hats in the air, were making me feel slightly seasick in advance. Aeroplanes in the abstract appealed to the romance in me. But bumping about under my nose and roaring over my head, I found that it was my stomach rather than my mind that they influenced. I saw myself, in imagination, turning turtle in the sky as several pupils of the school were gaily doing, and—well, honestly I don't think I was frightened, but the prospect wasn't as delicious as from distance.

I kept a stiff upper lip, however, though I felt it was far from becoming to the con-

he offered to teach me, and I did take one lesson."

Why that blush of hers? I wondered. But when a biplane (of moderate size in the sky, yet formidable as a Pterodactyl when landing) had disgorged a tall, graceful figure in leather coat and helmet, it was easy to guess the reason.

The machine was left to mechanics, and the pupil who had been up was abandoned without ceremony. A gesture from Borisoff, and an instinct of his own brought the instructor to us with swift strides. The goggles were pushed back and as handsome a face as I had ever seen on man was revealed. The glow of the dark, Latin eyes, gave away their secret at once. Not only did le Beau Sabreur recognise Patchinka, but he had been in love with her. He was ready to fall in love again, too, if ever he had fallen out.

"Monsieur Gauthier!" the girl murmured—didn't shout with frank pleasure as she'd shouted the name of Borisoff. The deep rose of her cheeks (already rounder than when she starved at the Bourne-mouth Haven) made her a bewitching beauty. The colour brought out beryl

Edmonton of Yesterday and To-day

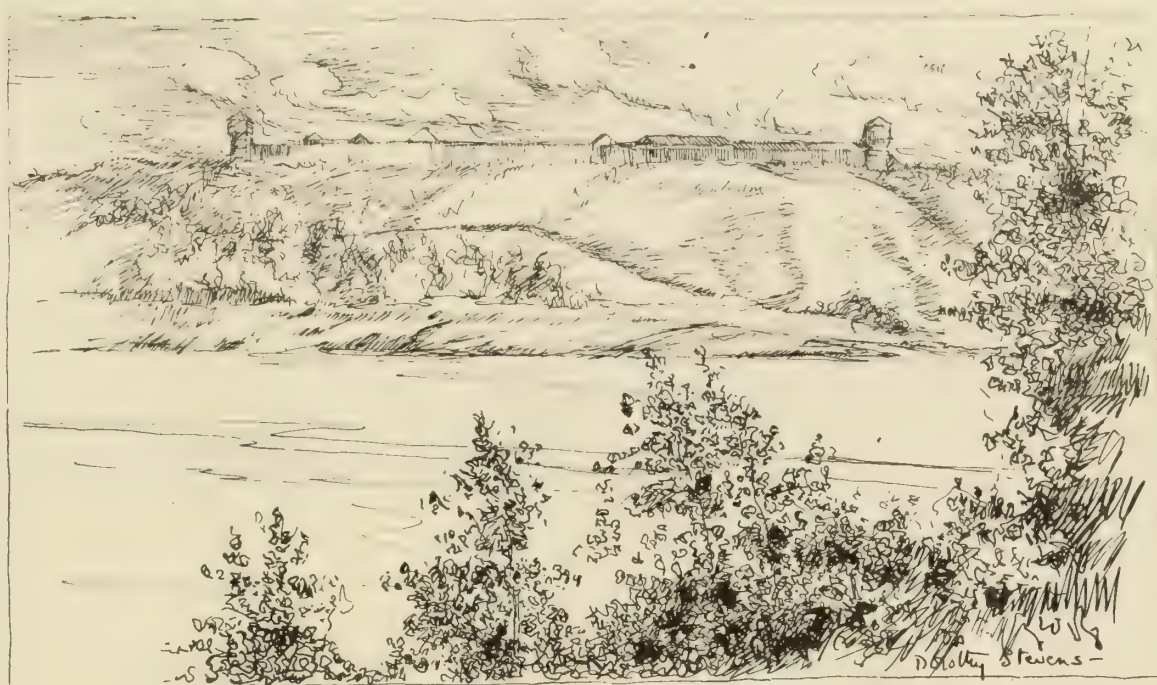
BY KATHERINE HALE

Illustrated by Dorothy Stevens

LE Verandrye, the Frenchman who came up the Red river in 1731 and built a fort at Winnipeg, pressed farther on. His route at last was by way of the north Saskatchewan river. The fur trade was his lure, and those low wooded hills lying to the east of the river were called by the Indians the Beaver Hills. Le Verandrye had come a thousand miles since he left the gateway of the West—a thousand miles over the Prairies, a thousand miles of long undulating beflowered grass, of bleak desert, of snow filled plain. And then this oasis of rivered green. He must have seen the dream it contained unroll before him.

The next recorded recognition of a wonderful site came in 1778, when the Nor' West Company, rivals of the Hudson's Bay, founded Fort des Prairies. In enormous isolation it stood on the bank of the river and when the union of the two fur Companies came to pass, and the Hudson's Bay took command about 1809 the Fort was renamed Edmonton because of the affection of the trader in charge for his suburban abode on the outskirts of London.

It was a picturesque period, that of the Old Fort and its inmates. There was a high wooden stockade with four block-houses on the corners and two small brass cannon. Within it stood a flour mill, and carpenter, boatbuilding, blacksmith and



Oldest existing picture of Fort Edmonton



The great house of the factor

harness shops. It was indeed a tiny walled city. The buildings were much crowded, there being only narrow alleyways between. A Court and yet a Community, it held within its limited area all the elements that make British rule the world over. It was self-contained and splendidly poised on the edge of a world in the making. All around the wooden walls dwelt the great unknown: natural elements vast in power; Indians insistent and inscrutable; herds of buffalo that then seemed numberless.

From the records of those days it will be seen that the first fort of 1796 was built on the lower level of the meadow, home of the present Power Plant of Edmonton. After seventeen years it was washed away by flood. The second fort was built on the high ground where the Parliament Buildings now stand. It was under the command of a chief Factor who kept up the traditions and wore a cocked hat and a bejeweled sword. The men who commanded the garrison were usually Scots, and were signed on for service as in the army or navy. Indeed a separate history could be written about these Factors who ruled the western forts for a good fifty years. They possessed great loyalty, energy and fearlessness.

There was a Canadian artist, one Paul Kane, who made the first sketching trip

over the prairies in 1847. He spent a winter at Edmonton, which had then become a great food producing centre. Within the walls of the fort the inhabitants now numbered over one hundred and fifty. Kane says they lived in "luxury and fashion." His diary gives a fascinating account of the times. He is of course deeply interested in the Indians. "Eleven of the most important and war-like tribes" he says "were in constant communication with the fort. Crees and Assiniboines lived in the country, while at least twice a year Blackfeet, Sarcees, Peigans and Bloods from southern Alberta traded at Edmonton their dried meat and fat."

We hear of a great feast and dance at the Factor's House in the fort on Christmas night 1848. To the dance some Indians were invited. The music was made by a violin in combination with the Indian drumsticks. The dance was a medley of Highland reels, strathspeys and hornpipes and the wild pageantry of the Indian ritualistic dances. Among the motley colors and barbaric excitement of the liquor-fed music-mad crowd, the artist, Kane, espied a young Cree so lovely that he afterwards immortalized her on canvas.

"Her poetic name was Con-ne-wah-bam," says the artist; "it means 'one who looks at the stars.' She sat for her likeness with greatest patience, holding her fan which was made of the tip of a swan's

wing, with a handle of porcupine quills, in a most coquettish manner."

Kane tells us also that the sequel to the festivity of this Christmas week was the wedding at New Year of John Rowand jr., in charge of Fort Pitt, and Miss Herriot, the daughter of the chief Factor. The wedding trip down the ice two hundred miles to Fort Pitt was made by sledge. Three Carioles and four sledges with four dogs to each formed the cavalcade. Nine men, including Kane, were the body guard. The dogs were decked in bright-colored saddle cloths, fantastically embroidered, feathered, and covered with innumerable tiny bells. No provisions were taken, for the party went ahead, killed the buffalo and prepared it, made the camp, lit the great fires in the snow and slung the wigwam for the bride and groom. Battles with the wolf-packs, violence, and sudden death and the glory of sunbathed untracked spaces—only seventy-five years ago.

After the Factors, and following in the wake of the H. B. C., came the independent fur trader, the prospector and the boot-legger. The escapades of these gentlemen drew the attention of the Dominion Government to the need of police protection in the west; and so came the formation of the Royal North West Mounted Police in 1874, and the next step in civilization.

(Continued on page 60)



Buildings erected 1795 by the Hudson's Bay Company, with the Alberta Parliament Building in the background

JUNE Somers curled herself up in a wicker chair one sunny August morning and smiled across the verandah at her very dignified Aunt, "Of course I shall not withdraw, Auntie," there was a defiant little tilt to her chin. "It's too late to change my mind, even if I wanted to—and I don't!"

"But June, Muskoka in winter! It's preposterous! I never for a moment dreamed you were serious about teaching in a rural school!"

"But you know how I love kiddies, Auntie, and I don't want to teach in the city. Ever since I saw that little red school at Port Pinefield I made up my mind to apply for it." June smiled, "I'll come back next summer a prim, little, back-woods school-marm! Oh please, Auntie!"

There was no resisting June's smile. Mrs. Somers hesitated, then reluctantly accepted the inevitable.

After all, there was nothing else to do.

It was a soft September day when June arrived at her Muskoka destination. "I feel as if I'd slipped back a hundred years, and was a real pioneer," she thought, as she carried on a disjointed conversation with her farmer-host, Mr. Weston, between the bumps and lurches of the creaky little buggy.

In a large bare house over-looking the lake June's hostess welcomed her, "I'm so glad she's a billowy, comfortable-looking person, they're always kind!" June thought appreciatively.

There were three daughters. Belinda, Martha, and Biddy; bright, buxom girls who subjected June to a somewhat embarrassing stare during supper. June, with keen intuition, was conscious that those stares were partly curious and wholly admiring. It was the youngest—a girl of eighteen or so—who took her hand later in the evening and asked timidly, "Is it all yours, Miss Somers,—your hair, I mean?"

June laughed at the incredulous face of the young girl, "Well rather!" she said.

On Monday morning Mr. Weston accompanied June to the little school-house. Of a dull, soft red it stood back from the Government Road. "In a little while those woods will be beautiful," Mr. Weston said, "them' maples, in particular."

"Yes," June thought, with a glance upward at the soft amber-green of the trees, "I have a feeling that one might become very fond of those maples!"

Half an hour later she faced her new pupils, fourteen of them, squirming and giggling, obviously excited over the arrival of a new teacher. "Are there usually fourteen?" June asked, after roll-call.

"You bet there ain't," a small boy, who had answered to the name of Bobby Reid, volunteered eagerly, "we just came to see what you looked like."

June was tired when she walked towards her new lodging that afternoon. Overhead the tall elms swayed and rustled, "I could never be too tired to enjoy this," she thought, "It will be lovely to have these walks alone after the noise and fuss of the school-room. Oh!"

A small sticky hand slipped unexpectedly into hers. "I'm Molly McCoombe," the owner of the hand explained. "Do you know what a crush is? Well, I've got one on you!"

June soon found that she was not to enjoy those walks alone. To be allowed to walk home with Miss Somers became a privilege which was eagerly sought. During the last session of the afternoon the children would concentrate with suspicious and glowing attention on troublesome dates and unwieldy sums, sucking their pencils with audible zest, "For p'raps, she'll see how awfully hard I'm workin', and I'll say it's my turn."

After dismissing her body-guard at the gate June would invariably find Mrs. Weston comfortably rocking on the verandah—good-naturedly garrulous. Escaping to her own room she would be followed by Belinda, or Martha, or Biddy, "For we mustn't let the poor dear feel lonely," they said. "Oh dear!" June thought, "I wish to goodness they would!"

Early Sunday evening at the end of her first week's work she slipped away to a rocky point and sat down gratefully on a soft bed of pine-needles. It was very still. The only sound that came over the quiet waters was the bell of the little Church across the bay, clear, soft, sweetly mellow. "Oh my, it's wonderful!" June whispered, with an exultant thrill in her voice, "Just to be alone like this—all by myself!"

JUNE SOMERS

BY DORA O. THOMPSON

Illustrated by M. H. Campbell

The voice of Biddy Weston,—flat, cheerfully confident—suddenly made itself heard. "Oh Miss Somers, I thought I'd find you here. I do so want to have a talk. You don't mind, do you?"

June parried the question, "You have something to tell me, Biddy, I can see by your eyes!"

Biddy had. With hysterical little gasps she related how Silas Moore had asked her—little Biddy Weston—to go buggy riding next Wednesday, and how she had said, "Oh Joy!" "Should I have done that, Miss Somers?" she asked anxiously.

"Just be natural, Biddy dear," June said gently, "If he's the right sort he'll like you just because you are you!"

The days passed quickly after that first week. Mellow, sunshiny October days which slipped by almost imperceptibly. In the woods all traces of summer had vanished. Only the pines and cedars retained their green, and stood, like dark slender sentinels, in sharp relief against the flaming red and gold of the maples.

It was in October that June met Jim Beaumont. She saw him first when little Bobby Reid was convoying her home one afternoon, "Hello," Jim Beaumont said to Bobby, looking at June.

"Hello!" Bobby said, "That's the parson man of our church," he answered June's unspoken question, "Say, he can preach like Sam Hill, but all the same he's a swell guy!"

A JUNE DAY

by

L. M. Montgomery

Come, 'tis a day that was born for dreaming,

A day in June for adventurers!

We will have done with worry and scheming

Here, where a west wind purrs;

We will forget we are tired and old,

We will forget our plots for gold,

We will just remember the little wild rose,

And the lure of a cloud that comes and goes.

We will just remember the nested meadow,

And the wonderful peace of the high blue skies,

The leaves' green flicker, the wood-fern's shadow,

The moths and the butterflies;

We will drive out fear and take hope instead,

We will wander just where our feet are led,

Taking no heed for roof or bar,

Till we keep an old tryst with the evening star.

Good-bye for a day to the bitter striving,

The fret and corrosion of desk and mart,

Ours will be gypsy honey for hiving,

And ours the childhood heart;

Ours to loiter by brooks impearled

As if there were never a clock in the world,

Ours to march with the windy fir—

We are June-time adventurers!

Two evenings later Biddy Weston knocked at June's door, "Come down, Miss Somers," she whispered excitedly, "The Minister's calling, you must come down. He's not a bit like one, really!" she added reassuringly.

"I'll come to the little school-house and see your method of teaching," Jim told June at the end of that evening's call.

"If you do," June retorted, "I'll come and hear you preach!"

The Rev. James Beaumont walked back to his boarding-house after that call with a pleasant little glow in the vicinity of his heart. "June Somers! June Somers!" he repeated, "What a pretty name! But why in the world does a girl like that want to teach up here!"

Jim Beaumont, after his ordination, had gone overseas in a fighting unit. He had returned with a weak lung and had spent long weary months in the Sanatorium. For the last year he had taken one service a week at the tiny Presbyterian Church at Port Pinefield, and now his lung was pronounced completely cured. At present he was finishing his term with irritable impatience. "It's just waste time, knocking around here," he often said to himself.

A day or two later he appeared at the little red school-house. "Thought it might be near breaking-up time," he said cheerfully, "so perhaps we could walk around the Bay together."

"Oh, but I can't to-day," June said quickly in her frank young voice, "You see they all have turns, and to-day it's Molly's, and tomorrow Bill's, but perhaps—how about next Tuesday?"

So Jim, rather huffily, took himself off—alone.

* * *

BUT on Tuesday they set out together. At first June was rather shy and self-conscious. This big boy by her side was very different from one of the usual little fellows who would tuck his hand confidently into hers and say, "Gee, Miss Somers, I'm glad it's my turn!" But the constraint wore off, and they arrived glowing and laughing at the Westons. "Oh my," Biddy Weston whispered fiercely to herself, "Oh my, that's what, eh?"

After that Jim's turn came as regularly as clockwork each week. Sometimes June went to his little Church and then, after the service, he would walk home with her around the Bay. It was during one of these Sunday night walks that she learned of his discontent with his present work. "I'm only marking time," he explained, "I'm leaving at the end of my year. It's no man's job, this, with two or three families—"

"Oh surely—"

"Well," he admitted, "a few more, but—"

"Two or three gathered together," June said, half under her breath. Then suddenly she faced him with her gray eyes flashing, "I think that's a terrible way to look at it. You have tremendous opportunities of doing a big work here. In an outlying district people have so little to interest them,—why, those kiddies of mine—"

"Oh well, you—"

"You too, if you'd get to work and didn't think everything began and ended with that one little service Sunday evenings. You could be a tremendous factor here if you would. I'd far rather be a potter here with this clay to work, than handle the—the cement in the city!"

And that night the Rev. James Beaumont walked home with something more than a pair of gray eyes to think about.

It was an open Fall. The sunshine of October was succeeded by dull gray November skies when a great quiet seemed to rest over the woods, a hushed expectancy of the Spirit of Winter.

Three weeks before Christmas came the first heavy snow-fall. After a night of tearing storm the earth stood forth, white and dazzling under the deep, clear vault of blue. June danced excitedly from one foot to the other in the dining-room window, "Oh those trees! They're lovelier than anything I ever imagined. I do hope it lasts!"

"It will," Mr. Weston told her, "the pine branches are holding the snow, see? If it fell through we'd know it wouldn't last no time at all!"

That morning June, to her intense satisfaction, tramped to school on snowshoes. "What a ripping thing to write home," she thought with delighted little giggles.

These pleasing reflections were broken by the appearance of Bobby Reid wading through the drifts. "Just thought I'd come and help you along," he said, manfully trying to suppress the puffs which the effort had cost him. It was evident that Bobby had something on his mind. "See here, Miss Somers," he said at last, "you know about that Red Ridin' Hood thing you're havin' us do for our Christmas party?"

June nodded.

"Well, us fellows are a bit mad, because, you see, Red Ridin' Hood's a girl, and the Grandmother's a girl, and us fellows ain't nothin' at all!"

"That is an omission," June agreed quickly, to his evident relief, although he hadn't the vaguest idea what 'omission' meant. "How would it be," June said slowly, "if I let one of you be the wolf? We could use a fur coat—"

"Gosh!" Bobby was frankly staggered. "Oh that'd be swell!" He plunged from a drift, his face scarlet with something more than exercise. "I say, Miss Somers, could I be HIM—THE WOLF?"

Sometimes during the week or two previous to the entertainment June wondered if she had been wise to introduce the children to the intoxicating excitement of acting. They had given entertainments before, but never in the history of the little red school-house had they really and truly acted a story. Excitement ran high. Bobby Reid, envied of all, daily practised "bein' a wolf" in the big farm kitchen. He would emerge hot and sticky. "It ain't no fun practisin'," he confessed, "but I'll be the real thing all right!"

On the night of the great event proud parents filled the little school-house, applauding vigorously the muffled utterances of the small performers and then settling into a comfortable hush of expectancy when Red Riding Hood appeared, and Farmer Reid's fur coat waddled majestically across the platform. For awhile all went well. Then Red Riding Hood, catching sight of her mother in the audience, fixed her with a glassy stare and forgot her "lines." There was a tense and paralyzing silence until suddenly the wolf reared indignantly on his hind legs, "Say something, you duffer," he shouted wrathfully, at which the audience rocked with laughter, and Bobby tumbled to all fours blushing furiously with mortification inside the fur coat.

It was late that night when Jim Beaumont accompanied June around the Bay. "Have you really enjoyed this all so much?" he asked her curiously.

"I loved it," the girl said simply. "I might be doing something more exciting

in Toronto, but oh, those kiddies! Look!" she added suddenly, with a touch of awe in her voice, "The stars, aren't they wonderful? Why down in Toronto they seem few and remote, don't they? Here I feel as if I could pull one right down. I love to think of the stars, as someone has called them, 'the forget-me-nots of the Angels.'"

"So do I!" Jim agreed, looking down into June's gray eyes.

It was a white Christmas. Far over the rocks and fields, and through the woods, as far as eye could see, stretched a snowy carpet, sparkling under the winter sun, or a cold, dead white against the dulness of a gray sky.

By the middle of January the lakes were frozen over. June was rather disappointed. "They're snowy, I thought they'd look sort of transparent, like a rink," she said, to Farmer Weston's amusement.

There were nipped fingers to thaw in the little school-house those mornings, and it was hard to hold attention. Sometimes June would gather all around the stove and tell stories of other children in far-away China or Russia, and the contrast between those small foreigners and themselves would be so sharply defined and the description so vividly realistic, that they would leave the little school-house assuring each other that, even if it was "bloomin' cold" they'd rather go to school in the Canadian woods than anywhere else in the wide, wide world.

There was something attractively cosy about those long winter evenings at the Weston farm when, the ugly oil lamps extinguished, great logs and cedar boughs would blaze and crackle in the wide new fireplace, throwing into soft relief the rather garish purples and reds of the furnishings.

"We've always hated the winter nights," Biddy Weston told June, "but since you got the piano going and started those lovely games round the fire, why, it just seems as warm and nice as—as Heaven to me!"

But there was another factor that was making it seem like Heaven to little Biddy Weston. She told June "all about it" one night. "Oh Miss Somers, I just wanted you to know," she whispered, her face rosy and beaming with happiness, "He asked me to-night if I'd marry him, and—and he said did I love him at all? All of a heap I remembered what you'd said, Miss Somers, just to be natural, so I looked him square in the eye and said, 'You bet I do, Silas Moore!'"

Sometimes Jim Beaumont would drive over and take June a long swift cutter ride down the Government Road toward Bud-



Early Sunday evening, "at the end of her first week's work, she slipped away to a rocky point and sat down gratefully on a soft bed of pine-needles"

haven. "It's glorious!" the girl said one night, burying her chin deep in her soft fur collar.

"Isn't it fine!" he agreed quickly. "You know, Miss Somers," he went on, "I really owe you a debt of gratitude, for that little—er—lecture of yours jogged me out of a very sticky little rut. I was merely marking time, not giving the work here a fair chance at all. But lately I have seen the need for a great deal of energy and hard work. Now I'm wondering how in the world I'll ever get through by April!"

"Is—that when you leave?"

"Yes. I'll not take anything definite until next Fall. This has been good experience. I only wish I'd 'dug in' sooner. But I still feel that an older man could take charge, the people want the work done, but they don't particularly want me."

"Then if they don't," June said, in rather a fierce little whisper, "I'd make them!"

* * *

FEBRUARY brought more snow. Day after day it fell from heavy leaden skies and piled into high, almost insurmountable drifts over the country-side. By the end of the month and during March the raw dampness penetrated the school-room causing a curious depressing effect on all. Teaching was increasingly difficult. Over straight history or geography lessons the class interest would flag, sighs and yawns become audibly contagious through the heavy atmosphere. June would resort to story-telling, and in that she found the key to the romance-starved heart of every child. "Gosh, that's swell!" Bobby Reid told her one afternoon, after listening to the story of Sir Richard Grenville.

"I like the one about that King best," Molly McCoombe said, "the one that had all them six wives. Has our King only one, Miss Somers?" Molly was disappointed to hear that in this enlightened age this great opportunity was beyond the grasp of even the King of England.

And then when winter was over and Spring was communicating itself to June in intoxicating little whiffs, Jim Beaumont

came across to say good-bye. "I'm leaving tomorrow," he said abruptly.

"Oh!" June said.

"I'm going to write, and I'll see you again in Toronto?"

"Perhaps!"

"But I will. It's—it's unthinkable that I shouldn't."

"I'm sorry you're going," June said, "we'll all miss you."

Jim thought over those words as he tramped around the Bay. Was she really sorry? Was it merely a polite assertion? Or was there a deeper meaning underlying her words?

At that moment June was facing an accusing reflection in her small wriggly mirror, "I wonder," she addressed that reflection severely, "whether you would rather spend another year here with those kiddies of yours—and not see Jim Beaumont at all! Or whether you'd leave them all and go back to—Toronto!"

The mirror gave back no answer. June turned away. She propped up her window, grateful for the fresh, cool air on her hot cheeks. "The new teacher might be horrid," she thought, "or she might be nice and yet not love them like I do. Or she might be very nice, nicer than I, and they might love her more! No! I have a feeling 'way down in my heart Jim Beaumont, that I'd like to stay right here!"

About a month after Jim's departure Biddy Weston met June one afternoon at the gate. Biddy was obviously excited, "Oh Miss Somers," she gasped, "The Board—of our Church, you know—have written asking Mr. Beaumont to come back—to come back to stay! Oh, he's got to come, so we're signing a letter telling him how much we all want him. You've got to sign it too, Miss Somers. I kind of think he will come because—because I'm slipping in a little note to tell him if he comes back in the Fall, Silas an' I are willing to wait till then to be married, so he'll be here to do it!" It was evident that the girl thought this would prove an irresistible magnet which would draw the Rev. James Beaumont straight back into the Parish of Pinefield.

(Continued on page 54)



"See here," he said quickly to the children, "here's a quarter for each of you. Now, you both run to Pinefield and buy something—anything—I don't care what."

The Lure of Quebec

BY WILLIAM LUTTON



The centre of Quebec. The public square in front of the Basilica. This is the Cardinal's church, and hanging therein is the red hat of Cardinal Begin.

THE traveller took off his hat and remarked to his guide, "The centuries are looking down upon the Plains of Abraham."

"That is all very well" replied the guide, "but have you seen our new organ?"

The marriage of the practical with the ideal has been accomplished in Quebec in a very notable way. For many years it was the classics and scholastic culture, and a certain aloofness from the interests of the general public, because Virgilis never was interested in a place of wheat, but in time the economic pressure became so great that a rushing world, sometimes delirious, had to be taken account of.

There were capital, men of brains and an immense opportunity which has at least been measurably availed of, and to-day while we have austere seats of learning, and a delicate spirit which would fain shrink from unlovely contacts, there is at the same time the energetic operation of the Zeitgeist which means that the trolleys are in Quebec, that the big liners of the C. P. R. dock at the wharves, that swarthy men from all parts of the world can be seen in the summertime working for dear life among freight which has traversed every sea, huge fellows who have that tarry smell, which indicates the genuine sailor. Other things followed, the introduction of American capital, the harnessing of waterways, the new interest in education, technical and practical in their bent.

Perhaps the Quebec of romance did not like it very well, because all this in operation might wake the baby at night, but this is a remarkable thing, that not all at once, but surely if slowly, Quebec put the marriage ring upon the finger of Horace. That is why, if you come to think of it, that the C. P. R. is putting up a monument to Abraham Martin, the first Pilot in Canada on the historic plains named after him. It is the combination of the practical with the ideal in such natures as Martin's that bring about the great things of the world.

Quebec is having a new birth. The big industries of the world are being copied by Quebec, but at the same time the

mistress of romance does not abate one jot of her claim to be the great spiritual figure of the continent. She encourages the machine factory, but Cicero she holds

out to her classic of youth. She is thankful for the trolley car that would take her up break neck steps, which nevertheless, expresses something which the trolley car

cannot offer, namely, poetry. But whether drudgingly or willingly, Quebec is now in this remarkable position. In many regards she is the mistress of modern industry, but at the same time expresses the spiritual feeling which has kept Quebec loyal to its early faith, which early faith, according to M. Briand, has been salvation as proving the operation of a soul in the nation.

"Sown in the wrinkles of the monstrous hills the city looked like a grain of salt." One might not inaptly apply this to Quebec, encircled as it is by the Laurentian Mountains. This is particularly the case at night, when the city from riverside basement to hill-top garret quivers with innumerable points of flame. The little islets in the river offer in the summertime their votive illumination. The city, itself, poised upon the rock with an exquisite delicacy expresses all there is of beauty in varied form, and spiritual aspiration, while the cluster of churches, including the Chateau on the Terrace, show very significantly how the spiritual and material find it convenient to marry. In the latter great family circle one hears the throbbing of Strauss' Blue Danube, there is a whirl of flying figures, young enough, and beautiful enough to defy all the flocks of time. There is a world in and around the Chateau, which has to shed its first tear, this is the elysium of youth. This kind of joy leaves no headache, and Quebec, with its delicate spiritual traceries is the place above all others in which it can find expression.

COMING out of the Chateau Frontenac, the writer asked a veteran cabman if it was true, as alleged, that the genuine habitant was a figure of the past. He replied that it was in a great measure true. The industries of the great cities beckon the young, and they in turn influence the genuine habitant in the direction of modern knowledge and sophistication. Nevertheless, the habitant was alive, and shrewd, and happy in the Province of Quebec. He was ingenuous, naive and warm-hearted to a degree; he loved his simple fields with passion. To take an acre from him was like tearing out his heart strings; he noted the measur-



A typical old-world residential street in Quebec. These houses were built a great many years ago, and the character of their building is such that they may be expected to stand for many years more.

ed sweep of light across his simple fields, and sensed that there was divineness back of it all; he asked no questions of destiny; he said his prayers; he went to church; he confessed his sins and went to sleep in the happy consciousness of duty done.

In respect of the Church, or of his duty towards religion he has asked for no encyclopedic definition. He has not asked to label the Deity; he has not asked to classify Him; he has not compressed Him into a formula; but trusting in the authorities in the churches placed over him in a spiritual sense he goes his way, untroubled by the questions or philosophies of the schools.

Folk-lore still exerts its sway in the back parishes, and the many happy customs which enhance the poetry of life; and where could you find anything more beautiful or exalting than that of the children kneeling for the parental blessing, on New Year's Day? There are many parishes which have yet to be invaded by the newspaper, magazine or book; and here you have the ancient customs in all their pristine completeness. When the time comes for the habitant to divide his farm with his children, the wrench is a bitter one, though somewhat mitigated by the circumstance of his securing for his old age a little home in the village close to the church, in which he can say his prayers at any time of the day or night. The Cure is the friend of the family; in trouble he gives advice; in the matters of the settlement of the family his word is law. He marries the young couple; he knows the family history; he watches with solicitude the career of every member, nor is there a soul in the parish to whom he is indifferent. Having parted with his land he is relieved of all responsibility, and in the evening of life his simple wants are secured. Let no one, and especially from the Province of Ontario, think that the habitant is engaged in a plot to destroy his constitutional or other freedom; he never thought of such a thing. His feelings are too good, his nature too simple; his heart too content ever to become a conspirator.

If to be a gentleman means that one must obey the golden rule, then the habitant can be described by that adjective. He would get up to serve you in the middle of the night; his nature is warm and cordial. In his native attire with his pipe in his mouth, or in the happy sunshine with a song on his lips, he presents, in an age when everybody is sartorially identical, an exceedingly picturesque appearance. The great world has passed him by. He

asks no large thing from fortune; he was born on the soil, and the soil to him is sacred; he knows every blade of grass in his simple fields; he knows every quality in the soil that would produce the best results; he is close to the heart of nature; he has intimations from the unseen. We sometimes say of him that he takes his religion mechanically; but to those who know him well, he hints deeper things. At the same time there is nothing gloomy about the habitant's religion, as he told the writer the other day:—"God does not carry a whip behind his back to frighten you." On the contrary, God is a friend, and will never think of sending you to Hades for a game of Five Hundred. And listen to him singing in the happy sunshine—singing the chansons of Old France without a care in the world, unbitten by ambition; content with little; at peace with all men, even the Ontario cannibal, who devours the Frenchman for his dinner. This is a wholesome type in its fidelity; its simplicity; its sense of honor; its happy mixture of the humorous and the serious in life, and should be cherished.

* * *

YOU can transmit a finger-nail as well as a fundamental principle of life.

You can send forward a character through the bath-tub; you can produce moral conditions by the use of soap.

Those were splendid scamps, who from Paris came with the colonists of the young French Canadian settlement on the banks of the St. Lawrence; they were adventurers, high sparkling fellows, who preferred pricking an enemy to eating his supper; there were fellows who spent their substance on women in the manner of the King; they were large-hearted creatures who gambled away an estate in a night. There were members of the original colony, who, bringing their women with them, desired to mimic in the new land the amours which had engulfed them in the old, and no doubt there were sincere hearts, which, sick of the vanities of the world, had determined to forsake them and commence life in the new, under wholesome and virile auspices.

You may break all the commandments; but breeding tells; the profligate people had manners. They had grand-mothers; they had half moons on their finger-nails, to pare which delicately was an art. And these people have made transmissions which are operative in the life of the Province. The good people in the Province of Ontario have a notion that the Habit-



The recently erected statue of Bishop Laval that stands on Mountain Hill in Quebec city. Across the square is seen the palace of Cardinal Begin.

ant counts for all there is, in intellect or spirituality, forgetting or not knowing that the French colonists, in many of the members had the most delicate ancestry. Although it is the custom now to appoint Canadian members to the Sulpician Order, as death takes those who have

served it, there are still members whose aspect and accent and culture bespeak generations of beautiful breeding. You can see that here in Quebec in the Grande Allee, where there is an aristocracy of intellect, a refinement of feeling and attitude corresponding somewhat to the Faubourg St. Germain, though of course upon a miniature scale.

The Province of Quebec shows more than the blunt finger of the Habitant. Professors from the Sorbonne in Paris who have visited this country have vouched for a pure French accent, delicate French ideals, and an attitude exhalting a most captivating mentality. That class of person is scarcely conscious of difference; but the way he cuts his bread and spreads his butter tells you that racially he belongs to a class by itself. You will see him discussing politics on the Terrace—never loudly. He is keen, but not clamant. He observes the niceties of polite society out or in. His linen is always immaculate. He is never boastful, but something tells you that this man is different. You will frequently find him on the judicial bench—calm, placid, dignified, learned in the law, which he will administer with firmness; but also as far as he can do so, with human sympathy. You could multiply the type across the Te. race in the morning going to business; you can see the model which you would immediately swear was that of a notary—precise, delicate, a lover of lingual purity, dainty to his finger tips; with nails which it would be a horror to leave unmanicured. He is learned in the law, he knows human nature profoundly, for in making notarial settlements he has plumbed the depths of human feeling. The type is found of course in the legal profession; but the life of the bar is so strenuous that something of delicacy is rubbed off in the course of years. One has seen that restored in the course of time, and the fine gentleman emerge from the forensic bully.

We have, of course, the universal ballot in the Province of Quebec, and a democracy by which we swear; but there is something captivating amid the rushing forces of life, to find creatures who still maintain the high instincts of their race, and give to the community gracious aspects, redemptive in their character.



An interesting scene in Quebec's market place in the Lower Town by the river.

A Tillicum Romance

BY CHRISTINA FRAME

Illustrated by Maude MacLaren

It was a glorious Spring afternoon when Mrs. Ross and her niece, Alison Gordon, just out from the East, took possession of their Tillicum home. Great masses of velvety wall-flowers bloomed in the sunny angle by the veranda, crocuses lifted up cups of purple, gold, and white, snowdrops and primroses pressed against the ivy covered fence, and a great bed of budding violets gave promise of future delight.

"Just to think of all this bloom in March," cried Mrs. Ross.

"Later, I shall have a perfectly lovely garden. Just look at the rose-bushes! Of course everything has been running wild since the last tenants left, but a good gardener and the Vancouver Island climate will soon remedy that."

"Mrs. Oswald says, that you were fortunate in getting Sing, that he is an excellent gardener, and a good house-servant as well."

"Humph, so she told me, quite in the same class as her Wo and Major Colby's Wong. Sleek and brushed, with eyes in the backs of their heads, patting around in soft-soled slippers, and seeing and knowing far too much. I suppose that I shall get used to Oriental help in time, but for the present Sing may confine his energies to the garden and to your hen yards."

"Here he is now, wanting something," went on Mrs. Ross. "You talk to him, Alison, I can't make out half what he tries to tell me."

"Bossy-lady, no matchee," announced the Chinaman.

"That's plain enough," laughed Alison.

"Altogether too plain," grumbled her aunt, "there always has to be something forgotten, and I just must have a cup of tea right away. He can go to the next house and borrow a few matches."

"But that is where Major Colby lives," demurred Alison, "and you remember what Mrs. Oswald said about his objections to being neighbourly, and his quarrels and lawsuits with tenants who preceded us, and besides, he is disappointed in not getting your shore fields as extra pasture for his thorough-bred stock. He'll likely be 'pernicketty' if we begin borrowing the very first day."

"Well, he'll have to be," declared Mrs. Ross, "for I must have a cup of tea right away. It's a mile to the village and only a few yards to the Major's house. He surely won't be snippy about a little thing like that, though he has announced that he wants no dealings, whatever, with his neighbors."

"You, Sing, go Major Colby, get match-

es. Sing hurried off, and presently returned with the matches, which he presented with a voluble message that Alison interpreted to the effect, that they were welcome to the matches, but for the future the Major was adverse to borrowing and lending.

"He no wantee white ladies come here; white ladies too much talkee."

"He needn't worry, we'll not trouble him again," declared Mrs. Ross, a hostile light in her grey eyes. "Go right down to the village, Alison, and get a supply of matches. I'll return what the Major has sent, and there'll be no further borrowing from him. Never, under any circumstance."

Household effects, lumber for renovating chicken houses, (Alison was going into the chicken-raising business) and rolls of netting and fence wire were unloaded during the afternoon, with much hooting of horns and chugging of motor trucks.

"The same old thing" grumbled Major Colby, "noise and borrowing, and later on there will be chicken nuisances." He was keeping a careful watch upon the doings next door from his glassed-in veranda. "They have begun the noise and borrowing without delay and—Eh, what, I'm not going to have their Chinaman coming over here wasting Wong's time!"

The Major got up in haste to intercept Sing's way to the kitchen, and was surprised to find that it was himself, not Wong, that Sing desired speech with.

"Bossy-lady, she say all samee matchee. Thankee. No more."

"Eh, what?" The Major made no effort to take the proffered matches. He

had watched Alison's trim figure tripping village-ward, and had an uneasy consciousness that she had gone for these matches. "Right in the midst of unpacking, what a boor she will think me."

"All samee matchee," reiterated Sing, "You takee."

"Poof, poof," with the same gesture the Major lightly waved aside matches and Chinaman.

"All samee, all samee" persisted Sing, with an abiding memory of Mrs. Ross's face when she handed them to him. The new bossy-lady was one that meant to be obeyed.

The Major had a distinguished war record and he too was used to prompt obedience. His expression when he gave the

width of chicken wire and long tendrils of English ivy set to cover it.

"The Major's view into his neighbor's grounds will be entirely shut off by the time that he gets back from his summer cruise," declared Mrs. Oswald, "and what he can't see and has no knowledge of, ought to tend for peace."

All summer, Mrs. Ross, aided by Sing, gardened in a rose-elysium with no fear of winter's killing frosts to mar her happiness, and Alison, freed from a five years' grind of school teaching, set to work upon her poultry venture with enthusiastic will, tending the four hundred Plymouth rock chickens with the happy certainty of success in her new venture.



There was no doubt of the genuine sympathy and interest in Major Colby's voice as he edged around to get a better view of Alison's face.

second wave of dismissal, sent Sing scurrying home match box in hand.

"Take those matches right back and leave them," called Mrs. Ross from the top of a step ladder. "Go!"

Sing, between the figurative frying-pan and the fire, hurried out into the yard, hopped upon a packing-case, hurled the box of matches into Major Colby's garden, and went back to his work of repairing the hen yard.

The box of "Eddy's non-poisonous golden tips" came hurtling over a holly bush, escaped the Major's Roman nose by a hair's breadth, and landed in the bed of violets which their owner had been brushing over with loving fingers.

"Eh, what the deuce does that confounded Chinaman mean?" he began angrily, then stopped and laughed. "The gage of battle I presume," he chuckled as he pocketed the matches.

The bright Spring days were full of work and social activities for Mrs. Ross and Alison, and neither troubled herself about the Major's vagaries.

We Tillicumites whispered, "check-mate" when we saw the line fence between the two properties being topped by a

THE Major was away on a long cruise in his yacht and it was not until a morning, late in August, that Alison announced; "I see the Major's yacht anchored in the Cove, he's back again."

"I hope that he will appreciate the ivy screen," observed her aunt. "It answers two purposes, keeps his eyes out and our chickens in. Mrs. Oswald told me that it was chicken depredations that stirred up the lawsuit with the last tenant of this property, and a dog fight and a roving pig were causes of other legal troubles."

"I am inclined to think that if a dozen smart young pullets were to get busy in your garden, Aunt, there would be a decided rise in temperature."

"Probably there would," conceded Mrs. Ross, "but the Major doesn't keep hens, so that is not likely to happen, but I'm not so sure that he won't raise trouble over the morning crowings of your noisy, young roosters."

"I shouldn't wonder if he did" agreed Alison, "we'll not think of it for fear of telepathy. I propose that we go fishing, the tide is just right for sea trout. I'll get the rods and we'll go down to the Oswald's landing."

"Sorry, but I can't. I have to oversee Sing, he's moving the north trellis. Remember, Alison, there's no moon, and don't stay late."

"I'll remember," promised Alison, "and you'll be sure to have the fish you love for breakfast."

When accompanied by her aunt, Alison always followed the wood-land highroad that led to the beach and their fishing place on the Oswald's wharf. When alone she usually cut through a woods' path across the Colby property saving a good half mile. Time was precious this evening. The low sun was filtering through the branches of the immense Douglas firs, and glancing along the reach of tall straight trunks, that stood like the grey old columns in some vast cathedral. Beyond the wood the path led through an area of giant stumps. The trees had been sawed several feet above the ground, in the prodigal way of the West, and around the great stumps grew a wilderness of spirea, fireweed, and bracken.

Alison stooped to put a marking bough against a specially beautiful little clump of local maiden-hair fern, which she intended to pre-empt on her way home. As her hands swept wide the bracken, she came suddenly upon a little fawn-like calf, dead apparently, head stretched flat, eyes closed, relaxed inert body.

"O, the poor, pretty, little creature, it's one of Colby's thorough-breds. It has got through the pasture fence into this rough land, and has died here, too bad."

If Alison had known as much about calf nature as she did about hen idiosyncrasies, she would have gone on at once, and have left the calf undisturbed in its hiding place, but Fate took a hand, and advised her to touch the little creature with her fishing rod. The apparently dead calf raised such a furious, fear-stricken bleat that Alison jumped a foot into the air, and following hard upon the calf's call came a young Jersey cow, smashing and crashing through the underbrush, horns down, and murder in her red eyes.

Life is sweet, and Alison's brain worked quickly. A few feet away was an especially tall stump with notches cut in the side, and a log lying beneath. While the cow was making sure that her precious calf was unharmed, she flew to the stump, and clinging and scratching like a squirrel managed to swarm up the balsamy side to a safety spot on the top. With a bellow of rage the cow charged after her and the last lap of the climb was finished in record time.

She was mighty thankful at first for her "Stylites" refuge, but her thankfulness began to ooze as time slipped by and the cow still stood on guard. In vain she shooed and shouted, the calf slept and the mother watched.

"If that Rip van Winkle of a calf would waken, there would be a chance of her moving off with it, as it is she is strictly on to her job," grumbled Alison after a second furtive slipping down from the stump and a frantic scramble back again.

After a long interval of waiting the calf finished its nap and demanded its supper, and was then nosed off into the underbrush by the mother.

"I'll wait until I am reasonably sure that she has gone, and then I'll slip down on the opposite side and run—My goodness, what next?"

Along the path from the beach came Major Colby on his way home from fishing, basket slung over his shoulder and rod in hand. His loud, cheerful whistle unconsciously carrying a challenge to the militant cow.

Instantly there was a loud, whirring crash in the underbrush and the cow came charging directly for him.

"Hi, there, you—"

"Run, run for your life!" shrieked Alison, as she saw the Major turning to do battle with his fishing rod. "Here, this stump, quick!"

Fortunately for the Major, the calf set up a wail and the mother rushed to it, giving him time to make good his retreat.

"Discretion is the better part of valor in this case," he panted. "I didn't know that she had a young calf; she's a wild animal pro tem. Have you been here long, Miss Gordon?"

"An hour, but it has seemed far longer than that."

"We're likely to continue the vigil indefinitely," observed the Major as he picked bark splinters from his hands. "I'm greatly obliged to you for sanctuary, for this is

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The Convenient Kitchen

By Collier Stevenson

JUNE brides and model kitchens! They really do go hand-in-hand—for, of course, each little June bride wants her new kitchen to be perfect in plan, arrangement and equipment. And in this she is wise, as the general comfort of any household is to a great extent dependent upon a well-ordered kitchen. Into the achievement of a thoroughly convenient kitchen, therefore, an infinite amount of time, thought and effort may be put, with the assurance of ultimate pleasure and profit in generous measure.

The kitchen has very appropriately been called the *workshop of the home*. In order to deserve that designation, however, a kitchen must be so carefully planned and conveniently appointed that real efficiency in the handling of every household duty is directly promoted. Convenience, then, is the chief and logical goal to set, whether in acquiring a new kitchen or in redeeming one of an earlier period.

It is surely apparent that, for real convenience, the various essential features which enter into the equipment of a kitchen should be fairly close together—and this rather points to the value of a comparatively small room. Indeed, every square foot of area not absolutely necessary for comfortable working conditions, and for the co-operation of two or three people upon special occasions, is not only an economic waste, but a nuisance. Additional labor is involved in caring for the useless floor-space, to say nothing of the wear and tear of countless extra steps day after day.

Nevertheless, before actually deciding in favor of a small kitchen, it is always desirable to take into consideration the fuel that is to be used for cooking and heating. A coal-fire, for instance, gives out an intense and continuous heat: therefore, it is apt to make a very small kitchen uncomfortably hot. That is true also of a wood-fire, although the heat is not continuous. Natural gas, artificial gas, electricity and coal-oil are, however, all suitable fuels for cooking in a kitchen of compact size in which arrangements have been made for heating the room by either hot air, vapour or hot water.



In this kitchen, especial attention has been devoted to a built-in equipment that leaves little to be desired. The sink, which is fitted with two drain-boards, is placed beneath a cupboard, glass-doored and plentifully supplied with shelves. This cupboard also has a sliding door that opens up to a similar cupboard in the adjoining pantry; and this saves the carrying of dishes to and fro. The other cupboard installed in the kitchen is also glass-doored; and its shelves are ranged with glass stoppered bottles having their contents plainly labeled. This is a sanitary and time-saving method of handling supplies which might well be adopted in every home. The table used in this kitchen is chiefly interesting because its composition top has a high-ridged edge to prevent the falling to the floor of dishes or supplies.

With the marvellous increase in electrical development and in the transmission of power to hitherto remote sections, there is a growing demand for electric cooking

appliances. Both the all-electric and the all-gas installations have much in their favor for the kitchen of small dimensions: for, in addition to their convenience for

cooking and baking, they spell greater ease in handling much of the other routine work incidental to a kitchen. Whether or not they are more economical than coal or wood in maintenance is, of course, a debatable point: but, on the surface at least, they would appear to incline towards greater economy, because their power may be shut off when not actually required.

In placing a range, it is very important to provide for proper lighting both by day and night. If possible, there should be a light either directly above or at one side of the range for the hours after nightfall and a window to the left for daytime use. Where practicable, a double lighting equipment would, of course, be still better: that is, a window and an artificial light upon each side of the range. The flanking windows would, naturally, be as useful for ventilating as for lighting—and ventilation is one of the very vital points to consider, as it affects not only the kitchen, but the entire house.

Good ventilation can be attained by several methods. An ordinary metal ventilator, placed near the ceiling in the wall behind the range, is one of the simplest of devices. Much more expensive—and proportionately more effective—is a sheet-metal hood over the range. Under ideal conditions, the hood is continued over the sink, that excessive steam may also be drawn out of the kitchen. Still another device is a plastered hood, equipped with one or two ventilating flues. The larger these ventilating flues can be made, the better: in order that they may cope with unusual conditions, as well as with normal—that, in short, they may be depended upon to draw off the very last trace of odor when something on the range boils over or burns. When gas is being used as the cooking-fuel, one large flue is ample for both the vent pipe of the range and of the flue: but, for either a coal or a wood range, it is necessary to have entirely separate flues, as any ventilation into a smoke-flue inevitably acts as a damper.

But to provide ventilation for the range is not sufficient: the entire kitchen requires facilities for a complete change of air periodically, as well as for a cross or

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In this white-painted kitchen, the range and the hot-water boiler are provided with a hooded niche built of flat-faced cement-blocks - a material that is also used both as a hearth and as a flooring beneath the sink. Ventilators placed high within the nich serve to draw off all the steam and odors emanating from the range, and thereby improve the general atmosphere of the kitchen. The placement of the sink is commendable, both in relation to the range and to the group of high casement windows which insure abundant light at all hours of the day. For evening service, the combination electric-and-gas fixture is also admirably placed, as the range and the sink can be equally well-lighted. Conveniently near the range, a commodious closet is arranged for the storage of pots and pans.

The Idol of Youth

(Continued from page 6)

forehand and in detail; I wasn't, however, made of sugar or salt; and provided Gauthier didn't "confound me with his knavish tricks," I hoped to "stick" any tests to which he could put me.

We were invited into what the partners called their "bureau" a long, bare room, in a matchboard building, where I boldly suggested that our business might bore Miss Kapieha. Wouldn't she prefer to stop outside, and watch other instructors teach the Young Idea, not to shoot, but to fly? The girl hesitated, reading my secret anxiety. Le Beau Sabreur, however, was not going to have his fun spoiled. "Mademoiselle will not be bored. On the contrary she will be amused," he intervened. "She has been through this herself—had been through it before I met her first, as fine a pilot at fifteen years of age, as were many men when they began to fight the Bosches. We all like to see others do what we have done ourselves. And if Mademoiselle leaves us, it will be because she thinks le Capitaine Malet's feelings are sensitive."

"She needn't be afraid of that," said I. Patchinka entered the bureau; but there Borisoff was promptly summoned by telephone to the far end of the flying ground where a pupil had just "pancaked." I was left to the tender mercies of Gauthier. But never was an instructor more polite than he! Beginning, he explained kindly that there were tests which every man must undergo, before he "took the air." Of course, things were different now from in war time. I had been a soldier, and no doubt my lungs, heart and eyesight were satisfactory. His word, but examination had been severe for the military air service! Nowadays, however, these tried amateurs, these spoiled darlings who played at flying when danger was past—their blood, if any, was on their own heads! Yet even so, a few technicalities must be observed in a self-respecting school.

With this preface, Gauthier asked me for my handkerchief. I gave it—a large linen one, having my name neatly marked on it with indelible ink by Aunt Sarah.

"Shall I tie it round his eyes?" ventured Patchinka.

"Thanks, no, Mademoiselle," replied Gauthier. "I have more strength than you." He knotted the folded handkerchief round my head with a vicious pull that flattened my eyelids. Petro growled at the liberty. Never till that moment had I thoroughly appreciated the dog!

My eyes squeezed into darkness, I was handed a cube of wood on which a tuning fork was supported by a small disc. The trick was, on Gauthier's sharp order, to lift and lower this cube three times in succession without upsetting the equilibrium of the fork. Luckily for me, I and some pals of mine in Russia had invented various games for trying the steadiness of our hands, and had bet as much as we could afford on our own success. Patchinka clapped hands in applause at the end of that experiment; but I was far from being out of the woods yet.

"That is a flea bite!" remarked Gauthier—or its French equivalent. He then took me by the arm, not too gently, and led me somewhere. We went up and down, and round about. Wind blew on me; noise increased; I knew that I had been guided out of the "bureau" into open air. Gauthier ran me up a flight of steps, and stopped. "You are now about to place your foot on an inclined plank," he announced. "How high above the ground it is, you need not know, nor what is at the other end. But this much I will tell you, the plank is not broad. The rest—as say les Americans, is 'up to you.' Allez, Monsieur! En Avant!"

I allezed. I avanted. If I was afraid, I must say in self defence it wasn't of danger, but I thought I heard men laughing. I knew I was a figure of fun, and I didn't want Patchinka to be ashamed of me. I forged steadily ahead, or as steadily as was possible on a plank which sloped downwards to sliding point, and felt under foot like a piece of stretched elastic.

"To step aside is human!" I quoted Burns beneath my breath; but what I wished to be, was superhuman. Just how many inches grace I had between me and space I didn't know and didn't dare speculate, lest I should sprawl headlong.

But counting 'one, two, three' I plodded on, one foot before the other, as Red Indians walk, until at last I just saved myself from a stumble. My leading toe had struck some obstacle.

Luckily I pulled up just in time—and fancied I heard a gasp from Patchinka. Lifting my foot cautiously, I stepped onto another plank, which was supported on the first. This one sloped up instead of down; and at the top came another flight of stairs descending earthward. Gauthier made no move to help me, but unaided I reached ground, proving its solidity with a triumphant stamp of the foot.

"You'll need a drink of good wine after that!" cried Gauthier's voice. A tumbler was thrust into my hand; and hardly had I grasped it when a pistol-shot rang out close to my startled ear.

How I avoided jumping like a frog, and deluging my coat with the contents of that tumbler, I scarcely know. But instinct had told me that le Beau Sabreur wasn't inviting me to drink for my soul's or body's health. Perhaps I'd read of, and only half forgotten, tests like these, tried on the "quirks," as flying cadets used to be called in war time days. Anyhow, praise be to my patron saint (Christopher, of course; he who could without stumbling cross a river!) my hand didn't jerk. "Bravo!" cried Patchinka. And with her praise in my ears, for me Gauthier's name was Mud.

He hadn't finished with me yet, however, though he whisked the bandage off my eyes. With a laugh, he let me see that, if I'd lost my balance on the sloped plank, even at the highest point I should have fallen no more than six or seven feet. Others watched the show, besides Patchinka, for we were out of doors, behind the bureau, and several pupils of the school hung about hoping, boy-like, that I might come to grief. I was led inside once more, and planted in a chair at the end of the room, my back against the wall.

Seated thus, I had no time to get my bearings before Gauthier let down from the ceiling a number of objects which looked like cannon balls attached by rings to lengths of rope. Darting from one to the other he set them all furiously swinging. It looked as if the middle ball must hit me plump on the forehead unless I dodged; and if I dodged one of the others was bound to get me.

Physically, I never wanted more to do anything in a hurry than slide off my chair onto the floor. Morally, I never so much wished to do anything as sit still with a grin of indifference. Remembering the Arabian Nights and the Tempter Voices helped me a bit, and the thought of Patchinka helped far more. I may have blinked, and my grin may have twitched, but it stuck to my face, and so did I to the chair. The swinging cannon balls (which of course weren't cannon balls) came just short of reaching me, as they were carefully measured to do; and as they slowed down like bloated pendulums, Patchinka peeped from behind a screen at the far end of the big room.

"I knew you would never flinch!" she exclaimed. "But Petro has been worried. I had to hold him behind the screen, to keep him from springing to your rescue—or else jumping upon Monsieur Gauthier. You see, Monsieur Gauthier, what sort of pupil you have."

"I am so far satisfied," replied my instructor. But with him being satisfied was an emotion distinct from being pleased.

I was now ready for my first flight; or rather, le Beau Sabreur was ready to give it me. If I could have chosen, I should have waited till my nerves had ceased to vibrate their echo of the "tests." But it wasn't my metier to plead for time, and I refused the cigarette which Gauthier offered, as one offers a soother to a man on his way to execution.

The next act on the programme was to put me into a coat of well worn leather, smelling of oil; a pair of sheepskin garments resembling thigh boots; a leather helmet; goggles, and mittens, and when I was thus adorned, Gauthier invited me in English to "come along."

"Wait till I've wished you good luck!" cried Patchinka, slipping into my hand her tiny one. "You've had severe tests,"

she whispered. "Things they used to do in war time. You mayn't love flying just at first. You have too much imagination. But don't be discouraged. By and by you'll be like me about it. I wish I were going to take you up instead of le Sabreur. Of course, though, I can't ask him to let me do that!"

"Of course not," I said. "But I'll try not to disgrace myself. And some day I'll hope to do you credit."

"You have done me credit. I'm proud of you," the little thing heartened me, like a small mother encouraging an overgrown child. "Wait just one second! Before you go up with Gauthier, who will tease you all he can, would you like to hear the secret name I gave you that night in Bournemouth when you fished us out of the sea, and took us dripping wet to Mr. Horden's hotel?"

"Wouldn't I—rather?"

"Well! You remember I told Mr. Horden I'd have no brother except Sacha. But I had my own name for you. Now you shall take it with you into the air, to think of if Gauthier tries to 'rattle' you—silly Gauthier, who doesn't know you, or he'd not waste his time! I named you for my favourite hero of history when I was a school girl. Don't laugh! You are for me Duguesclin, the man who never lost his head; the 'landless knight.' Live up to that."

"Thanks! I'll do my—damnedest!" I said, squeezing the little hand. (Gauthier would have kissed it!) "But—is a landless knight a Knight of the Air?"

"He will be—he must be!" Patchinka breathed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

What Became of the Cold Potato!

A battered biplane had been run out from its canvas lair for Gauthier's use, the machine in which he'd alighted (it seemed a week ago!) having disappeared skyward with another instructor. Gauthier explained that this was an old Fokker, taken in the war and bought cheap. Then he began to spout technical talk about the engine. There, however, I was more or less at home, thanks to experience with motor cars and tanks; and in a reckless moment I ventured to flaunt my knowledge. Gauthier seized on this imprudence as a cat grabs a mouse stealing out from its mice safe hole.

"Ah, my Captain, why did you at first conceal the fact that you are a trained mechanic?" You led me into a foolish mistake, and would have caused us both to waste time! Stupidly I'd have taken you up for your first flight—if it is your first?—as a mere passenger. You, who are in such haste to manage a 'plane of your own. 'Intensive training' was your expression to Borisoff, I think? Good! We will be intensive. With what you already know of engines of various types, a short lesson on terra firma with this machine, and I can put you through a few easy paces in the air. That is what you would like, is it not?—and Mademoiselle would wish it also?"

"Yes," I said, trying to look delighted, and succeeding as well as a seasick man with whom it's *noblesse oblige* to smoke a black cigar.

I wondered why I'd ever thought I should like flying. I had never had these qualms on board a tank, even under heavy fire. I loved my tank, I had the sort of affection for it I should have entertained for a tame elephant. Tanks were bigger than aeroplanes, I now reminded myself, uglier customers altogether, and quite as complicated. Why worry over tackling this exaggerated bird?

Still, there it was! I must, I feared, be earthy of the earth. So far, nothing on the ground floor of this world had ever upset me much. It was leaving my own level for the aerial top story of an invisible sky-scraper which made me feel as if I'd swallowed a large, cold, boiled potato.

I couldn't call up a flash of that enthusiasm which I'd waved before Aunt Sarah one historic Sunday at Bournemouth. "Jump in glory" indeed. If there were no Lady from the Air in my life, I should now have wished myself back in Bournemouth, immersed with tea and toast in the Homeland Hotel, instead of learning how to fly with Gauthier of Nice.

But there was a Lady, and if I didn't love her Air, she would never love me.

This thought warmed the cold potato. And I asked myself what Duguesclin would do in my circumstances?

He was a big fellow, like me, not fitted for the Air, any more than I was; yet he would doubtless have soared for the first time with the courage of a lion leaping a chasm.

Patchinka drew near to watch the lesson, and Gauthier, (who'd magnified my knowledge of mechanics in order to justify his own rashness) now that the girl was within earshot, belittled my experience.

"After all, my Captain, an aeroplane is nobler than an automobile or a tank," he informed me. "Don't start by thinking you know too much. Don't be impatient. Off with your coat and mittens again for this business! I may make you sweat a little for your own good, before we've done."

He did, and more than a little. "Intensive" was indeed the word for his method. I wished heartily I'd never used or heard it. Gauthier hurried over his verbal instructions as a worldly monk hurries the telling of his beads, and kept me on the jump. But—Duguesclin, I remembered, as a stripling, "never had to be told the same thing twice. His memory, like his strength, was prodigious. In arts of war he soon excelled his teachers."

I'd promised Patchinka to live up to him (a pity she hadn't chosen a less conspicuous hero) and doubtless a Joystick was as simple to learn the use of, as a battle-axe—if only you could think so.

But—did I think so? There seemed to be a lot of things to do with a Joystick whenever with a battle axe you merely clove your enemy's head if you could; and that was that. Besides, you weren't called on to do much else at the same time. With this Joystick business, how different.

The THING (I saw it in capitals) controlled the angle of flight, whether up or down. That was something to remember as well as do. And then there was another THING called the Rudder bar, with which your feet had to be on terms of intimacy, in order to move the plane from right to left in the air.

Aye, there was the rub: in Air! I hadn't minded doing a number of things all at once, in tank in Russia; and in France going over the top had held a certain wild spice; but present sensations suggested that I was not cut out for a bird man.

It was well enough to fuss with the throttle, which controlled engine speed, and the revolution-counter which told what the speed was when controlled. The incline meter which should help me keep a level keel—wings neither tipping up nor dipping down—might in the abstract have fascination. But the thought that I must presently juggle with this bag of tricks in air, not on earth, spoiled the charm. I heartily disliked the oil-pressure gauge; and the compass which (if I didn't forget to look) might save me from bashing my nose against the wrong mountain, was a sinister reminder of responsibilities to come.

"Isn't he quick about picking up what you tell him?" Patchinka prompted Gauthier to a compliment, but he failed to respond.

"We shall now see how well he remembers what he has so quickly picked up," smiled my instructor. "I think there's nothing more to detain us, my Captain. Will you bid Mademoiselle goodbye—or let us hope it may be only *au revoir*!"

With that, he climbed lithely into the cockpit of the aeroplane, and busied himself in getting out a couple of telephone receivers. "Hop in!" he directed in English, casually as a motorist might give some roadside pedestrian a lift. And I was conscious of awkwardness as I clambered into the fuselage, by means of metal-shod niches on the body of the machine.

"Here's your speaking tube," said Gauthier. "You'll need it for instructions, as when we start my voice will be lost in the noise. It will be a big noise, I warn you! Bigger than the noise of fifty tanks. And it will be in your ears. Do not lose your head."

Rage lit a flame of courage, though whether the AIR would blow it out before that potato boiled in my breast, who could tell?

I was strapped in place with a safety belt, the need for which was not a peace-

(Continued on page 58)



When he suddenly takes to soap-and-water—

Your boy!

For all too short a while he will be in your home.

There comes a time in every boy's life when his dislike for washing suddenly disappears, and for mysterious reasons he begins to scrub.

While he is still with you, encourage this cleanliness. "So great is the effect of cleanliness upon man that it extends even to his moral character."

Give him plenty of Ivory Soap for his face and hands. He can wash a dozen times a day with Ivory and his skin will still be soft and smooth.

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In all these seven different ways, Ivory is a manly, friendly, fine soap for boys.

Whenever soap comes into contact with the skin—use Ivory.

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The Journal Juniors' Page

BY BERTHA E. GREEN

WILLOWGATE

THE waters of Sandy Bay were shallow, and it took but the lightest puff of breeze to send the ripples scurrying. The bright sun of the clear June morning made everything about the bay so pleasant that all the little outdoor people were abroad early. The shore was of clean yellow sand, and but a few yards out from the water's edge grew a fringe of green rushes always swaying to the wind or the wavelets.

These rushes made a playground for a large, bright-winged dragon-fly who had just one name—Flash. It was easy to see why he had that name, for he darted here and there so swiftly that eyes could not have followed him if it had not been for the glinting of sunlight on his smooth body and shiny wings. Every now and then he would come to rest on one of the swaying reeds; his four broad wings outspread, his long, tapering body teetering on his thin legs.

The color of Flash the dragon-fly's body was a deep chocolate-brown, and the transparent wings were barred and spotted with the same quiet, rich hue. From his perch on the reed Flash could see all that was going on at or near the shore. He was most wide-a-woke, and his eyes, besides being keen, were large and beautiful, with tiny flecks of yellow like those in a piece of polished goldstone.

This morning, however, Flash was not altogether satisfied with Sandy Bay.

"I've seen all there is around here," said the dragon-fly to himself. "I know everyone, from Crusty, the snapping-turtle, to the thousand and one brown and black Queen of Spain butterflies. I'm going to see if I can't find something new."

A break in the line of reeds showed the spot where the sand-beach was broken also by the waters of a small stream, that here found an outlet in the little bay.

"I know what I'll do," said the dragon-fly aloud, "I'll follow the stream; it will be a change anyway."

He took his time, darting from bank to bank and back again, resting often, but watching always for something, or someone strange to him. The little stream wound across the meadows, and before Flash had gone far he could see ahead of him two rows of willows, a row on either bank, close to the water's edge, and with branches overhanging the stream.

He had almost reached the first of the willows when a sharp voice bade him halt, and the dragon-fly saw Flamewing, the red-winged blackbird, perched on a nearby shrub.

"You can't come any nearer, Master Flash. No one may pass Willowgate without my permission."

The dragon-fly knew Flamewing very well, and was more than a little bit surprised at the sharp way he had spoken. He flew to a perch close to the bird and asked: "Do you own this place?"

"Well, not exactly," replied Flamewing, "but I gave myself the job of gate-keeper. This is Willowgate, you know."

The bird pointed an outstretched wing toward the row of willows that lined each side of the stream.

"There isn't a real gate, of course," continued Flamewing, "but the stream that runs between the willows is the water-road to the home of Bluffer, the builder."

"O, I know him," laughed Flash, the dragon-fly "he isn't such an important fellow; he is just Bluffer the muskrat."

"I suppose you think you know all about Master Bluffer," answered Flamewing in a very huffy tone.

"I don't know all about anything, but I am anxious to learn," said Flash.

"I understand," chuckled the blackbird, "your head is empty and you want me to find something to put in it."

The dragon-fly did not reply to this bit of sauciness, but said: "Then you are going to let me pass through Willowgate."

"I'm going to do more than that," said Flamewing, "I'm going with you."

It was a race through Willowgate, a flying dash above the smooth water, with the fresh, light green of the willows on either side. The dragon-fly was past the trees before the blackbird had got fairly started. When the feathered chap joined him, the dragon-fly said:

"I can see Bluffer's hay-stack away ahead."

The blackbird did not reply, but flew further up stream, which broadened as it ran slowly between low banks, with the rich rank growth of beaver grass, with, here and there marshy patches aglow with golden buttercups.

It was not long until Flamewing and Flash arrived at what the dragon-fly had called "Bluffer's hay-stack." It looked like a carelessly-heaped pile of reeds, sticks, and grasses rising above the surface of the water, not quite in the cen-

"When the ice came all around his house, Bluffer was no prisoner," said Flamewing. "He had provided a tunnel-doorway for himself, which led down under water, and through which he might go at any time to feed upon the lily roots at the bottom."

"It's a fine, safe place," said the dragon-fly, "but pretty stuffy with only an underwater doorway."

"Bluffer is not so foolish as to have a house like that," said Flamewing. "There is a fine air-hole, somewhere in this roof, that leads down through the ceiling of his living-room."

"Where's Bluffer now?" inquired the dragon-fly.

Instead of replying, the blackbird led the way further up stream where the banks were higher and drier. There was no sign of the muskrat, nor, indeed, could the dragon-fly see any place where Bluffer could hide.



There was a slight splash near the bank, and the whiskered face of Bluffer appeared above the surface

tre of the stream, to a height of between two and three feet.

The dragon-fly immediately perched on the top of the hummock, and began calling out at the top of his voice:

"Come out, Master Bluffer! Come out of your house! Don't you know you have visitors to-day?"

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" laughed the red-winged blackbird, "You're wasting your breath, Flash. Bluffer the muskrat doesn't live here except in the wintertime. He built this place last Autumn, and if you could see inside, you would find that, just above highwater-mark, there is a cosy, little room lined warmly with grass and leaves. Underneath the grass and sticks you see here on the roof, is a weather-tight wall of clay."

"But how did Bluffer get in his house, and how did he ever get out?" questioned the dragon-fly.

"This is the place," said Flamewing, alighting on the bank where it sloped steeply back from the water. After searching for a while, the bird found a hole in the ground, which was almost concealed from view by the long grass around it. "This is Bluffer's dry-door," explained the bird; "the tunnel slopes back and down, joining another hallway that leads back under the bank to the living-room of Bluffer's summer-house. I know there is an air-hole to this living-room, too, but I won't bother hunting for it."

He didn't need to hunt, for he stepped right in the air-chimney.

"Get off my roof!" rumbled the voice of Bluffer the muskrat from underground.

"So you're awake at last," called the blackbird down the air-chimney.

"Who is it?" asked the muskrat gruffly.

"Come out and see for yourself," said the saucy Flamewing.

Flash the dragon-fly watched the tunnel-doorway, but the muskrat did not appear. There was a slight splash near the bank, and the whiskered face of Bluffer appeared above the surface.

"Humph!" grunted the muskrat. "It's only a red-winged blackbird and a dragon-fly."

"How did he get out?" asked Flash in a low voice.

"He has an under-water doorway to his summerhouse, as well as to his winter-house," answered Flamewing.

Bluffer the muskrat was cross and sulky. He would not talk, but began making a meal of sweet flag roots.

It was very hot in the sunshine, and, presently, the muskrat went back into his summer-house.

Flash and Flamewing made a slow journey back through Willowgate, for the red-winged blackbird stopped at every tree to gossip with bird, bee and butterfly. When the end of the line of willows was reached, Flamewing perched upon the little shrub where the dragon-fly had seen him first. Then as Flash darted onward to his playground amongst the waving reeds, he said to himself:

"Poor Bluffer! He has to wear a fur coat all summer long. I'd rather be a dragon-fly than be a muskrat, even if he has two houses."

JUNE FRIENDS.

A tree is the most beautiful of living things. The harebell or the wood violet may be more dainty and more delicately garbed. The scarlet lily or the purple iris may be more gay, but of them all none holds the charm of a single floss-budded twig of pussy-willow, or a branch-tip hanging green with the first, tiny leaves of the birch.

All trees are beautiful in spring, because it is then that the change from the stark bareness of winter to budding life again is one of Nature's most welcome transformations. Their beauty is more noticed in spring, but it is in June that they reach the greatness of their splendor, and the charm of the forest is at its height.

Among my friends are numbered more than a few trees. There is a tall Lombardy poplar that towers at the end of a row of like trees that shelter a house built high on a wind-swept hill. In June it is a tall cone of fresh, living green, with its leaves always whispering a welcome to me and to the brown tree-creepers who may almost always be found around it.

There is a great oak that stands at the wood's edge, almost as if it were walking out from amongst the smaller trees. It is a generous friend, for, besides the pleasure it gives to me in shade or the mere sight of its grandly spreading branches, here among its leaves the orioles swing their cradle-nests.

On a rocky point looking out over a northern lake, a crooked, stunted pine stands alone. You might not call it beautiful, but to me it is beautifully brave for its sturdiness in facing the storm winds. In June, too, the birds come to the little tree and make a song perch of a bend in its crooked trunk.

Within my garden there grows a little tree, strong and sturdy, (I'm sure that I may call it a tree) and in the month of June it blossoms. Each flower is a deep red rose, petals unfolding and unfolding, but always there is still a heart as if the rose had always more of sweetness to disclose.

Each tree is beautiful, but there is no time like June to learn to know them well and number them among your friends.

ON SWORDS

AND, in the olden days, the sword unfailing opened the door to fame, and clove through battle and through tournament the way to honor and renown.

There is the legend of the "good sword Excalibur," of how King Arthur took it from a magic hand that rose above the surface of a lake. A mighty sword was this Excalibur, whose fame has lasted to this very day, and scarcely a tale is told of Arthur without one hearing of the "wonder-blade."

(Continued on page 54)



KLENZO

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Have White Teeth and a Clean Mouth!

YOUR teeth are white *naturally*. The enamel *ought* always to look white and sparkling—never dark and discolored.

You can *restore* this clean whiteness now. How? By beginning at once to use the *white dental creme*—Klenzo.

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This refreshed feeling is evidence that Klenzo

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You may purchase linoleum by the yard or in rug form at convenient prices—moderate, of course. For permanent floors choose Linoleum by the yard; for permanence with convenience in moving from room to room, the linoleum rug. But insist on our genuine DOMINION Linoleum and DOMINION Linoleum Rugs; they are Canadian made and will give you years of splendid service.

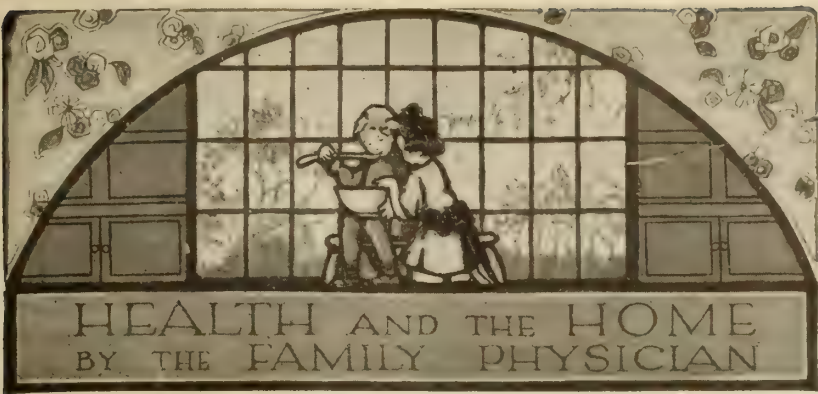
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Questions about Health, Sanitary Subjects and the prevention of disease will be answered in this column from time to time, subject to reasonable limitations.

If requested, replies will be sent direct to the correspondent if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed, but no diagnosis or prescription can be given. This coupon should be enclosed with inquiry.

HEALTH BY WIRELESS.

RADIO Health Talks may be "all the fashion" by the time you see this in print.

A "Wireless Outfit" is as much prized for the Boy's Birthday Present today as a Bicycle or a six-bladed knife or a hatchet used to be when you were a boy. But if you want the boy to keep his health, don't let him sit up till 2.00 a.m. It is not worth it. You must help him to keep his good health. They say that it is not quiet enough to "Listen In" before about 11.00 p.m. or 12.00 midnight. But the Radio Health Talks I am going to tell you about began at 7.40 p.m. and they only lasted five minutes. The boy could "Listen In" and go to bed in good time. The "Radio Talks" are given by courtesy of the American General Electric Company and are "broadcast" twice each week from Radio Station W. G. Y. which is the name of the Schenectady Station.

The first one took place on March 24, 1921.

WHO WAS FIRST?

Very likely British Stations in England or India may have been sending out Radio Health Talks. But the English Brother does not boast and seldom describes his doings. At any rate, we have not heard of any Government Health Organization in Britain or Canada which has sent out Radio Health Talks yet.

No. I am not going to send out Radio Health Talks, as at present advised. I like this way of talking to you better. What is written or printed remains, and you can read it again. Do you keep a file of your Canadian Home Journal? It is worth it.

THE DENVER LECTURE.

But about the Radio Health Talks. The first one, so far as I know, was sent out from Denver. In that city the American Society for the Control of Cancer opened its Campaign in November 1921, by a lecture which was heard on the Pacific Coast.

In December 1921 the United States Public Health Service began to "broadcast" Health Talks from the Naval Radio Station at Washington. And on Friday evening March 24, 1922, at 7.40 p.m. the New York State Department of Health began to "broadcast" Health Talks from the Radio Station at Schenectady, N. Y.

ON WHAT SUBJECT.

On what subject would I send out a Radio Health Talk if I had the chance? That would depend partly upon the weather. In midsummer, 1921, the Family Physician wished that he had sent some health hints for hot weather to be printed in July, instead of the "Poison Ivy" article. But no one knew then how high the thermometer was going in July 1921.

The best that could be done then was to write out the hints when under the influence of the hot weather and put them away ready for 1922.

So here they are;—

"HEALTH HINTS FOR HOT WEATHER."

"Would I take a street car for a ride of a block and a half?" Of course I would—when the thermometer is 92° in the shade.

"Would I do it for 90°?" I think I would, that is if the humidity is as great as it was in the early part of July 1921 in this office.

YOUR FEELINGS.

"How do I keep well in hot weather?" Well, I'll tell you.

Avoid that "Feeling of Irritation" when it is hot. If you have a grievance then forget it till the hot weather is over—and you will find that you have forgiven it when the weather gets cool again. Don't get cross. Keep good-natured. It is easy to be displeased, but it is a great mistake. It makes you much hotter. When you are hot or hungry, it is easy to lose your temper. Don't you do it!

And don't feel too sorry for yourself. You are lucky. Canada is well-watered. Take a bath. Drink plenty of water. How would you like to live in India? Do you remember what Kipling says about the heat there?

How would you like to live in Washington? Did you see that in the summer of 1921 Congressman A. made a bet with Congressman B. that he would fry an egg on the steps of the Capitol and Congressman A. won the bet!

"It never gets so hot in England!" Doesn't it?—Do you know what the official English Heat Record is at Greenwich Observatory? Just 100° in the shade—under date of August 1911. So smile—and keep smiling.

GO SLOW.

Go slow. When you walk—count slowly—"L-e-f-t," "R-i-g-h-t." This is no time to make a record with your mind or body. Take your Time. Don't get "het up."

YOUR MEALS.

No—I am not advising you to stop eating. Get your necessary amount of good nourishing food. It is wonderful how much stronger and more cheerful you feel after a good nourishing meal.

Yes—You can take a light lunch at noon and your heavier meal when it gets cooler in the evening.

"What is the best lunch?" Milk of course, one pint of milk. Sip it in spoonfuls. I mean it. Spoonfuls. Milk is not a liquid food. It is a solid food. It is quite solid soon after you have swallowed it. If you want it to digest properly, sip it in spoonfuls, and then your Department of the Interior will not feel as if you had swallowed lead. I do not mean that you must actually use a spoon, but sip it slowly, taking not more than a teaspoonful at a sip and then the milk gets a chance to mix with the saliva and digestion goes on successfully. "What else?" Six soda biscuits if you like them. If they are fresh and crisp, they are quite the thing.

An old friend of mine who lived on a lovely farm near Niagara-on-the-Lake thirty years ago, used to make a delicious dessert when it was 100° in the shade, by counting out ten big china saucers in a row, one for each of the family and putting a fresh, new, crisp soda biscuit on each plate. Then she took the strawberry jam jar in one hand and a tablespoon in the other and dropped a tablespoonful of strawberry jam on the centre of each soda biscuit. Then she took the cream jug

(Continued on page 49)



Dull Headaches Bilious Attacks Sleeplessness

Why they occur and how to prevent them.

HHEADACHES, biliousness, inability to secure sound and refreshing sleep—these are but a few of the ways in which Nature tries to warn you that constipation may be menacing health—even threatening life itself.

A distinguished physician has stated that thousands, perhaps millions, of men and women have brought on themselves untold miseries by failing to eliminate promptly poisonous food waste; that they have shortened their lives and greatly impaired their efficiency and usefulness.

How May Constipation Be Overcome?

How may its recurrence be prevented? Not by the use of laxatives or cathartics, for, in the opinion of an eminent authority, an inestimable amount of injury is done by the use of these intestinal irritants, most of which provide temporary relief only, at the expense of permanent injury.

Science has found a newer, better way; a means as simple as Nature itself.

Lubrication

In perfect health a natural lubricant keeps the food waste soft. Thus it is easily eliminated. But when you are constipated, this natural lubricant is not sufficient.

To find something to take the place of this natural lubricant, leading medical authorities conducted exhaustive research. They have discovered that the gentle lubricating action of Nujol most closely resembles that of Nature's own lubricant. As Nujol is not a laxative it cannot gripe. It is not a medicine in any sense of the word—and, like pure water, it is harmless. These facts have led to its adoption in leading hospitals throughout the world for the treatment of constipation.

The lubricating action of Nujol has helped thousands of people to lengthen their days and wonderfully increase their capacity for usefulness, activity and enjoyment of life. Test Nujol yourself. For sale at any drug-store, or send coupon today for free sample.

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Nujol

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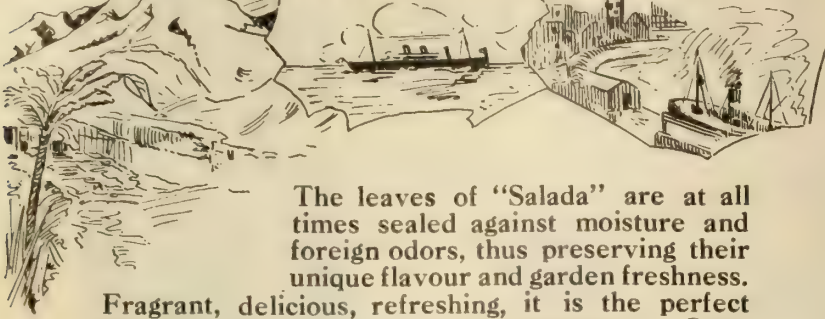
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Fragrant, delicious, refreshing, it is the perfect blend of the finest and purest teas grown: Once try Salada and you will use no other blend.

312

"SALADA"

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The ingredients of ENO's "Fruit Salt" are not only of highest grade—they are subjected to the severest laboratory tests, and prepared, refined, and compounded with scientific correctness. ENO is entirely free from drastic mineral salts (such as Epsom and Glauber), sugar, or artificial flavouring of any kind. Its purity is unquestionable. ENO agrees with the most delicate constitution and is equally effective both for the robust and the invalid. Your health is safeguarded and benefited by the morning glass of

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*Ask your druggist for a bottle to-day, and
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Universal Folding Bath Tub for Town & Country Homes
A pure white enamelled metal bath tub, with or without instantaneous water heater. Gives all bathing facilities of city homes. No plumbing required. When not in use, folds up out of the way. Mounted on castors, can be moved anywhere. Moderate in price and lasts a lifetime. Write for folder and trial offer, also information on indoor Chemical Closets.
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CLARK'S CRUISES by Can. Pac STEAMERS

Clark's 3rd Cruise, January 23, 1923
ROUND THE WORLD
Superb SS "EMPRESS of FRANCE"
18481 Gross Tons, Specially Chartered
4 MONTHS CRUISE, \$1000 and up
Including Hotels, Fees, Drives, Guides, etc.

Clark's 19th Cruise, February 3
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MEDITERRANEAN
Sumptuous SS "EMPRESS of SCOTLAND"
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65 DAYS CRUISE, \$600 and up
Including Hotels, Fees, Drives, Guides, etc.
19 days Egypt, Palestine, Spain, Italy, Greece, etc.
Europe stop-overs allowed on both cruises.
Europe and Passion Play Parties, \$500 up
Frank C. Clark, Times Building, New York.



Of course, one never knows what is coming next, in these topsy-turvy days, when radio concerts are springing up in the backyard and health talks from Boston are being thrown on the verandah. However, even in these highly unusual days, I was somewhat startled the other afternoon, when a highly-respectable navy-blue bathing suit, which I was examining, proceeded to throw out its chest and present a wonderful contrivance of life preserver and bathing attire united. In fact, it was a "union" suit which meant bathing and swimming:—with safety first. Concealed in the pocket of this navy-blue garment, was a small tube-like apparatus by means of which the suit could be made entirely buoyant. When inflated, this tube-like affair formed a miniature life-preserver which made learning to swim a matter of confidence and safety.

Araminta smiled coldly, when I told her with enthusiasm of this navy-blue suit with "inflatable" trimmings.

"I don't like the idea, at all," she said. "Suppose you inflated the thing too much and rose clear out of the water."

"I tell you, it's a bathing suit, not a hydroplane," was my undaunted reply. "There's no danger if you do rise out of the water. You'd just be blown across to Niagara."

"And land there in a bathing suit," said Araminta in scorn, "without so much as a tooth-brush or a hair-net as luggage. I don't believe in bathing in the lake, anyway. A nice, quiet tiled bath-room is ever so much better."

"There's nothing of the summer girl about you, Araminta. A plunge in a common or garden variety of bath-tub is not to be compared with a swim in Lake Ontario."

"Perhaps not," replied the lady calmly. "But it's cleaner and not so cold."

* * *

DAME Fashion has a curious way of playing her game and returning to old ways and modes. Those who have been alarmed—and sometime justly so—at the scanty and immodest attire which seemed to mock at the flame of clothing may console themselves with the reflection that much that seemed undesirable was a passing freak of fashion and would soon be discarded. We are to wear longer skirts, so I hear, and women are actually to have their backs covered when they wear evening gowns. So far as the skirt is concerned, we admit that the new fashion is more graceful than that which favored the up-to-the-knees skirt; but we do hope that the old-time dragging skirt, which swept the dust of the street into several inches of its hem, is not going to return. Gone forever, we trust, are the scavenger skirt and the heavy lining which made our daily dress a burden.

The sight of a new-fashioned cloak in a shop window, the other day, reminded me of the way Dame Fashion has of "travelling back." There was a graceful cape-like wrap of dull and rich black silk, edged with fringe about twelve inches deep:—a lustrous finish which would cost a pretty penny. Suddenly the years rolled away—a great many of them—and I was a small girl again, sitting in a dim old church, not hearing very much of the sermon, but admiring greatly a gentle lady who sat near and who wore just such a wrap over a grey silk gown. The fringe was long and soft and my small fingers often strayed in its direction and furtively stroked it, as I wondered if I should ever possess such a beautiful garment. Here it is again, the cape-like wrap, with the long fringe—but it does not seem such a magical mantle as it did long ago, for there are many, many changes between the days in the dim old church and these times of after-the-war.

* * *

THERE must have been a gala week in the bustling city of Brandon during the month of May. In these days of many and various strikes, surely no uprising has been more "striking" than that of the down-trodden teachers of Brandon, who arose, one dark morning, to find that their salaries had been reduced twenty-five per cent. At no time does a school-teacher receive a salary which may be considered enviable. Hence, the reduction of a teacher's salary is an insult not to be borne—and the pedagogues of Brandon properly resented this cutting treatment. They "struck," forcibly and promptly, and the rejoicing pupils went with them. Can you imagine anyone more popular with the small boy than the teacher who has struck and has thereby turned a holiday-maker? The paper informs us: "School children led by senior high school students parade the streets daily.....and dismissed school teachers are carried shoulder high through crowds whenever they appear."

The eighty-nine teachers of Brandon on their refusal to accept the reduction proposal, were dismissed by the Board of Trustees, and the members of this body are having some difficulty in scouring the prairie for emergency teachers. By the time this paragraph appears in print, the trouble may all be adjusted and the teachers may be properly happy and prosperous once more. The West is more generous than the East, in the matter of salaries to teachers—but, even there, the salary of the teacher will hardly stand a twenty-five per cent reduction. But what a perfectly wonderful holiday those girls and boys of Brandon will have enjoyed—something to remember for many a week of everyday work. In the meantime, the parents of Brandon must have been in somewhat of a quandary.



Camping days in the west

THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND

By Edith Erwin

Illustration by Frederick Anderson

BRUCE WEBSTER had gone up to the city to make his fortune. And Mary Louise Kenyon had gone back home (after the train had whizzed itself away into a dot on the horizon) to tend her mother's cottage fresh and bright, to write long, newsy letters—and once in a while a whimsically tender little note which she mailed blushing.

Bruce's letters came more than often.

"Miss you every moment, Mary Lou," or "It's not here in the city for May. The business girls wear dark clothes, mostly, which is proper for office wear, but I like to shut my eyes and see you standing by the train, all cool and white."

Tenderly Mary Lou patted the frills of her best summer dress. Two years old—it had been her graduating frock—and it wouldn't stand many more tubbings. But it would have to do a while yet.

June came in gayly. Mary Lou sang as she coddled her garden. The earth fairies loved her—her larkspurs were the first in town to bloom.

And then—Stella Anthony went up to the city, too!

That night Mary Lou sat long before her mirror, twisting and retwisting her soft hair into school-girl plaits. But she saw not the frank hazel eyes, beneath delicately traced brows, watching her. She was looking past them at black, black eyes—eyes which could be so melting—or so mocking!—behind their mesh of dark lashes.

Stella Anthony's eyes were famous far beyond the bounds of Springdale. It was said she had only to flutter them a time or two to draw a crowd on Main Street. Naturally, she never lacked for attention.

But somehow, she had always seemed to prefer—

"Oh, well—I suppose some folks are just made that way—with a hankering for anything which looks as if it might belong to some one else," said Mary Lou dearly, as she put out the light.

There was much news in Bruce's next letter. What do you think! His employer's son was a fraternity brother! A regular fellow, Joe. Invited him to a stag party next week.

And—oh, yes—whom do you suppose he met coming out of the office the other evening? A home town girl! It surely was good to see any one from home. A lucky coincidence, her passing that moment. She was so delighted—had been so lonely in the city.

Mary Lou let the letter flutter to the floor.

Coincidence! Lonely!

It was amusing, if one happened to be in the mood for amusement. Stella Anthony was perfectly capable of guiding the long arm of coincidence with her own firm hand.

STELLA ANTHONY soon got a position and a smart business wardrobe. All dark and plain—trust Stella Anthony to know the correct wear for every occasion—but well-tailored and expensive.

Mary Lou longed to go shopping, for the "Emporium" had an alluring display of summer gowns, and she stood long before the window.

"Oh—that darling pink dotted swiss!" breathed Mary Lou. (Once, in high school days, Bruce had loved a dotted frock she'd worn.) "If I could only take you home—you lovely."

Coldly, the "lovely" displayed a price tag.

"Twenty-five dollars! For a scrap of swiss and a few knots of pink ribbon!" gasped Mary Lou. "Oh, dear!"

Bruce's letters grew less frequent, but told of good times, for Joe was taking him to parties and the country club. But he didn't forget the old town. He and Stella compared letters and kept up with the news, he said.

Thereafter, Mary Lou's letters took on an impersonal tone, as well as a tremendous dignity. People didn't ask her about Bruce often now, but instead looked at her with pitying eyes which made her writhe inwardly.

"If I thought he really—intended—" Mary Lou told her pillow incoherently, "I wouldn't lift a finger! But n—nice boys are so unus—s—pecting. And some girls—are just born experienced. They know ex—actly how to—"

Meanwhile, Springdale heard much of Stella Anthony's good times. Going to fashionable society affairs, if you please—you could read about them next day in the papers.

It grew sultrier and Mary Lou dragged languidly about her garden. The fickle earth fairies seemed to have forgotten



"Mary Lou! I took you for a flower!" gasped Bruce. "By George, I didn't know my eyes were so starved."

her, and the flowers drooped disconsolately.

"But there ought to be a way." Mary Lou dug her nails into her palms. "It isn't fair! And he—wouldn't really be happy—afterwards. Oh—I must find a way!"

Something inside of her set to work intently—seemed to whisper, "Don't give up yet. Don't give up yet."

MAYBE it was this something that led her to buy a once-favorite magazine one day. Mary Lou had stopped getting it, for she didn't like to read love stories any more. But she took it, anyway, and that night picked it up disconsolately.

The pages fell open at a story. Something made her begin it eagerly. Then she re-read it.

"Why—I wonder—" whispered Mary Lou. And she read it a third time. "They say men always like—" After which she resolutely took pen and ink, then ran out to mail a letter in the dusk.

Then, for the rest of the summer, Mary Lou was very busy in a mysterious sort of way. She had less time for visiting, but as this meant less time for answering embarrassing questions and for fretting over the past, present and future, it was a good thing for her.

Bruce got a vacation late in October. What a wonderful October, with afternoons of veiled gold when you could wear the pretty organdies and gingham you hated to put away.

Springdale was not surprised that Stella Anthony managed to get a vacation then, too.

Yet Mary Lou was remarkably unruffled by this later news. And there was a mystifying twinkle in her eye! It remained there, even when Bruce failed to come over the day he arrived, and the second day of his absence failed to entirely dim its light.

That afternoon, the gate at last opened to a familiar hand, a well-known footfall sounded—stopped—

Over in a corner of the garden was what might reasonably be taken for a chrysanthemum, one of those huge yellow, fringy ones. But never yet did chrysanthemums boast silken hose and buckled slippers.

"Mary Lou! I took you for a flower!" gasped Bruce. "By George, I didn't know my eyes were so starved."

Strolling down-town, they met Stella Anthony, in a good-looking navy taffeta.

it was, with Mary Lou nervously twisting her pink ribbons.

"The sweetest of all," was Bruce's verdict. "Mary Lou," he bent suddenly toward her. "Don't ever wear anything but those dainty, frilly things. A man—out in the world—likes to know there's a cool little island of a home somewhere, with somebody waiting. Somebody in soft, feminine things—" Then he stopped.

"I've no right to ask you. You're used to lovely things—it will be some time before I can afford—"

"Oh—if that's all the objection," said Mary Lou, brazenly.

Comfortably snuggled against his arm she told him, later in the evening.

"I wanted pretty things more this year than ever before. For—well, just because. But I couldn't afford any—and I wasn't trained to earn money. Then, one day, I read of a school, the Woman's Institute, in Scranton, Pennsylvania, that teaches girls and women, right in their homes, to sew. Just think what that means—one could have prettier clothes for a fourth the usual price."

"I just felt I could learn, for I wanted to, so badly. So I began the lessons. And, do you know—in a month I made a pretty morning dress? I made some things for mother and then some cunning rompers for neighbor children. This brought me enough money to buy my yellow organdy, and it was really easy to make. I've sewed a lot for friends (they say it's hard to find anybody who can) and more than paid for my course as I went along."

"My party dress cost only ten dollars—and I find party things are the easiest of all to make. I can cut and fit things perfectly, for I draft individual patterns. I've learned the little style-touches that mean so much—like that wool embroidery on my pink jersey dress. I can even make simple hats. I know how to make the prettiest bows and flowers for trimming. This winter I'm going to take the Millinery course, too." Mary Lou stopped for breath.

"You'll be the prettiest girl at the dances this winter," whispered Bruce. "Christmas, is it?"

WHAT Mary Lou did, you can do, too. There is not the slightest doubt about it. More than 140,000 women and girls in city, town and country have proved that you can quickly learn at home, in spare time, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes and hats or prepare for success in Dressmaking or Millinery as a business.

Remember that every claim made by the Woman's Institute is borne out by its six years of experience in successfully teaching dressmaking, millinery and cookery in the home. The Institute is now the largest woman's school in the world. Its growth has been made possible only because it has rendered a service worth many times its small cost to every student. The Governor of Pennsylvania considered its work so important that he personally presided at the dedication of its new building, and the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, in making the principal address, called the Institute "one of Pennsylvania's most valuable educational institutions."

THE Woman's Institute is ready to help you, no matter where you live or what your circumstances or your needs. And it costs you absolutely nothing to find out what it can do for you. Just send a letter, post card or the convenient coupon below to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 31-F, Scranton, Penna., and you will receive, without obligation, the full story of this great school that is bringing to women and girls all over the world, the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes and hats, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business.

----- TEAR OUT HERE -----

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Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked below:

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Street.....
Address.....

City.....State.....

She kept the pink dotted swiss for the last evening. A little girl sort of a frock



Teeth You Envy Are brushed in this new way

Millions of people daily now combat the film on teeth. This method is fast spreading all the world over, largely by dental advice.

You see the results in every circle. Teeth once dingy now glisten as they should. Teeth once concealed now show in smiles.

This is to offer a ten-day test to prove the benefits to you.

That cloudy film

A dingy film accumulates on teeth. When fresh it is viscous—you can feel it. Film clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It forms the basis of cloudy coats.

Film is what discolors—not the teeth. Tartar is based on film. Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few escape them.

Must be combated

Film has formed a great tooth problem. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. So dental science has for years sought ways to fight this film.

Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. A new tooth paste has been perfected, to comply with modern requirements. And these two film combatants are embodied in it.

This tooth paste is Pepsodent, now employed by forty races, largely by dental advice.

Other tooth enemies

Starch is another tooth enemy. It gums the teeth, gets between the teeth, and often ferments and forms acid.

Nature puts a starch digestant in the saliva to digest those starch deposits, but with modern diet it is often too weak.

Pepsodent multiplies that starch digestant with every application. It also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus Pepsodent brings effects which modern authorities desire. They are bringing to millions a new dental era. Now we ask you to watch those effects for a few days and learn what they mean to you.

The facts are most important to you. Cut out the coupon now.

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Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Get the agreeable after-effects of a naturally alkaline mouth.



IN our issue of last month, the first story, "The Blossoming"—was by Marjorie Pickthall, and, in this department, was a review of her new novel, "The Bridge," with a photograph of the author taken in one of the Victoria gardens which she loved so well. Scarcely had those pages been printed, when the news was received of Miss Pickthall's sudden death in Vancouver on April 19th. In all provinces of the Dominion were expressions of appreciation and homage to the gifted writer, whose genius was rightly described by Professor MacMechan of Halifax as "our sweetest singing voice."

The production of poetry and short stories kept on steadily, all of a highly imaginative quality, which slowly but assuredly won the writer recognition as one possessed of more than ephemeral talent. Miss Pickthall was fortunate in attracting the notice and interest of such critics as Professor MacMechan of Halifax, Sir Andrew Macphail of Montreal and Professor Pelham Edgar of Toronto, who were glad to recognize the unusual gift of this young writer.

In February, 1910, occurred the death of Miss Pickthall's mother, between whom and her poet daughter had existed, not only the deepest affection, but also a

To Marjorie Pickthall

By KATHERINE HALE

*The day you died, that April yesterday,
I was alone in sunny meadow places
When, turning a dark clump of wintry leaves,
I caught a glimpse of exquisite fresh faces
Renewing Earth.*

*Then, thinking of another April day,
When you and I found bloom beneath the snow,
I sent you happy thoughts across the world
Not dreaming it the hour you were to go—
But yesterday.*

*Yet O, Not Lost, how many a year shall turn,
And youth and age, lonely for some bright way,
Shall sudden feel you on the face of Earth
And push back death, and pluck you like the may—
Immortal Song.*

—Katherine Hale.

Marjorie Pickthall, the only child of Arthur C. Pickthall and his wife, Helen Mallard Pickthall, was born in England in 1883, and, at the age of seven years, came to Canada. For over twenty years, her residence was in Toronto, where she was a student at Bishop Strachan School. From a tender age, her literary gift was manifest, strangely rich and classic in one so young. At the age of fifteen, she wrote a story which won a prize in "The Globe," and two years later there appeared in the "Young People's Corner" of the "Mail and Empire" (to which she was a constant contributor) a poem entitled "Dawn," which won wide recognition for its lyric charm and original quality. The sensitiveness to color and melody, which always distinguished Miss Pickthall's writing, was shown poignantly in this song of the morning:—"O, keep the world forever at the Dawn!"

spiritual understanding which made the bereavement a crushing grief. In 1913, when "Drift of Pinions," Miss Pickthall's volume of poems, appeared, the dedication was to the memory of the one who had listened to the writer's earliest songs. In 1912, Miss Pickthall went to England, where she remained for nearly eight years. Her work both in poetry and prose, continued and became known to English publishers. The University Press of Montreal had published "The Drift of Pinions," and a few years later, these poems, with several additional contributions, were issued by the Oxford Press, Toronto, under the title, "The Lamp of Poor Souls." In the coming autumn, McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, will publish "The Wood-Carver's Wife" and other works. The poem which gives its

(Continued on Page 23)

The Book Corner

(Continued from page 22)

title to this book was originally published in "The University Magazine," and was produced as a play last year at Hart House, Toronto.

A novel of most unusual and quaintly mediæval touch, "Little Hearts," was written by Miss Pickthall while she was in England, and was published in 1915 by Methuen. It is a tale of Jacobite days, but it seems to belong to still earlier times when chivalry was a ruling force. The story is of the slightest, but the exquisite language in which it is told makes it a tale to be remembered. It is a story of the realm of fantasy—quite remote from the strident world in which dwells the "best-seller."

In the month of March, Hodder and Stoughton, Toronto, published "The Bridge," a review of which appeared in this department for May. There was another work in preparation when the end came so suddenly to earthly hopes and plans. During the last few months, Miss Pickthall had made arrangements with several of the most prominent magazines in the United States for the publication of short stories:—and in England, also, her stories were in constant demand. Just as a fair future of literary work and rewards opened before this writer of many gifts, there came the end which might well be called untimely.

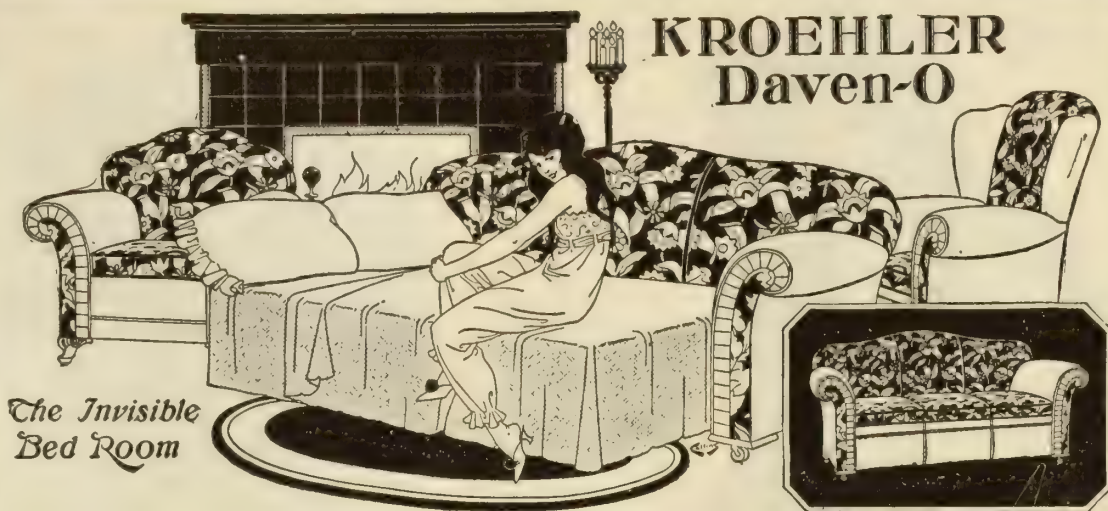
During the years of the war Miss Pickthall shared the anxiety and the service which all truly British women knew during that time of tragedy. Her little cottage near Salisbury was given up to Belgian refugees and she devoted herself for a time to various forms of war work. Comparatively slender was her literary achievement during those years of strife, but, on her return to Canada in 1920, there seemed a fresh impulse for creative work and the fiction recently written:—especially the stories which appeared in "The Century" last autumn—showed a broader sweep of imagination than ever displayed before. There was always, in poetry and prose, a certain exquisite quality which marked Miss Pickthall's work as craftsmanship of jewelled order. There was nothing careless—nothing inartistic. Hers was the choice of the "inevitable word," the rejection of the tawdry and insincere. Her familiarity with the best in literature kept her from following any "fashion" or cult in poetry and gave her a power of self-criticism which was of great value. There was shown, from her earliest writing, a striking kinship with the East, notably seen in "The Little Sister of the Prophet," "The Bridegroom of Cana" and "Kwan-non." Her earlier stories, such as "The Miracle Flower" and "A Worker in Sandalwood," have a symbolism decidedly Oriental in suggestion.

While she was born in England, Marjorie Pickthall may fairly be claimed as a Canadian:—as she called herself since her return to the country in which she spent most of her years. When she returned to Canada, Miss Pickthall went out to Victoria, a city whose picturesque charm made a strong appeal to her beauty-loving soul. The sea and the mountains were a joy to her imaginative nature and her latest stories show the influence exerted by their majesty. Among her poems is "Pere Lalemant," a picturesque account of the days of the Jesuit missionary, who played such a heroic part in the early history of Canada. "Frost Song" is a picturesque lilt of winter, with its colorful lines:

"Here when the bee slept and the orchis lifted
Her honeying pipes of pearl, her velvet lip,
Only the swart leaves of the oak lie drifted
In sombre fellowship."

Miss Pickthall's work is to be found chiefly in the volumes already mentioned; but it may not be amiss to say here that, as "Cousin Clover," she conducted the "Journal Juniors' Page" of this publication for a year, while she also wrote for a

(Continued on page 25)



A Guest Chamber At a Moment's Notice

EVERY apartment suite has a living room, but not all have a fully furnished, luxurious guest chamber, all ready at a moment's notice. That is an opportunity for hospitality denied to many a modern hostess in these days of crowded apartments and house scarcity.

Modern houses are also built very often with the idea of economizing space. The guest room of more spacious times seems to be quite often overlooked by architects and house builders nowadays. The consequence is that Mother comes to town for a little visit and has to stay at an hotel. Or your girlhood chum comes up from New York with a thousand things to tell you, and you daren't ask her to stay. You have no spare room to offer her, so you have to let her go.

What a joy a Kroehler Daven-O would be to you! It takes up not an inch more space than an ordinary davenport. It is just what your living room needs to make it luxuriously comfortable and attractive.

And, then some time when you want to invite a guest to stay, you simply open up the Daven-O and there you have a beautiful guest chamber all ready and prepared, with a full sized, comfortable bed, with patented folding metal bed frame and springs that cannot sag.

When the Kroehler Daven-O is folded there is nothing in its appearance to

suggest its double purpose. And yet it conceals a thick, removable mattress and all the necessary pillows and bedding. When you open the Daven-O out, there is the bed all ready made up. It opens out with one motion at a gentle pull, everything being finely balanced and easy of action.

BEAUTIFULLY UPHOLSTERED

The Kroehler Daven-O is the last word in upholstery. Europe and America are ranged for tapestries and velours and plush coverings, genuine leather and clever leather substitutes. You may select a Kroehler Daven-O to harmonize with almost any scheme of decoration. You may choose from overstuffed styles or from Period designs with any wood finish—oak, mahogany, walnut, etc.

Prices vary according to styles, and requirements. Every Kroehler Daven-O is substantially made and honestly finished, inside and out.

Sold by leading furniture dealers throughout Canada. Ask to see it opened out, and look for the Kroehler trade mark. The Kroehler Booklet, showing different designs, free on request.

Kroehler Manufacturing Company, Limited,
(Operating the Kindel Bed Co., Limited)
Stratford, Ontario

Factories also at Kankakee, Ill., Naperville, Ill., and Binghampton, N.Y.

KROEHLER Daven-O

11

Summer Dishes

Now that the summer days are near and we are considering gingham gowns and lace hats, the subject of summer cookery also comes to the fore; and the drink which is cooling and the sandwich that is "different" are topics of timely concern. So, if you wish a bright page of culinary hints, just turn to our cookery department.



Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips.

When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers.

The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water.

How to Shampoo Your Hair Properly

A Simple, Easy Way to Make Your Hair Beautiful

THE beauty of your hair depends upon the care you give it. Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and

rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months. Beware of imitations—be sure you get Mulsified. Look for the name Watkins on the package.

Makes Your Hair Beautiful



WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO
MADE IN CANADA



JUST as I am writing these words of would-be wisdom, I notice an item in the paper which says that a scientist of some kind has declared that we are to have a cold summer. Scientists are the fussiest folk, always thinking of something unpleasant to foretell. In one year they sit up and give us the disagreeable information that we are descended from the monkey. So, we go to the Zoo, survey the chattering creatures there and wonder

to take place for a million centuries or so. We feel comparatively cheered and do not worry at all about how the Canadians of that remote future will stand the heat.

We refuse to believe this gloomy prophet who would persuade us to prepare for a thoroughly chilly summer, with a tendency to snow flurries. Last autumn, we were almost terrified by the many gloomy stories of conditions in the forest and on remote hill-sides which led some hunters

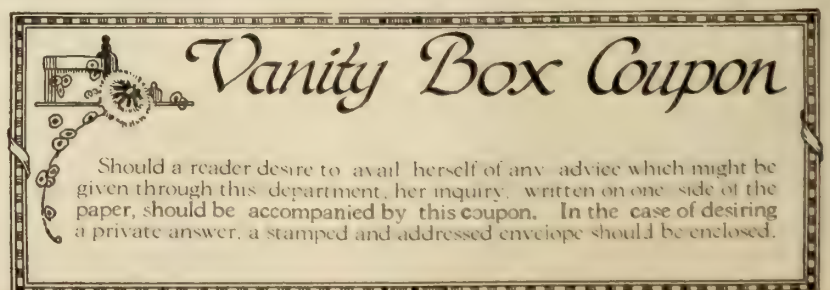


Dorothy Dalton in Bridal Array

if our ever-so-great-grandmother really looked like that. Then we are informed that the Earth is drawing nearer the sun and that we are likely to fall into that glowing body some day and become a bit of toast. Just as we are becoming a trifle nervous over the prospect, we notice that the final meeting with Old Sol is not

and trappers to declare that we were going to have a winter of many below-zero days. As a matter of fact, Ontario has had what we might call a mild winter and other provinces have fared as usual, with no great periods of extreme cold. So, we

(Continued on page 26)



Should a reader desire to avail herself of any advice which might be given through this department, her inquiry, written on one side of the paper, should be accompanied by this coupon. In the case of desiring a private answer, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed.

The Book Corner

(Continued from page 23)

time a department in the "Canadian Courier," entitled "The Shadow on the Dial."

In Vancouver, Miss Pickthall formed a close friendship with Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone MacKay, whose warm sympathy with her literary aims and whose sisterly kindness enhanced the happiness of her western sojourn. On the seventh of April there had been an operation, from which Miss Pickthall seemed to be rapidly recovering, when a sudden collapse brought her brilliant career to a close. The funeral service was held in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin in Toronto on April 26th., and in St. James Cemetery, beside the mother she loved so fondly, this singer of sweet songs was laid to rest, with laurel and rose and all the lovely blooms, so dear to her, covering the sod. The triumphant tenderness of Chopin's music, the stately ritual of the Church of England service, the touching tribute of Canon Hart, who had known Miss Pickthall from childhood, and the solemn chords of the "Dead March," played as the grey casket was carried from the church, made a suitable setting for the passing of such a poet.

There was something appropriate, too, in the sight of the flags which hung in the chancel, for there was a touch of the soldierly in this woman writer's heart and those banners meant much to the church in which those rites were said. The spirited side of this dreamer's genius is flung into one of her latest poems:

"If I should live again,
O God, let me be young,
Quick in sinew and vein,
With the honeycomb on my tongue,
All in a moment flung
With the dawn on a grassy plain,
Riding, riding, riding, riding,
Between the sun and the rain.
"If I, having been, must be,
O God, let it be so,
Swift and supple and free
With a long journey to go,
And the clink of the curb, and the blow
Of hoofs, and the wind at my knee,
Riding, riding, riding, riding
Between the hills and the sea.

With the memory of her reticent grace of personality, her exquisite gift of song may be linked her own lines:

"I shall not go with grief,
Whether you call me, whether you deny
The crowning vintage and the golden sheaf.
O April hopes that blossom but to close!
Give me one look, one look and so good-bye,
Red Rose."

J. G.

We have never been very great garden-makers on this continent, though we are now commencing to understand all that the garden means and holds for human health and happiness. One question is the beginning of a nation ever really sees the garden in its right light, as quite the most practical and most profitable of possessions. It does not seem to be a part of the birth-throes of any nation. For first of all people must be fed and housed and clothed, and then beauty may come. As a matter of fact, beauty can and should come with all of these operations from the very start.



The Gift She Will Take On Her Honeymoon

The bride delights in exquisite things for her personal use. The more fastidious she may be, the greater will be her appreciation of Keystone French Ivory Brushes and Mirrors.

Keystone Brushes have extra-stiff bristles which brush right through the hair to the scalp. By their gloss you may judge of the wonderful quality of these long, pure white Russian bristles.

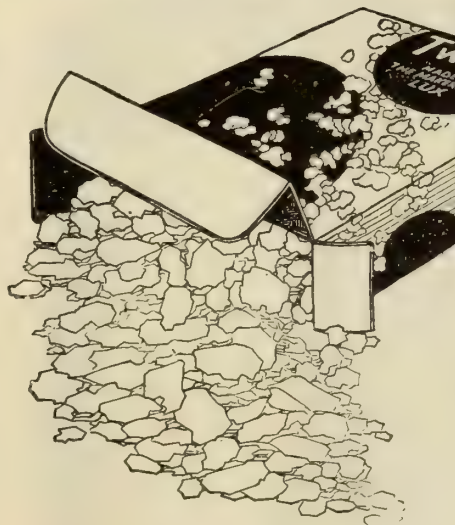
Keystone Brushes and Mirrors are formed from solid blocks of finest Ivory, brilliant in finish and unbreakable.

They are made in Canada and guaranteed by Stevens-Hepner Co., Limited, Port Elgin, Ont.

Keystone French Ivory
and
Ebony

Washes and Dyes at the same time—

Twink
as successful
for giving colours
as Lux is for pre-
serving them.



Gives exquisite new
colours — restores
faded colours.

—21 shades

TWINK is a most successful combination of various attractive shades of dye with the well-known Lux soap flakes. It is a unique and excellent means of dyeing at home all kinds of wearing and furnishing fabrics. Easy and simple to use.

There never were so many lovely colours worn as there are this season. Twink gives you these colours. Just wash your blouse, or camisole, or anything else that pure water may touch, in the luxurious Twink lather—and you get a lovely new colour—clear, unstreaked and FAST.

*Don't wait for the new colours
—have them now—use Twink.*

Twink is something new and something better. It is as simple to use as Lux. See directions on each packet. Twink colours are fresh and charming—and they last.

On sale at all Druggists and Stores.

Twink
Made by the makers of Lux

Gerry

Scientific Facial Treatments and Preparations

Representing years of research by leading French savants, commended by the French Royal Academy of Medicine (Cosmetic Branch). The Gerry Preparations correct every skin defect not due to serious organic disorders, and successfully combat the various conditions of climate, water, and living so trying to Canadian complexions. That priceless boon—a beautiful skin—is promised to the women of Canada by Gerry of Paris and New York.

FOUR WONDERFUL CREMES

Gerry will mail prepaid on receipt of price one or more of the following crèmes. They will convince the most skeptical of the excellent merits of Gerry Preparations.

GERRY VERONA CREME
For cleansing and massage
\$1 & \$1.75

GERRY ASTRINGENT CREME
For thin wrinkled skins.
\$1.25 & \$2.25

GERRY CREME CARESSE
A stimulating creme for all
skin conditions.
\$1.35 & \$2.50
FOUNDATION CREME
\$1.75

A Booklet descriptive of the 18 Gerry Preparations sent on request. The famous Gerry facial treatments are given by appointment.

GERRY SALON

114 Bloor St. W., Toronto.
Goodwins Limited, Montreal.
299 Madison Ave., New York.
And the Best Stores throughout America.
63 Avenue Des Champs Elysees, Paris.

A complexion as fair as the roses in June can so easily be yours

Do you know how truly beautiful your complexion can be? Do you appreciate what delicate freshness, what fineness of texture you can gain for your skin? And with how little effort?

You can attain a complexion as fresh and radiant as the roses in June. You can achieve the dainty bloom of a clear, wholesome skin, just as thousands of attractive women have, if you begin at once the daily use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find, is more than a face cream. It has an exclusive therapeutic property that serves to "tone up"—revitalize—the sluggish tissues of the skin. Applied regularly, it heals and nourishes the skin cells, soothes away redness and roughness, banishes slight imperfections. Used faithfully, it will help you to gain and retain a complexion that is genuinely beautiful.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or one-dollar size. Begin at once to gain a new charm of complexion. It will mean so much to you.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.
Established 1885
3 Crawford Street, Windsor, Ont.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream



Posed by Corinne Griffith in "The Climbers," a Vitaphone motion picture. Miss Griffith is one of many attractive women "in pictures" who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for promoting beauty of complexion.

Send us a dime for Ingram's Beauty Purse, containing samples of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, Ingram's Rouge, Ingram's Vaseline Souveraine Face Powder, an eye-down powder pad and samples of our other leading Toilet Aids.



The Vanity Box

(Continued from page 24)

refuse to believe these interpreters of signs, and trust that June will still be June and bring us strawberries and roses. By the way, we do not care for this new fashion of rushing the season by displaying so many imported strawberries at alarming prices, before our own fruit has had time to show its rosy head. It is like the absurdity of straw hats in February and furs on a broiling day in August. However, if Fashion were not foolish, she would not be herself.

Perhaps you have heard that strawberry juice is good for the complexion. The report is quite correct, and long ago, beauties in Egypt and Persia are said to have understood the gentle uses of the strawberry when it came to touching up the skin of a fair lady, and to have made diligent use of it to give softness and color to the sallow complexion. There was a Roman lady of renown and beauty who used to have strawberry baths, for the later Romans brought the bath to a degree of luxurious development which we hardly know, superior, as we think we are, to the races of those days. The Romans, in fact, overdid the luxury of the rites of the bath, which ceased to become invigorating and was enervating in its last days. They built substantial baths, though, those ancient empire makers. To this day the remains of the Roman baths may be seen in certain parts of England. Indeed the fashionable town of Bath, a resort for all the beaux and belles in the later years of the Eighteenth Century took its name from its original purpose.

There is a modern use of the bath which means invigoration, as well as cleansing. The use of bath salts is becoming more common and is to be commended to all who like the refreshing influence of a salt bath. Of course, it is not as good as a plunge in the real and briny deep, but it is a good preparation for the day's work or a soothing experience after it is over. We are not content, as a rule, to limit ourselves to the use of coarse salt. Most modern users of the bath salt like a perfume—and here the bracing type is to be preferred. Geranium is pleasing and verbenia is stimulating. Carnation carries you off to an old-fashioned garden where clove pinks made the borders fragrant. Then, if you incline to the softer perfumes, there are violet, rose, lily-of-the-valley and heliotrope. The bottles, of course, are as attractively wrapped as perfume—and sometimes one suspects that the high cost of good looks may apply to the way things are done, in the way of "putting up."

THE LETTER BOX.

DOREEN. As you did not enclose a stamped envelope, I suppose you wish for a public reply, only. From what you say, you are pursuing a very wise course with your fair young face:—and I do not see that you could use anything more beneficial than the soap and cream that you are now employing in their cleansing and softening service for the skin. For the blackheads, after they have been banished from the cheeks and the brow, dab the spot, where once they encamped, with eau de Cologne. Two ounces of rose water and three drops of tincture of benzoin will make a good astringent lotion. Use twice a day.

MARGARET. So you wish to know how to acquire rosy cheeks. Well, avoid an overdose of candy, and eat fruit and vegetables every day. Take exercises which will keep the circulation in good order and be sure to sleep with the window up—or down. Do not indulge in too much tea or coffee. I believe that diet has more to do with rosy cheeks than any other measure we can take. The sallowness which comes upon us as we grow older is due to our forsaking the simple diet of our childhood and resorting to "fancy foods." You might try some of those yeast cakes which are having such a beneficial effect on many citizens. You know, vitamins play an important part in the encouragement of color in the cheeks, as well as in the general condition of "fitness."



Corns?

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—just say
Blue-jay
to your druggist
Stops Pain Instantly

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in two forms—a colorless, clear liquid (one drop does it!) and in extra thin plasters. Use whichever form you prefer, plasters or the liquid—the action is the same. Safe, gentle. Made in a world-famed laboratory. Sold by all druggists.

Free: Write Bauer & Black, Toronto, Dept. 27 for valuable book, "Correct Care of the Feet."

JAEGER

Fine Pure Wool

For Boys and Girls

Your children's health is of the first importance. Start them right by clothing them with Jaeger Garments. We stock Jaeger Pure Wool Underwear and Night Wear, Dressing Gowns, Knitted Suits, Golfers' Coat Sweaters, Jerseys, Camel Hair Fleece Coats, Gloves, Stockings, etc.

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For sale at Jaeger Stores and Agencies throughout Canada.



The JAEGER CO., Limited

MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG



How a mother's ignorance of certain facts

frequently makes a healthy baby cross and fretful

Free to Mothers

Liberal trial packages
of Bauer & Black's two
new nursery requisites.
Mail coupon below.

By the Head of the Research Laboratories of Bauer & Black

WHAT should a mother look for when a healthy baby is cross and fretful?

Modern baby specialists now point to the fact that 3 babies in 5 suffer the hidden discomfort of diaper rash, or other form of skin irritation.

It is those disorders, they say—often imperceptible to the mother's eye—which are responsible for more cross and restless babies than any other disturbances of infancy.

The purpose of the following is to explain, in simple terms, the *cause* of baby rash and skin irritations and to offer mothers, free and postpaid, liberal test packages of a new and radically different way to overcome them.

This new preparation was perfected in the Bauer & Black Laboratories, for 28 years specialists in filling doctors' wants. It is called B & B Baby Talc, and embodies principles based upon the experience, in daily practice, of more than 100 baby doctors, dermatologists and heads of maternity homes.

Highest authorities urge all mothers to try it, for it marks a new era in infant hygiene. Simply mail the coupon below, and soon your baby will be enjoying the soothing comfort it brings.

Important Facts Mothers Should Know

The pores of a baby's skin constantly exude moisture. It is nature expelling impurities from the body.

Upon exposure, this perspiration becomes a semi-acid irritant. So does urine, but more intensely so. These acids make the skin raw, tender, susceptible to rash. *Infection often follows.* Urine scald is sheer torture—yet few babies escape it.

Hence the problem, as your doctor will tell you, is to combat these acids — to make them harmless to the skin.

Now We Combat These Acids

B & B Baby Talc goes to the basis of preventive skin treatment. It combats the irritant acids of perspiration and of urine—*makes them harmless to the skin.*

This is a new effect: the result of months of research work in our laboratories. *Old-time methods failed to achieve it.* They aimed merely to dry the moisture—did not effectively combat the acids.

Thus B & B Baby Talc strikes at the *cause* of irritation. Discomfort is prevented. Present irritation is allayed. Results are quick and amazing. Thousands of mothers will tell you this. Tell you, too, from practical experience, that this new way not only makes *baby's* days happier, but mother's days less trying.

How To Use It

Simply apply B & B Baby Talc after baby's daily bath. Then sprinkle it freely on diaper cloths, *on all garments that come in contact with the skin.* Where irritation is already present, apply three or four times a day to the affected parts.

A Soap, Too!

B & B Baby Soap is offered for use in place of those soaps, strong in caustics, which tend to cause irritation. It is made of edible fats, lathers freely and rinses off readily. A slight percentage of zinc oxide makes it gently healing—a *safe* soap for the nursery. It is tempered to the infant's skin.

Mail Coupon for Free Samples

So that *all* mothers may know this way to baby comfort, liberal trial packages of B & B Baby Talc and B & B Baby Soap will gladly be sent free and postpaid—simply mail the coupon.

BAUER & BLACK, Limited
Toronto, Canada

*Makers of
Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products*

B & B Baby Talc
B & B Baby Soap

B & B Products

Your druggist offers you, in all Bauer & Black products, the results of 28 years of ethical service to the medical profession and the public.

3 Babies in 5 Suffer This Hidden Discomfort

Recent investigations show that 3 in 5 healthy babies are fretful and cross because of skin irritations in one form or another.

The cause of these disorders has been learned and is now successfully combated. Noted baby specialists and prominent maternity hospitals are employing a new way, which is fully explained elsewhere on this page.

It places at mothers' disposal the most recent discoveries of modern scientific research in overcoming diaper rash, skin irritations and urine scald.



"Mother and Infant"—a modern reflection of the Botticelli school—from the painting for Bauer & Black by Alfonso Iannelli.



MAIL THIS

BAUER & BLACK, Limited,
96 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

Gentlemen: Please send me a trial package of B & B Baby Talc and B & B Baby Soap—these without charge or obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

City and Province.....
C. H. J. 6-22



Gleaming Cleanliness

THE Fuller Bowl Brush makes light of an otherwise disagreeable task. Perfectly shaped, with bristles that will not mat or separate and cannot scratch or mar finest porcelain or enamel. It may be washed, scalded, shaken out. Strong disinfectants will not loosen the bristles.

There are forty-four other Fuller Brushes, each made to perform efficiently some personal or household service. Fuller Brushes are not imported. They are made in Canada, of materials bought in Canada. Designed by and for Canadians.

Being the largest buyers of brush material in Canada, we get better quality at lower prices. So do the users of Fuller Brushes.

No stores sell Fuller Brushes. The Fuller Man brings them to your home, demonstrating and explaining their many uses, and showing you new methods of housekeeping efficiency.

You will know your Fuller Man by the Fuller Trade-Mark button he always wears. A 'phone call to your local Fuller office will bring him.

May we send you a free copy of "The Handy Brush Book"? Write to us.

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FULLER BRUSHES

69 USES — HEAD TO FOOT — CELLAR TO ATTIC

RADIO TELEPHONY

A Miraculous Means for the Transmission of Music and Other Forms of Sound Which Has Taken the World by Surprise

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

THE man of fifty or sixty years has within his recollection witnessed so many miracles that one hundred years ago would have been regarded as mad imaginings that it should be almost impossible for anyone to be astonished by anything. The inventive genius of many goes ahead achieving the impossible at such a pace that it seems unwise to be skeptical about anything. Telephones, horseless vehicles, flying machines,—all sorts of devices for the conquering of time and space have become so much the commonplace of ordinary existence; that one can only ask "What Next?" and admit that nothing is impossible. What, for instance, would our grandmothers have said if anyone had told them that within a few years, physicians would take photographs of folks' interiors? Nevertheless, these modern miracles do take us unawares when they first come to pass; and I think most of us who live in cities are still a little bewildered with regard to radio telephony. When the last snows were on the ground nobody in Canada was giving "the radio," as it is called for short,—a thought. Now everyone is talking about it and it is making its way into countless homes. In every large city some newspaper is giving radio concerts for the benefit of the public. Everywhere one hears of developments to make it an adjunct to the practical affairs of life, as well as a source of entertainment.

Personally the attention of most of us has been chiefly aroused, by the capacity of the new discovery, for the transmission of music; but the invention has so many other possibilities that it would be dwarfing the subject to deal with it exclusively from that point of view. In my own city of Toronto, interest in hearing concerts in other cities by means of radio has become so intense as to seriously detract from the attendance at concerts where the public can see the artists face to face, and catch their tones before they have travelled through the ether. The comparative ease and cheapness with which receiving instruments can be installed, has led to their use by innumerable families, especially those in which there are boys of a mechanical turn of mind; so that private radio entertainments have become a means of diverting guests at evening parties great and small. The radio has also become a news feature of the evening journals in nearly every large city of this continent. Nightly the alphabetical combinations which signify the wave lengths required to get the radio distributing centre at some other city are published. Tune your machine for "W.P.L." (say) and you are in touch with a concert or lecture at Newark, N.J. hundreds of miles away. Here for instance is a newspaper announcement clipped at random from a Toronto newspaper toward the end of April:

"From 8.30 to 10.30 to-night a high-class musical programme will be broadcasted by the Winnipeg Tribune on a wave-length of 400 metres. The Tribune has asked that any Toronto fans who hear the concert send collect wires stating what they think of it. No call sign has yet been assigned to this station."

Here we have an item published without display, like the announcement of a concert or lecture in the next block,—just an ordinary occurrence of life, this "listening in" on a concert at Winnipeg, which cannot be reached from Toronto under the fastest modern travel conditions in less than thirty-six hours. Such are the daily miracles which six months ago were undreamed of by all except a few who took an interest in electrical developments. The other night I was at a little affair and most of those present wished to listen to a concert in Philadelphia; but for some reason the atmosphere was intractable and it was difficult to get anything intelligible out of the Quaker City; so it was decided to listen to a concert by the Detroit Symphony Orchestra in its home town, and it sounded very well. In a few months this sort of thing will be as ordinary an occurrence as riding in a motor car. Yet a good many of us still recall

quite freshly our first ride in a motor car and what an exciting and novel experience it was.

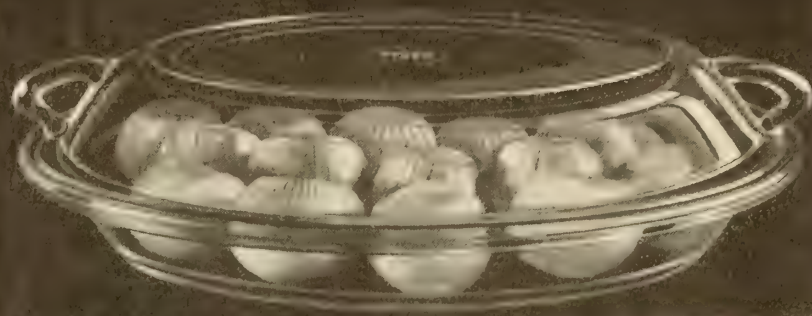
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ALL this has, as it were, come upon us like a thief in the night. As recently as January last, a young tenor singer, John Steel, who had been filling engagements in Canada, casually told me that on Christmas day he had sung carols to nearly all the sailors of the American navy at that time on the Atlantic, from a high powered wireless telephone station in New Jersey. Responses had come showing that his voice was heard not only in the mid-Atlantic but off the West Coast of Scotland, in the Caribbean Sea and the coast of South America below the equator. It had also been heard on land at stations on the East slope of the Rockies, though the sound waves had apparently failed to cross those elevations to ships on the Pacific. I then assumed that the device by which this was accomplished was restricted to the use of the American navy; and had no thought that by early spring, music would be in course of wireless transference to millions of people in the cities of Canada and the United States. Unquestionably newspaper enterprise, begun in journals like the New York "Globe" and adopted later by progressive publications everywhere has been responsible for the recent popular developments. "Broadcasting" is a phrase coined to describe this process.

In scientific journals, allusions to the new system of carrying music and other sounds vast distances have been frequent during the past decade. Wireless telephony was the logical sequence of wireless telegraphy, first brought into general use as a result of the experiments of Signor Marconi and Admiral Sir Henry Jackson of the British Navy nearly twenty years ago. In America, Dr. Lee de Forrest, one of the pioneers in the field of wireless, began experiments in radio telephony at least fifteen years ago, and Earl Hanson was also a pioneer in the work. These experiments were carried on chiefly on the Pacific Coast. As early as 1916 John McCormack, the tenor, and Charlie Chaplin, the movie actor, were asked to participate in efforts at broadcasting. The real work of perfecting broadcasting, that which has rendered radio distribution of music in its present form possible is credited to another inventor, Edwin H. Armstrong; and his claims have been sustained by the United States Court of Appeals in connection with litigation between himself and Dr. de Forrest. Armstrong invented a system of regenerative action by which the sound wave carrying musical tones perpetuated themselves instead of fading away like ripples in the water, to which radio distribution holds a distinct analogy, and also a "feed-back" arrangement in the reception and transmission of radio tones, which, with the assistance of amplifiers that look very much like ordinary phonograph horns enables large audiences to hear music from enormous distances. No trans-Atlantic wireless telephone conversation can be carried on without use of the Armstrong principle; none of the big radio-phone broadcasting stations now sending music nightly through the air can operate except under the Armstrong patent. Admittedly his discoveries are responsible for the present radio craze.

Writers who have investigated the matter regard radio telephony as one of the compensations for the losses of the great war, which despite its ravages gave a tremendous stimulus to invention and research in all the sciences. The leading countries engaged in the war were eager to improve all possible means of communication, and it was because of this desire that the wireless telephone ceased to be an obscure scientific curiosity. It was for war purposes not merely necessary to diffuse messages through the ether but to devise instruments that would enable them to be received in code at the spot for which they were destined. Receiving rather than sending was the problem that had to be

(Continued on page 32)



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Odds and Ends

Everyone who has read those classics of girlhood, Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women" and "Little Women Married," will remember the first quarrel which Meg had with that estimable husband, John Brook. The latter came home, when Meg was tired and cross after a long, hot day in the kitchen:—and, worst of all, John had brought a man home to tea. Meg, in a flood of tears, explained her day-long troubles:—"the jelly wouldn't jell." Of course John laughed and then Meg lost or mislaid her usually sweet temper and there was a real tempest in a jelly-jar.

The modern Meg is not troubled so greatly as the Meg of yesterday over the uncertain ways of jelly:—for the simple reason that there are now ways of stiffening jelly—giving it the necessary "substance," as it were, which would make the Meg Brook of long ago open her eyes very wide.

Science has turned its attention to the kitchen and has given us the fireless cooker, the electric range, the washing-machine which can be "turned on" or off, and now comes the bottle of magic liquid which makes the jams, jellies and marmalades firm and satisfying, bestowing just the dash of pectin which the sweeter fruits need. Pectin, in which the crab-apple is so rich, is very much needed by the raspberry, the peach and the strawberry. A way has been found to supply this pectin prop to the fruits in need of it:— and housewives can now be certain of perfect jelly and jams and marmalades which are more toothsome than ever before. This new preparation has given a fresh joy to the making of fruit delicacies.

Muslin is a fabric which has always been popular with those who rejoice in summer attire, and the "white muslin girl" was dear to the heart of the old-time novelist. The flowing skirt may return to us and muslin once more comes into its own. There is a town across the sea, Tarare, in east-central France, which is called the city of muslins. It was formerly a little village, lost in the Beaujolais Mountains, but now it is the centre of a thriving industry. For more than half a century it has conducted a world-wide trade in the finest muslins, the secret of making which originally came from India; and as a result of that trade the little village has become famous. Each year, in honor of Simonet, the founder of the mills, the people celebrate the Muslin Festival, which calls forth the liveliest holiday spirit in all of the inhabitants.

Last year the festival lasted three days, during which the little city was truly a city of muslin. Everywhere houses, balconies and facades all but disappeared under the light and colorful decorations, which were always pretty and sometimes ingenious. Above the middle of the streets were suspended domes, from which long streamers of muslin were draped in graceful curves to the second-floor windows of the houses; reseda, cream, ivory and rose predominated, gay and beautiful colors, like garlands of flowers hanging from immense corals. Vehicles of all kinds were adorned with fancy muslins, and gave the scene a brilliancy such as bright flowers give to the festivals of southern California.

Many people live with ugly surroundings, year after year, looking forward to a time when wonderful changes are to be made. Begin today. Don't wait for that happy but vague future when you expect to have all the old mahogany you want and a real garden. Start a window box and take stock of the furniture. If the success of a story lies in what is left unsaid, the success of a room no less consists in what it does not contain. Put in one pile the things you cannot live without, place in a second what remain. Note the difference in the two piles, the ratio may be as the mole hill to the mountain, says a Boston housewife.

Have you ever noticed how refreshing and attractive a room seems after it has been carefully cleaned and before the pictures and so-called ornaments have been put back? Possibly you stop to rest, surveying the scene with satisfaction. The walls are unadorned, the tops of the tables as are bare as a historic cupboard. Perhaps you do not analyze your pleasure. You attribute it to that shining quality which is ranked next to godliness rather than to the inevitable bric-a-brac awaiting a second dusting.

You may not realize it, but this moment is a critical one. It is what our dear old-time clergymen would call a turning point. That they knew nothing of the decorative problems that beset the soul of modern women makes no difference with the comparison.

Sometimes, when I am being shown over the domain of a brand new housewife, I am conscious of a great lack in her equipment, says Caroline B. King. There are plenty of tables and chairs, pictures and bric-a-brac; friends have seen to it that she has an ample supply of linen and enough silverware to stock a small hotel; there are lamps and clocks, and cushions of all kinds and descriptions; perhaps there is even a smart little car in the smart little garage at the back of the house. The kitchen range is all that even an old and seasoned housekeeper could desire, and shining pots and pans stand in neat rows on the shelves of the neat pantry, but not a single book pertaining to the profession of housekeeping is visible in any room of the cunning abode.

"Cookery books?" she may reply smilingly to my question, "O, I feel that our meals will be so simple for a long time, that I have not even thought of a book to tell me how to prepare them."

But this is all wrong, at least, in my opinion. Not only should a good standard book on cookery be given a prominent place in every kitchen, but a whole shelf of not too meager proportions should be relegated to the literature of the kitchen. I know of many housewives, excellent in their line, I must admit, who possess no books whatever on the important profession which is theirs. They get along as best they may, sometimes achieving wonderfully satisfactory results, but seldom finding it possible to secure the same success twice in succession.

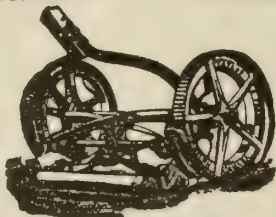
Of course a great deal depends upon the season both as to food and dishes, says a writer on "Attractive Dishes." In general, brighter colored dishes are more cheerful in winter and daintier hues are more enjoyable in hot weather. Glassware, especially, is attractive for the summer table, as it is cool looking. Even cocoa, coffee and desserts can be contrived to be served in glassware. The plain puddings of rice or bread, indeed, garnished with fruit or jelly, or accompanied by sauce, look far more attractive served in glass punch-cups or sundae glasses, than in the usual saucers. Glass saucers, however, are useful for cereal, fruit and even salad. Prunes in gold banded goblets of glass, topped with whipped cream or marshmallow, are very alluring, while all fruits, ices and gelatines look refreshing in glassware. The large variety of glassware manufactured nowadays, from cooking ware to the exquisite Venetian glass designed for beverages, fruit, bonbons, finger bowls and flowers, makes it possible to serve practically everything in glassware if so desired. Pie and casserole recipes can, indeed, be served right from the oven to the table. And as glass is often reserved for company use only, why not surprise the family occasionally with a pleasing change?

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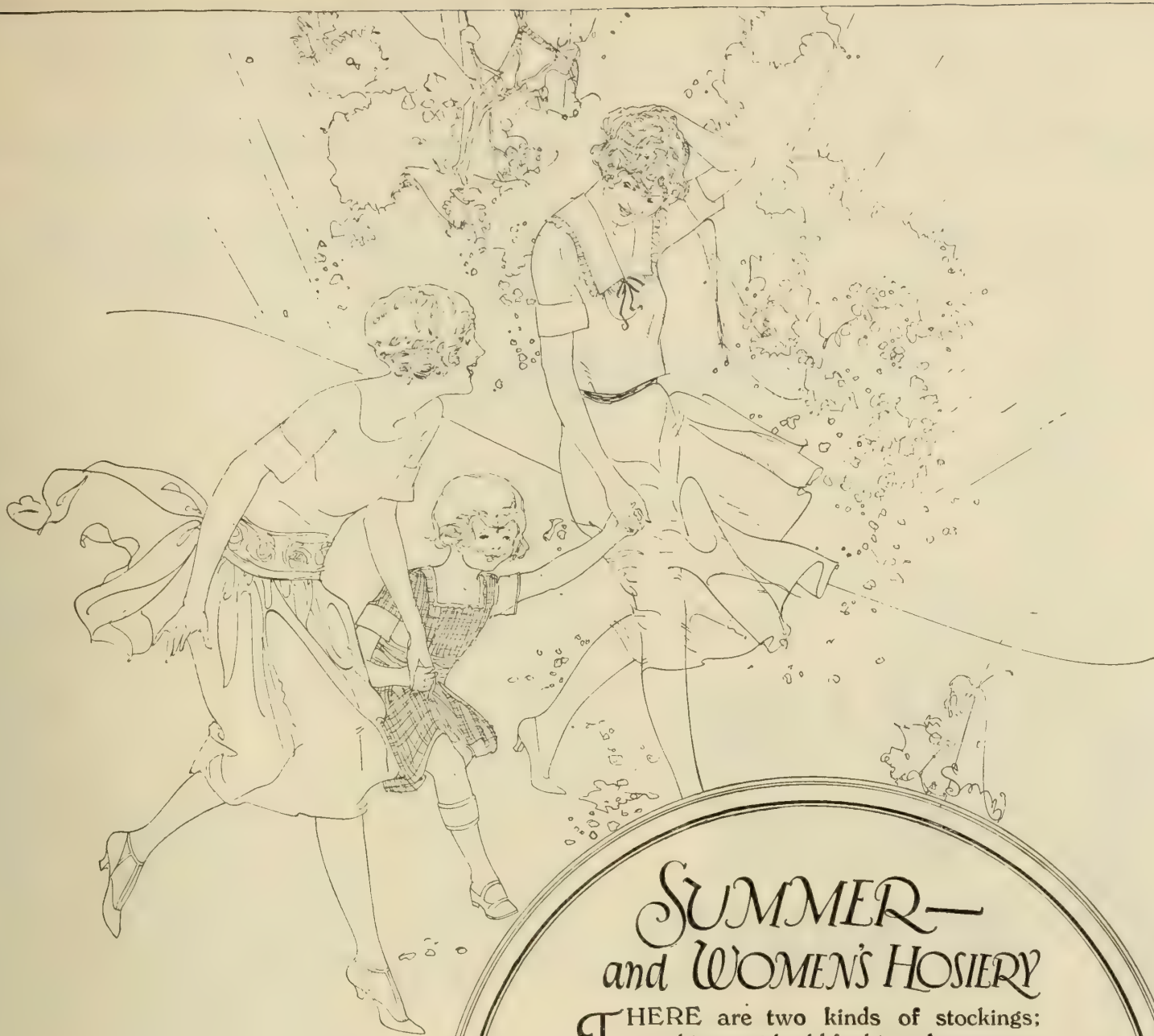


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RADIO TELEPHONY

(Continued from page 29)

solved, as anyone will see. I am not versed in mechanics, electricity or radio science but I shall try to make clear to lay readers like myself, something of what happens when Toronto "listens in" on a Winnipeg "broadcasting" station, or vice versa

Every time you speak, sing, laugh, play on a musical instrument or make a noise of any kind, you set in motion a series of sound waves that reaches the ears of those within range and vibrates on their ear drums in "tune" with the vibrations that originated with this noise. Radio telephony consists in increasing the radiation of sound waves to cover a vast circumference, hundreds, or it may be thousands of miles in diameter. If you throw a stone in a pool or drive a motor boat through the water you start in motion a series of ever widening waves. Something like this happens when a sound is loosed in the ether by which we are surrounded. Now suppose a mysterious force in nature by which ripples could be driven immensely greater distances so that a stone thrown from a steamer in mid-Atlantic, would result in splashing on the shores of both Europe and America and you have an idea of what radio telephony accomplishes in air. By the processes that originated with Marconi sound waves are given such force and velocity that they travel immensely greater distances than they do in nature. The problem of hearing them properly, remains. The receiving apparatus is a great ear which takes the sounds and amplifies them in "tune" with the original sound. The waves from the transmitter set up vibration in the circuits of the receiving stations, and to preserve their original identity the receiving circuits must be pitched to the same wave-length as the transmitting station. It was necessary to devise some means of "detecting" these waves, or in other words translating them back to the original sound as heard at the point of departure.

* * *

EXPERIMENTAL scientists, after long research, found that certain substances, known as mineral crystals, possessed qualities which enabled them to function as "detectors" of radio waves, because of certain special qualifications they possess as conductors of electricity. Galena is the most important of these mineral crystals, and, after the current reaches it, it ceases to oscillate, and travels in one direction. The crystal is in use in some of the more simple receiving machines which take the sound and repeat it like the ordinary telephone. But more scientific and efficient than the crystal is the "audion" or "vacuum tube" detector, and it is this familiar object (first invented by the late Sir William Crookes,) utilized in a new way that has made the present grand developments of radio telephony possible. It is like an incandescent light bulb with a plate mounted in the bulb, in addition to the filament. The plate is charged with positive current and the current from the filament flows in one direction only—toward the plate. Thus by connecting the bulb in such a way that incoming signals go first to the filament, they are immediately steadied and flow against the plate, which transmits them as does a telephone either to an individual Head 'phone, or through an amplifier,—a simple device,—to large audiences.

"Tuning in" is not quite so easy to explain to unscientific persons, but it has to do with the length and number of vibrations, and vibrations have everything to do with the ordinary and unthought mysteries of sight and hearing. One writer goes to colors for an illustration. We speak of this color as blue and another as red. In the scale of vibrations the color blue is higher in pitch than red. The number of waves per second required to show red to the eye is not so great as in the case of blue. Similarly with the voice. A note is "High" or "Low" in accordance with the frequency of the waves or vibrations per second that produce it. Thus when you hear a high soprano sing, you will

frequently experience a sudden rapid pulsation against the ear drums which is entirely absent when a contralto sings. The same principle applies to radio telephony. Every sound that issues from the transmitting station goes out on a certain wave-length, determined by the amount of capacity and strength of current-production (or inductance) in the sending circuit. The receiving operator in "tuning" tried various degrees of capacity or inductance until they correspond with the wave lengths of the transmitter. To facilitate radio telephony, the wave lengths to be used at broadcasting stations are telegraphed to the newspapers in advance, so that the receiving operator need lose no time in adjusting his apparatus to hear from a given point with which he desires to establish communication. Within a few weeks a superb system of organization for the interchange of intelligence on radio programmes has been created. Given an elementary knowledge of electrical appliances and mechanics the home construction and management of radio receiving machines is open to nearly everyone. For a simple treatise on this subject, I would recommend "The Home Radio; How to Make and Use It" by A. Hyatt Verrill, Published by Harper & Bros., New York and the Musson Book Company, Toronto.

The widespread popularity of the radio has raised a question which scientists regard as serious, but which seems fantastic to the layman; Can the air stand the use which is being made of it? Recently a convention of experts was held at Washington called by Hon. H. C. Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, at the instance of President Harding, to discuss this very issue. As the Scientific American put it; "The use of the ether—the name given to the medium through which the radio waves travel—is not limitless. It will accommodate just so many wireless messages and no more. When this limit is exceeded, chaotic conglomerations of sounds, which rival the busy day noise in a boiler factory, prohibit the sending or receiving of any kind of messages. Naval and military authorities and those who wish to use the new device for strictly utilitarian ends were alarmed at the enthusiasm of boys who are everywhere making receiving sets for home use, for it is certain that by summer there will be a million such machines in American homes. Secretary Hoover was the staunch friend of the boys however, although sentiment was in favor of some form of regulation. I, passing it should be said that such machines are already subject to regulation in Canada. It is not legal to install a machine without securing a license from the Navy department at Ottawa, which cost one dollar.

There are some who predict that the radio telephone is a mere toy, interest which will subside. That is possibly true so far as cities are concerned; but it will continue to be a great boon for the farm and villages. And it has elements of utility far exceeding mere radio concerts. Here are some of the uses to which it is being put in the United States, gleaned from casual items in the press. The U.S. Public Health Service is broadcasting health hints in certain rural sections and the same course will probably be followed in England and France where broadcasting is now established. Medical advice on emergency cases at sea is being transmitted to ships. Market prices are being sent to farmers, and weather reports also. Not merely music and lectures, but crop reports, official time, racing, and baseball returns, shipping news and many forms of commercial intelligence are now going broadcast through the air free to anyone who possesses a wireless receiving set. Obviously an invention with so many applications can never become a mere toy. "Take away your toy" was what Prof. Graham Bell heard forty years ago from countless wise acres when he was trying to secure financial backing for the original telephone.

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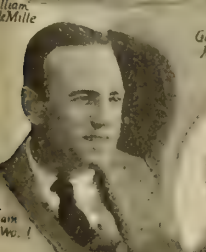
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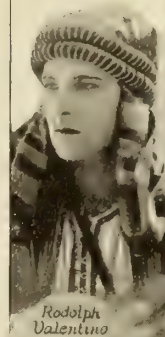
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Education and Better Schools—Mrs. F. W. Hughes, Cavendish.

Legislation—Mrs. H. J. Montgomery, Wetaskiwin.

Immigration—Mrs. Wm. Barss, Delia.

Household Economics—Miss Bessie McDermand, Edmonton.

Agriculture—Mrs. James McKay, Provost.

Publicity—Mrs. J. F. Price, 1220-15th. St. N.W., Calgary.

BRITISH COLUMBIA—Secretary—Mrs. V. S. MacLachlan, Dept. of Agriculture, Victoria.

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CONVENERS OF STANDING COMMITTEES

Child Welfare & Public Health—Miss Mabel Gray, 1821 Scarth St., Regina, c/o Red Cross Headquarters.

Home Economics—Miss Esther Thompson, University of Sask. Saskatoon.

Agriculture—Miss Margaret Campbell, Maple Creek, (Maple Creek District).

Immigration—Mrs. B. Jones, Immigration Dept., Regina.

Legislation—Mrs. H. Coy, Grenfell.

National Events—Miss Mabel Rutherford, Univ. of Sask. Saskatoon.

Institute Technique—Mrs. A. G. Hanson, Clavet.

Education & Better Schools—Miss B. M. R. Cole, Kelso.

MANITOBA WOMEN'S INSTITUTES CONVENTION

Manitoba Women's Institutes held their twelfth annual convention at Winnipeg recently, with two hundred and fifty delegates present. These were welcomed by Lady Aikins, Mrs. Robt. Forke of Pipestone replying.

According to the report of Miss Myrtle Hayward, director of Women's Institute work, ten new branches had been organized, last year, making a total membership of over 3 500.

The aggregate expenditure was \$27,000, by far the larger part of which went to the community, though in a few cases donations were made to the Children's Aid, Winnipeg, the Fresh Air Camp at Gimli, the needy in other provinces and in one case, money was contributed to relief in Europe.

Eight institutes spent in the aggregate \$2,111.63 on community halls and their furnishings; four spent \$710.00 on rinks, and four gave \$594.00 toward hospital supplies.

Rest rooms were maintained at 25 different centres, the money spent in their upkeep amounting to \$3,180. In most cases these rest room were financed entirely by the Institutes. In a few cases rural municipality and the town council contributed a substantial annual grant. In five instances cash donations amounting to a total of \$75.00 were made towards Christmas trees, boxes and presents. Included in other activities were interests in Boys' and Girls' Clubs, equipping playground for children, millinery and dress-making short courses and the establishment of child welfare stations.

In order to get an idea of the many worthwhile deeds of the Institutes, it is necessary to study their reports very closely. Committees call regularly on the sick and those in trouble; clothing is solicited, made over, and sent off to the needy; receptions are given for new-comers in the community; "glad hands" offered to the stranger within the gates; Christmas cheer carried to lonely hearts; and assistance given to teachers in Canadianizing foreign children. These are the things that are remembered but can not be counted in dollars and cents.

As the resolutions of any convention sum up its business and the subjects of discussion—so a brief record of these will show just what the Manitoba W. I. is doing. They are as follows:

That the pre-school clinic scheme be encouraged by the W. I. and adopted wherever possible.

That, whereas, sub-section 2 of section 156 of The Canada Temperance Act enacts that no poll for polling or voting, whether for bringing into force any prohibition or for the revocation of the same, shall be held or had within three years of any previous voting held or had under the provisions of this part; therefore be it resolved that the will of the people has been fully and unmistakably expressed upon the question, and that until the amendments to The Canada Temperance Act have been given the test of at least three years' sympathetic administration, we are opposed to any further attempts to question the decision already emphatically expressed, and that we use our influence against any propaganda intended to modify the present legislation.

That we express our satisfaction with the stand taken by the present government on the temperance question.

That there should be equal parental rights as between husband and wife and the safe-guarding of the rights of children.

That the Mother's Allowance Act be extended to include the wife and family of a man who is permanently disabled and incapable of contributing to the support of his family.

That the federal government be asked to take such necessary steps as will permit the free testing of all herds from which milk is used for human consumption.

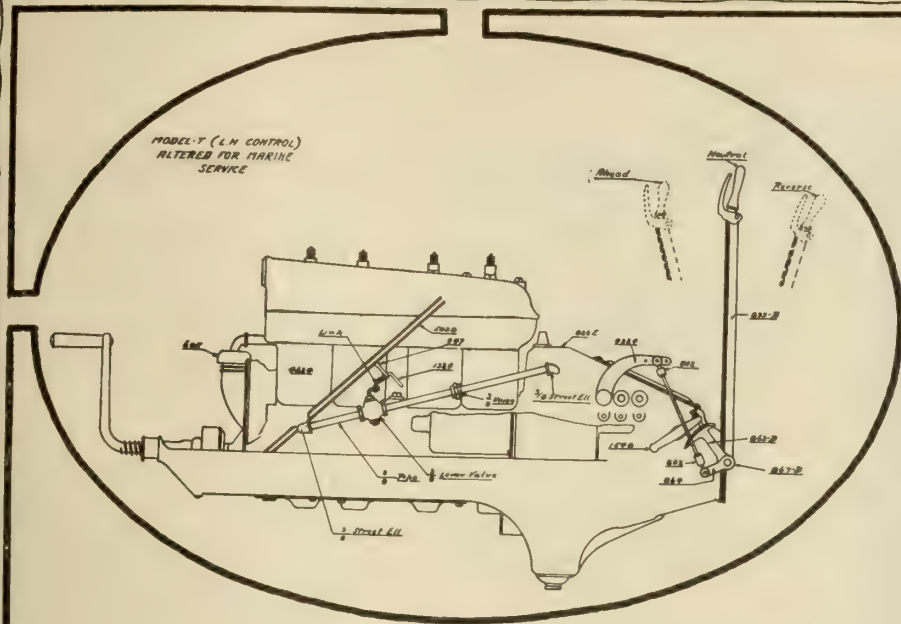
That there should be suitable ceremony when people of other countries are being made naturalized citizens of Canada, on July 1 or some other suitable date.

That the Municipal Act be amended so that the women in towns and villages may have the same franchise rights as regards municipal by-laws as the women on farms.

(Continued on page 37)



Women's Institutes Girls' Club, Edmonton, 1921



A *Ford* Engine for your Motor Boat

The Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, announces a change in policy whereby the famous Model "T" Ford Motor Unit becomes available for purchase as a power unit.

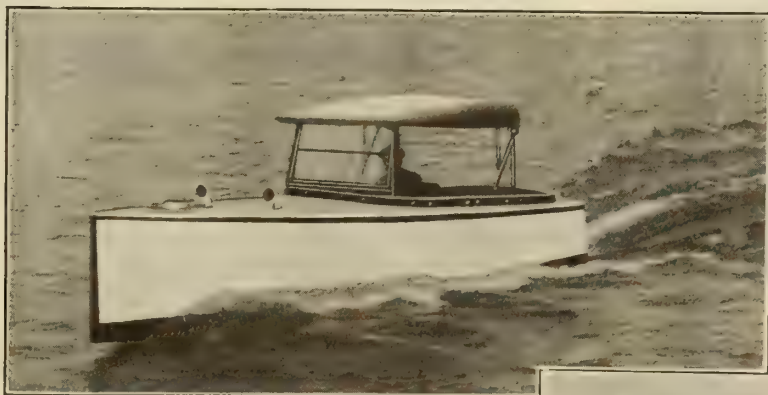
This announcement is of particular interest to motor boat owners. The economy of operation of the Ford engine has been demonstrated in millions of Ford cars. Exhaustive tests have proved that it will provide the same dependable economical power for motor boats as well as for a multitude of industrial purposes.

The standardized runabout shown below has been developed by the Gidley Boat Company, Limited, Penetang, Ontario, especially for Ford equipment.

It has exceeded the expectations of the builders in stability, seaworthiness and economy of operation.

The standardized Ford equipment on this boat consists of:—

Ford Engine with electric lighting and starting equipment mounted on a standard Model "T" car frame to which is bolted a standard Ford steering assembly.



Standard Ford touring car one man top and side curtain assembly.

Ventilating Windshield, gasoline tank, Drain Cocks, Etc.

"There is a Ford Dealer in every port."

THE FORD DEALER SELLS
GENUINE FORD PARTS.





LA FRANCE PATTERN

Unusual Beauty in Moderate Priced Silverplate

Good Silverplate that has long-wearing quality far in excess of its moderate price. For every use in a well ordered home Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate is appropriate and desirable.

Teaspoons $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. \$1.75 Medium Knives $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. \$11.80
Sugar Shell each .70 Medium Forks $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. 3.50
Pickle Forks each \$1.00

Many other staple and fancy pieces on the same modest cost basis.

"GIFTS THAT LAST"

Wm Rogers & Son
Silverplate

Made in Canada and Guaranteed by Wm Rogers Mfg.
Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

A Silver Touch for the Hope Chest

Of course you know what the hope chest is:—not the box which Pandora opened and from which the blessings flew away, "excepting hope," but a practical, capacious chest into which the bride puts linen and lingerie and many a dainty hoarding for that new life which is to be so much like the Garden of Eden—with a house in the centre of it.

As the days go by, the hope chest becomes quite crowded with towels almost silky in their fineness, table linen which has a texture and sheen that are a delight to the housewifely heart:—and then silver dreams begin to come to the bride—who-is-to-be and visions of tea-sets and shining dozens of spoons brighten the hours given to drawn-work and monograms.

Spoons are, perhaps, the first suggestion in silver. There will be some readers who will murmur a pun just here, but we insist on considering spoons with seriousness. We do not know when they were first made:—but we have a fancy that they were made of leaves and then of wood.

silversmith's art. In fact, we have many designs to-day which have delighted the brides of three or four generations and which will probably light the pathway of the young housewife for many years to come. The choice of silver is a continued story and we find great grandmother describing with enthusiasm the silver teapot which was given her when Victoria was a young queen.

* * *

IN Canada, the use of a variety of table silver has increased greatly in the last twenty years. The soup tureen of silver was a comparatively rare article in the household of 1890. To-day it is frequently seen, while the casserole and the silver baking dish are almost indispensable. The silver platter and the chop dish are also in popular favor, while the silver gravy dish makes a graceful receptacle, which cannot be exceeded in any other ware. The silver or glass butter dish has been a feature at every wedding since butter was first rolled and stamped.



This shows an interesting variety of silver articles, any one of which would be a welcome gift. Upper (from the left): a syrup jug, a candlestick and a marmalade jar. Lower: salad bowl, butter dish and biscuit jar. These articles are all dainty in style and excellent in quality; something to brighten and adorn the table, with a daily usefulness as well.

The horn spoon, the ivory spoon, the silver spoon and the rare spoon of gold played their part in history, in varying sizes and shapes. The silver spoon finally established itself as favorite, and the desire of every bride is to have a complete equipment of spoons:—tea, dessert, table, grapefruit—and any other fancy varieties which may come along. The modern manufacturer of silver-ware has produced the spoon in many designs and styles:—and the friends of the bride-elect would do well to give heed to her individual taste, in selecting the spoons which are to be useful and ornamental in her new abode. She may like a touch of flowers or leaves in her silver spoons or she may prefer the simple or almost classic lines. So, try to discover her preference in spoons and the bride will give you a double blessing. Do not have the monogram or initials engraved:—for each fair lady prefers a style of letter all her own. Of course a cabinet of silver with a presentation engraving is another story, which has a little silver shield or panel to itself.

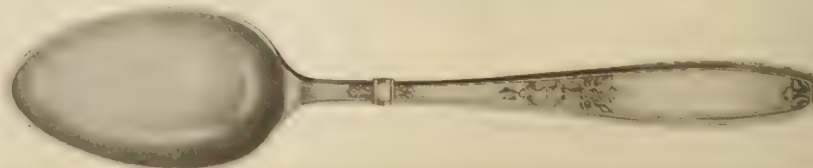
Most brides have a few spoons in their store which have come down to them from mother and grandmother:—heirlooms which are justly prized; but none of them can surpass the modern products of the

No wedding outfit would be complete with the butter-dish absent. The crumb set is also a looked-for friend, while the sandwich plate and the bread tray are requisite in every household. The daintiest designs are shown in these, with perforated patterns, which make a pleasing tracery for border and ends.

The silver present affords a solid satisfaction to both giver and receiver. It cannot well be broken, and, therefore, can be displayed proudly, twenty-five years from now, when the silver wedding-day arrives with reinforcements for the cabinet and the spoon drawer. There is something so shingly substantial about silver that it is well to buy the best that one can afford to bestow on the bride. It is more satisfactory to give a smaller piece of good quality plate than something more imposing in size which is not of such fine type. Good silver is an acquisition:—something to be regarded as a generation-long possession. Like old lace, it may be "handed down," with the assurance that it will be appreciated.

There is a comforting feature about many of the modern silver dishes:—and that is their comparative lightness. The

(Continued on page 38)



Women's Institutes

(Continued from page 34)

That the W. I. endorse the resolution of the U. F. W. of Manitoba, which asks that all imported eggs be subjected to Canadian government inspection.

That the W. I., in convention assembled, do urge upon the provincial government the necessity of a larger and more efficient police force to make more effective the enforcement of our temperance laws.

That the Extension Service be asked to investigate all appeals for money or aid, and to advise Institutes as to the merits of the appeals.

That in addition to the regularly appointed delegates, the members of the Advisory Board be allowed to vote on all questions, should it happen that they are not among the delegates appointed by their respective societies.

Whereas, there is much misery and suffering caused by the desertion of their children by parents, of wives by their husbands, or of husbands by their wives; and whereas, under international law, as it now stands, there is no way of bringing the offender to justice if once he or she leaves Canada; Resolved that we respectfully urge upon the government of Canada the urgent need for legislation to make the desertion of children by their parents, of wives by their husbands, or of husbands by their wives, an extraditable offence.

Many interesting addresses and talks were given, these being—the President's address, Mrs. David Watt of Birtle; The Dominion Federation, Miss A. F. Playfair of Hartney; Mrs. Parsons, W. I. representative on the Social Service; Mrs. A. W. Spicer on Our Sisters in the Old Land; Professor Bracken of the Agricultural College; Mrs. Hooper of Brandon on "The Director's Duties," Mrs. R. Johnston of Deloraine on A Delegate's Duty; Dr. W. A. McIntyre of the Winnipeg Normal School on "The Education of the Child;" H. G. Wade on "Canadian Authors;" Hon. H. Malcolm, Minister of Agriculture on Assistance of Women to the Department of Agriculture; Mrs. V. Patriarche, of the Manitoba Censor Board, on "Motion Picture Censorship," Mrs. Arthur Rogers, M. L. A., on the "Happenings of the Legislature," and Mrs. R. F. McWilliams on "Current Events Programme."

The social events included a reception at the Government House, given by Lady Aikins; a reception by Professor and Mrs. Bracken at the Agricultural College—the members being invited to hold their convention there next year—this being accepted.

The officers for 1922 are:

ADVISORY BOARD.

Central—Mrs. D. Watt, Birtle.

Eastern—Mrs. H. M. Speechly, Winnipeg.

South-western—Mrs. R. A. Johnston, Deloraine.

Northern—Mrs. J. R. Dutton, Gilbert Plains.

The two named by the Minister of Agriculture were: Mrs. Robt Forke, Pipestone; and Mrs. E. Knapp, of Brandon.

COMMITTEE CONVENERS.

Conveners of standing committees were appointed as follows:

Publicity—Miss M. Hayward, Winnipeg.

Women's Institute Technique—Miss A. F. Playfair, Winnipeg.

Education—Mrs. R. Johnston, Deloraine.

Immigration—Mrs. Chas Robson, Winnipeg.

Child Welfare and Public Health—Mrs. H. M. Speechly, Winnipeg.

Household Economics—Miss M. Hayward, Winnipeg.

Laws and Legislation—Mrs. R. A. Rogers, M. L. A., Winnipeg.

Agriculture—Mrs. Leslie, Melita.

National Events—Mrs. J. R. Dutton, Gilbert Plains.

(Continued on page 39)



The Bride That *Wonderful* Girl!

SHE deserves the best there is. The best that her parents, her brothers and sisters, her relatives and friends can give her. Such a lot depends on the start she gets on the broad sea of matrimony. The test comes when she starts to cook for the man who won her heart. Consider carefully, then, all you who are about to choose a gift for the bride. Select a gift that will make her task a delight.

Give her a MOFFAT as a Wedding Gift

WHY? A Moffat Range has a very wonderful oven, for instance. It is porcelain enameled inside and out. It cannot rust. Corrosion is impossible. It is made all in one piece and it is electrically welded, so that no weaknesses can develop. The Moffat oven is easily cleaned—cleans like glass! It is perfectly ventilated, absolutely sanitary and indestructible.

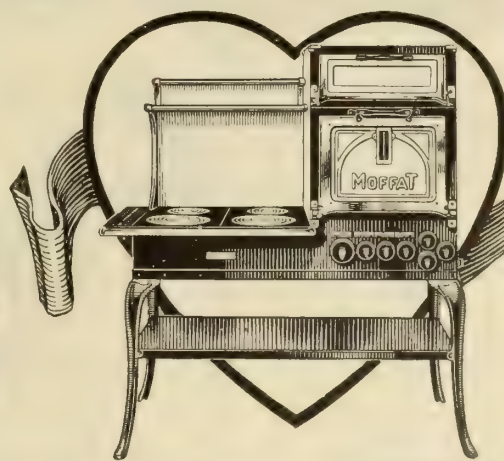
On the oven door is a mercury thermometer which tells the exact degree of heat within the oven. And in this Moffat wonder oven there are no copper wire connections.

Then the burners! They are made of indestructible cement porcelain, and can't be injured. Moffat burners will boil water or cook food faster than any other electric range—boil a quart of water in ten minutes from

cold to the full boil! Protected Moffat elements can be installed where ordered.

The switches on Moffat Electric Ranges are all clearly named on the outside. The switches are protected from moisture and accident and are well away from the burners.

In the Moffat you have the perfect electric range—ready for any job of baking, frying, broiling, stewing, roasting, grilling, boiling. There are 28,000 Moffats in daily use. Write for complete details and illustrated booklet to Moffats, Limited, Weston, Ontario.



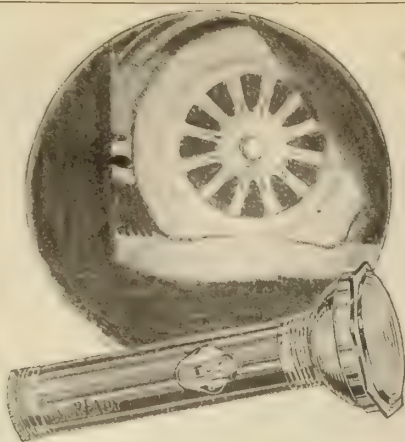
MOFFATS Electric Ranges

Fashions for Summer Days

The days of sunshine and holiday sport are near, and every woman wants to have the latest and daintiest designs for herself and the small persons of the household. There are many fashions, but the PICTORIAL REVIEW includes them all; and you cannot make a mistake, either in smartness or suitability, if you use the PICTORIAL REVIEW patterns.

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS
MEET EVERY NEED FOR
EMERGENCY LIGHT

The Ghosts of the Night Trail!



THE Empty gasoline-tank; the flat tire; the asthmatic carburetor that chokes, and stalls your motor; the faltering spark plug that demands attention; the boiling water-jacket that thirsts for another drink—these are the ghosts of the night trail.

Every motorist encounters these terrors of the trail sooner or later. What a comforting thought it is to know that in the side-pocket of the car is your trusty Eveready Flashlight!

As necessary a part of the motorist's equipment as the tire-jack, the socket-wrench and—yes—the spare tire. Not only for the breakdown, but for reading road-signs, gasoline-gauges, etc.

Don't drive at night without an Eveready Flashlight. See the nearest electrical, hardware, drug, sporting goods or auto-supply store and select the type you like most. The Eveready trade-mark is your assurance of quality. Always use Eveready Batteries—they fit all flashlights.

CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY,
LIMITED

Montreal

Toronto

Winnipeg

Vancouver

EVEREADY

FLASHLIGHT

—for safety's sake

A Silver Touch for the Hope Chest

(Continued from page 36)

huge and heavy articles which our forefathers liked are out of place in the house or flat of this crowded century. Consequently silver-ware has gained in grace and the silver centre-piece or vase of to-day is much more attractive than the massive epergne of long ago. The dainty silver, so much in vogue at the present, is better suited to our requirements than the rather clumsy tea pots which were popular one hundred years since. We make our silver to suit our houses, after all, and the old-time ponderous pieces are not at home in the modern citizen's habitation.

* * *

A COMPLETE set of table silver is something which any bride might well desire to possess. Years may come and go, fashions change and pass, but the silver tea set is always a favorite gift

bride's domain:—and you may take your choice of silver, ebony or ivory handles for the coffee-pot.

In the matter of choosing dainty silver articles, which yet have a use of their own, we are much more fortunate than our grandmothers. There is a variety in the display of to-day which affords satisfaction to every kind of buyer. If you wish to bestow a gift of a tiny silver basket which will hold a few almonds or candied violets, you will find many such articles in filagree effect gleaming in the cases. If your heart is set on a slender silver vase here is just the thing to hold a rose or two or a few sprays of sweet peas. There are bon-bon dishes of graceful shape, tempting one by their shining beauty to partake of the sweets they hold. Pie plates and casseroles supply more practical



An ideal gift --- the cabinet of silver

Yes, It's Genuine

The "Ivoris" trade mark—the sign of quality—is on the piece.

The bride naturally prefers gifts of "Ivoris" French Ivory, because they match perfectly. "Ivoris" articles are uniform in purity of color, beauty of grain and elegance of texture.

Give her "Ivoris"—obtainable at all leading drug, jewelry and departmental Stores.



THE FRENCH-IVORY PRODUCTS
LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA.

FRENCH-IVORY
Look for this trade mark

IVORIS

The French Ivory Beautiful



for the bride. Five o'clock tea, too, has almost become a Canadian custom, and there is more need and use than ever for the silver tea set. There is no position a young wife can hold which is more dignified and becoming than that of priestess of the tea-pot. The bridal silver equipment which does not include a tea set has failed to meet the demands of the new home, and the young hostess will not be truly happy until it is added to her list. The coffee set, too, is conducive to happiness in the silver department of the

needs, while thimbles, talcum holders, tea-pot stands, fern jars (looking as if they were intended for one of fairy growth) trays six-inches long and diminutive jugs appeal to the purchaser whose purse is not equal to a tea set or a water jug.

You cannot complain of a lack of variety in the scene where silvery gifts are displayed. There is everything which the heart or fancy of womankind may desire;—and you can hardly make a mistake, if you would express your best wish in tangible form, if you say it in silver.



Women's Institutes

(Continued from page 37)

THE SUMMER DELEGATES.

“EVERY woman here has made good in the work she specially represents on the Departmental Lecture Staff,” said the Superintendent of the Ontario Women's Institutes addressing the Workers' Conference held in the Parliament Buildings prior to the Summer Series of Institute meetings beginning in May. These will be held at over 700 points throughout rural Ontario and will be attended by the keenest and most progressive home-makers, teachers, and community builders throughout the province. Not all of these will be for women either, for special requests have come from some centres asking for evening meetings, so that men might be there too. The gatherings will be very varied as to place, attendance, and character. Many, and those among the most interesting and profitable, will be held in the new, sparsely settled pioneer districts where the Branch has difficulty in securing the ten girls and women necessary to organize. But how brave, bright, and resourceful these are, the very darlings of the hearts of the lecturers and demonstrators who will be privileged to visit them. Others will be in the wealthy older parts of the province, village, small town, and country. Some meetings will be in halls, churches, schools; others will be in farm homes and on green spacious, tree-shaded lawns; more will be the great community pic-nics, now such an outstanding feature of Ontario life. The attendance will range from ten to ten thousand, and the ten will receive just as eager and enthusiastic service from the Government delegates as the ten thousand.

“It is not as easy to make good as a Departmental lecturer this year as it was fifteen years ago,” went on the Superintendent. “The work of past delegates, officers, and members—and as I look around I realize sadly that some of them will be with us no more in the Branches—has resulted in such self-development among the women themselves that rural communities can now successfully carry out demonstrations, get up papers, and give addresses in a way undreamed of then. To-day every delegate must be an expert in her particular line, must be able to give ideas and leadership, must have a large fund of knowledge and experience behind what is put into her lectures.

The Institutes of Ontario were never in as strong a position for great and good service as in this twenty-fifth year of their existence, and the members are realizing their opportunities, responsibilities, and privileges in receiving help for themselves and giving it to others.”

A remarkable little group they were, twenty-five or so, to whom these words were addressed—teachers of Domestic Science, First Aid and Nursing, Sewing and Millinery, Interior Decoration and Labor Saving, doctors, women of literary ability, a magistrate, successful mothers, expert housekeepers, women of unusual organizing and executive ability, good speakers and good mixers, who with all their high ideals still kept their feet firmly on the ground of practical every day needs in the home and in the neighborhood. Needless to say, it was a sunshiny group, full of the spirit of service and unselfish co-operation, and it came from all parts of Ontario.

A very busy two days were spent in conferring with the Departmental heads as to present needs, the best methods of meeting them, services available to the home-makers through the various Government Departments, the Colleges, the Motion Picture Bureau, Extension work and how to improve it, how in brief, to make the whole service more helpful.

So has the little mustard seed thought of a quarter of a century ago planted among the rural home-makers grown into this splendid tree of co-operation between the home, the college, and the Government, which in the year of its Silver Anni-

(Continued on page 40)

“When the Younger Generation goes into the Home—

—may all its beauties be preserved”

A home is an enduring thing, built and made beautiful, not merely for the present, but with the thought of a lifetime to be spent within its walls, of children and grandchildren to grow up beneath its sheltering roof. Every effort, then, should be made to preserve its beauty, and provide against the shabbiness of hard usage through the years. Floors and woodwork will permanently maintain all their original attractiveness if finished with the famous

Liquid Granite

The World's Most Durable Floor Varnish

Liquid Granite gives a hard, smooth, wear-proof and water-proof surface. It brings out the natural grain of the wood, and its soft lustre adds to the enduring charm of every home.

Sold by Dealers Everywhere.

BERRY BROTHERS
VARNISHES
ENAMELS - STAINS
Walkerville - Ontario

HAVE YOU TAKEN FULL ADVANTAGE

of the Many BENEFITS offered in this copy of the

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL?

Besides the many useful hints given in the editorial columns—the fund of helpful suggestions contained in the advertising columns is well worth your close attention—Look them over carefully and take full advantage of them.



Prize Babies

Convincing evidence as to the best baby food to substitute Nature's milk, has been given at many Baby Shows, where the prize winners have proved to be babies fed since earliest infancy on Robinson's "Patent" Barley, combined with cow's milk.

After nine months, a valuable addition to the diet is Robinson's "Patent" Groats.

Send for our free Baby Record Book

COLMAN-KEEN (Canada) Limited
520 King St. W.
TORONTO

Beautiful Appearance

at low cost when interiors are finished with

Pedlar's Metal Ceilings

An immense range of modern and period designs. Artistic, Sanitary, Fireproof, Durable, Economical.

Catalog on Request.

The PEDLAR PEOPLE Limited
(Established 1861)

Executive Offices: Oshawa, Ont.
Factories:
Oshawa, Ont., and Montreal, Que.

Free Crochet Needle

Just imported from England; has unique handle—can't slip. Yours free for a wonderful Fillet and Venetian Crochet Book—80 new, exclusive designs with directions. Only 25c. a copy—edition limited, only one copy to a family.

The Boyd Import & Mfg. Co.,
Dept. H., Perry-Payne Bldg.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

HORLICK'S Malted Milk for Invalids

A nourishing and digestible diet. Contains rich milk and malted grain extract. A powder soluble in water.

Women's Institutes

(Continued from page 39)

versary has resulted in between nine hundred and one thousand Branch Institutes, its special College, such an Extension staff, and its own Governmental home in the Institutes Branch of the Department of Agriculture. Non-partisan, non-sectarian, co-operative in method, scientific in teaching, the Institutes draw into their friendly circle in increasing numbers those aiming to make first their own homes better, happier, more efficient; secondly, the whole community. The men and women so concerned will pause a moment this summer to rejoice and take stock at many Silver Anniversary celebrations before proceeding in their sane, calm way towards the Golden in great and scientific nation-building.

THE NEW HAND BOOK.

Welcome as Spring itself comes the new Women's Institute Hand Book to officers and members who study it as a text book on methods of work. To the uninitiated the plain little brown book with the "Home and Country" badge on the outside and the Government coat-of-arms on the inside which will be dug out of many an officer's bag and over which so many eyes will eagerly and intently pore this summer, may be something of a puzzle in the interest it arouses. But when it is remembered that it is the first Hand Book issued since before the war, and is filled with suggestions from cover to cover on such topics as How to Conduct Meetings, Parliamentary Procedure, How to Organize a New Branch, Duties of Officers, Presidents, Secretaries, Directors, District Work, Programme Planning, Services Available from the Departments of State, Girls' Institutes, a brief History of the Ontario Institutes themselves and what they have aimed at and accomplished, its mysterious attractiveness is explained.

A copy is being sent out by the Institutes Branch of the Department of Agriculture at once to each Branch and District President and Secretary, and every paid-up member of an Ontario Institute may also have one free by writing for it and enclosing her full address to the Superintendent, Institutes Branch, Department of Agriculture, Toronto.

BETTER AND MORE SCIENTIFIC AGRICULTURE.

Mrs. R. G. Leggett.

One of the most important of the Standing Committees is that on Agriculture. The following points from the report of Mrs. R. G. Leggett, convener for Ontario, will be suggestive and helpful to members when planning lines of work for the home and the Institute during the coming year.

"The first industry in the world was Agriculture and it remains the main one to-day. Encourage better and more scientific methods wherever and whenever possible in your locality.

(1) Income Producing Features:

Encourage the side lines in farming—Bee-keeping, poultry raising, small fruit growing—by interesting more people in them, sharing plants, seeds and bulbs.

Give the children interested a setting of eggs from your prize fowls, and encourage them to compete at the fairs.

Find a good market for busy mothers where they can dispose of fresh eggs and broilers for cash.

Encourage the use of vacant lots by poor people for gardening purposes.

(2) Educational:

Encourage the establishment of school gardens, or school-directed home gardens by co-operation in making, care, and the provision of a supply of seeds.

Help with the School Fair.

Give prizes at the Fall Fairs for Juveniles.

Aid in establishing Playgrounds and Community Parks.

See that there is a pure water supply for the school.

(3) Beautification:

See that roadsides are kept free of weeds and rubbish.

Encourage the improvement of lawns, the planting of trees, shrubs, and flowers, and the making of window boxes.

Divide with your neighbors beautiful shrubs, perennials, surplus seeds and seedlings.

Give the children a plot of ground of their own, and a few seeds of easily grown flowers.

Take time to teach them to protect the trees, and to see the beauty of growing plants, the budding trees, the birds' nests and the sunsets.

Have community bees for the cleaning of cemeteries, school grounds, and waste places.

Encourage in villages the disposal of disfiguring fences between lots, and the marking of divisions by strips of flowers.

Arrange for illustrated lectures in the community in Horticulture and Agriculture.

Consult available publications on Agriculture especially Dairying, Fruit and Vegetable growing, Bee-keeping, Poultry-Raising.

Co-operative Marketing—Devote some time to these features which will interest a majority of your members."

RURAL SCHOOL FAIRS

My plea—Give the boys and girls a chance! Boys and Girls are more valuable than all the farms and live stock in the Province of Ontario. The majority of the boys and girls born on our farms can be developed into good citizens, if given a fair chance during childhood to use their energies wisely directed in doing useful things. Nothing is too good for the boy of to-day—the farmer of to-morrow.

OBJECTS OF SCHOOL FAIRS.

1. To prepare the boy and girl for the farm.

2. To give boys and girls something definite to do and to encourage a friendly rivalry amongst them.

3. To afford an opportunity for boys and girls to use their energy and enthusiasm in a productive and useful way.

All School Fair Work is organized and conducted by the Agricultural Representative. The Department of Agriculture supplies and distributes all seed for the Home Plots. Pupils in Old Ontario pay the cost price of eggs but the Department pays the cost of distribution.

The Department issues prize lists, furnishes tent, poultry coops and other equipment for the School Fair and supplies judges. The local people supply all the prize money, varying from \$60.00 to \$150.00 per fair. Trustee boards, township councils, county councils and public spirited persons each contribute their share.

The classes of exhibits at the Fairs may be summarized as follows:

1. Products from home plots from seed distributed.

2. Poultry and live stock.

3. Collections of natural objects, such as mounted weeds and flowers, weed seeds, insects and the work of plant diseases and insects.

4. Collections of fruit.

5. Manual training and household science work, such as cooking and sewing.

6. Educational work including essays, maps, drawing, writing, art.

7. Miscellaneous Contests of various kinds.

HOW WOMEN'S INSTITUTES CAN RENDER ASSISTANCE IN SCHOOL FAIR WORK.

1. Suggest classes for Domestic Science and sewing, to be incorporated in the prize lists.

2. Encourage girls to enter such classes at the Fair. Conduct sewing classes and give cooking lessons for girls.

3. Arrange luncheon in picnic style and supply hot coffee on School Fair Day.

4. Conduct booths at the School Fair.

5. Give special prizes for girls' work.

6. Assist in the judging of girls' classes at the School Fair.



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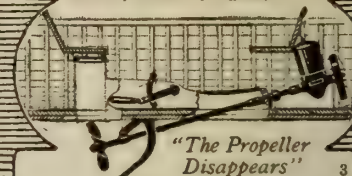
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Nagging Our Way to Divorce

BY A. C. FATHER

HAVE you a little.....? No, reader you're wrong. I was not going to ask the question the manufacturers of a well known soap company ask in their advertising. My question is "have you a little....or big nagger in your home?" I fancy most Canadian homes possess a nagger. Grant me that and I'll ask another question. "Who is the champion nagger in your home?" If it is a woman reading this, she'll reply "my husband." Most men will untruthfully answer "my wife." If hundreds of Canadian husbands told the truth, the whole truth, they'd find themselves occupying the centre of the spotlight. Granted there are many wives who nag and find fault, the question may be asked "Who made them naggers?" Now, husbands, answer it truthfully.

Where is the woman who can stand up under three-hundred-and-sixty-five days of abuse and nagging, year in and year out, without the inevitable occurring—the ultimate degenerating of herself into the ranks of fault finders?

Small pity have I for the man who assumes an injured air, as he proceeds to unfold his unhappy home life with friend wife. The wife of course is entirely to blame. He calls her a nagger—his life is ruined. If he marries again, he won't

marry a nagger—one experience is enough and much more of the same twaddle. I'd like nothing better than to slip into that man's home quietly and unknown to either husband or wife, hide and, watch how that husband behaves himself, how he talks at meal time. I see him now starting out with a song and dance about the weak tea. The wife takes little heed until he becomes personal in his remarks and she driven to desperation retaliates with a word barrage that shakes the table. The husband postpones the argument 'til the next meal. He pulls a long face and blames the woman for the rift in the lute of domesticity.

I once was a nagger. When I commenced to write this article I said I'd tell the truth and I confess freely that had my wife not been possessed of the patience of a thousand Jobs, I suppose I'd have gone on nagging my way to the lawyer's office. I suppose even then I'd have found fault with the way the legal gentleman proposed to draw up the separation papers. My wife faced the situation bravely. She took all my abuse like a soldier takes discipline. She seldom retaliated, seldom talked back. When I scolded she cooed and when I found fault she smiled. At times when I imagined

(Continued on page 44)



This is a photograph by Mr. I. T. Parker of High River, Alberta, showing the "good old-fashioned petunia" in all its bloom.



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The Canadian Home Journal
Toronto, Canada

KNITTED CLOTHES FOR SUMMER-TIME

By Charlotte M. Storey

WHEN the Rev. Wm. Lee, an Englishman away back in the sixteenth century invented the knitting machine, he didn't know what he had started; he didn't know that he had invented something that was going to play a stellar role in the summer fashions of 1922, but nevertheless that is just what he did. Not to have one or more knitted garments—the more the better—in the summer wardrobe is to be outside the realm of fashion—hopelessly outside of it.

To be fashionable this summer one must have several sweaters, at least a couple of knitted skirts, a dress and perhaps a suit and most certainly a cape, which by the way is just about as much a scarf as it is a cape, two or three smaller scarfs, a couple of hats and one or two handbags. These indispensable articles may be the product of a descendant of the knitting machine invented by the aforesaid Reverend gentleman, hand-knitted or crocheted and it doesn't really matter so much whether they are of wool, mohair, fibre silk or silk and wool; the main thing is that they must be knitted or crocheted. Of course there are woven fabrics for sports apparel but it is of the knitted things we wish to speak first. If there is any space left we shall find plenty of other sports things to write about.

To begin with the ubiquitous sweater—the newest of its kind slips on over the head but the Tuxedo is still extant. The length is a matter of choice. A few inches one way or the other makes no difference and whether they hang straight and rather close fitting, or blouse over an elastic band is also a matter of choice. And the sleeves may be long or short. The collar, however, depends very much upon the style of the sweater of which, more later.

Concerning collars, sweaters that are made like box coats and fasten with a tie

or a single button at the throat have Peter Pan collars. Slip-overs have Bramley collars of some sort of fabric like ratine, linen or organdie and an odd one here and there has a kid collar. Fabric collars are worn on sweaters just as much as they are on dresses and as they are detachable and can be kept fresh looking they are really much prettier than a knitted collar.

THE color scheme of the sweaters this year is marvellous, with jade, any of the yellows, various reds and Delf blue, black and white the most popular colors, but it isn't so much the solid color in the sweater that counts as it is the colors that are knitted in to form the pattern; although the stitch is plain as a rule, the patterns are very elaborate. For instance, there is a many-colored Norwegian design and another copied from the Mexican blanket. These on a white or a beige background are very effective.

It would be impossible to describe in detail the many bright ideas incorporated in these garments, especially those that are hand-made, but one that we noticed particularly was turned out in two colors, a green background, say, and the design in white. Through the body part in the region of the waist the design was conventional and around the bottom there was a floral border about four inches deep. Mahogany fibre silk was used for two different sweaters in a collection which he had the privilege of looking over, one being in slip-over style and the other Tuxedo and in both the ornamentation was a border of white French angora wool which was extremely effective.

Something else that is new this season and will appeal to many of our readers is the use of small wooden beads strung on the wool and knitted in with it to carry out a design. A Magician of the crochet hook showed us a slip-on Russian blouse



Knitted wool hat and sweater for the Summer Girl. These photographs are by courtesy of the "Jeane Duncan Yarn Shoppe," Toronto.



Fibre silk slipover sweater (mahogany), with French Angora border

of beaver-colored wool in which thirty-five hundred green wooden beads were used. Incidentally the blouse had an elastic run through it at the waist concealed by the blousing of the body. The beads were used in the revers and cuffs.

There is a new wool called "kurly" which works up somewhat like baby lamb and can be brushed up with a comb which is made for that particular purpose if one likes. A sweater that we saw made of this wool had a plain yoke knitted of a silk and wool mixture and the body of the curl.

Skirts come next in order as they are really the complement of the sweater and do duty for either a dress or a suit, which, perhaps explains why sweaters and skirts in some places at least, are more popular than dresses and suits, although the stores are showing a great many of both of the latter. The skirts are usually knit in one color with a ribbed stitch. We have seen several coats and dresses knitted in the same way.

Last year's cape is shown again this year at a very popular price and it has a very interesting rival in the long wide scarf which is knitted six inches or so, deeper in the centre and has fringed ends and a collar. For this garment a fancy block stitch is used.

And speaking of scarfs they are having a tremendous vogue just now. Of course there is the long wide brushed or plain woollen scarf with striped border and fringe which takes the place of a wrap on a cool summer evening and there is the wide homespun scarf, and above all there is the fibre silk which comes in all sizes in the brightest of colors, solid as well as combination stripes, also the drop-stitch lacey-looking fabric. These have been very popular all Spring and will be found handy with the summer costume as well.

Having got away from cut and dried fashions in millinery we have arrived at the stage where a knitted or a crocheted hat is no longer an experiment. It is as firmly fixed in the firmament of Fashion as the sweater itself. It may be the color

of the body of the sweater and trimmed with crocheted flowers made of wool the same color as the design in the sweater, or if one prefers, it may be any of the bright colors used in the design. The rolling brim and the rather large crown are considered the most generally becoming.

One of the latest additions to the knitted wardrobe is the knitted or crocheted bag lined with unbleached cotton and rope handles covered with crochet work. These bags are flat like the homespun bags so much in use now, with the same kind of a pattern embroidered on them. They are also knitted in pouch shape like the half of a coconut with crocheted covers over the rope handles. Some have crocheted flower trimming and others little woollen balls grouped together like bunches of fruit.

Knitted stockings must be taken as a matter of course and those made of fine woollen yarn in ribbed stitch are what the sports woman elects to wear the coming summer, and if they prove to be too warm why of course the wearer has the option of rolling them down at the top. Some few very advanced ladies are ordering their sports hose knitted like a man's with fancy tops.

THERE is yet another garment of supreme importance in the summer wardrobe especially if the coming summer happens to be as warm as last year. That is the bathing-suit. Knitted bathing suits have been tried and found wanting. When water-soaked they are said to be too heavy and not as practicable as those made of jersey cloth. The tunic and knicker in one piece are popular at most summer resorts and we hear that this year the tunic is being stamped and glorified with bright-colored embroideries. There is a new style of bathing suit which beginners will find extremely helpful in learning to swim. It is so new that we do not think it has yet been placed on sale in the stores but doubtless will be by the time summer holidays begin.

"The School of Peace" --- A Garden

BACON once said that "God's first act was to plant a garden, indeed the pleasantest of all occupations," as though at the very start God had set about doing the most delightful thing that could be done for the world, getting the world started, as it were, along pleasant pathways. And it has come to seem quite true that when people stray too far from their gardens, forget Nature too completely, civilization suffers.

Of course, gardens have not always been merely a lovely expression of nature. They have rather reflected the culture of civilization from the beginning of time as definitely as have art and humanity. There have been showy gardens, built to impress the visitor, whether he were emperor or friend; intimate gardens for children and lovers; formal gardens for royal display, and old-fashioned gardens of roses and herbs for mothers and weary old people. Indeed, the history of gardens, as it has been written in French, English and Italian, is a fascinating history of life itself, of progress and decline, of love and sorrow.

In even the most authentic histories it is difficult to find out just when the formal feeling toward gardening began. Homer writes of the gardens in the Isle of Cyprus which he called "gardens of eternal spring time." And there must have been rare and lovely gardens in Virgil's days, for he wrote of the places in which "the wise walked in woods of laurel and myrtle."

of all was the Pliny garden, a chart of which can still be seen in the most complete of the old French garden books. And in this elaborate wooded space were not only trees and flowers and immense stretches of lawn, but the whole gorgeous Roman equipment of living—bedrooms, dining rooms, warm and cold baths, sun-rooms, rest rooms, rose gardens and large spaces especially planted and devoted to outdoor sculpture. At this time when gardens were so essential to the life of the rich and happy, Roman explorers and conquerors returning victorious from other lands, instead of bringing exclusively gold and slaves, or fish and cherries as Lucullus did, arrived in Italy laden with roses, narcissus, bluet and amaranth roots. In such grounds as those, of which the famous Garden of Adrian is a notable example, there were trellises and arbors; the furniture was marble, the floors mosaic; ivory was used, and through the woods "roamed" little animals of carved wood. The guests of Adrian's garden parties were cheered with sounds of music from hydraulic organs, and rare, brilliant plumaged birds flew through the trees. The plants along the pathways were in vases of carved marble, alabaster and porphyry.

THE formal garden came into existence in Italy through Cardinal d'Este's use of the old Garden of Adrian as the foundation of his own beautiful estate.



"A garden is a lovable thing."

A wonderful picture of serene existence! Who could not be a philosopher walking gently with laurel at hand, ready for the brow?

Both the Chinese and the Hindus called their cultivated spaces "Gardens of the Good Dead," which sounds a little as though they were really describing pleasantly cultivated cemeteries; and perhaps they were. And Mahomet, when he spoke of a garden, always called it the "Garden of Happiness." Of course, this may have been merely his ideal of future existence, or a mental plane which he hoped to attain—because the fair things of life to the garden lover would always seem a garden of happiness.

We are sure that the old kings of Egypt cultivated their gardens, in a spirit of great magnificence. The entrance to the home of the Pharaohs was flanked by pylons with sculptured walls, and the path that led direct to the palace was bordered by solemn sphynxes. Scattered through the grounds were the kiosks and temples and palaces of the favorites. Flowers do not seem to have figured so largely in these gardens as do the royal trees. The scheme was architectural rather than floral. It was quite different in the old gardens of Pompeii, where the ruins of the house of Panza show evidence of lovely gardens with jars of flowers, cultivated paths, shrubs and the remains of rock gardens.

The Roman gardens flourished in their perfection about the time of the birth of Christ, and they seem to have been mainly great public places for the rich young men, cultivated to surround summer imperial estates. One of the most famous

And because he wished to incorporate in his scheme of beauty the old marble furniture, the rare jars and seats, his whole garden was built and furnished in an architectural manner, setting a fashion for this style of gardening which still obtains in Italy and has been imitated all over the world. It was in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, that formal gardens were most extravagant, among the loveliest being those on the estates of Lorenzo de Medici, Borghese and Colonna. The beauty of these gardens mainly depended on the interesting contrast of marble, well handled, in statues, pergolas, balustrades and vases, with the rich foliage of trees and vines. Flowers appear incidental in the scheme of the formal garden of those days.

When the garden fever reached England, at once the more intimate and homelike quality crept into the cultivation of the space around the house. Flowers were the delight of master and gardener. England did not need to cultivate her trees, for she had had them almost from the beginning, and her damp climate took care of her great stretches of green. But her love of gardening grew until it became a favorite pastime of the leisure class and the joy of the busy people. In a quaint and delightful old book by John James, published in seventeen twelve, and subscribed for by all the nobility of England, we are told that "gardening is always better for being under the eye of a master who has some skill in it himself." And thus we see that the real garden is the intimate joy of each man, and not a thing that can be given to him or done for him. And we feel that Bacon was right in calling it the pleasantest of all occupations.



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The Canadian Home Journal

Nagging Our Way to Divorce

(Continued from page 41)

I was real angry and commenced to wag my tongue more venomously than usual she would go off into another room, returning only when I had cooled off. For nearly two years following my marriage, I stood by my guns. My day was spoiled if I found nothing to nag about. The habit was acquired without trouble but it was difficult to break. Habit? Yes, that is all nagging is. Some no doubt, will call it a disease. In the end it was the patience of my wife that cured me. The day the climax came I was wrought up over something of small consequence but it offered the opportunity to nag and seizing it, I nagged. Brazenly my wife smiled into my face. "Please don't nag so, I'm doing the best I can" was all she said. That was at luncheon. Later on in the afternoon on my way up town I went home.

My wife did not hear me on the steps. I found her in her bed-room huddled in the rocking-chair. She was crying. I had an idea I was the cause of the tears. Bravery never shone more brightly. She wanted to be brave; to stand up under all my nagging but I saw the king link in the chain of nerves had snapped. "I can't stand your fault finding any longer. won't you please, dear, stop it?" she pleaded.

I began to reason. "Why," I asked myself, "do you go on from day to day, nagging, nagging?" Then the voice of conscience whispered "If your unbridled tongue is going to break your wife's health—better bridle it" the voice said.

I promised I'd conquer the habit. I did. It was hard work. Seldom does my tongue run away now. I think twice before I let my lips form a sentence of nagging words and like the angry man, who cools off, I postpone mailing the letter until to-morrow.

What did I nag about? Everything. I seemed to take the greatest delight in loosening my poisoned darts. My tongue wagged over trivial things; continually making mountains out of mole hills. When things went skywards at the office, I took it out on the wife when I reached home. I found fault when the soup was hot and kicked when it was cold. One day there'd be too much salt in the porridge, another not enough. I picked flaws in the pancakes. Raised the roof because there was fish for luncheon one day and threw fits another day because fish was off the menu. I cried to high Heaven when a slightly soiled cloth was spread on the table (I have eaten in restaurants, off a dirty cloth and never blinked an eye).

On a night when I wanted to go to a show, my wife tired after a hard day's work would naturally object. I'd storm and fume and tell her she was selfish. I kicked over this and that, until my spare moments were all spent in kicking. Men and mules are alike when they kick. Neither requires brains to do it.

There are thousands of men naggers. There is the business man who when a deal falls flat, vents his spleen on his stenographer or clerk. He finds fault for the pleasure of finding it. His appetite for grouching must be satisfied, let the axe fall where it may. Again there is the husband who finds fault continually with his wife because she does not look like a movie vamp about the kitchen job of scrubbing pots and pans. A woman can be neat and tidy about the house but no sane man, should expect a wife, burdened with household duties to be a fashion plate in the kitchen.

I know men, who if they find a spot of dirt on the floor a soiled towel in the bathroom, a pinch of salt spilled over the range, or a hair in the butter, go into hysterics and demand of their wife "why don't you house-clean?" They are the men who when housecleaning is underway, nag, nag, nag from morning until night, about the house being upside down.

You know the man who is always right. Never wrong. The "I told you so" kind of a man. Did you ever see a bigger fault finder in your life? He's happiest when

he is pestering some one else. It seems to me the man who is always right is always a nuisance.

* * *

NOW then men, we'll have an inning. We'll place on the pedestal for exhibition "the nagging woman." We'll take the woman who went to the altar with a frown. There are plenty of these women married to meek husbands, who take everything as a matter of course. It is these women who have paved the way to domestic happiness with obstacles that men find hard to hurdle.

Take for instance the wife who finds fault with the numerous articles a husband brings home. It is one of the privileges of a husband to act as a Santa Claus throughout the year. He delights in arranging surprise gifts for his wife. Said surprise may take the form of a pair of boudoir slippers, a ring, or any one of several things. When she takes the gift the wife finds the slippers are of a nasty color, the ring is only faked gold or the silver candelabra isn't silver. Nothing takes the sweet out of sweet heart quicker than a wife who incessantly finds fault with her husband's remembrances.

Then again there is the wife who harps and harps about her physical ailments. All her husband receives at meal time is a frown and the wife proceeds to dwell long and loud upon a pain in the back or a twitching over her right eye. This line runs the full course of the meal. Husbands are not brutes. Most men with sick wives spend fortunes to see them regain good health. But to-day's modern conditions produce a few lazy wives, who excuse their laziness in imaginary pains and ills. If it is a home where day following day, nothing more delectable than canned tomatoes, canned sardines and canned this and that is served at meals, it may be taken for granted that laziness has conquered and holds the fort. Men working under present day business demands require something better than canned food to stimulate them on to success. Modern husbands have learned to shy at can openers.

Again we have the wife, one who is better educated than her husband. She invariably finds fault with his manner of speech, his grammar and worries to death over his dress. She is the wife who bawls him out before company. It has not been the good fortune of every husband, many of them successful, to have taken a post-graduate course in a finishing school and a wife who ridicules him before others, shows very little of her boasted and vaunted finesse. Women have a clever way of saying mean things that men can never hope to equal.

A wife should not attempt to make a kitchen drudge out of her husband. The wife who finds fault with her husband because he does not turn in and wash the dishes or help put the children to bed, is piling up no end of trouble for herself. If a husband, after completing his day's work, wants to set his hand doing the work of a kitchen maid that is his privilege. Many do it, but no woman need expect a man to do it. No man giving his best energy to his work, can possibly come home at night and act a kitchen maid without his business ability or his health suffering. It is the wife's duty to fuel the home fires and manage the house. The husband finds all he can do in getting a secure footing on the ladder to success. There are husbands staring up the stairs of success, where if help and encouragement were forthcoming from their wives, they would be stepping up the stairs.

Husbands and wives don't nag. Determination and will power, will curb a hasty tongue. Married people should be tolerant, should make allowances for the shortcomings of either. We need to become tongue-tied when we feel like nagging, or we will develop into a nation of grouches.



THE KING AND QUEEN MIGHT EAT THEREOF
AND NOBLEMEN BESIDES



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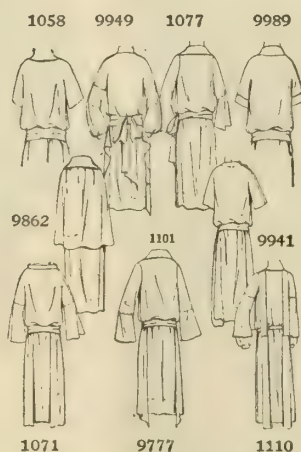


Both the Russian and Spanish Influence Are Now In Vogue



Dress 1071
Embroidery 12681

Cape-dress 9862



Blouse 1101
Skirt 9777

Dress 1110

1071—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 36 requires 5 yards 40-inch satin crepe— $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch brocade for girdle— $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 40-inch contrasting satin crêpe for vestee—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The side panels are embroidered in design 12681. The design may be worked out in rope silk or metallic thread.

9862—Ladies' and Misses' Cape-dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch crêpe-knit for skirt and cape— $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch silk crêpe for waist— $10\frac{1}{8}$ yards braid.

1101—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 9777—

Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard. The costume in medium size requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards, 40-inch check voile—3 yards 40-inch plain voile—2 yards frilling.

1110—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch handkerchief linen— $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch voile for undersleeves—2 yards frilling.

Dress—1071—Price 35 cents.
Embroidery—12681—blue or yellow, 25 cents.

Cape Dress—9862—Price 35 cents.
Blouse—1101— " 35 cents.
Skirt—9777— " 35 cents.
Dress—1110— " 35 cents.

Distinctive Styles Mark the Separate Blouse and Skirt

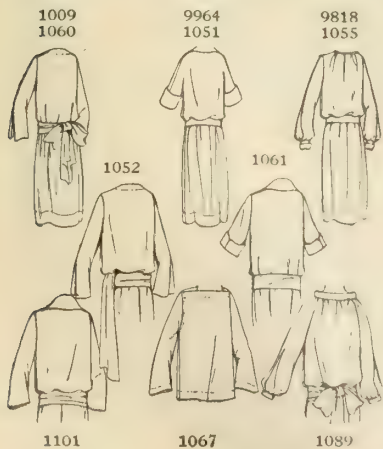


Blouse 1009
Wrap-around
Skirt 1060
Embroidery 12645

Blouse 9964
Skirt 1051

1009—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2 yards narrow ribbon. No. 1060—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard. Size 26 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 54-inch homespun. A soft, cool blouse of crêpe de Chine like this is a garment one should not overlook for the Summer wardrobe. The conventional rose motifs embroidered on the front are in design

12645 and are worked in flat satin stitch with silk floss in a contrasting color. The loose, three-quarter-length sleeves are set into arm-holes and are slashed and tied with ribbon. The skirt is of homespun and is the popular one-piece, wrap-around style with fringed border. Gathers and darts take up the fulness at the top.



1067—Ladies' and Misses' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust and 14 to 20 years. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. The initial in design 12031 is worked in contrasting color silk floss.

1089—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. The front of the blouse is effectively beaded in design 12545 using iridescent or colored glass beads.

Blouse—1009—Price 35 cents.
Wrap around Skirt—1060—Price 30 cents.

Embroidery—12645—blue or yellow 40 cents.

Blouse—9964—Price 30 cents.

Skirt—1051— " 30 cents.

Blouse—9818— " 30 cents.

Wrap around Skirt—1055—Price 30 cents.

Beading—12601—blue or yellow, 30 cents.

Overblouse—1067—Price 30 cents.

Initial—12031—Price 35 cents. Blu

Blouse—1089—Price 35 cents.

Beading—12545—blue or yellow—30 cents.



Blouse 1089
Beading 12545

Overblouse 1067
Initial 12031

9964—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine— $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch silk gingham for collar and cuffs—1 yard ribbon. No. 1051—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 26 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch cotton poplin. When one engages in any active sport like tennis or golf, one will enjoy this cool blouse of crêpe de Chine with comfortable short sleeves and V neck. To add a bright note of contrast, the collar and cuffs are made of checked silk gingham. The neck is cut deep enough to permit the blouse to be slipped on over the head. To wear with it, is a neat skirt of poplin. The latter is a very good-looking two-piece model, gathered across the back and at each side at the waist-line. A slash pocket appears at each side of the front and is bound with self-material and finished with a pearl button. A narrow belt of the poplin completes the skirt.

9818—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch Georgette. No. 1055—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Size 26 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 54-inch tweed. The blouse is made unusually attractive by using beading design 12601 and carrying it out with steel beads. An oval shaped motif is placed at each side of the front from which double lines of beads run to the shoulders. The material chosen for the blouse is Georgette which falls in soft folds when it is gathered into the piping at the neck. The sleeves are in two sections giving the new slashed effect. The skirt of tweed has two gores, giving the appearance of the new wrap-around models. It is gathered across the back and the side-front closing is finished with a deep hem.

Blouse 9818
Wrap-around Skirt 1055
Beading 12601

Priscilla Dyes at Home

In Priscilla's garden I saw the funniest "washing" hung out to dry.

"What on earth is it," I enquired—"a gypsy doll's wardrobe?"

"My goodness, No!" replied practical Priscilla, "merely some dyeing tests."

And this is Priscilla's story.

"You see, when I realized that I had to give up my position and stay at home with Mother I naturally fretted owing to my dual loss of occupation and income. I conceived the idea of dyeing certain of the cheaper fabrics in very desirable colors and submitting the results to those of my friends who are interested in the home artistic. I studied assiduously and was able to suggest schemes and themes of color for home decoration. Quite naturally they desired their homes brightened and beautified but thought the cost of such improvement to be prohibitive. I did not make much headway until the DeVinne-Smythes gave me my first commission to decorate several bedrooms.

"Mrs. DeVinne-Smythe, for all her riches, was most considerate. 'My dear,' she said when she received my bill, 'You have surely made a mistake. Your charge is absurdly low.' I insisted that I had made a handsome profit. 'Very well,' she said, 'I shall not only recommend you to my friends, but I shall not hesitate to tell them of the wonderful artistic effect you have achieved and the economy of your work.'

And thus the Social Lioness helped the "Mouse!"

"But those funny little colored scraps fluttering like flag signals in the breeze!" I persisted.

"They are just as I said," she replied, "dyeing tests—or samples—have it whichever way you like!"

Pulling in her clothes line, Priscilla unpegged the "samples" and proceeded to explain.

"This is a piece of cotton corduroy costing a-dollar-and-a-quarter a yard. It is dyed an 'individual shade' of grey obtained by adding a small amount of purple to grey the dye. It is intended to be used for portieres in Mrs. Judson Coombes' summer home. These other three pieces are also cotton corduroy each slightly darker than the other, but scarcely a full shade of color-difference between them all. Mrs. Coombes wished for the first color, but I know she will select one of the deeper tones. Then these scraps are cotton voiles, muslins and even humble cheesecloth, dyed in colors that one sees only in the most expensive fabrics. The pieces of wool serge are dyed to prove that a real navy blue and a real midnight blue may be imparted to this cloth which was an unattractive tan. These pieces of crepe are dyed to match an expensive gown. I shall have a silk stocking, ribbon and parasol order from these samples. I call this 'apparel harmony.' The black pieces are for a mourning order—the Latimers, you know. It's so sad,—financial reverse and death of the bread winner. I just stepped right in and told Mrs. Latimer I could save her a lot of money and as the expense at times of bereavement is heavy, even without financial embarrassment, she eagerly accepted my offer of help. I shall take these samples right over to Mrs. Latimer and she shall have mourning clothes for the whole family by this evening."

"Impossible!" I cried in astonishment.

"Nothing seems impossible with my home dyeing plant," retorted Priscilla emphatically. "I could dye the curtains for a Broadway Musical Comedy production, I could 'color-scheme' the palatial residences of the Goulderbilts for a mere

song and I could save money and give great service to the poorest family in Colorville."

"Colorville"—I gasped, "where is that?"

"Right here," laughed Priscilla. "Of course its right name is Meadsville, but people call it Colorville now! There's a reason!"

"Let's talk about my apartment," I suggested.

"Another order" sighed Priscilla as we turned to enter the house. "Do you know that every woman could do what I am doing?" she rattled on. "It's just a joy to create things this way, and it's so easy."

But my mind was already touring round the rooms of my dreary flat—I had visions!

Editor's Note. The following Color Recipes will help every woman to follow Priscilla's examples:

Nude: two cakes sand, one-sixteenth cake orange. Tan: one-quarter cake light brown. Jade green: one-quarter cake light green, one-eighth cake yellow. Rouge red: one cake old rose; one-eighth cake cardinal. Midnight blue: three cakes navy, one cake black. Copenhagen blue: three cakes light blue, one-half cake navy. Henna: one cake scarlet, one-half cake light brown. Canary yellow: three-fourths cake yellow, Periwinkle blue: four cakes light blue, one-half cake heliotrope, one-eighth cake purple. Battleship grey: two cakes grey, one-thirty-second cake black.

Black over white: two cakes to a pound of material for "perfect;" three cakes for jet. Black over navy blue: one-eighth cake, for "perfect," one-fourth cake for jet. Black over dark green: one-half cake for "perfect," one-fourth cake for jet. Black over dark red: one-quarter cake for "perfect," one-half cake for jet.

Health and the Home

(Continued from page 19)

and poured cream over the whole thing. It overflowed into the saucer.

"Was it good?" That was what it was! Good—You cannot beat it for a Hot-Weather-Second-Course-For-Lunch. It was no work, either. She had too much sense to work when it was 100° in the shade.

"What do I eat for Breakfast?" No porridge. I can do without porridge for a few weeks. Fruit, dairy products, and an egg, or one rasher of bacon—and eat slowly.

"Toast?" Certainly.

"For your dinner?"

Well, either meat or fish once a day and vegetables and fruit. Eat slowly and go slow generally.

Take the shady side of the street every time. Drink a great deal of water—at least six glasses a day.

BATHS—CLOTHES—FANS.

Wear few, light, white clothes. Take three baths a day, sponge or shower preferred. Carry an umbrella, or put a fresh green cabbage leaf in the crown of your hat. Keep cool, or if you cannot keep cool, keep as cool as you can! Put his straw bonnet on the horse.

See if you cannot buy your wife one of these good old Palm Leaf Fans and use it yourself any time she can spare it.



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P.C. Corsets are built for women who wish to maintain a youthful figure. They lend an easeful support and gently caress the form into fashionable, slender lines.

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The Fashionable Cape Covers a Multitude of Smart Frocks

1072—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 3/8 yard. Size 16 requires 2 5/8 yards 40-inch satin crêpe—2 1/2 yards 40-inch contrasting satin crêpe for collar, sleeve facing, vestee, and skirt—7/8 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Embroidery, in design 12612, forms an allover effect and may be worked in outline or running stitches in silk floss.

1100—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 5/8 yard. Size 16 requires 3 3/4 yards 36-inch dotted swiss—3/4 yard 40-inch organdy for sash and trimming—7 3/8 yards frilling—1/4 yard 40-inch white organdy for collar.

1063—Ladies' and Misses' Cape. Designed for 16 years, 36 and 42 bust. No. 9843—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 3/4 yard. Size 16 requires 2 1/4 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe for cape—1 yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe—3 3/8 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine for dress—3/4 yard 36-inch lining.

1113—Misses' Cape. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 9912—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years

and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 16 requires 2 1/4 yards 54-inch homespun for cape—5/8 yard 54-inch plaid—2 1/2 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine lining—3 3/8 yards 36-inch satin for dress.

1059—Misses' Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1 3/4 yard trimming.

1080—Misses' Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 9873—Ladies' and Misses' Skirt. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. The costume in size 16 requires 1 1/2 yard 36-inch linen for blouse—1 7/8 yard 36-inch contrasting—1 yard 36-inch lining.

1102—Misses' Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 1066—Misses' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. The costume in size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch pongee—1 1/4 yard 32-inch check gingham.

Dress—1072—Price 35 cents.
Embroidery—12612—blue or yellow, 75 cents.

Dress—1100—Price 35 cents.
Cape—1063— " 35 cents.
Dress—9843— " 35 cents.
Cape—1113— " 35 cents.
Dress—9912— " 35 cents.
Blouse—1059— " 35 cents.
Blouse—1080— " 30 cents.
Jupon Skirt—9873—Price 30 cents.
Blouse—1102— " 35 cents.
Skirt—1066— " 30 cents.



Dress 1072
Embroidery 12612

Dress 1100



Cape 1063
Dress 9843

Cape 1113
Dress 9912

Blouse
1059



Blouse 1080
Jupon Skirt 9873



Blouse 1102
Skirt 1066

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Camera Notes for the Novice

By J. L. Williams

WHILE the real photographic enthusiasts know no "close season" for their hobby, to most camera owners, the summer's sunshine is as closely related to their Kodaks as ice is to their skates. This being true, thousands of amateur photographers will now be busy getting their little black boxes out and polishing them up in preparation for the outings and excursions of another summer.

But how much more pleasure would be got out of the camera if one could only be reasonably certain that all the exposures made would turn out good. Yet there is no reason why they should not. Every camera sold by a reputable dealer will take perfectly good and clear pictures if properly handled. Space precludes me going into details as to the various styles and makes of cameras, but assuming you have an instrument of the box type, the observation of the following few and simple rules should result in your pictures being practically one hundred per cent. good:—

1. Be sure you put the film in the camera properly. Do not allow it to unroll or become loose, as this permits light to get in at the ends and thus your films are fogged at the outset.

2. Do not take pictures against the sun. This can only be done with success by an expert or an advanced amateur.

3. Do not take pictures less than six feet from the subject.

4. Hold the camera firmly and work shutter by a gentle pressure so as not to jar or shake the camera. Shaking the camera produces vibration in the shutter which results in a blurred picture.

5. Remember, a few minutes before the sun goes down is not a good time for taking snaps with a box camera, unless it is the sunset itself you are taking. Better far to save your film until the next day. Generally speaking, the nearer mid-day the greater the chance of success will be with the novice.

6. Almost every camera of the box type has three stops or apertures which govern the ratio of light passing through the shutter. I strongly advocate always using the largest aperture for snaps. Never mind if occasionally this will slightly over-expose your films. The manager of one of the largest developing and printing businesses in America says that ninety per cent of the average amateur's failures are caused through under-exposing. If your films are a little over-exposed, the image of the subject is recorded, plus something extra which can be rectified in development. If, however, they are under-exposed, the image is not sufficiently impressed on the film and no amount of manipulation in development can put it there—intensifiers notwithstanding.

7. Just exercise the same ordinary precautions with the finishing of your film that you do with other things. You do not take your watch to the little blacksmith to be repaired, nor leave your week's laundry with the painter and decorator. Therefore have your films developed at a reliable place where this work is their business, not a sideline.

Next month I will deal with Cameras of the folding type and will show by illustrations how some extraordinary pictures may be obtained in a very ordinary way.



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is so pure — so rich and of such a creamy consistency that it "Spreads like butter."

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Now That the Strawberries Are Here

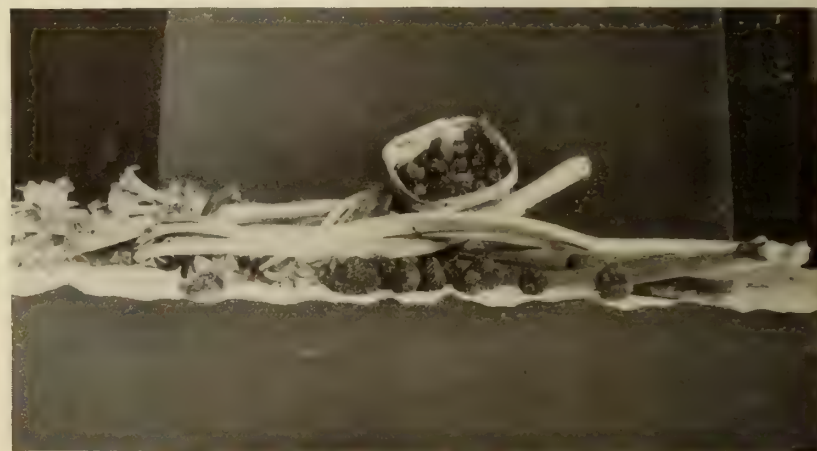
BY FRANCES M. McNALLY

THOSE of us, who have gathered wild strawberries in their native haunts, and tasted their delicious sweetness, and delicacy of flavour agree with Sir Isaak Walton when he said "Doubtless God could have made a better berry but doubtless God never did." No other berries are more readily digested or have greater health value than the wild strawberries. They seem to be "congealed sunshine with all the therapeutic value of the sun concentrated in them." It seems a pity that the wild variety has become so rare and so seldom found on the market. Perhaps, though, if they were to be had at every corner grocery store, most of their health value would have departed. Certainly they are at their best when fresh picked and served at once. This is quite as true of the cultivated strawberry. Those which come to us early from the South are decidedly lacking in the characteristic flavour and fine appearance of the native berries fresh from the vines.

cup marshmallows, cut in pieces, one-half cup heavy cream, two tablespoons sugar. Whip the cream, gradually beat in the sugar, then fold in the marshmallows and nearly all the strawberries. Turn into glass cups. Use remaining berries to garnish top.

Strawberry Sponge. One-and-one-third tablespoons granulated gelatine, one-third cup cold water, one-third cup boiling water, one cup sugar, one tablespoon lemon juice, one cup strawberry juice, whites three eggs, whip from cups cream. Soak the gelatine in cold water, dissolve in boiling water, strain, add sugar, lemon and strawberry juice. Chill in a pan of ice water. When quite thick beat until frothy, then add the whites of the eggs beaten stiff and fold in the cream. Line a mould with large strawberries cut in halves, turn in the mixture, smooth evenly and chill.

Strawberry Bavarian Cream. Mash sufficient strawberries to make one pint. Cover two tablespoons granulated gelatine with



The best of berries

Although the strawberry is usually a very wholesome food, there are a few people who have a striking idiosyncrasy against it. They find it irritating to the throat and the cause of digestive disturbances. Some persons find that eating the berry with pepper or lemon juice enables them to digest it better.

There are many ways of serving this delicious fruit. For breakfast or the first course at luncheon, they are daintier served with the hulls on, around a little mound of powdered sugar. To eat, dip them in the powdered sugar, holding the berries by the hull or stem.

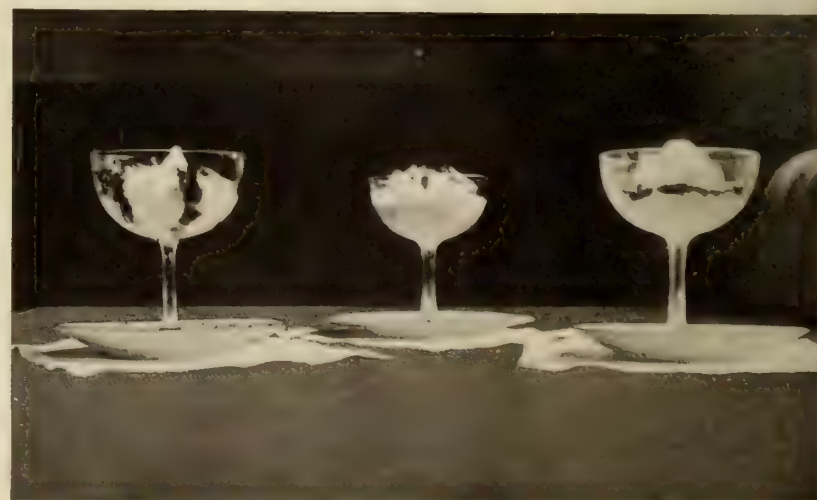
Strawberry Cocktails. Into each glass slice five or six large strawberries, squeeze over them the juice of one lemon and one orange. Place in ice-box to chill. At serving time add a heaping teaspoon of powdered sugar and a tablespoon of finely chopped ice.

Strawberry Marshmallow Dessert. One cup strawberries cut in halves, one-half

one-half cup of cold water and soak for one-half hour. Add one-half cup powdered sugar to the strawberry juice and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Stand the gelatine over hot water until dissolved and add it to the strawberry juice. Stand the bowl in a pan of ice or ice-water. When mixture begins to thicken beat until frothy. Fold in the whip from one pint of cream. Turn into a mould and chill.

Strawberry Short Cake 1. One quart strawberries, one pint flour, four teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt, two teaspoons sugar, three-quarters cup milk, one-quarter cup butter. Mix dry ingredients, sift twice. Rub in the butter with the tips of fingers. Add the milk gradually until a soft dough is formed. Toss on a lightly floured board. Divide into two parts. Pat or roll each part to one-half inch in thickness. Place one on a buttered round layer cake tin. Brush the

(Continued on page 53)



Strawberry sherbet

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Jute Industries Limited
DUNDEE SCOTLAND

Ask the merchant to show you the
woven BURLAP back.

Table talks

By Mrs. Knox

June's Alaska Surprise

(Something entirely new)

IN writing these "talks" I have tried not to use superfluous adjectives, but for this month's new dessert it seems there is nothing that will quite describe it except to tell you that it is the best and most unusual dessert of the season.

You will find it easy to make and the favorable comments that will be made when it is served (either when you are entertaining or as a treat for the family), will please you. Its appearance is unique and its flavor delicious. Here is the recipe:

ALASKA SURPRISE CHOCOLATE MIXTURE

1½ envelopes Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
½ cup cold water 1 teaspoonful vanilla
1 quart milk Few grains salt
3 squares unsweetened chocolate, 1 cup sugar
Soak gelatine in cold water ten minutes. Melt chocolate, add sugar. Scald milk; add the soaked gelatine and when dissolved, the chocolate mixture and salt. Then add flavoring. Turn into melon mold, or square bread pan, first dipped in cold water and chill.

CREAM FILLING

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water ½ cup sugar
1 pint heavy cream 1 teaspoonful vanilla
1 cup scalded milk.
Soak gelatine in cold water ten minutes and dissolve in hot milk; then add sugar. Set bowl containing mixture in pan of cold water and stir until mixture begins to thicken. Add cream, beaten until stiff, add flavoring.

When chocolate mixture is very firm, remove enough of the center to make room for the Cream Filling, leaving walls about three-fourths inch thick. Fill with the cream mixture and replace chocolate mixture over the top. Chill. Fruit may be molded in the cream filling if desired.

NOTE—Either one of the above recipes may be used as a dessert alone. Chocolate ice cream may be used in place of chocolate mixture in which to mold the cream filling.

FREE

If you wish other recipes to serve when you entertain, as well as for every-day home meals, send for my free booklets "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy." Just enclose 4c in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

Dept. G, 180 St. Paul St. W., Montreal.



Plain Sparkling Gelatine for general use
Contains Lemon Flavoring. No lemons required.

Now That Strawberries Are Here

(Continued from page 52)

top with butter. Place the other half on top. Bake in a hot oven twenty minutes. Stem and mash the berries and add one cup of sugar. As soon as short cake is thoroughly baked, take it from the oven, break it apart and put strawberries between the layers. Cover the top with whipped cream and garnish with whole berries.

Strawberry Short Cake 2. Beat two eggs until thick. Add three-quarters cup fine sugar gradually, beating well then add one-third cup of water and one-third teaspoon vanilla. Mix and sift two cups of flour, one and one-half teaspoons baking powder and one-quarter teaspoon salt. Fold lightly into the first mixture. Turn into two layer cake pans and bake in a slow oven about one-half hour. Cut one pint strawberries into small pieces and cover with three-quarters cup sugar. Spread this between the layers of the sponge cake. Cover the top layer with whipped cream or with a meringue made by beating the white of one egg until stiff and adding one tablespoon of sugar gradually.

Strawberry Pie. Bake a rich crust in one pan and strips of crust in another. Fill crusts with strawberries sweetened to taste and place strips across. Cover with whipped cream or meringue.

Strawberry Ice. Four cups water, one and one-half cups sugar, two cups strawberry juice, one tablespoon lemon juice. Sprinkle the strawberries with the sugar, cover and let stand two hours. Mash, squeeze through cheese cloth, add water and lemon juice and freeze.

Strawberry Sherbet. Boil about five minutes, one quart of crushed berries, two cups sugar, one quart water, juice of two lemons. Let cool. Strain into freezer; when partly frozen carefully remove cover and add well beaten whites of two eggs. Finish freezing.

Strawberry Ice Cream. Three pints cream, two boxes berries, one and three quarters cups sugar. Wash and hull the berries, sprinkle with sugar and let stand two hours. Mash and squeeze through cheese cloth. Freeze the cream to consistency of mush, using three parts ice to one part salt. Gradually add fruit juice and finish freezing.

Strawberry Mousse. One quart cream, one box strawberries, one cup sugar, one and one-quarter tablespoons granulated gelatine, two teaspoons cold water three tablespoons hot water. Wash and hull the berries, sprinkle with sugar and let stand one hour; mash and rub through a fine sieve, add the gelatine soaked in cold water and dissolved in hot water. Set in a pan of ice or ice water and stir until it begins to thicken; then fold in the whipped cream, put in a mould, cover pack in two parts ice to one of salt and let stand four hours. Use a mould with a tight cover and seal the meeting of the cover with the mould with a strip of cloth dipped in melted butter and bound around the mould. A coffee tin or a baking powder tin may be used for a mould.

Strawberry Tartlets. Roll out puff paste very thinly and line a dozen buttered gem pans with it, and prick a few holes in the middle of each to prevent the pastry from puffing up. Bake for twenty minutes in a hot oven. In the meantime pick free from stalks enough strawberries to allow six or eight to each tartlet according to their size. They should be ripe, but quite firm and unbroken, and as even in size as practicable. Put them in a basin and sprinkle sugar over them. Make a syrup by dissolving half a pound of lump sugar in two cupfuls of water, boil this until it is reduced to one cupful. Skim it, add a few drops of red colouring to colour the syrup a deep red. Pour the syrup gently through a strainer over the strawberries and let them stand for five minutes. Arrange the strawberries on the tartlets. Whip stiffly one cupful of cream, with a tablespoon of sugar, and with a forcing bag and rose tube, squeeze out a little in the middle of each tartlet. Serve cold. Instead of strawberries, raspberries, currants, or cherries, can be used, the last named having been carefully stoned.



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Over Dark Green Add Purple 1/2 Cake for "Perfect" 1/4 Cake for "Jet"	Canary Yellow 3/4 Cake Yellow	Dahlia 1/2 Cake Wine 1/4 Cake Scarlet
Over Dark Red Add Dark Green 1/4 Cake for "Perfect" 1/2 Cake for "Jet"	Salmon Pink 1/4 Cake Scarlet	Tan 1/4 Cake Light Brown
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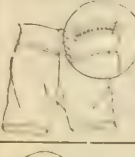



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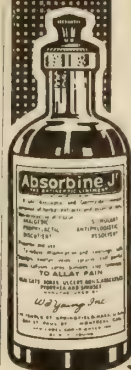
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Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

June Somers

(Continued from page 9)

It was with a very shaky little hand that June signed the letter. "He won't come," her heart told her, "he won't come anyway."

And just to drown the steady insistence of that little thought June made that last term in the little red school-house a very stiff one for the pupils—and herself.

And then one evening early in June when the new budding balsam and pine gave out a soft elusive fragrance, Jim Beaumont tramped once more around the Pinefield Bay. His hands were shoved deep in his pockets and there was an anxious little pucker between his eyes. "I'd only proposed to a girl before, I know better how to go about it," he was thinking, "I'll have to tell her that it's because she made me see how much I could do here, that she opened my eyes to the opportunities of rural work by the way she handled those kids—and that I can't do it alone—Oh shucks! A fellow doesn't propose like that. He tells her how much he loves her. But I couldn't—" Jim sighed deeply at the magnitude of the task before him, "If I talked for weeks—months—years—I couldn't tell her how much!"

Suddenly he saw her. June herself coming down the road in a rose organdy dress with the light of the setting sun behind her.

Jim's mind went blank. Then it flashed into brilliant activity. There were two children with her who must instantly be dismissed.

"See here," he said quickly to the children. "Here's a quarter for each of you now you both run to Pinefield and buy something—anything—I don't care what!"

The children slowly retreated. "Gee, Bobby stared at his newly-acquired wealth. "Say, ain't he the great scout?"

"I think," Molly replied soberly, with true feminine sagacity, "I think he paid us to beat it!"

Jim had taken June's hand, all his carefully rehearsed speeches forgotten, "June," he said simply, "I've come back—to stay I decided when I knew they wanted me that it was my duty, that I'd be no end of a shirker to do otherwise. Then the letter came and, June, just that one dear little signature made me want to come!"

"Oh!" June said, her gray eyes smiling up at him, "Oh Jim, I'm so glad!"

Journal Juniors' Page

(Continued from page 16)

It was in the ways of Siegfried and Gunther, of dragons, and wondrous treasures. Then, whilst still a boy in the smithy of the armorer, Mimer, Siegfried fashioned a sword, that in keennes had never been seen before that day. Its fame has lasted through the year until this time.

In Hunland long ago King Volsun built a feasting-hall around a live oak, so that its trunk rose like a pillar in the centre. This tree was the Bramstock. Once, on a night of feasting, a grey-cloaked Wanderer strode into the hall and, swinging a great sword, drove it hilt deep, into the Bramstock. Then the Wanderer, Odin, greatest of the gods, strode from the hall. Many strove to wrench the sword from the oak, but no one could move it until Sigmund, the king's eldest son, grasped the hilt and drew forth the blade. And the story of this sword, one of battles and mighty deeds has been told through the ages.

When Laurin, king of all the dwarfs ruled from his Rose Garden, he was armed with a magic sword that conquered all, until Dietrich came and captured not only the magic sword, but King Laurin himself.

These were the swords of heroes of legend and romance, but there hang now on cottage walls, swords, that in days not so long ago, were wielded by brave men who wrought more splendid deeds than any told in fabled story of the older time.

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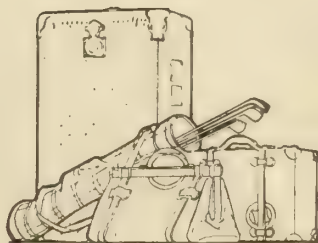
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EVERYBODY knows the wonderful story of Alice, and how she took a drink that made her grow into a teeny, weeny girl. And then how she ate the cake that had "eat me" written on it with currants, and grew into a great, big giantess, so tall she could scarcely see as far as her own feet.

In the delightful and fanciful story of "Alice in Wonderland," that was very wonderful food, you must admit. But not nearly so wonderful as Post Toasties are *actually*.

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Post Toasties are the corn flakes you want—called by their particular name be-

cause of their particular quality. In crispness, flavor and "body," Post Toasties have a charm which you are sure to recognize as belonging to them, *alone*.

You can't think of a more delicious dish for breakfast or lunch than a brimming bowl of Post Toasties right from the wax-sealed package, with cream or good milk, and a sprinkle of sugar if desired. Nothing quite like that flavor, and the wonderful oven-freshness!

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A Tillicum Romance

(Continued from page 12)

about the only stump that one could get footing to climb, and it is mighty lucky that you hit upon it. She's a bad tempered brute, and I'm certain that you have had a mighty, unpleasant experience."

"There was no doubt of the genuine sympathy and interest in Major Colby's voice as he edged around on the top of the stump to get a better view of Alison's face.

"If I hadn't been a frequent intruder on your property, I shouldn't have known about the notched stump, but this path is a short cut to the beach and I was going fishing and wanted to save time."

"That's where I have been, great luck too. Sorry you didn't get there. Won't you take some of these, please? Too bad you didn't have the sport of catching them."

Alison opened her mouth to refuse, when the thought suddenly struck her that here was a chance offered to keep the whole untoward incident to themselves. A secret that both would have an interest in keeping buried. She could take the fish and slip quietly into the house. Major Colby could do the same, and no outsider need have knowledge of their lively introduction. In another minute she had explained the matter to the Major.

"I'll do anything you say," he promised. "I've furnished enough gossip for Tillicum on my own account without drawing you into the whirlpool of talk."

Alison gave a little gasping laugh, as the whole episode, ridiculous and otherwise, flashed across her mind. What a sweet morsel it would be for Tillicum Guild deliberations.

The Major caught that little gasping sound, and again edged himself around on his precarious perch. This time he settled himself permanently at an angle where his neighbor's very pretty face came within his range of vision. They found plenty of topics for conversation, and by the time that it was considered safe to leave their retreat, both had entirely revised their former opinions in regard to each other.

"The cow has taken off her calf to hide it, a reversion to the habit of the original, fighting, wild mother. It will be safe to go now, Miss Gordon." He slid down from the top, reached up and lightly swung Alison to the ground. "I'll have the herdsman ride down in the morning and round them up."

THEY parted at Colby's line fence, and Alison made her swift way out to the high road. The knowledge, that their neighbor was coming on the morrow to pay a formal call upon Aunt Ross and herself kept revolving in her mind.

"Well here you are at last," cried Mrs. Ross, relief and annoyance mingled in her voice. "It's after ten, and if we hadn't daylight saving it would be pitch dark. I've been worried to a frazzle about you, and was just trying to decide whether to go looking for you myself, or to send Sing."

Alison's very earnest and humble apology was finally accepted, along with the trout, as an orthodox peace offering.

It was during the next forenoon that Aunt Ross came tripping out to Alison, busily engaged in the poultry yard.

"Leave those chickens, Alison, and come and hear where I have been. You would never guess, so I'll have to tell you. I've been at Major Colby's looking over his rose-garden."

"Major Colby's?" Alison's tone expressed a degree of surprise that entirely satisfied Mrs. Ross that she had created a sensation.

"You are going to say,—'Whatever took you there?'" laughed Aunt Ross "and now, when I come to think of it I am a bit surprised myself. I was tying up that lovely Madame Edouard Herriott rose, when Major Colby stopped at the gate and looked in. He said 'Good morning,' in a very friendly way, and at once began talking about roses and the 'Daily Mail' prize. I asked him to come in and look at the black spots on the leaves of the

Juliet and if he could tell me what to do to prevent them. Then I went with him to see two new roses that he has, the Princess Mary and the Red-letter; they are both lovely and he is going to give me cuttings from them, and from others that I haven't. Really, Alison, he is very nice. You needn't smile like that. He is indeed, and when he asked if he might come and see us this afternoon, I said, 'Yes' of course."

"The hatchet is going to be buried in true western fashion," murmured Alison.

The Major arrived promptly, and was presented to Alison with due form and ceremony by Mrs. Ross. She was too busy admiring the Major's gift of choice roses to observe the twinkle in his blue eyes or the deepening of the clear pink in her niece's cheeks.

The announcement of the engagement of Major Edward Trevor Colby and Miss Alison Gordon was a joyous item for the Tillicum Guild.

Alison and her Aunt were great favorites, so we at once set to work finding good points in the aforetime "pernicketty Major," and, of course, succeeded. It is an understood thing in Tillicum that we rejoice with those who rejoice, and we add a little unscriptural trimming of our own, for we usually fight with those who fight.

Under Mrs. Oswald's direction the Tillicum Guild decorated the church for the wedding. It was a Christmas wedding, and the little wooden edifice blossomed into a bower of beauty with great branches of red-berried holly, quantities of English ivy, cedar, and chrysanthemums, and a huge wedding bell edged with mistletoe.

"The Rector says that the decorations remind him of Christmas in his old Devonshire parish," remarked Mrs. Oswald as she opened the vestibule door to admit Mrs. Ross. "Yes, we've finished. The others have gone, and I'm waiting for my husband to call for me. You may as well sit down and wait, Mrs. Ross, he'll take us both home."

"There will be a crowded church tomorrow," declared Mrs. Oswald "for all Tillicum is interested in this wedding, and in the romantic way they first met. Ever so many times I have started for the shore pasture to have a look at the rescue stump, but I'm afraid of Colby's cattle, and haven't got there yet. It must have been funny to see the two of them perched up on that stump waiting for the cow to go."

Mrs. Ross tried to smother her little, choking gasp of surprise, she was a Nova Scotian and so had no intention of giving herself away. Her active mind was busy picking up the memory threads in connection with the Major's first visit.

"Yes, very funny," she agreed "but the funniest part is, that they both think that the stump episode is their very own secret still, the poor ostriches."

"Your Sing, and the Major's Wong, both told me the very day after it happened," laughed Mrs. Oswald, "trust them to find out things, and you may be sure that all the Kwongs, and Ah-fats, and Hop-Lees, etcetera, in Tillicum knew details within twenty-four hours."

The wedding day was a weather gem. Jupiter Pluvius smiled upon the occasion and took a day off from his winter's job on Vancouver Island. The blue waters of the Inlet whispered of summer sunshine, and across the Strait of Juan de Fuca the snow-capped Mainland mountains, with one beautiful tall white peak veiled in mist, suggested bride and attendants in wedding array.

"When Cupid is out for business a stump answers quite as well as a drawing room," whispered Aunt Ross to the bride and groom as they said good-bye before motoring away on their wedding trip.

"Eh, what?" chuckled the groom.

"Who told you, Aunt?" inquired the bride.

"Neither you, nor the Major, nor was it the proverbial little bird, but all Tillicum knows. It has its own special messengers for high romance."

The End.



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The Idol of Youth

(Continued from page 14)

ful thought. A couple of oily mechanics excited my envy. They were going to stay on the earth....."Too much imagination." Wasn't that what Patchinka had said? The engine started with a horrid roar. Gauthier speeded it up, to test its working. I ceased to think, till I heard his voice through the speaking tube. "One hand light on the Joystick: feel the Rudder bar with both your feet. Now we go."

"Contact—contact off!" one of those lucky beasts on earth was shouting. The skids were snatched away. Gauthier waved his order for the men to stand clear, and "rev-ed" up the engine. We were off. The revolving propeller raised clouds of dust. The big bird ran forward. Gathering speed like an avalanche with all an avalanche's noise, she rose off the ground, while a few warm spurts of oil blew against my face.

The grassy carpet beneath, the mechanics with lifted faces, Patchinka, Petro, the hangars, all sank away as if the bottom were falling out of the box. Everything inside me seemed to sink away too, and fall endlessly. I was hollow as an egg-shell, as light, and as easy to crack. There was a sensation in my toes and the soles of my feet as if they were being tickled with feathers. My hair crinkled on my head as if it had come alive. Something rose in my throat. It was the cold potato trying to come up; but colliding with my Adam's Apple it dropped back into my chest again.

What hypocrites men must be who said they loved their first flight, and weren't at all seasick. They generally wrote things—the brutes—poetry and what not. I hated them. Even Patchinka didn't seem natural to me in her love of flying. For a minute, quivering with the quiver of the plane, beaten flat against the coaming of the seat by a terrific blast from the revolving prop, I preferred Aunt Sarah to the Lady from the Air—comfortable Aunt Sarah at pleasant Bournemouth.

Suddenly, however, a change was wrought within me. It was so important to remember what to do, that I forgot to be sick, and even forgot the earth. All my attention centred on the Joystick and Rudder-bar. Gauthier's voice, sounding cold as Torquemada's, ordered me to push the Joystick forward, and, watch results. Mechanically I obeyed. I did something also to the Rudder-bar. The earth rose up like a flapping fish and threatened to hit me on the nose. To hit Gauthier's nose, too. But I didn't care a hang about his nose, if I could have smashed it while saving mine.

Back went the Joystick (why Joy?) and the earth returned where it belonged. I realized that we were up very high and going higher. Gauthier gabbled a hint on management of the Rudder-bar. I hesitated to take that hint, remembering the effect of his last order, but feared mysterious results from disobedience. Instantly, that great awkward planet I used to live on, tilted over to an angle which made me sure I had gone mad. Things like that don't happen, you know. They *can't*.

And yet, they did. If the world wasn't wheeling over at one angle it was inclining to another; and whatever Gauthier told me to do made matters worse. Not only the earth but the sky had turned against me, and I didn't know what to do about it. There was no kindness anywhere, and I should never see Patchinka again.

"Great!" I yelled, so pleased with the sound of my own voice that I laughed aloud.

"You like it?" Gauthier shrilled.

"Love it," I lied.

"But it has been nothing much so far. Now we will do a real stunt."

"Good."

I would have given my winnings at Monte, Wendela's winnings and Wendela herself, not to do the stunt, which I feared would upset the balance of that cold potato, not quite disposed of yet. Not mine to reason why. Mine but to do or die. And scarcely had I time to wonder why

(Continued on page 59)

Comfort and Old Clothes in the Canadian Pacific Rockies

Emerald Lake Chalet

*Comfortable Bungalow Camps
ready for you in the heart of
the Canadian Pacific Rockies
—open from June 15th to Sept.
15th.*

*Lake Wapta Camp Lake O'Hara Camp
Yoho Valley Camp Emerald Lake Chalet-Camp
Lake Windermere Camp*

Five camps—each different. Each cozy and clean. Each set like a lookout post amid mountain scenes that make you want to come again.

A String of Camps at Moderate Prices

Take a day at Lake Wapta Camp. Get used to the "feel" of a mountain pony. Walk yourself easily into your vacation stride. Relish the camp fare in the woods. Next day ride or walk to Lake O'Hara Camp, 8 miles away. Sargent would gladly spend a week there painting what you see. Back to Wapta.

Ride next to Yoho Valley Camp—a morning's trip—to the foot of laughing Takakkaw Falls. Sleep to the song of the waterfall. Then to Emerald Lake, where you stop at the Chalet which stands where you would like to build a castle for yourself. The train takes you to the last Camp beside Lake Windermere, where the bungalows among the pines are close by the central clubhouse and the golf course. From here you can fish in Fish Lakes or visit the spectacular Lake of the Hanging Glaciers.

Lake Wapta Camp

Canadian Pacific Railway

For full information consult the nearest Canadian Pacific agent. Rates \$5.50 a day, American plan. \$5.00 if you stay a week or longer. Except for Emerald Lake Chalet, for which rates will be supplied on application.

The Idol of Youth

(Continued from page 58)

the noise lessened when our speed increased unbelievably. Compared with that of a moment ago, there was all the difference between the rush of a comet and the jog-trot of a luggage train.

My safety belt sagged, then jerked tight. What had happened?.....

Oh, nothing much. Nothing of importance. Only the earth and sky had changed places. That was all. The earth was overhead, and the sky was underneath; a million miles of empty sky that didn't stop short of Kingdom Come.

Worse still, the potato changed places too. Where it went, I don't know; but a gulp, and it was gone. This was the signal for sky and earth to shift again. Sky above; earth beneath; and whether it was the scientific satisfaction of seeing them right again, or the loss of the potato I know not; all I know is that I was suddenly quite happy, quite serene, quite gay.

Gauthier was laughing through the speaking tube. "A little seasick? Well—we have looped the loop. Shall we now try an Immelmann turn?"

"Rather!" I roared. And to my surprise I meant it.

We tried the Immelmann turn.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Extra Half Hour.

ONE morning I started awake, as if a hand had touched my arm, and a voice had shouted in my ear: "This is the day."

"What day?" I wondered. And the answer came: "The day when the tickets begin to be sold."

The tickets, of course, were for the Lottery, and Patchinka Kapieha and I intended to buy all we could lay our hands on, or our finances run to. Reluctantly I had pledged myself to buy for Wendela also. She still called me "Boy," she still insisted that I "brought her luck," and she pined (so she said) to win the third prize, diamond tiara. What with Patchinka's business, my business and Wendela's business, this looked like being my busy day. I must be ready to buy when the first ticket sellers were ready to sell; and many of those would be hotel waiters. *Cafe au lait* and tickets would be simultaneous.

It was now only just sunrise (I'd got into the habit of waking at dawn—glad to wake, often, from dreams of flying accidents or fearsome new stunts invented for my benefit by Gauthier) and I could afford to wallow luxuriously under my eider-down for an extra half-hour.

This eider-down was a present from Miss Horden. Rather a peculiar present from a young woman to a young man, but characteristic of Wendela: plump, solid, done up in the best material. Her mother had sent her two of these things from Holland; and the tiresome girl had threatened to cry if I refused the gift.

"I'd like you to dream of me sometimes," she snivelled, "instead of that Miss Kapieha."

Yes, she had nosed out the truth. And since then I'd been more or less at her mercy. She had become my Old Man of the Sea; for she was always at my back if not on it.

The way the thing had happened was quite simple, horribly simple.

When I didn't appear the morning after our win at the Casino, didn't show up at the table d'hôte luncheon, or send any message, Miss Wendela turned her thoughts to Cap Martin. I had telephoned from there: I had broken a dinner engagement with her, for the sake of "friends" staying at a certain Pension Rossi. It occurred to her that Cap Martin might make a nice excursion for the afternoon. Accordingly she engaged a smart, two-horsed Monte Carlo cab, and just as she was ready to start, Mendez

and his fellow members of the Syndicate sauntered out from the bar.

Mendez bowed low; the others doffed hats with a sweep; certainly Dupont used his eyes; and the ever flirtatious Wendela asked Mendez if he'd heard of a Pension Rossi at Cap Martin. He had not, and consulted his companions. No doubt Mendez had boasted to them of his acquaintance with the millionaire's daughter, and that was why the pair were bent on being introduced. Wendela, of course, attributed their eagerness to her charm, and Mendez's reluctance to jealousy. She smiled on Dupont and Moroni, (especially on Dupont, no doubt) and annexed all three men as willing slaves. It was only because she was going there to spy, that she didn't take the lot with her to Cap Martin.

On the way, (as I learned later) she elaborated her so far somewhat vague plan. Driving to the Pension Rossi, whose insignificance surprised her, she enquired for a room which (she afterwards confessed) she had no intention of taking. As it happened, she was saved making an excuse, for Miss P. Smith, chaperon and dog, had been luck-bringers to the Pension. Madame Rossi had let her last room. But this did not discourage Miss Horden. With Dutch perseverance and American audacity she questioned Madame. Might there be a room free a few weeks from now? What sort of people were the pensionaires? How soon would some of them go?

Madame, nothing loth, described her boarders one by one; and learning that two ladies had come last night, a Mees Smith and a Mees Wellington, Wendela knew she need listen no further. She had met a Miss Smith, she said: (doubtless a true statement, and not exaggerated.) What was this Miss Smith like? Madame described Patchinka glowingly, and would have gone on, but Wendela stopped her. Miss Smith sounded like her Miss Smith. Was she at home?

Madame saw no reason to hide the fact that Mees Smith had departed at an early hour with a young Monsieur, a friend of both ladies. They had taken the dog, but not Mees Wellington. The latter had explained that the two were bound for a flying school, and her company was not needed. If Mademoiselle cared to wait half an hour or so, the elder Mees might return. She had gone only for a walk in the woods, Miss Horden regretted that she could not wait half an hour; but, as both ladies were out, might she peep into their rooms, in case she wanted to engage one later?

There was no objection that Madame could see. To show a room was always an advertisement; and these were her best rooms, their occupants her star boarders.

Patchinka's quarters had been made pretty with flowers from the garden, and some of the beautiful belongings purchased, (if Wendela had known) with Horden cash, were scattered about. There were silver-backed brushes and silver-topped bottles from the smart dressing-bag I had chosen, and—there was a silver photograph frame with a portrait in it.

The frame was very small—pocket size; the portrait evidently a snapshot; but it pictured a man in the leather coat and helmet of a flyer, Wendela picked it up and peered at the face, no bigger than her own thumbnail.

It took her only a second to make sure that the photograph didn't represent her own "Boy." Still, the features were vaguely familiar. She seemed to have seen them before—perhaps in newspapers. While she ransacked her memory, a name in a tiny yet clear handwriting caught her eye. Under the glitter of glass she made it out. "Sacha Kapieha to his little sister Patchinka on her 15th birthday, 1914."

You may imagine the effect of this find on such a mentality as Wendela's.

(Continued on page 62)

Anne, Vanessa and Doreen Had Been School Friends Together, and when they married they made a compact.

*"That Every Month—
For Twenty Years—
Each One—
Should Put Away—
Ten Dollars—
To Be Spent—
At the End of that Time—
On Her Dearest Desire."*

Doreen's Story

Doreen
Had married earlier
Than the others.
And had a daughter
Some years
Before the compact
Was made.

** * **
*But every year since
She had paid the whole
Of her savings into
A Twenty-Year
Endowment Policy.*

** * **
And when this daughter
Claire
Married young also,
And had a little son;
Doreen was pleased and proud
To be a Grandmother
So soon.

** * **
But the Little Lad
—Tho' round-limbed, smooth-
skinned, and rosy
When first he came—
Did not grow
In a way to satisfy
Loving hearts.

** * **
And when he was a year old
He could not yet
Sit up alone.

** * **
Love and Devotion;
Anxious hours: And much money
from a small income
Was spent upon him
Without success.

** * **
And the hearts of his parents
And Grandparents
Were racked with pain.

** * **
But one day to a distant city
(From a foreign land)
Came a Great Doctor.

** * **
"If our Little Lad
Could go to him"
Said Doreen—
"It is possible
That he might be cured."

** * **
"If wishes were Horses," said his
mother Claire, litterly:
"But then you know
We have no money
For that long, long journey;
For the hospital:
The Operation:
The Nurses;
The after care—"

** * **
And gathering
Her ailing Baby
Against her heart
She wept the cruel tears
Of a Mother's despair.

** * **
Then Doreen
Kneeling beside her
With her arms around both,
Said—"Dearest
**My Twenty-Year Endowment
Policy**
Will be due in two years:
And on it I can borrow
Enough money
For the Whole Thing!"

** * **
So with this blessed
Insurance savings
Available
At a moment's notice,
She bought
For the Beloved Baby
That Greatest of Gifts
Health!

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Has this story any meaning for you?

The
London Life
Insurance Company

"Policies Good as Gold"

HEAD OFFICES . . . LONDON, CANADA
Agencies in all principal cities



Elizabeth Arden

recommends the care of the skin, not the indiscriminate use of cosmetics to conceal blemishes.

Cleansing Cream melts on the skin, seeps into the pores and robs them of all impurities. \$1, \$2.

Pore Cream, a greaseless astringent cream, refines enlarged pores. \$1.

Look in your mirror and write Elizabeth Arden a frank description of what you see there. She will send you personal advice together with her booklet, "The Quest of the Beautiful."

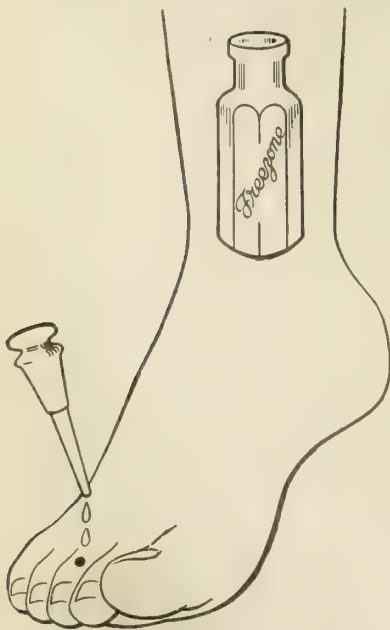
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255 Rue St. Honoré Paris.

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Corns

Lift Off with the Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between toes, and calluses, without pain, soreness.

Edmonton of Yesterday and Today

(Continued from page 7)

Followed the settler "trekking across the plains with his ox-carts"—and suddenly, almost miraculously, the modern Edmonton arose. The French and Scotch traders sent for their families, the great hope of the transcontinental railway became a certainty, and the epic of the iron rails began. In 1885, when the Riel rebellion showed the strength and the weakness of the half-breed, the little settlement greatly augmented its numbers by an influx of refugees. That same year the Canadian Pacific was completed, and with the dawn of the twentieth century Edmonton was a town of three thousand people. Three years after a branch line was made to connect her with the great road, she was a city, and when, in 1905, the Province of Alberta was formed, she found herself its capital. In 1921 her population numbered over sixty thousand.

TO me Edmonton has still many of the airs of the only child of a late marriage. Early maturity was her birthright. The dream had lingered long before it sprang into being. That green valley had been loved and blessed by generations of Indians alone. Their prayers may be as potent as ours! And the century-old dream of the Adventurers who defied all nature behind a flimsy wooden wall—does that count for nothing?

To-day there is the dazzling young city of wide streets, splendid houses, hospitals, schools, churches, colleges, great shops and warehouses, hotels and parks—there are old-river vistas and great new industries.

But the painted past still lingers, the primal colors are not yet quite blurred, and when one least expects it comes a vibrant tone from the past.

Still the old Hudson's Bay Fort huddles up against the new Parliament buildings—long may it stand. Still one may "trade" at the Hudson's Bay Store—huge, departmental, modern.

Of late, on a summer noon, I was busy there buying French blouses. Along the crowded aisles came many an Indian, civilized, and sometimes uncivilized—down from the north country. You feel the presence of the Great North in Edmonton. These people, with their quiet-smiling, quiet-frowning faces, connect one instantly with the stories out of the past that may be deciphered from the stained glass windows on the stair-landings, which deal with various aspects of early days.

Fading links with the past may be found, also, in the old wooden building up against the Parliament Buildings. Mrs. Arthur Murphy, the well-known writer, "Janey Canuck," who is Magistrate Emily Murphy of the Juvenile Court in and for the Province of Alberta as well as the author of "Open Trails," "Seeds of Pine" and other books which have depicted the life of the country she loves to many readers, is one of the few among Canadians who realize the importance of old landmarks. She has also gathered up interesting data regarding the Factors of the days of the Fort.

There was, for instance, the case of John Rowand, who followed James Bird, the namer and first Factor of Edmonton. Before his death in 1861 he directed that his bones be sent to his old home in Quebec for burial. The order was fulfilled—

but with what uncanny ceremony! Koomen-ie-kooos, a Cree, was chosen to boil the remains and clean the flesh off the bones. This he did. But to ensure himself of a slice of his hero's bravery, cut a piece out of Rowand's heart and ate it.

Pictures of Edmonton to-day call to my mind a panorama of broad flowing river and small glimmering woods, of wide imposing streets, splendid shops and houses, ugly scattered shacks, crowds of foreigners, waste spaces and vast impending energies. But always I go back in mind to river banks and hidden loveliness.

I remember an English bungalow with a wonderful view of leafy ravine, tea on a wide verandah, a Japanese servant, Spode cups.

Other pictures. That vast tract of willow bush-land situated only some ten blocks from the centre of the city, vacant and pulseless, though surrounded on four sides by a scattered population. A great paved roadway, like a crooked smile, runs across the face of it. Along the northern bank is a railway track over which an occasional train may be seen meandering gingerly. Above this again many bleary basements defacing the beautiful bank. The flat itself a thing of gently rolling surface and timbered edge. Here is the golfer in his white flannels. Here is many a cool spot where the grass encroaches on the poplar bluff. Higher up, if one wishes to explore farther afield, there are leafy dells which nevertheless give sight of the busy thoroughfare of the great bridge, that over-leaps the valley at its Eastern end, with its never ceasing coming and going. Opposite, on the southern bank, stands the nucleus of a great University. And again there is the river vista, this time superb, where the Saskatchewan makes a wide enchanting turn—and there, too, the little whispering woods.

The Edmonton of to-day, many-hued and magnetic, calls to the tribes and peoples of the earth with the sparkling lure of youth and riches. But in the Edmonton of yesterday rang the call that carries an age-old lure. In it there was a note of danger which is the preface to curiosity—and so to adventure, and a world of wealth beyond.

Marie Celeste

(Continued from page 3)

"Because.....for an instant.....he showed me his soul.....and it was an ugly twisted thing. I did not care for the look of it. To dance well.....what is that, when you have a soul like his?"

She threw back her head and looked up at the glittering sky. She felt deeply happy, deeply content. She was no longer burdened with a sensation of sadness. Now she knew the cause of it. How foolish she had been. She had made up her mind, and something deep within her had shrunk from her decision. It had cast a veil of sadness over her. Now in her mind as well as in her heart, she knew where her true happiness lay. She took a long breath of the soft sweet air.

"Oh, the spring, Joe dear," she said, "How sweet and glad is the spring of the year."

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Do not be content with just ordinary hair when at a very small cost you can have beautiful hair.



Hair that receives regular applications of Newbro's Herpicide has life and snap - - radiates health - - is soft, fluffy and abundant. You will be surprised and delighted with the results obtained from Herpicide.

Herpicide is sold on a money back guarantee by all Drug and Department Stores. Barbers apply it.

Ten cents in stamps or coin sent to The Herpicide Company, Dept. 24C, Wind sor, Ont. will bring you a generous sample and a booklet on "The Care of the Hair."



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More than all else, well defined eyebrows and luxuriant lashes create the beauty and expression of your face. The slight darkening, the accentuation of line and shadow, is the secret. Instantly and unfailingly the eyes appear larger, deeper and more brilliant. "MAYBELLINE" makes scant eyebrows and lashes appear naturally long and luxuriant. Used regularly by beautiful girls and women everywhere. Unlike other preparations, will not spread or smear on the face. Perfectly harmless. Each dainty box contains mirror and brush for applying. Two shades. Brown for Blondes, Black for Brunettes. at all good Drug and Dept. Stores. Accept only genuine "MAYBELLINE" and your satisfaction is assured. MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

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We will pay \$15 to \$50 weekly for your spare time, writing show cards; no canvassing; we instruct you and supply you with work. Write or call Brennan Show Card System, Limited, 38 Currie Bldg., 260 College St., Toronto. Open evenings (except Wednesday).



New Ways with Summer Vegetables

By Frances M. McNally

WITH increasing knowledge of the science of nutrition; green vegetables have been brought into the limelight as never before. They are now recognized as an essential of an adequate diet. Their value lies, not in any large quantity of nutrients, but in small quantities of special materials which they provide and the bulk which they give the diet. The proportion of the mineral substances, which the body requires, and the vitamins which increase the resistance to disease is greater than in most other sorts of food. Their value is not

are ready for the saucepan. Use boiling salted water to cook them and just enough to cover them. Bring them rapidly to the boiling point, then reduce the temperature and just simmer until tender. Prepared in this way and dressed with fresh butter and pepper and salt these vegetables make one of the most tempting of summer dishes. Blanching prevents much of the shrinkage of green vegetables and also brings out a vividness in color and a piquancy of flavour.

Tomatoes and Cucumbers are most popular as articles for making salads.



Escalloped spinach and eggs

so much nutritive as health. They are protective foods and if the diet is lacking in them for a long time disease is apt to result. Green vegetables are also valuable for their appetizing qualities their flavour and appearance and the variety which they make possible. Every intelligent housewife when planning her daily meals will include an agreeable variety of the many summer vegetables. Fortunately the summer offers us a large number for choosing from—peas, beans, new potatoes, onions, asparagus, cucumbers, tomatoes, spinach and all of the other

Many people are of the opinion that no Summer salad is complete without tomato or cucumber forming a part of it. These vegetables, however, are with us for a longer time than peas and beans and there may be times when one desires a more unusual method of serving them. For such times the following recipes are suggested.

Baked Tomatoes. Select fine large tomatoes and cut a small piece from the stem end of each. In the cavity place a small piece of butter. Bake slowly for half an hour, take up and keep hot while



Baked Tomatoes

greens. The hard cooking which we give to the coarser and hardier vegetables of the Autumn would be disastrous to these delicate green things. They have no hard woody fibre to soften, we have only to preserve their delicious flavour and color, and retain the beneficial mineral salts and sweet juices. If you wish to make your peas and beans and other Summer vegetables more delicious, try blanching them. After they have been looked over and washed, place them in a square of cheese cloth and plunge in unsalted boiling water. Allow them to remain in this bath for five minutes then plunge quickly into cold water and they

you thicken the juice left in the pan with a teaspoon of flour mixed with a small quantity of cold water. Season to taste and pour the sauce over the tomatoes.

Fried Tomatoes (Green or Ripe). Slice large tomatoes into three or four slices, rub with flour, fry in hot butter, browning on both sides. Dress with a sauce made of cream, butter and seasonings.

Stuffed Tomatoes. Take large firm tomatoes, cut a slice from the top of each and scrape out soft parts from the centre. Mix with stale bread crumbs, chopped ham, onion and parsley, allowing two tablespoons of bread crumbs and one

(Continued on page 69)



Silk Under Things

The makers of Kayser "Italian" Silk Underwear (Made in Canada,) the high quality and exclusive features of which are recognized as standard, strongly advise the use of Lux. They say:

"Lux renews the beauty and lustre of these excellent garments. Silk Underwear should be washed at home, preferably with Lux."

A quick gentle washing in the rich Lux suds will make your underwear as clean and fresh as when new. The thin white satin-like flakes of Lux are made by our own exclusive process, and dissolve instantly into a rich bubbling lather as harmless as pure water itself.

Lux stands supreme for washing silks and other fine fabrics. It is sold only in sealed packets—dusi-proof!

LUX

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Before you redecorate see our booklet on the new Alabastine Opaline Effects. Something new—beautiful and economical.

The Alabastine Company, Paris, Limited

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40

The Idol of Youth

(Continued from page 59)

She was already curious about "Miss P. Smith" and (though it sounds conceited to say so) jealous. It wasn't, of course, that she set me up above other men; but I happened to be the only young man, and the sole Englishman within reach at the moment. She'd confessed to liking Englishmen; besides, I suppose it appealed to the romance—alias sentimentality—in a rather sloppy make up, that she had come to my rescue by giving her room to me. That wove a link between us; my winning for her at the Casino forged another. And as the girl had nothing on earth to do, she interested herself in my affairs—resented any separation in them from her own, and determined to resist it.

She had no doubt whatever that Miss P. Smith and Patchinka, little sister of dead Sacha Kapieha, were one and the same. She had heard a good deal of talk about Sacha Kapieha, since the purchase of his biplane for the War Orphans' Lottery, and its appearance in the Place du Casino for all the world to see. It was common knowledge that the machine had been left to Sacha's sister, provided that she claimed it within a year of his death. It hadn't been claimed. The French Government had a right to dispose of the biplane, and they had disposed of it for a good and charitable purpose. Why then had the girl turned up at Monte Carlo just before the time when the sale of tickets would begin?

Wendela Horden wasn't the daughter of Henry S. for nothing. Though she had a stolid side from her mother and a silly side from herself, she also had a sharp side from her father. She decided that, somehow or other, Sacha's sister still hoped to secure his Mascot, and that to do so safely an incognito was for some reasons necessary.

This would not, perhaps, have interested her much, even though Mendez had spoken of Kapieha as his "friend," and mentioned the aeroplane in a casual way, if I hadn't seemed to be mixed up in the business. I, who ought to be exclusively acting as Knight to Miss Horden, dared secretly to give my services to Another.

Luckily Wendela didn't meet Mendez and company again that afternoon; otherwise she might have taken them into her confidence without waiting to see me.

What she did was to stick doggedly to the Pension Rossi, on the excuse of having tea, really resolved not to stir without a glimpse of Miss Kapieha.

I brought Patchinka back to the pension at four o'clock as I'd promised the Iron Duke to hand over her charge before dark. We had visions of a sort of school-room tea in Miss Wellington's room, where we could freely discuss our adventures without being overheard. We may have made some noise on our arrival, for Petro was at his best on the scene of last night's triumph, and set us laughing in the hall. I was paying for our taxi when Wendela popped out of the salle a manger, bringing with her an odour of buttered toast and tea. She stared at Patchinka, smiled an "Ah, I've caught you, my Boy!" smile at me, as I turned. And—Tableau!

It was a brief tableau, however, and became at once a Transformation scene. Patchinka went quietly upstairs, Petro stayed and sniffed at Wendela's boots from the Hague; Wendela, not being used to British bulldogs, squealed; and I, wishing nothing so devoutly as that Petro might play whale to her Jonah—was obliged to call the dog off.

Miss Horden, whimpering, said that as I had recommended the Pension Rossi through the 'phone, she'd come over to have a look at the place. I passionately denied recommending it. We then had "words," as they say in servant-circles, Miss Horden accusing me of rudeness, I defending myself not too gently; and then, with a burst of tears out popped the secret: Patchinka's real name discovered quite by accident.

Instantly I realised that a weeping maiden in a taxi alone with one man, is less dangerous than in a Pension where every door, if not wall, has ears. She'd kept her cab waiting, but I sent it away, and taking Wendela by the arm firmly led her to my taxi, I fancied as we drove away, that Patchinka was at the window, understanding the whole situation, and more impishly amused than compassionate.

This conversation did not incline me to leniency with Wendela. Perhaps I was severe—as one somehow is to these plump, white, moon-faced girls when they dissolve in tears, and blow their noses unpicturesquely. I fear I missed a chance of keeping the enemy in subjection; for, goaded to fury by some remark of mine which she thought "cruel," Wendela threatened to tell "everyone" that Miss P. Smith was Miss Kapieha.

"Senor Mendez and that handsome Monsieur Dupont, and Signor Moroni will be awfully interested," she smiled. "And they're lots nicer to me than you are. I don't know really why I have anything to do with you at all."

That showed me where I stood. Or rather, it showed me where I groveled. And there, I made my big mistake. If I'd believed half about women that I'd read of them in novels, I would have kept the whip hand over Miss Horden from that moment on, instead of letting her hold it over me. But Patchinka—brave little Patchinka—had a dread of Mendez. I had laughed at it, yet I felt its contagion, and the thought of trouble for her sake made me weak.

Instead of defying Wendela, I temporised. I told her that Miss Kapieha was a protegee of Henry S. who had been interested in Sacha. I said that Wendela had better be careful, or she'd upset a cherished scheme of her father's.

At this she turned up her nose, which was by now shining and red.

"Pooh!" she retorted. "I guess I'm more to Dad than any old cherished scheme! Blood's stronger than water. If he has to choose between Miss Kapieha and me—goodbye Miss Kapieha. So you'd both better look out and not make me too cross. I can be real nasty when I'm cross. I get that from my Mother, who knows just how to manage Dad."

I was sure of that. And I wasn't sure that the girl was not right about Henry S. Anyhow, she might be. And I wanted Patchinka's secret kept till she was ready to let it out of the bag.

We patched up a peace. I allowed Wendela to weep on my shoulder. Stiffly I patted hers, while yearning to shake the girl. She promised to say nothing to anyone about Miss Kapieha, and I promised in return that I would be "nice again" to Miss Horden.

Being "nice," I soon found meant giving her tea at the Hotel de Paris in the afternoon, and taking her to the Casino at night, at least once every three days. And on top of all, the abominable girl trailed Patchinka and me to the Flying School.

This, she said, was a coincidence. It was not till later that she confessed her interview with Madame Rossi. She had happened, she vowed, to be taking a drive alone, at Nice, and had seen us turn into the grounds. Remembering that she'd always wanted to fly, she decided to enquire there and then, about having some flights, with professionals.

I prayed to all my stars that the girl would funk when the time came for the experiment. But no, her Dutch blood saved her. She was not sick, and she was not scared; though this immunity from "nerves" meant that Miss Horden felt no such thrill of rapture as that which came to me, after my first experience with the cold potato. She was stolidly calm in flight; professed to "like" the sensation, and to intend repeating it. After that, she was always hanging about the flying ground when Patchinka, Petro and I were there.

(Continued on page 63.)



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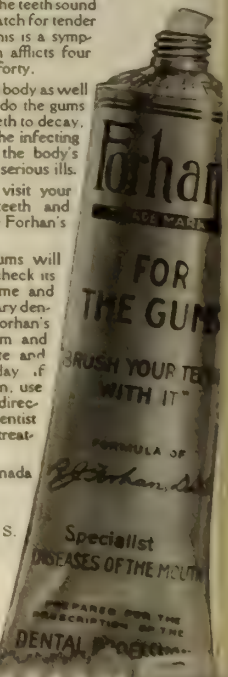
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The Idol of Youth

(Continued from page 62)

She was introduced to "Miss Smith," of course. That she managed without difficulty. And Patchinka—who was practising every day—offered sweetly to "take her up." The invitation was refused, however, and naturally not repeated. Yet Wendela need have had no fear. Patchinka had forgotten nothing of her skill as an air-woman, and pilot.

As for me, Wendela waited not to be asked. I was her "Boy," and she had a right to my services. Perhaps I ought to have admired her pluck, and been grateful for her trust, for the third time I flew alone she offered to accompany me. "If you don't want to have me," she added, "I'll get Amedeo Dupont to come over. He's fearfully interested in aeroplanes, and is forever talking about them in those nice long chats we have these days, when you're here at Nice. He'd love to meet Miss Kap—I mean Miss Smith."

Needless to say I took the lady up. Equally needless to say I was loth to bring her down. There ought to be layers of cloud, like top shelves of cupboards, where an airman could leave unwanted passengers "to be kept till called for."

I didn't wish to spend my extra half-hour in bed thinking of Miss Horden, though I lay beneath her eiderdown. But my mind would turn in her direction, brooding over my grievances. It must have been the same with Sinbad, when trying to forget that the Old Man of the Sea was not a light weight.

"I'll buy her beastly tickets for her," I told myself grudgingly, "but I won't give her any of the numbers we want. I don't see why I should."

Then, mentally freeing myself from the incubus, I switched my thoughts off and sent them to Cap Martin.

I wondered if Patchinka were asleep, and felt that she wasn't. I imagined the tingle of an electric cord vibrating between us. She, too, was going to buy tickets; so was Miss Wellington. They would buy at Cap Martin, in the Grand Hotel; and at Mentone, I would buy at Monte Carlo. All three of us would buy at Nice.

Each ticket seller would be entrusted with a book of tickets, and each book would contain a certain "series" of numbers. We wished to possess tickets taken from as many different series as possible; but it was awkward that both Patchinka and Wendela "felt in their bones" that the best winning numbers would be found in the "seventeen series."

Patchinka's bones were infinitely more important to me than my own or any other bones on earth or under it; whereas Wendela's were of as little importance as human bones could be. Yet Wendela had bidden me buy all I could for her in the seventeen series; anything from seventeen hundred up to eighteen hundred; and beginning again at seventeen thousand up to eighteen thousand.

Just how I was to manage without sacrificing Patchinka, or, on the contrary, "letting Wendela down flat" I didn't quite see. That was one of the subjects which pressed upon my thoughts during the extra half-hour in bed. And, last but not least, was the subject of Laurette de Fiumine.

Not once, since her first escapade, had Patchinka been able to get in touch with the Marchesa. The break in the fence and the hole underneath had been promptly repaired. A call of enquiry for Laurette's health at the porter's lodge had ended in the civil reply "Madame est toujours un peu souffrante;" had ended as though in a cul de sac.

The La Dugas had refused to attempt another adventure on the same lines as the first; but Patchinka would not have been Patchinka if she had abandoned hope.

Had it been for Laurette's sake alone, the girl would still have worked to reach her again—to rescue her, if possible, from what she believed to be virtual imprisonment. Yet there were selfish considerations as well. Not only might Laurette

(Continued on page 66)

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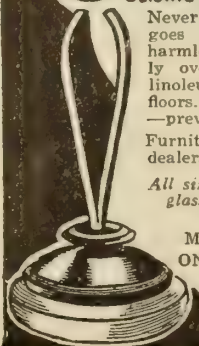
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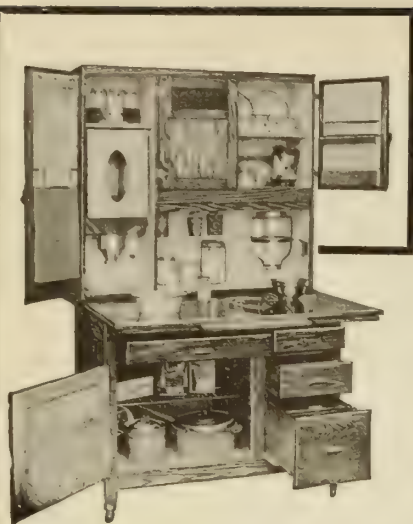
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The Convenient Kitchen

(Continued from page 13)

diagonal ventilation during warm weather: abundant fresh air being one great stepping-stone to efficiency. For Summer ventilation, the windows should, of course, be equipped with full-size screens, in order that the sash may be lowered from the top to release the super-heated air near the ceiling of the kitchen.

However generous may be the storage space provided by adjoining pantries, an abundance of shelves, drawers and bins is necessary in the kitchen. Whether this requirement is met by a kitchen cabinet or by a built-in equipment is a matter of personal choice. The built-in equipment has in its favor, however, the possibility of an arrangement that perfectly responds to the needs of the owner.

A closet for pots and pans is likewise very desirable—if it can be incorporated logically in the plans. It should, of course, be located as near as possible to

stooping. In choosing a range, too, consideration should be given to those which carry their ovens high enough to entail no bending. Glass in the doors of the range is also an aid to efficiency. But glass in its relation to a kitchen really deserves a separate paragraph!

Glass has a multitude of uses in the modern kitchen—and to each it is ideally adapted, because it is non-absorbent and easy to clean. Glass baking utensils, castors, towel-racks, shelves, door-knobs and table-tops—these all have a place. Glass-containers for food and cooking materials are sanitary, sensible and attractive; and they are efficient in revealing the quantity of stores on hand. And an array of these useful glass fitments unquestionably adds to the attractiveness of the kitchen.

If the refrigerator is to be placed in the kitchen, rather than in the entry or a



A high wainscoting of white tile forms an ideal backing for the coal-stove and the gas-range installed in this kitchen: and pale yellow paint finishes both the upper walls and the ceiling. An inlaid linoleum in light yellow, blue and terra-cotta is used for the floor-covering. Ventilation is promoted by a metal ventilator above the gas range, and by a diminutive window over the coal-stove. Still another interesting feature is the tiny closet, into which the hot water boiler has been fitted. Towel-racks affixed to the inside of the closet-door convert the closet into a splendid drying place for tea-towels, and there is still room for the storage of sundry pots and pans. The large hearth of cement extending well beyond the line of the two ranges is a fire-prevention equipment that warrants especial mention.

the range. It is an excellent idea to have the door of such a closet fitted with ventilating openings at top and bottom. If a little taste is exercised in their selection, well-made utensils of uniform material, whether aluminum, copper or enameled ware, are not in the least objectionable when hung in plain view near the range or over the sink—but the separate closet, nevertheless remains the better solution.

* * *

THE convenience of a kitchen can be immeasurably increased by care both in the selection and placement of each equipment. A sink provided with drain-boards obviously saves many steps when dishes are being washed—and, if the sink be placed a full three feet above the floor, it will also avoid much back-breaking

separate closet, the logical position is against an exterior wall; as this allows the ice to be introduced from the outside, rather than after a dripping passage across the kitchen floor. And it is, after all, upon just such little details as this that the success or failure of a kitchen hinges!

Out of the Golden West has come the breakfast-nook: which, whether or not we individually accord it approbation, is to-day a feature of wide-spread popularity. Placed in the kitchen and used for the informal meals of the day, it does undoubtedly save many steps and considerable time—and, when its built-in seats and table are of good design and pleasing finish, the breakfast-nook distinctly enhances the decorative effect of the room.

(Continued on page 65)



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The Convenient Kitchen

(Continued from page 64)

For, be it known, the decorative phase of the kitchen is to the fore to-day! No longer is there the slightest excuse for dingy and drab monotony. 'Tis an era of cheerful coloring—and why should the gay hues of the present period be altogether excluded from the kitchen? True: if the kitchen communicates directly with the dining room, its color-scheme must be modified accordingly. On the other hand, if a pantry intervenes between the kitchen and the dining room, colorings both bright and distinctive can be very appropriately employed. One especially attractive little kitchen has a color-scheme of blue and gray carried out in an interesting manner. The walls and the ceiling are painted a warm French grey and the wood-work is finished in a paint of a clear bright blue hue. An inlaid linoleum in a blue-and-grey block pattern is used upon the floor and curtains of white dotted Swiss,

The treatment of the exposed surfaces in a kitchen requires infinite attention if the room is to accord with modern sanitary standards. It is apparent that, in a room dedicated to the preparation and storage of food, every surface should be washable. That points to the advantages of a paint or enamel finish for the walls and the ceiling, as well as for the wood-work: and there is much to be said in favor of a uniform finish and coloring. All-white, ivory, putty, fawn and gray are conservative, cheerful and clean-looking. Many people, while approving the use of paint for the walls and the ceiling, prefer to have the kitchen wood-work finished in oil and wax. This is less cheery in effect: but, as it is readily cleanable, it is entirely satisfactory.

A wainscoting of tile or cement is advantageous in the kitchen, although its cost is frequently prohibitive for the home



In this unusual built-in feature, to the conventional fittings of an ordinary kitchen-cupboard have been added the conveniences of the modern kitchen-cabinet. There is a well-supported baking board beneath the counter, and there is a bread-cutting board under the shelves. Bins for sugar and flour are also provided in one compartment. It will be noted, too, that the doors are of especially heavy construction, in order that their inner sides may be utilised for cooking utensils and some of the lighter-weight stores. Suitable drawers are also incorporated for cutlery and kitchen linens. The combined cupboard and cabinet is built entirely of hardwood, oiled and waxed to correspond with the standing woodwork of the room and with the other built-in features.

edged with narrow bands of burnt orange, are hung at all the windows. Blue-and-white china, grey crockery, aluminum cooking utensils and glass containers tone admirably with the unique coloring chosen for the room.

In still another kitchen, the walls, wood work and ceiling are painted alike in a soft, restful gray-green—a suitable choice, because the room happens to be unusually well-lighted. The floor-covering is of linoleum in white, gray-green and black: and the window-hangings are of frilled white muslin, dotted with green. And, from some happy inspiration, the owner of this satisfying room has green-painted pots of blooming scarlet geraniums in the kitchen-windows throughout all the long months of Winter! Flowers have a gentle, mellowing influence wherever they appear: therefore, their good cheer should never be denied the kitchen.

of moderate size. As a backing for the range, and if possible for the sink as well, either cement or tile is desirable, if for nothing else than as a means of promoting cleanliness. For the same reason, a tile or cement floor is especially suitable for the kitchen—particularly when laid to form a rounded union with the washboard surrounding the room. A masonry floor, however, is apt to be tiring to the feet: and, on that account, the wooden floor has never lost its place in popular favor.

If a hardwood floor is desired, maple is probably the most satisfactory choice. One of the new linoleum rugs of room-size can be used over such a floor, as the manufacturers guarantee these rugs to lie flat without fastening. Furthermore, the linoleum rugs are now obtainable in a host of delightful and distinctive colorings

(Continued on page 72)



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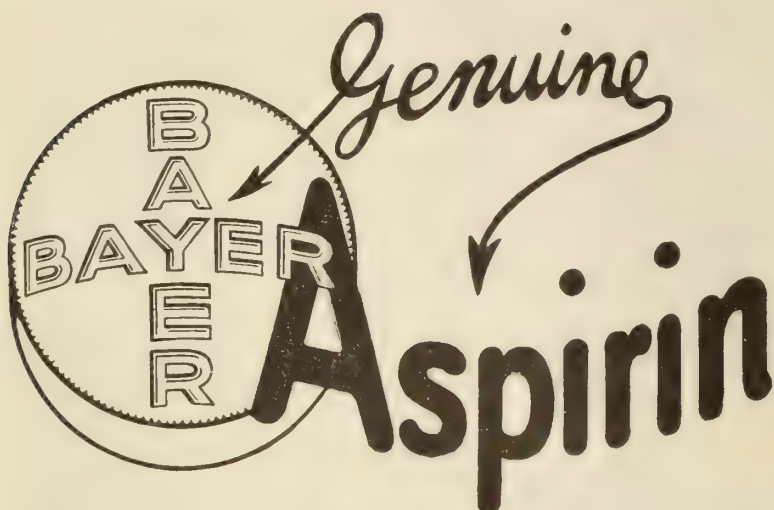
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The Idol of Youth

(Continued from page 63)

have the pearls, and Sacha's papers taken from the bank (though those prophetic "bones" of Patchinka's were true to the "Mascot" hiding-place) but the stored petrol, if it existed, might one day save a situation for us. There was every incentive for Patchinka and for me to find some way of helping the Marchesa, or in any case getting her to help us.

"Think—think!" Patchinka urged. "Think when you're ready to go to sleep; think, try for inspiration in your dreams. Think, and try and remember the inspiration when you wake up."

So I tried, but the morning of the ticket sale I had thought of too many other things first. I couldn't do the Laurette affair justice under Wendela's eiderdown. I must get up, I told myself and—then and there the inspiration came.

It was really an inspiration, I was pretty sure—not a dud. There was no time, however, to work out its details just then, I must lay it away in my brain with the label "Needing attention," until I had emptied my pockets of money and filled them with lottery tickets. Then I would work it into shape, and submit it in the form of a Plan, to Patchinka.

CHAPTER XXVI.

No. 1717.

THAT day and the next few days were chiefly spent by Patchinka, Miss Wellington and me, in buying lottery tickets at five francs each.

We bought Mentone, Monte Carlo, Beaulieu, and Nice. We even went west as far as Cannes, hoping to find series of numbers which eluded us elsewhere.

We bought in the Atrium of the Casino at Monte. We bought everywhere in hotels, cafes and shops. Whenever we found the "seventeen series" we were gay; when large blocks of it were missing like bits out of a jigsaw puzzle, we were sad. To get what we sought no neighborhood was neglected, no winnings (mine) left unspent. At last, when our orgy of buying stopped it was because all the tickets which we hadn't got, apparently someone else had.

Sacha Kapiha's Mascot was not everybody's choice. The first prize, of money, was the great attraction; and besides the two leading sensations, there was a large glass case brilliantly lit up, displayed in the Atrium at the Casino. This contained all the remaining prizes of the lottery, beginning with the third in value: that diamond tiara (designed by a famous jeweller) upon which Wendela said she had set her heart.

She never spoke of wishing to win the aeroplane, which would indeed be a white elephant for her; but she was extraordinarily keen on collecting tickets. The seventeen series was her choice as well as Patchinka's, perhaps only by coincidence; perhaps because all women at Monte Carlo have a fetish worship for seventeen; perhaps because she's found out in some way that Miss Kapiha fancied the series.

Mendez, Maroni, and Dupont were all buying for Miss Horden, yet not one of us did she trust. She suspected (and rightly) that we were out for ourselves, and did as much buying as she could on her own account.

Among the prizes in the glass case was a dressed doll which, according to Patchinka, was the image of Miss Horden. "Wendela," she secretly named it, and the plump, round-faced, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired figure in elaborate white had an unpleasant fascination for us. Its light eyes seem to say "You'll win me, you know! You can't avoid me. I'll be yours whether you want me or not."

On the last afternoon of the ticket-sale Patchinka and I stopped before the display of prizes, hypnotized by the doll's stare.

"If you win Wendela I shall take an awful revenge," the girl said, with that pretty roll of the "r" I never tired of hearing. "I will be like the witches who made wax images of people, and—"

"Did I catch my name, Miss Kap—Miss Smith?" a too well known voice enquired behind us.

Patchinka turned, and smiled. "You speak as if it were a microbe!" she gently laughed. "We have named this smart doll after you. We think Captain Malet may win her."

Wendela wasn't sure whether she'd been flattered or insulted; so the safe thing was to blush self-consciously and change the subject.

"Oh!" she sniffed. "Well, he deserves to win something, considering all the tickets he's bought. And by the way, Boy, what about my seventeens? You promised—"

"Sorry! But I didn't promise," I hastily cut in, hating to be her "boy," but unable to protest against the annexation.

"What! You didn't promise to get me all of the seventeen series you could? Why—"

"You asked me to get you 'all I could,' and I have got all I could. I handed the last over yesterday."

"You got me one little beastly book 1700 to 1716. What I wanted more than any other number was 1717."

"Somebody else has got that," I said. "Ah! Who body else?—that's what I'd like to know."

"Search me!" I shrugged my shoulders.

"I expect I'd be more likely to find the missing number if I searched Miss Kapiha. You always give her the *titbits* of everything! I do think you might have more gratitude if nothing else! If it hadn't been for me you wouldn't even have a room to live in at Monte Carlo. And I gave you the best eiderdown—"

"Don't throw an eiderdown in Captain Malet's face for the sake of a lottery ticket, Miss Horden!" begged Patchinka. "It would be so—stuffy! You see, I asked him before you did, to get me all he could of the seventeen series. So he had to give me my choice and pass on the left over ones to you. It wasn't his fault. But I'm sorry you are cross. For the sake of Mr. Horden who has been so good to us, I will give you No. 1717, which you say you want more than any other number, if that will satisfy you and make you happy?"

"I don't see why you should give it to her," I protested. "Mr. Horden would be the last one to ask you to do so. He'd tell his daughter not to take the ticket. He'd say it wasn't sporting of her. That sounds more like him!"

"Well, it doesn't sound like me to refuse it," snapped Wendela, "and I'm not going to. Because the way I see things, it's my right, and Miss Kap—Miss Smith is only doing me justice in giving the ticket to me."

"I don't 'give it up' in the sense you mean," said Patchinka. "But I do in my sense; I sacrifice it. Is not my English good, Captain Malet? I have the fine shades."

"I don't want your fine shades," objected Miss Horden, slightly puzzled. "And I don't want the ticket as a present from you Miss Kap—Smith. I'll pay you for it. I'll pay you double, or quadruple if you like."

"Oh, but I don't like!" Patchinka cried. "I will not sell that ticket. I will give it—or keep it myself."

Wendela looked more like the fat-cheeked doll than ever as she reflected what to do. I think she would have liked best to stamp her foot, scream, bash Patchinka's pretty hat over a scornful little face, snatch the ticket from between finger and thumb of a small grey glove, and bolt. But these things are not done, or at least very seldom done, in the Atrium of the Casino at Monte Carlo. Therefore what Wendela did was to swallow heavily, take the number 1717 from Patchinka as a suspicious dog takes a bone from a hand which has teased it, and snarl "Thank you very much. I don't suppose it will win anything. And even if it does it's spoiled."

(Continued on page 67)

The Idol of Youth

(Continued from page 66)

for me now. But I darsay you mean well."

"I don't," said Patchinka to me, when Miss Horden had turned with dignity towards the door of the Salle Schmidt. "I don't mean well. And she knows I don't. But—I just had to do it. You understand, mon ami Duguesclin?"

"I suppose I do," I agreed. "But I hate your doing it all the same. What if it wins the—"

"Oh, don't say it!" Patchinka stopped me. "That would be too bad to be true. And so it won't be true. Such things do not happen."

But also, sometimes they do. One of them happened that night. When the winning numbers were read out at twelve o'clock in the Atrium, 1717 was the gainer of Sacha Kapieha's aeroplane.

Out of all our hundreds of tickets there were only three winners. Between us, Patchinka, Miss Wellington and I were the possessors of a silver gilt manicure set, the realistic statue of a black boy holding a plate for cards, and—the doll.

CHAPTER XXVII.
The Look.

WENDELA was not in the Casino. She and I had had a "scene" at the British Hotel, outside her bedroom door in the dimly lit passage where she waited to pounce on me with reproaches. My line of defence enraged her. Suddenly she burst into tears, hoped she might die because then I'd be sorry; bounded into her room and slammed the door hard.

Such sorrow as I might have felt was mitigated by the sight of a well-supplied dinner-tray going in to the sufferer. She must have forgotten, I thought, that the winning numbers of the War Orphan Lottery would be read out in the Atrium when the Rooms closed at midnight; or else she had no real faith after all in 1717. In any case, it wasn't my business to remind her; and little dreaming what was to come I walked out of the hotel whistling with joy at my release.

Patchinka and Miss Wellington dined with me at a quiet little restaurant. We pretended not to be excited. We talked of everything except the lottery; but, as all roads lead to Rome, so all our subjects seemed to lead sooner or later to the biplane. Even the topic of the railway strike menace brought us to Sacha's Masop. If we could win it, or buy it from the winner, my wonderful plan—the plan first conceived in far off Boumemouth—might actually come true! But—failure to get the machine spelled failure all round.

Even my inspiration concerning the Lady of Villa Persane (which by this time Patchinka had heard and approved) would be wasted, so far as our interests were concerned. We might still try to carry it out for the sake of Laurette; but bereft of the biplane not all the secret stores of essence on earth could help us.

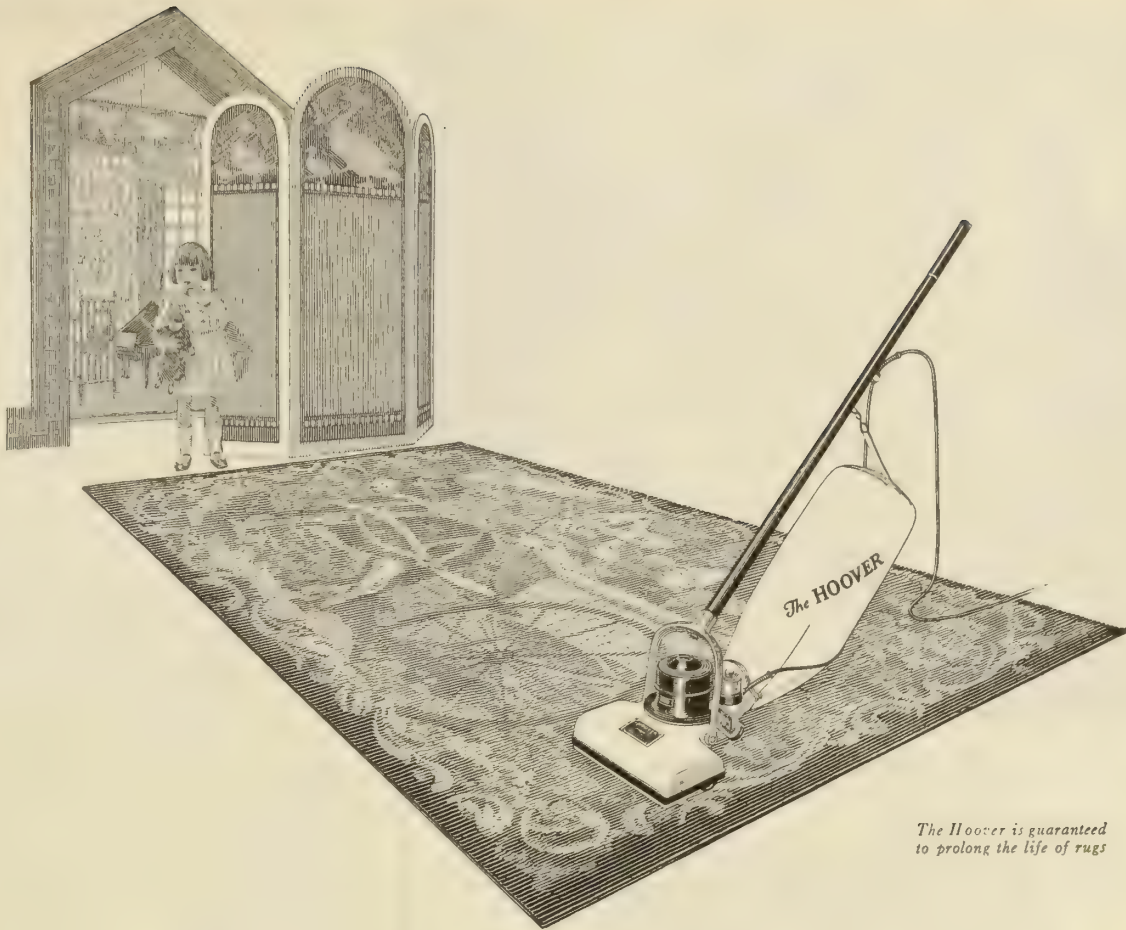
We lingered over coffee as long as we could, then decided to while away the remaining hours of suspense in the Casino theatre, at the Russian ballet. When the curtain fell, however, there was still a bad quarter of an hour to go through. We streamed with the crowd into the Atrium where we killed the time in reading the latest news: "Railway strike said to be certain." Oh, to think of the fun and the money and the great adventure which might be ours—or might not!

"Please give me a cigarette," said Patchinka.

Miss Wellington's eyebrows went up; but the girl—generally obedient to provincial scruples—was obstinate. She smoked daintily, her face expressionless, her grey-green eyes inscrutable; but her hand trembled.

Never could the Atrium have been more densely packed. People were laughing and chattering loudly in various languages, but smiles were strained as are those of gamblers when high stakes lie on the table. Then somebody called out something, and silence fell; in sonorous French

(Continued on page 70)



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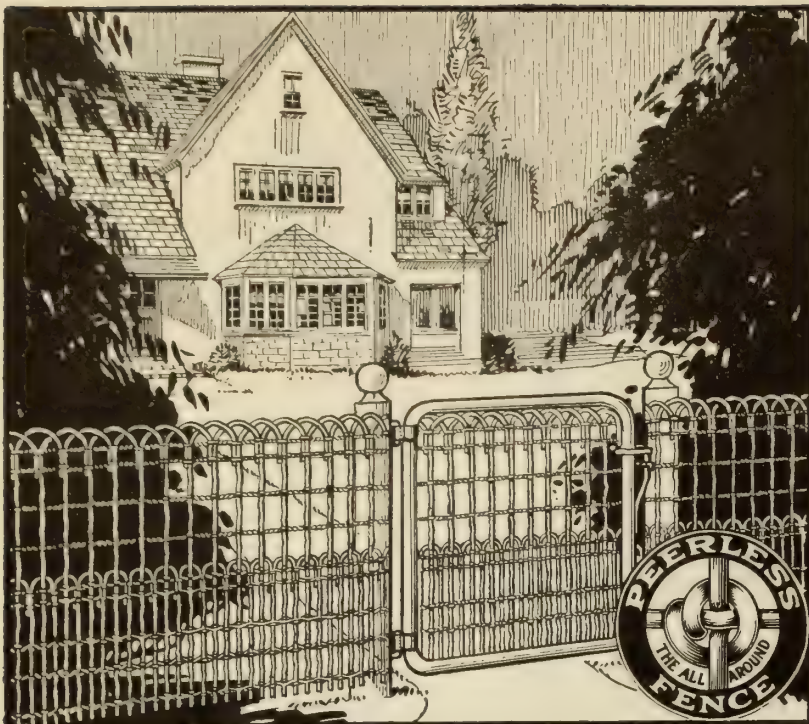
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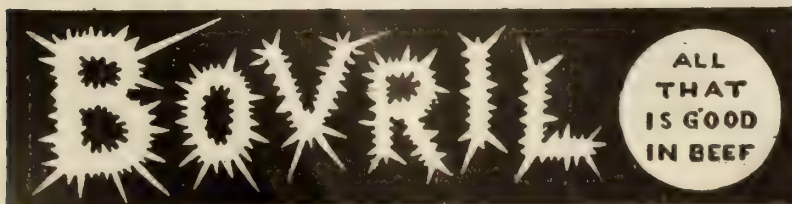
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The Convenient Kitchen

(Continued from page 65)

and patterns innumerable. Through their use, therefore, any individualistic color-scheme can be developed. They are, of course, equally well-adapted to a soft-wood floor of painted or stained finish.

The quaint rag rugs of our grandmother's day are also appropriate for kitchen use: more particularly now, when vacuum cleaners have reached such a stage of reliability and general excellence. Indeed, attractive effects can be secured through the use of both the rag rugs and linoleum: especially when a linoleum of block-pattern or plain color is employed, with the more colorful rag rugs as interesting notes of accent.

The ideal modern kitchen is never a repository for discarded furniture—though years ago the average kitchen seemed to be reserved especially for furniture that had outlived its usefulness in the other and more spectacular rooms of the house. As a matter of fact, there should be no furniture in the kitchen that is not actually necessary. A good working table is, of all the movable furniture, perhaps the most important. Preferably, it should be equipped with castors for convenient moving about and with a glass or composition top for cleanliness. The table should, of course, be severely plain in lines: and that is applicable to any other furniture selected for a kitchen, as carvings, indentations, scrollwork or other ornamentation invariably invite the lodgment of dirt—and dirt must never be allowed to invade the realm of culinary art and practice!

Of late years, notable strides have been made in the designing of kitchen furniture—and this is probably attributable in part to the vogue of painted ware of all sorts. In any event, the most appealing of the new kitchen furniture is painted: frequently in white or ivory, but often in gayer colors with contrasting lines and floral decorations. One charming little set shown this season is painted in parchment yellow, with very narrow lines of peacock blue and tiny medallions in jade green, coral and peacock blue on an ivory ground. Pretty enough for a Summer living room! Why not? Has a kitchen no claim to beauty when so many waking hours of a housewife's life must be spent within its four walls?

Can you not picture the soul-satisfying effect of that parchment yellow furniture in a kitchen having walls and woodwork of soft old ivory tint and a floor-covering of linoleum in cream-and-black? With curtains of sheer ivory scrim fluttering at every window, that kitchen could be naught but a source of perpetual joy to its owner. And what kitchen is truly successful which is anything less than that?

Whenever a teacher in the sixth grade of a certain public school was obliged to leave the room, he always left one of his pupils in charge of the class. One day he called Janet to act as monitor. "Keep order, Janet," he admonished her as he left her at his desk.

Some time later, hearing a great commotion in his room, he hastened back and softly opened the door. At that instant a boy burst from the cloak-room and dashed down the aisle. After him clattered Janet, thwacking him with the blackboard pointer. While the other pupils cheered lustily, Janet and the boy ran up one aisle and down another, and at every step Janet breathlessly demanded, "How dare you leave your seat?" At last the boy, having got much the worst of it, was glad to slide into his place. A congratulatory shout from the delighted spectators hailed Janet's triumph.

As the little disciplinarian turned to take her place at the desk she saw the teacher and marched straight to him and handed him the pointer.

"That boy went to the cloak-room without asking my permission," she said. "You asked me to keep order, and I sure did."

"That's right, Janet," he replied. "I heard it."

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New Ways with Summer Vegetables!

(Continued from page 61)

teaspoon of chopped ham for each tomato. Place in a pan, containing one teaspoon of butter for each tomato. Bake in a moderate oven until tender, basting occasionally.

Tomato Pudding. Grease a pudding dish, place in it first a layer of sliced ripe tomatoes, then a layer of bread crumbs and grated cheese and so continue until the dish is full, finishing with the crumbs and cheese. Dot with butter and bake twenty minutes.

Cucumbers Au Gratin. Take three small young cucumbers and peel, rub well with salt and then wash them and boil quickly for twenty minutes, in boiling, slightly salted water, drain thoroughly. Put into a saucepan one tablespoon of butter with one tablespoon of flour, mix till smooth then gradually add one-half cup of milk and one-half cup of cream. Stir till boiling then add a few drops of lemon juice, three tablespoons of grated cheese and cook for five minutes. Arrange cucumbers on a dish, pour sauce over them and serve.

Cucumbers A la Poulette. Pare two cucumbers, cut them in halves, and with a spoon scoop out the seeds. Cut each half into three pieces, crosswise, cover with boiling salted water and cook until tender. Drain, reserving one cup of the liquid. Melt two tablespoons of butter. Add two tablespoons of flour and when well blended add the liquid from the cucumbers, stir until boiling, add one half teaspoon of salt, and a dash of pepper and pour slowly on the beaten yolk of one egg. Return to the fire, cook a minute longer, add one tablespoon of lemon juice and the pieces of cucumber, heat thoroughly and serve.

Moulded Cucumber Jelly. Cut two medium sized cucumbers into very thin slices, add one slice of onion, one-half teaspoon of salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper and one pint of water. Simmer until the cucumber is tender. Soak one tablespoon of granulated gelatine in one tablespoon cold water, add to the first mixture and strain. Line a mould with slices of cold cucumbers, then pour in the jelly. When firm and very cold serve in a bed of lettuce with French or Mayonnaise dressing.

There are various green leaves or stalks to be had from among the wayside wild things, or from kitchen garden supplies, which, when cooked, become palatable and edible and are very valuable for food. Dandelion greens aid as a blood purifier and tonic and when young are deliciously

appetizing. Spinach is so rich in mineral salts and purifying powers that it has been called "The broom of the stomach." Tender rhubarb leaves, the tops of young beets, Swiss chard, and that form of brake known as fiddle head all make delicious greens and supply the mineral elements and vitamins needed in our systems.

To Keep Greens Fresh. Wash them thoroughly in cold water. If wilted soak for about ten minutes, drain and place on a large colander covered with a wet cloth. Place in a cool spot.

To Cook Greens. Use only enough water to prevent sticking to the bottom of the kettle, before the juice begins to be drawn out. Remember that the juice contains the most valuable portion of the vegetable. When greens are partly tender add salt. Cook until very tender, then take out both juice and greens and chop very fine. Reheat adding butter and seasonings.

Timbale of Asparagus. Wash the asparagus and blanch, cook until tender, saving the liquid when draining it. Strain this through a fine sieve or cheese cloth. To two cups of liquid add a tablespoon of granulated gelatine, which has soaked in cold water. Season to taste. Arrange stalks of asparagus around the sides of a mould charlotte russe fashion. Cool the jelly and when it has not quite reached the point of congealing, add a few pieces of asparagus, rubbed through a sieve, several bits of pimento and a cup of whipped cream. Pour this into the asparagus lined mould and place it away to chill. When ready to serve turn it out on a platter. Serve with Mayonnaise dressing if desired. The timbale is excellent without dressing.

Asparagus Au Gratin. One cup of asparagus tips, one-half cup white sauce, one tablespoon grated cheese, one egg yolk, one tablespoon cream, a few drops of lemon juice, salt, pepper and paprika to taste. Boil the asparagus tips in boiling salted water till tender, then drain. Heat the sauce, add cheese, seasonings, yolk of egg, cream and asparagus. Place in a casserole cover with buttered crumbs and place in oven until crumbs are browned.

Creamed Radishes. Slice thin and soak in salt water for two hours, boil in fresh slightly salted water till tender, drain, pour over them a cream sauce let simmer five minutes and serve.

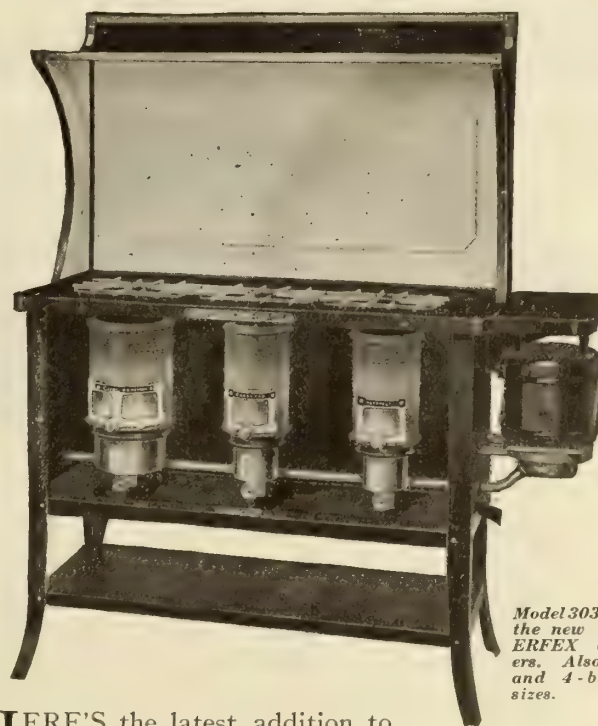


A wainscoting of paneled wood surrounds the lower walls of this little dining room, and built-in seats flank the group of leaded casement windows. The upper walls are adorned by a paper of unusual charm: its conventionalized fruit design developed in delicate tones of rose, blue and green on an apricot background. A narrow wood moulding tops the paper at ceiling height and faint ivory paint finishes the ceiling. The ruffled, tied-back glass-curtains are of white dotted Swiss: the straight inner hangings and the shaped lambrequins of poplin in old blue, edged with a narrow fringe of apricot hue. The one large rug has a small all-over pattern in two shades of blue with a conventional border in a darker blue.

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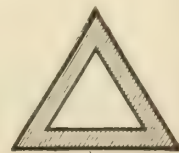
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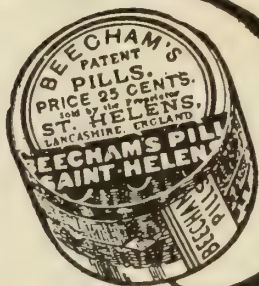
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The Idol of Youth

(Continued from page 67)

the winning numbers of the Lottery were announced by a black-coated personage of the Principality.

There was applause. The winner of the big money prize—a Parisian journalist—was cheered. There were calls for the winner of Kapiha's biplane; and it was only then I realised what Wendela's absence might mean.

"Good heavens, I must see her at once!" I exclaimed. "There isn't a minute to spare. Will you come with me to the hotel, or—"

"But it's after midnight, and she'll be in BED!" broke in Miss Wellington. "You can't—"

"He must!" cried Patchinka.

"If I don't, somebody else will," I groaned. "Already they've got time to get there if they took a taxi the minute they heard—or they may be telephoning."

"They," repeated the Iron Duke.

"Who—"
"Mendez, and Dupont and Maroni, of course," Patchinka explained hastily, the first time I had seen her impatient with her chaperon. "They'll get to Miss Horden if they have to climb in at her window; that is they will if they know she had Number 1717. But do they know?"

"They do," I said. "I'm dead sure. Dupont walked home from here with Wendela. She told me so, when we had that slanging match outside her door. Seemed to think I'd care—"

"Oh, we know what she *thinks*," wailed Patchinka. "If we only knew what she'll do!"

"I'll jolly soon find out," I tried to be reassuring. "If those three sweeps can rout a girl out of bed in the middle of the night I can. I'm sorry I got ratty with her. But she started in, and deserved all I gave her. It was more her fault than mine, and she can't refuse to sell us the—"

"It is my fault," Patchinka moaned. "The whole dreadful thing is my fault. What a fool, to give away 1717! Something warned me at the time not to do it. Maybe it was Sacha's spirit. But I wouldn't listen."

"You did it to stop Wendela from black-guarding me," I caught the blame on the rebound. "Who could have dreamed, out of all our numbers, that one—"

"Couldn't you make Miss Horden give it back?" ventured the Iron Duke. "I'm sure in her place, I'd refuse to win a prize on a ticket given me by the very one who wanted the thing most—and had the best right to it."

"Ah, but unluckily for us you're not in her place," I reminded the good woman. "The ticket is hers, come by fairly from her point of view, and it'll be nuts to Wendela that she got it from Miss Kapiha. I must be off to the hotel at once and force my way to her somehow, by fair means or foul."

"Oh, not foul!" begged Miss Wellington, gravely apprehensive.

"Nothing would be foul that wins for me my brother's aeroplane!" exclaimed Patchinka. "I could kill myself for my own foolishness. I could kill Wendela Horden because she takes advantage of it."

"If anyone kills her it had better be me," I said, with as small regard for grammar as morals. "But—" with a glance at the Iron Duke's prayerful face, "let's hope it won't come to that. I'll try bribery and corruption first, if she's troublesome."

"She will be troublesome, mon Duguesclin, very troublesome," Patchinka sighed. "Yet you may master her!—who knows? Come. We will all taxi to your hotel. Miss Wellington and I will wait, no matter how long, for news. If we are needed, you can call us. But oh, be quick—be quick."

By this time I had blazed a trail for us through the crowd, and we were on the Casino steps. Before us was the brilliantly illuminated Place, and Sacha's aeroplane, forever—it seemed—removed beyond his sister's reach. This was its last night in its present conspicuous resting place. The machine had ceased to be the property of the Administration. It belonged to the winner of ticket 1717, as those persons who hadn't learned tonight

in the Casino would read in the newspapers tomorrow morning.

"What have I done?" muttered Patchinka, her face marble-white in the electric blaze, her eyes dark and tragic. "If that girl had won by any other number it would be bad enough, but not as bad as this. That I should make her a gift of Sacha's biplane! He will never forgive me."

"There's nothing to forgive," I said. "Trust me! By hook or by crook I'll get you that aeroplane, in spite of Wendela Horden and in spite of the Syndicate. It's up to me!"

Patchinka did not answer, but she gave me a look. No English girl, no American girl—perhaps none save a Polish girl—could have given just such a look. I don't know why others couldn't, and I shall never be able to prove the assertion; but I know I'm right.

It was a wonderful look; a look of passion and promise. I had never dared hope definitely that Patchinka Kapiha could love me as I felt she was capable of loving, though I'd always meant to try and make her do it. But that look told me (I thought) that she might love even me, with all of her self, heart, body and strong soul. It seemed to say: "Get me my brother's aeroplane that I have thrown away, and I will adore you as only such women as I can adore a man," were the words which seemed to flash to my heart.

I felt giddy for a second. I think I staggered. Nothing that happened afterwards is clear to me till we were in a taxi flying towards the British Hotel. It would have been a walk of ten or twelve minutes. It would be a drive of two. And each minute counted—unless we misjudged the Syndicate.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Bible Oaths."

THE British Hotel at Monte Carlo never closes its eyes and falls quietly asleep. There is always a coming and going. Doors slam. People returning from the Sports Club or a dance at a night restaurant chat in the corridors. Being awake themselves, their imagination cannot conceive that others may wish to sleep.

Often, I'd been among the late ones in the service of my hard task-mistress but when I had by chance got in before midnight, only sheer exhaustion could conquer the noise persisting through the small hours.

Wendela Horden, however could sleep through an avalanche, so she had told me. "May this night," I prayed, "be no exception to her rule!" If she'd been "deep in her downy," as she called it, there was hardly time yet for her to have been roused by phone or knocking, to have dressed herself, and to have accepted the offer from the Syndicate for the aeroplane.

I used these arguments to comfort Patchinka; but leaving her and the Iron Duke hidden in the darkness of our taxi, I bolted into the hall to come upon Wendela, sitting there cosily with Dupont. She was dressed in a smart evening dress, and looked almost pretty, with a bright colour on her usually pale, plump cheeks. She was gay, and chatting fifteen to the dozen. She always did have a rush of conversation to the head!

Involuntarily I stopped short. My blood poured to my head and tingled in the tips of my ears. The girl and I had parted on bad terms, and now, here was this man with her. Perhaps she would refuse to speak to me!.....My lips parted but no word left them.

Miss Horden smiled. Not one of those winning smiles she employed occasionally after a quarrel. Rather was it a smile of malice. Her eyes almost sparkled, blue marbles can sparkle.

"Hellow!" she hailed me, as I stood with my back against the door. "I suppose you've hurried home to congratulate me, Captain Malet."

"I—er—I was afraid—I mean thought—you'd be in bed," I fumbled.

"I was going to bed," she condescended. "I had the most awful headache!" But Monsieur Dupont and Senior Mendez were so kind. They were dining together here

(Continued on page 71)

The Idol of Youth

(Continued from page 70)

and when I didn't show up they asked after my health. The waiter said I was in my room, so they sent me up nice messages, and reminded me about the announcement of the prize numbers tonight. My head was so bad, I'd actually forgotten! Well, we exchanged several notes, by the femme de chambre, and waiter, and arranged a lovely plan. I just wasn't fit to go out, I'd been crying so; but I came down about ten o'clock to play such amusing games of cards with Monsieur Dupont!—games that Arabs play in Algeria. He and I've been together ever since; as snug as possible: and the minute the announcement was made in the Atrium, Senor Mendez ran out and 'phoned to Monsieur Dupont that I'd won the aeroplane. I expect he and Signor Maroni will be around soon, to wish me joy."

Dupont and I had exchanged bows. He had sprung up in an excess of politeness for a second: but now he sank back in his wicker chair, fingering a small black moustache and smiling to himself.

Wendela indicated a chair to my notice, and touched an open box of cigarettes on a small table. I sat down. But I did not smoke. I knew that a pair of handsome black eyes and a pair blue ones were fastened upon my face—as the saying is: though it might equally well refer to the activities of leeches.

"Pity you didn't win the tiara you wanted so much," I remarked. "An aeroplane's no good to you, of course, and—"

"So I suppose you'd advise me to give it away with a pound of tea?" giggled Wendela.

"Miss Smith gave you the winning ticket," I said dryly.

"Does she propose to turn Indian giver, and take it back again?" chirped Wendela.

"She proposes nothing of the sort," I answered the taunt. "What she proposes—or what I propose, is—"

"Wait a minute," Wendela cut me short. "I've already had one proposal tonight. Before you go on with yours, I'd better make you a little confession. I promised you not to tell anyone who Miss Smith really is, and I kept my word, honour bright I did! But this afternoon I was upset by all your sarcasms about Number 1717; and walking home with Monsieur Dupont he—he guessed."

It was all I could do to follow Napoleon's counsel and "keep my anger below my chin." But a lot might depend upon my doing so. I spoke quietly if bitterly. "How could he have guessed unless you gave him a lead?"

Yet alas, I too had given Monsieur Dupont a lead, and he was quick to take it. He sprang to the defence of the lady, in his Algerian French—rich and rough as some Algerian wines.

"Do not blame Mademoiselle!" he pleaded. "I suspected already. Those daily visits to the Flying School: the skill, which I had heard of—and there are few young women aeronauts of distinction in Europe. One can count them twice over on the fingers. We three who once formed a Syndicate, and were badly treated by Sacha Kapieha, put our heads together, as you English say. The little sister has changed, has grown up since the day when we met her one day just before the war. Still, once we thought of it we could trace a resemblance. We wondered, we took an interest. It needed only a match to break into flames. All Mademoiselle 'Orden did to-day was to strike the match."

"Speaking of her, I'm afraid I said—quite by accident—Miss Kap—and changed into 'Smith,'" explained Wendela, snug and safe under the wing of her champion.

"You constantly do that, in speaking to her—quite by accident," I retorted. "But I did hope such accidents wouldn't occur with strangers! Not that Miss Smith has any reason for hiding her identity, except a wish to not be conspicuous while her brother's name is on everybody's lips—"

"She was afraid people would know she was here after the aeroplane," broke

in Wendela. "She was just like an ostrich burying her head in the sand, and expecting not to be seen. It would have been real dramatic if she'd won her brother's aeroplane, after letting the truth about herself come out. But as things are, the truth is a sort of anti-climax. Nobody'll care now whether she's plain Miss Smith or—plain Miss Kapieha."

"Plain she can never be under any name!" I couldn't resist.

"That's a matter of opinion," said Wendela. "I think she's positively hideous—a little wizened, green-grey eyed thing, with no more figure than a walking stick! But her looks are of no importance. Neither is she. We were talking of the aeroplane, which I have won."

"With her ticket!"

"Don't let's hark back to that. She thrust it on me, out of sheer spite! Didn't you realise I read her motive? Serves her right that I've won her brother's machine—so there! If she hopes I'll give it to her—"

"I told you, she hopes nothing of the kind. What's done, is done. I don't want to accuse you of—lacking generosity—"

"I wouldn't do that if I were you! It would not sound well from you to me."

(That everlasting room and the eternal eiderdown were always sticking in my throat!)

"I don't accuse you of anything," I went on more mildly. "Of course, you don't need to tell me that Monsieur Dupont and his friends have made you an offer for the machine. That goes without saying. You wouldn't—couldn't sell to them, when you know poor Kapieha willed the Mascot to his sister! And—by jove, if I were superstitious, I should say his spirit put the winning number for it in her hand! Tell me what these gentlemen's offer is, and I—"

"But Monsieur, Mademoiselle 'Orden has promised us the machine!" cried Dupont, who understood English, though he didn't trust himself to speak it.

Wendela's slow, moving gaze travelled to Dupont's face and seemed to note its sudden flush, the hawk-like spark in the eyes which could be so softly "glad" for pretty girls and heiresses. I understood with a gleam of hope that the man had given himself away in that greedy outburst.

Without speaking, Miss Horden turned to me, and studied my face also. I couldn't read hers; but under its rather silly softness I caught a hint of something keen, the gift of Henry S. Horden to his daughter. It was like a glint of steel seen through fluffy ruffles. I tried to pour worlds of pathos into my eyes as they met hers. I tried to grovel with them for everything I've ever done which she didn't like. I tried to suggest that everything she did like, would be done in future; all orders promptly carried out by Hers Truly.

"Good egg!" I thought, when her expression gradually melted, like hard sugar in the sun.

"I didn't go so far as to promise, Monsieur Dupont," she temporized. "What I said was, that I might let you have the aeroplane."

All the Arab blood in Amedeo Dupont flamed behind his burning eyes. I saw him wishing with might and main that he would have Wendela far off in a distant harem. Not because he loved her. Oh no! But because he would love to see her sewn up in a sack or punished in some other old-fashioned, thorough-paced method which Arabs once used with re-fractory ladies.

"Mademoiselle, 'will' was your word, not 'might,' and I hold you to it," he said fiercely attempting to master her with his strong magnetism of the male animal over the female. He must often have succeeded with his trick, for he was remarkably handsome and the very effort he made was flattery to a lump of a girl like Wendela. But this time it didn't work. Miss Horden looked mulish.

(To be Continued)



June Joys

Serve them all day long

Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat, in the food way, are summer's supreme delights. Millions of children get them now, morning, noon and night—in a dozen enticing forms. The first dish in mornings, the last dish at night. Do you realize how these whole-grain dainties have changed summer's food regime?

Flimsy, flavory bubbles

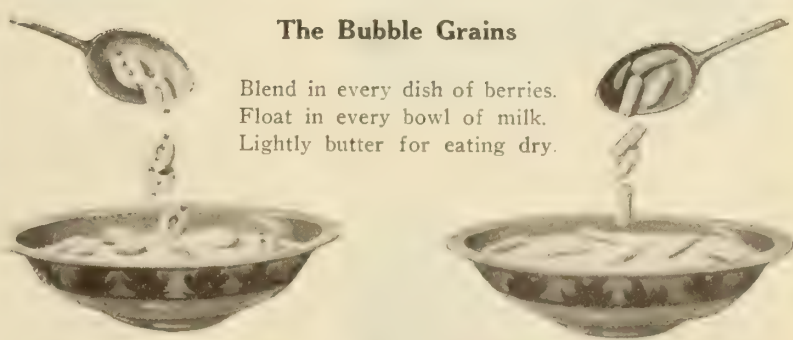
They make whole grains enticing—the foods that children need. Each grain is an airy globule. The texture is like snowflakes, the flavor is like nuts. So children count them food confections, and they never get enough.

Every food cell blasted

Made by Prof. Anderson's process. Over 125 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel. Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is made easy and complete. Every granule feeds. Thus one gets the whole-grain nutriment. And that in wheat means 16 needed elements.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

The Bubble Grains



The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers

Peterborough, Canada Saskatoon, Canada



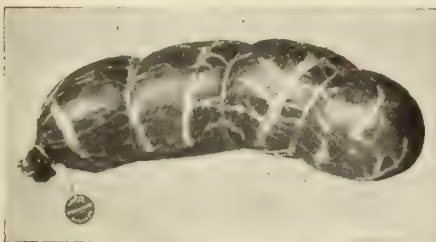
*Swift's Baked Meat Lunch Leaf
with Macaroni and Cheese*



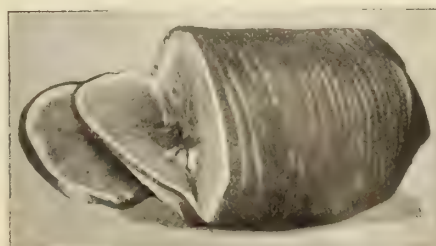
Swift's Premium Minced Specialty



Swift's Jellied Beef or Pork Tongues



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Swift's Premium Baked Ham (without dressing)

Swift's Premium Cooked Ham

SPECIALLY Selected Hams, cured by the inimitable Swift Premium Process that secures the mild sweet flavor—then boned and molded into a convenient flat compact shape—just right for sandwich slices—and cooked to a delicious uniform tenderness.

No wonder Swift's Premium Cooked Ham is the first choice for the picnic basket, or the summer days' luncheon. And to the charm of its flavor and the convenience of its shape, is an extra touch, for it is enclosed in pure vegetable parchment wrapper—for your identification—for your protection.

Also as the warmer days lead the appetite to similar light and appetizing foods, there are other Swift Premium Delicacies too. They will furnish you with varied menus and solve the hot weather food problem.

Swift's Premium Cooked Meat Specialties

For Hot Weather and Summer Outing Lunches

Insist on Swift's Premium when ordering from your Butcher or Grocer

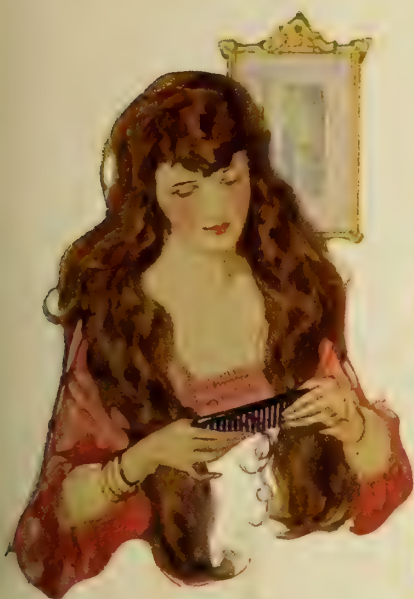
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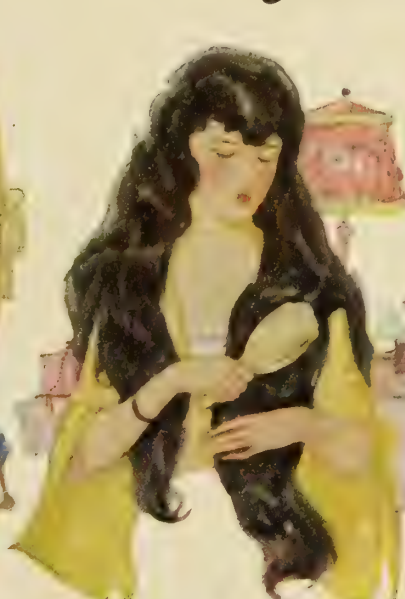
What is the matter with your hair?



Falling?



Dandruff?



Oily?



Dull?

All largely due to a single cause Make this free test—A way to correct it

This is to men and women who wish to care for their hair in a more scientific way. To keep or restore its beauty, its health, by methods right and modern.

There is now an ideal method. It deals effectively with the cause of hair troubles, present or impending. It embodies the best that men know.

THERE is an oil in the scalp called Sebum, secreted by the glands of the hair. It lubricates the hair—gives it lustre and softness. It keeps the scalp flexible, or should. It is the hair's chief friend.

But, like all skin secretions, there is often an excess. Then the hair becomes too oily. The surplus Sebum decomposes on the scalp. It forms fatty acids which inflame the scalp.

Scales and dandruff often follow. The scalp outlets are choked, the oil is suppressed. Dryness and scale may kill the hair roots, so the hair falls out. Then Sebum becomes the hair's great foe—the cause of most hair troubles.

Cleanliness the first essential

The first rule is the same as with any skin surface. Remove the excess, cleanse the pores. Think what would happen to any skin if you failed for a time to do that.

But you must aim at Sebum—that particular scalp oil. Dissolve it, remove it, then get into the pores. Not with ordinary soaps or shampoos, but with studied, tested, scientific methods.

Our experts have embodied in Palmolive Shampoo the best ways known to do that. It combats the Sebum—Sebum only—correctly and efficiently.

That is the first essential. Don't rely on guesswork, on ignorance, on non-scientific means. Your hair is too important.

Beauty—softness—luster—health

The next thing is to treat your scalp as you would your cheeks. Apply a soap based on palm and olive oils. Do what millions do with Palmolive Soap to foster fine complexions.

Palmolive Shampoo does that. It is based on the oil blend which for ages has held supreme place for the skin. The purpose is to give to the hair luster, softness, beauty. And to fit the scalp to maintain healthy hair roots.

Those are results which you want and need regularly. The other helps are told in our book.

A home demonstration—free

To show these effects we will send you a treatment to try. We will send you the oil blend and the Sebum combatant combined in Palmolive Shampoo. It will show you the ideal way to give your hair care, beauty and protection. You will know that in an hour.

With it we will send a book—"How to Take Care of the Hair." That will tell you just what to do for any wrong condition. For dry hair, for dull hair, for falling hair, for dandruff. The advice is up-to-date and authoritative. It will tell you how to deal with damage already done.

Think what your hair means to you. Let us show you how to beautify it, how to preserve or restore it. Send this coupon now.

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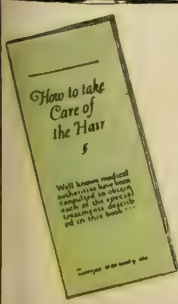
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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



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Property of Mr. George H. Gooderham, Toronto

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PRICE TWENTY CENTS



Better than jewels —that schoolgirl complexion

The girl with a clear, smooth skin, radiant with freshness and natural color, should leave jewels to those less fortunate. The charm of a perfect natural complexion attracts far more than elaborate dress and ornaments.

If your complexion lacks the beauty which women envy and men admire, don't depend on clothes and jewelry to draw attention from its defects.

Every woman can transform her bad complexion into a good one, for alluring freshness and clear color isn't a gift of Nature, but a matter of care.

How to have a perfect skin

No girl need be afflicted with a bad complexion, for improvement is simple and easy. Daily cleansing, gentle but thorough, is the secret. You must use soap, for nothing else will remove the dirt, oil and perspiration which collects in the pores and causes most skin trouble.

Choose Palmolive, because its action is soothing. Harsh soap should never be used for washing the face.

Massage the smooth, creamy lather gently into the skin until it removes all clogging deposits. Don't forget your neck and throat. They are as conspicuous as the face for any lack in beauty.

Careful rinsing leaves the skin stimulated, freshened and free from the accumulation which enlarges the pores, causes blackheads and carries infection.

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Palmolive Soap is blended from the same bland, soothing oils which adorned the sumptuous marble baths of Egyptians, Greeks and Romans.

But although very expensive, the gigantic volume in which Palmolive is produced keeps the price very low. Users profit by Palmolive popularity. The Palmolive factories, working day and night, and the importation of the rare oils in vast quantities, allow you to enjoy this finest facial soap for the modest price of 10 cents—no more than ordinary soap.

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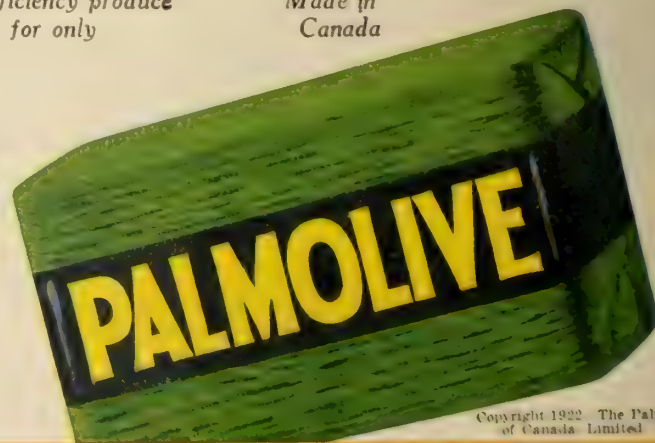
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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

A Monthly Magazine of Interest to All Progressive Canadians

OFFICE of PUBLICATION

RICHMOND and SHEPPARD STREETS
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EDITORIAL CHAT

MIDSUMMER magazines are supposed to be devoted to articles on cooling drinks and to light fiction:—the kind which is always described as "a good story to read in a hammock." The stories which are to be found in this month's issue are entertaining enough for either a summer afternoon or a winter evening. "The Bride's Cup" comes to us from British Columbia—some way, we nearly always have a story from the Pacific Province—"Aunt Min Takes a Hand" is from a Toronto writer and "Wanted—a Plain Stenographer!" has arrived from Winnipeg. The serial story is more enthralling than ever, for the "villains" have become quite active at Monte Carlo, and we wonder whether the hero is ever going to secure that aeroplane and find out where the precious pearls are hidden. The former motor stories by C. N. and A. M. Williamson are

tame and uneventful in comparison with the diverse scenes and happenings in "The Idol of Youth." This serial, we think, will be concluded in August, and is one of the most attractive features we have had for many months. The illustrations by Mr. G. W. L. Bladen are in keeping with the romance which holds so much of dramatic variety.

In our April issue was an article signed "Mary Ann," on a subject of deep interest to the majority of Canadian households:—the matter of domestic service and its desirability. We have received several favorable comments on this contribution, and the following letter from an Ontario reader, signed "Old Bachelor," tells its own story:

"I have just finished reading an article in the April Journal by Mary Ann, entitled 'Why I like to be a domestic servant.'"

"Mary Ann is a girl after my own heart and her young man is to be congratulated. If we had more Mary Anns there would be fewer of us old bachelors and more of us staying on the land and contented with life as we were intended to live it."

The beautiful reproduction of "Sweethearts," by Soulacroix, which makes our July cover, is from a painting in possession of Mr. George H. Gooderham of Toronto. It is an exquisite depiction of an old-time garden, with the lovers which are for all time.

This is Canada's birthday month; and, in recognition of that fact, we are publishing "Miss Canada," an article by Mr. Charles W. Stokes of Montreal, which discusses the old question of whether there is a typical Canadian girl. You may not agree with the writer, but you will be interested in the article.



This delightful photographic study, "Hope Springs Eternal," is from the studio of Mrs. Minna Keene, F. R. P. S., of Oakville, Ontario



Real Naptha!
You can tell
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Clean clothes and health are playmates

Sunshine may put the sparkle in the eye; fresh air, the roses in the cheeks; proper food and rest, the vigor in the limbs; but *clean clothes* are a health factor of hardly less importance. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha Soap loosens the dirt and body-oils on which germs feed and breed, and the snowy suds flush them away. Then the naptha vanishes, leaving the clothes clean, sweet, *sanitary*.

The Fels-Naptha "soap—soak—rinse" method (rubbing very soiled parts) simplifies the summer-clothes problem for all the family. You can wash even your lingerie and sheerest silk stockings more frequently, with perfect safety and less effort with Fels-Naptha.

Fels-Naptha is *more* than soap. It is *more* than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners. Get the genuine *sanitary* soap—Fels-Naptha. It *holds* the naptha until released by the wash-water for the attack on dirt! Directions printed inside the wrapper.

Campers write enthusiastically that Fels-Naptha washes greasy dishes and dish-cloths even in cold spring-water, and washes them *clean*. Any brook is a laundry with Fels-Naptha Soap.



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FREE If you haven't seen or used Fels-Naptha lately, send for free sample. Write "Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia."

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

"TAKE good care of him," Will's mother had said, as she bade them farewell at Liverpool. "Remember, he is not the man he was before those terrible weeks in Flanders. I have had to be patient, Ena dear, and you have some trying times ahead of you. Make allowances."

She had done so faithfully when dark moods came over him, and lately the doctor had pronounced him a new man. They had been ideally happy. There was so much that was new and strange to her and she would run to him a hundred times in the morning to ask him to explain this or that when he was busy with his fruit trees.

It was fun growing accustomed to her surroundings and household affairs, but when it came to the people it was another story. Will was so much one of them. She was convinced that everyone in the town eyed her critically, sometimes with a touch of contempt for her Old Country ways. They were very kind, but she could not help a feeling of inferiority while she was amongst them. Will said it was all imagination, that she was afraid of them and too stand-offish.

Her nearest neighbor, Polly Dade, often dropped in to see how she was getting on. She wished she would not always come at the wrong time; when she had neglected some bit of housework to try a new recipe as a surprise for Will; or, perhaps, she had left the dishes to finish up a bit of sewing. It was very provoking, the way she had stood on tip-toe and seen the dust on the shelf at the last Ladies' Aid Meeting.

"Say, Mrs. Gladson, what a shame to have all that lovely china out in the dust," she had remarked in a loud voice. "Isn't that cup cute?"

She looked up at the cup now. It was of a lustrous cream ground, all wreathed about with blue and yellow flowers and brown leaves. Behind it hung a framed and illuminated verse which ran thus:

"This cup is thine, fair bride of mine,
Use it through weal and woe.

Round it doth many a garland twine
With charm for friend or foe."

It had been handed down to successive Gladson brides. She remembered the day Will had brought it to her—a spring day, when she sat in the meadow at home, sewing for her home that was to be. Shafts of sunshine pierced through the swelling brown buds of the oaks to the green carpet interwoven with blue and yellow at her feet. To complete the joy singing in her heart came Will, carrying the cup.

"Take it, little girl," he said. "It will bring you luck. It has never been known to fail since the first Will Gladson had it made in the pottery for his own bride. Blue and yellow are my lucky colors," he added, touching her golden hair and blue eyes lightly with his lips.

Much luck it had brought her! Will and she were just drifting apart. There was no longer perfect confidence between them. He had much more in common with the Dades. The neighbors had hinted that before the war it was thought that he would marry Polly.

She resumed her cleaning, flicking the duster viciously round the parlor until she arrived at the window. Vexation and alarm clouded her pretty face as she looked in the direction of the Dade barn.

"What is Will doing there again?" She tried to remember how often she had seen him going in there the last few weeks, sometimes alone, sometimes with Joe Dade, but more often with Joe and Polly. She had asked Will repeatedly what the attraction was and he had just put her off with some reply not at all to the point. The first time he had colored furiously. Now pride kept her tongue still, but not her poor perplexed mind. She did feel so out of it. Will was hiding something from her.

Moving over to her work-table she picked up some sewing and examined it. Her expression changed to one of brooding tenderness. She held up a tiny white garment and lovingly fingered a dainty bonnet. She was so absorbed that she did not hear footsteps approaching. Will's tall form darkened the doorway.

"What, sewing again, little woman? And you have been tidying up, too. Of course, you are going to polish the bride's cup. It looks as though you hadn't taken much stock in it lately."

"There's nothing to that nonsense. And, anyway, I can't be forever dusting china. If only I had a proper place to keep it I believe I should think more of it."

"You will use it to-night, won't you? You did last year on your birthday. It

THE BRIDE'S CUP

BY GRACE ARCHBOLD

Illustrated by Philip Mankey

is nice to keep up these old associations. It makes you feel one with those gone before. Why, it even does the husbands good, Ena. You don't know what I'm not prompted to do when I study it of an evening, dear. Oh, I was forgetting! Mrs. Dade meant to tell you when you were over not to go to much trouble about supper. She will bring some things with her."

"It's very good of her. I suppose she thinks I don't make much of a hand at cooking. Can't we have a good time on my birthday without the Dades?"

"Sure we can; but I want them for a special reason. You will understand later. Just trust me, dear."

"Very well; but I'd far rather be alone. I don't care for Polly Dade."

What did it mean? It was quite plain that he did not want her there.

She decided not to go out, but to have a rest. Perhaps it would put her in a better frame of mind. She must not look dismal at her birthday supper and especially must appearances be kept up before Mrs. Dade.

As she lay dozing upstairs there was a quick tap and the outer door opened again.

"Are you there Mrs. Gladson? Oh, you're resting! Don't come down. I have brought a few things for to-night's supper. You don't mind, do you? Will said he was sure they would come in handy. I made you a birthday cake which I hope you'll accept. Everyone says my cakes are real good."



As she reached up, her hand encountered an envelope.

"She has a good heart. You want to come out of your shell and get better acquainted with these people."

"I won't fail you, Will," she sighed, "but I do want you to myself."

"Aren't you tired, Ena? Why don't you knock off work and go out for a bit?"

"Come with me, Will," she pleaded.

"Impossible. I'm much too busy. I have a job I must finish."

"What is it? Let me come and watch you."

"Oh, it's an inside job and you should be in the fresh air. Do stop working and do your thinking outside. I have two good hours' work till supper time."

He stooped and kissed her on the forehead and closed the door behind him. She walked to the window just in time to see him speeding into Dade's barn again.

"Oh, thank you, I'm sure. You shouldn't have gone to so much trouble."

"You're welcome. We'll be over after a while, and, if you like, I'll help you set the table. Do give me a call if I can do anything."

Ena heard her hurrying down the garden path, singing as she went. Her heart burned within her at what she considered Polly's managing ways. She could not even run her own birthday supper.

SHE closed her eyes and, in the silence which followed, could see only the bride's cup. First as a thing of supreme beauty, which became gradually clouded until it was scarcely visible. As it vanished from her sight she became more and more unhappy. At last it dis-

appeared altogether. She groped frantically round but it was gone and she was conscious that it had gone forever. In her despair she turned to Will and he, too, was nowhere to be found.

She woke with a start. Had she been dreaming? Were Will and the cup really gone? She hurried downstairs, rubbing her eyes. To her relief the cup was there, but somehow the dust reproached her now. For the first time her attitude towards Will and those amongst whom her lot was cast, gave her little twinges of conscience. She had been ungracious to her husband, suspicious of them all. Still, it was not right to keep things from her. The clock struck five. In another hour they would be in to supper.

Going upstairs, she put on the blue frock Will liked best and coiled her hair in the way he loved most. With a snowy table-cloth on her arm, she went down and set to work on the table. She undid Polly's cake. It was a masterpiece, layer upon layer, and beautifully iced. A box of candles beside it provided a gentle hint that she need not yet object to its being properly furnished. The magnificence of this one quite put her own in the shade and she made up her mind to use it when they were alone. Indeed, she preferred to do so. Everything was tastefully tied up in blue and yellow paper, and she wondered if Will had mentioned his pet colors. Even that could not be a sacred thing between them.

She opened the window to air the room, and gay laughter attracted her attention outside. Joe Dade and Will were carrying something large and carefully covered up, from the barn to the house. Polly followed behind, and they were all making merry over it. A wave of anger swept over her. Turning round, the bride's cup caught her eye again. She fought down her annoyance, and prepared a place of honor on the table for the cup—the final touch before the feast.

As she reached up, her hand encountered an envelope. She threw it carelessly down and hastened to wash the cup before her guests should arrive. What mysterious spell did it possess? The table assumed a radiance almost spring-like, and she felt happier. Picking up the envelope she read:

"To my dear wife, with the best of birthday wishes."

She drew out the contents. A little roll of bills lay in her hand—Will's present to her, and she had inwardly chafed because he had not given her some remembrance!

It was just like him to hide it where she would find it during the day. He dearly loved a mystery. The last few months she had condemned him in her heart. She needed extra money for sewing material and had to go without. Will had lent the Dades money to help pay the taxes on their place. They had returned it, and now here it was all showered on her. It was as if a veil fell from her eyes and her warped imagination finally righted itself. An impulse sent her rushing to the door to find him and confess. It was growing dark, but she fled down the path.

"Will! Will! Where are you?" she called.

"Coming, dear! Why, what is the matter?" She caught her foot on a projecting stone and fell before he could save her. After that, Will, her birthday, the Dades—everything was a blank except the pain in her head.

Some weeks later, Polly Dade sat by Ena's bedside, rocking to and fro and looking admiringly down at a wee bundle in her arms.

"Isn't he a beauty, Polly? I do love his cradle, and the china cabinet, too. It will keep my treasures safe when this greatest treasure of all gets his hands into mischief later on. You have been so good and I don't deserve it."

"Will was always fond of planning surprises for people. I guess the cradle and the china cabinet were two big ones for you. Joe is a handy carpenter and took such pleasure out of helping Will because he has been a true friend to him in time of need. It was too bad you had that fall just as we were coming over to your place with the things."

"Yes; if I had not been such a silly, it would not have happened. I let the dust collect on the bride's cup and my happiness. It won't get a chance again."

THE IDOL of YOUTH

CNE-AM WILLIAMSON

Illustrated by G. W. L. Bladen

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Captain Malet, a young officer returned from the war, is at Bournemouth with his Aunt Sarah when the beauty and distress of a young foreign guest at the hotel win his interest. In the guise of a waiter he makes her acquaintance, persuades an American millionaire, Henry S. Horden, to give him some caviare for the starving girl, and, before the evening is over, saves her from suicide and makes a friend of her dog, Petro. The girl is Patchinka Kapieha, a sister of the heroic aviator, Sacha Kapieha, who had lost his life in the war and whose plane is even then being offered as second prize in the lottery at Monte Carlo. Patchinka is taken to Mr. Horden, who had known her brother and who had wished to buy the aviator's secrets of invention. He adopts Patchinka as his niece and suggests that they should all go to Monte Carlo to buy the plane. In the meantime, Captain Malet is sent to buy a wardrobe for Miss Kapieha (known as Miss P. Smith) and is having difficulty explaining his needs to the saleswoman, "Miss Forty."

The latter (who is Miss Victoria Wellington) helps him effectively and becomes chaperon to Patchinka on the Monte Carlo expedition. They arrive and discover that three members of a syndicate, Mendez, Dupont and Maroni, are planning to secure the plane. Mr. Horden's wife (Dutch by birth) has been living at The Hague, but the daughter, Wendela, arrives at Monte Carlo, unknown to her father. The woman whom Sacha had loved, the Marquesa di Fiumine, who is unhappily married, is at Villa Persane near Monte Carlo. Wendela introduces a complication, becoming attached to the reluctant hero.

Patchinka manages to reach the poor Marquesa, who is in the power of Dr. Silvestro, who tries to represent her as insane. She tells of a wonderful "essence" which Sacha had hidden and which might give the secret of the plane. Captain Malet learns to fly, although his instructor, Gauthier, dislikes him as a rival. The lottery comes off. Patchinka had made a present of the ticket, 1717, to Wendela, and, by a wonderful coincidence, this ticket wins the plane. Dupont then insists that Wendela had promised to sell the plane to him.

CHAPTER XXVIII

(Continued)

"You can't hold me to it," she defied him. "Even if I said 'will' (which I didn't.) You've nothing in writing."

"Mademoiselle," cried Dupont. But quickly he saw his mistake. Dutch-American blood is not a combination for a French Algerian to browbeat. It must be humoured, coaxed, petted, forgiven, even in moments of supreme crisis. "Mademoiselle, I trusted you," he reproached her, a starry look as of tears behind his thick lashes. "I trusted you for myself and my friends. In a few moments they will be here, and—"

"Well, I haven't made up my mind yet, one way or the other," Wendela said stolidly. "I'd better make it up, though, before they come. Monsieur Dupont, if you don't object, I'll step aside for a few seconds with Captain Malet for a little private conversation!"

Dupont flushed again. (He must, I thought, have the very devil of a temper!) "But, Mademoiselle, I do object!" he urged. "The Captain is my rival. He wants Kapieha's aeroplane. It is promised to me. I can't allow him to talk you over, behind my back."

"He isn't going to talk me over," maintained Wendela, her heavy chin square. "The principal thing I want to say to him in private has got nothing to do with the aeroplane directly; and if you try to keep me from saying it, I—I—well, none of you shall have the old thing!"

Dupont rose instantly and bowed, his flush faded to an olive paleness. He looked homesick! "I will not stand in your way, Mademoiselle," he rejoined. "But I consider that you have firmly promised. And the word of Monsieur 'Orden's daughter is as good as her bond."

Wendela and I walked to the end of the hall furthest from our little group of basket chairs.

"I just hate people trying to bulldoze me, whether it's you or Dupont or anyone else," the girl pouted. "You've often been horrid to me, Boy, and this afternoon was the limit—yes, the limit and down the other side. You said the hatefulest things! But I guess I'm pretty weak where you're concerned. I have been from the first! I'm like that when I care for anyone. Man or woman. I'm real forgiving. But I do draw the line somewhere. I won't go on making big sacrifices for a boy that puts another girl in front of me every single time. I know as well as if you'd told me, that if I threw those men over for you, no sooner would you get the aeroplane for yourself, than you'd give it to her—the little green-eyed cat!"

"If you mean Miss Kapieha by 'green-eyed cat,' I promise not to give her the aeroplane," I said.

"You will? Oh, but don't I know you? You're beating the devil around the bush. You wouldn't give; you'd sell—for thirty cents. Or some old trick like that."

"I swear I wouldn't. I'd give you my word of honour not to dispose of the machine at all—except with your consent and approval."

She looked at me with her head on one side like a big, white Persian kitten.

"Humph!" she muttered. "I wonder if you're stalling?"

"I don't know the verb to 'stall' except in an aeroplane language," said I. "But I'm willing to take my bible oath not to do whatever it is."

Wendela giggled slightly—and nervously. "That's not enough. I want a lot more out of you than a Bible oath not to trick. I want at least two more Bible oaths before I do any business at all."

"What are they?" I asked.

"One is, that I shall have a say about the passengers you take, anyhow in the first flight you make from here. What about that, to begin with?"

I thought hard for a second; but a second was enough. I remembered that Patchinka would not be a "Passenger" in any flight I was likely to make.

"All right. That goes," I cheerfully agreed, "provided the passengers pay; and you don't interfere with my choice of a pilot. The passengers you may select as if they were frocks, so long as they pay well. I'm not out to fly for my health, you know, my dear girl. I tell you frank-

ly I've been banking on this railway strike. I'm not quite qualified for a pilot's job yet; but with a smart pilot I can do all the rest; and I ought to earn a pot of money with a big machine like Kapieha's fitted up (as it can be roughly, in a few days) to accommodate several passengers."

"Well, I'm to have the right to be one of them if I want to," the girl bargained. "Bible oath on that, please!"

I reflected again. Most likely she wouldn't want to, when the time came. It was fairly safe to promise. And it was extremely unsafe not to promise.

"That goes too," I consented.

"Bible oath?"

"Yes. Is that all? If it is—"

"It isn't. There's one more condition."

"That makes three, you spoke of two."

"At least two. The one I'm coming to is the most important of all."

"Out with it, then!"

"I will. I'm as anxious as you are to settle this business. When I go back to Dupont the others will have come, and I must give them an answer once for all. What that answer is to be, depends on yours to me."

"You make me curious."

"That's better than furious! Before I promise even to let you touch my aeroplane, you've got to promise me this: that you'll never, never ask that Kapieha girl to marry you—"

"Ah, I thought so! Now I've hit you where you live!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

What Wendela Decided.

SHE had indeed! She had "hit me where I lived!"

To promise—for such a promise I could not break—was like walking into a dark cell, a prisoner for life. It was like murdering my own youth. And that I should be asked to make such a promise to-night of all other nights, was an irony of fate.

The wonderful look given me purposely by Patchinka (yes, I felt it had been purposely given, for me to understand) had offered definite hope.

The more I thought of it—and I have thought of it every instant since we'd stood together on the Casino steps—the more I realized its beauty and its meaning. It had been all feminine, and had told me as by a flash of lightning in the dark, that of late Patchinka's ways of boyish camaraderie must have been more or less a pose. She must have come to care, in those days of our flights together, or there would have been no such love looking out from those dear eyes of mystery.

Perhaps, if I'd funk'd on that first day with Gauthier, and found nothing in myself akin to joy in sky adventures, my Lady from the Air might never have loved me as a woman loves a man. But she did love me—if only a little—in that way, and knew that she could love me more. She had meant me to know it, too! And now, to win what I must win if I were to be her worthy knight, the thing I had to do was—to give her up.

Yes, it was all contained in that; and searching for some way out, I found myself wandering round and round a vicious circle.

Patchinka's voice had begged me to get back Sacha's aeroplane. I had earned

nothing, deserved nothing. If I did get it, I put myself out of court to get anything beyond.

If I accepted Wendela Horden's terms, I might again see that magic look in Patchinka's eyes. But I could take no advantage of it. I mustn't seem to read what it said. Because it would be impossible to put in bald words the sacrifice I'd made to give my Lady from the Air her Wish. I couldn't say, "I believe you like me, and I know I love you; but I've promised Miss Horden that I won't propose."

"All right, this finishes you with me! You won't give up that hateful girl who'd make you miserable if you married her," Wendela shrieked. "All I wanted, was to save you in spite of yourself. That's my only reason for making such a—a request. It's got nothing to do with me! Except that we've been friends, and I'd like to think I'd rescued you from—from an adventuress. I'll go back now to my other friends, who're men of the world, and see that creature as she really is. I'll tell them they can have—"

"Stop!" I commanded. "I haven't refused your request. I was only thinking what a strange one it is. Miss Kapieha wouldn't have me if I did propose, so I'm not losing much in giving my 'Bible oath' that I won't. Does that please you?"

Her pale eyes tried to read the depth of me. "Do you give 'Bible oath'?" she repeated. "Do you swear by all you hold sacred that you'll never, never propose to Miss Kapieha, never ask her to marry you?"

"If I swear that, will you swear to sell me Sacha's biplane for a reasonable sum to be agreed upon between us?" I edged.

To my surprise, Wendela rapped out "No!"

I was bowled over. "You've been playing with me, then?"

"I have not!"

"In that case, I don't understand you."

"Come back with me to Dupont and the others," she ordered. "I'll explain to you there."

"I thought you brought me into this corner on purpose to settle everything between our two selves, with no one listening."

"That's so. But we've gone as far as we can go now."

Giving me no time to protest, the girl walked sharply away from me towards the front of the hall, where Dupont had been joined by Mendez and Maroni. I had seen the Spaniard and the Italian enter some few minutes ago, and out of the corner of my eye had become aware of their feverish interest in our confab. Maroni had wished to interrupt it; but Dupont (already guilty of one mistake with Wendela) and Mendez (more diplomatic or more wary) held the Italian back almost by force.

Wendela tripped back almost towards the waiting group with an air of supreme self importance visible even in the back view of her shoulders. There was nothing for me to do, except follow her, and I did so, my feet seeming to be weighted with lead. Once, early in the war, I had been slightly "gassed." I felt now somehow as I'd felt then.

Mendez and Maroni had doubtless realised before this the influence which Dupont's superior charm and comparative youth gave him over the young

woman. They had come to Monte Carlo, I firmly believed, each with the intention of playing a lone hand, and nothing could have been less welcome to any member of the late Syndicate than the sight of his fellow member on the spot—"crows gathered where the body was," as Patchinka had put it. But, circumstances having changed kaleidoscopically, the three had seen that union was strength; in fact, that they must pull together or fall. They were at one now; and Mendez and Maroni stood aside for Dupont to be spokesman.

"I hope, dear Mademoiselle," he addressed her in a voice of pathos, "that you are not going to throw us over—we are your friends."

"I'm not going to throw anyone over!" Wendela announced. "I'm going to do the right thing by you all. But—on second thoughts I can't sell the aeroplane."

"What? Can't sell—" gasped Dupont. I was past gasping.

"Can't sell. Can't give. You see, I remembered in time about my father. You've all heard of him. Captain Malet's met him. Well, I had a letter from dad the other day, with a cheque in it. The letter'd been following me round for awhile and nearly lost itself. I was so pleased with the cheque at the time, I didn't think much about Dad's news. But I recollect now; he said he was in Europe to do a big deal buying up aeroplanes for our country. Probably he'll want to buy this one when he knows I've won it. He'd be real mad at me if I went and sold it to someone else. Besides, I guess he can afford to pay me oodles and oodles more than any of you folks can."

"My friends and I offer you here and now six thousand of your American dollars—two thousand for each of us. It is a good price for an old machine like Kapieha's," urged Dupont. "There have been improvements since—"

"But I first told you I wouldn't sell," broke in Miss Horden. "It wouldn't be fair to Captain Malet, even if it would to Dad. What I will do, is this: till Father needs it, I'll—I'll lend the biplane."

"To us!" Dupont caught her up. "We thank you, Mademoiselle. With this strike coming on, we—"

"So you're thinking of the strike too?" giggled Wendela. "Everyone seems to be thinking about the strike. But you don't know how to fly, do you?—not any three of you!"

"We shall not attempt to fly the machine ourselves. We shall hire a couple of professionals. We—." They were now all three talking together; but Wendela cut them short, and almost drove their breath down their throats.

"You won't have to do that. I've promised to lend the machine to Captain Malet, who was my friend before I met you. But I made this condition with him; that I should choose the passengers for his first flight—paying passengers, of course. Well, I choose you three gentlemen. And you can settle terms among yourselves!"

CHAPTER XXX.

Wendela on her rights.

I MIGHT have known that Patchinka would bear the blow well.

She had had black moments when she blamed herself, believing that she had thrown away her brother's Mascot, with the fortune—meant for her—which it might conceal. Having gone through the worst, however, Sacha's sister bore the news of Miss Horden's decision like a soldier.

She even laughed a little, with half-amused bitterness, when she heard Wendela's condition; that she, Patchinka, must not be a passenger in the prize aeroplane.

"She might have been sharper, and bargained that I mustn't fly at all," the girl said. "But she's a strange combination, this Wendela Horden: sometimes keen as a knife, like her father: sometimes fluffy as wool. What I lose, is the pleasure of owning my Sacha's machine. But always there were thousands of chances against my winning! What you lose, will be the money for selling to Mr. Horden if you had won—"

"I wouldn't have sold. I'd have given it to you, to do as you pleased with. You ought to know that," I reproached her, as we spun towards Cap Martin, with the Iron Duke fast asleep in the taxi.

"Well, it's better not to dwell on 'might have beens'!" sighed Patchinka. "Miss

Horden has some of her father's blood in her veins, so she'll stick to the agreement he made with you, let's hope. We haven't gained the best thing. But we've got the second best: more than we had any right to expect—though we did somehow expect it all, didn't we? The Mascot seemed to belong to us. Our wish so strong! Still, as it is, we shall find chances to look for the hiding-place, and we shall find the papers if not the pearls. They will be mine in spite of everything, and I shall take them for my own."

"Not if Mendez, Dupont and Maroni can help it," was the thought in my mind. But I didn't put it into words. Patchinka had worried too much already about "danger" for me, when these men should learn our errand at Monte Carlo. Now that, after a fashion we had gained our ends despite the odds against us with which we'd started out, the girl would worry a good deal more, I feared, once her mind was switched back to the Syndicate.

The Lady from the Air had a way, however, of seeing into one's brain, and at the same time (without slyness) preventing even her nearest friends from getting a peep into hers.

"Of course," she said, "those men will fight us for all they're worth. A little

will let me come into the house, or let you stop outside, for a second. And there's the question of where to put the biplane when it leaves the Place. Wendela's sure to shove all the work on to me, and if I kick, the Syndicate will grab the job. Besides this strike is sure to come off now—may stop every train on the P.L.M. tomorrow, and the rest inside a week. I must get your advice about rigging up a cabin. And then there's the question of petrol."

"Yes, there's the question of petrol!" the girl, echoed, letting her question slide.

"If people engage us for long flights while the strike is on, you must make certain of having plenty—plenty! There must be some of course to buy in Nice. But how long will it last? Borisoff may help—but Gauthier won't. And the prices will mount up, up, as soon as the strike begins. If only I can get to Laurette again, and find out her secret."

"Don't forget my inspiration. We'll try that," I reminded the girl, and she caught me up gaily. No further catechism about those "conditions!" But I wasn't soft enough to be deceived, as I might have been once, before I knew Patchinka well enough to know how little I did know her. I was sure she had read and suspected my hesitation.

her points. In other words, she'd got pretty well what she'd wanted from me, and was likely to stick to it. I depended upon that.

After a bad night, I slept later than usual next morning, but hurried over my dressing to make up for lost time, and expecting to be down before Wendela. I was struggling with a sullen tie, however, when the upstairs waiter tapped at my door with a note from Miss Horden.

"Aren't you ever coming down, dear Bad Boy?" it asked. "Monsieur Dupont has been here breakfasting with Senor Mendez, advising me where to keep MY aeroplane. I've practically decided what to do, but don't want to make definite arrangements without seeing you. Oh Boy, I'm glad we're friends again, and that you're sorry for being horrid, and aren't going to turn the cold shoulder on me for the sake of a *Certain Person*, after this. I'm just tickled to death I've won the biplane! I always prayed I would, though I lay low and Brer Rabbitted to you. I thought you'd bring me more luck without knowing—because ignorance is bliss every time, isn't it? Yours—Wendi. P.S. I'm writing in the restaurant."

I hardly waited to wade through the stuff. Giving a final jerk to the tie, which



Maroni was greatly excited by the patchwork story told by the doctor from Turin.

while ago I used to be afraid of them, when they were working in the dark. But now it is light. We know what they will try to do, and when. It will be during a flight they will ask you to take them on. And you can't refuse, because of the promise you had to give Wendela; that she may choose the passengers. We shall be prepared, you and I, Duguesclin! They will be three to two—and one of those two a girl—for I think Sacha's Mascot can't well be fitted up to take more than five people altogether. I've been studying the machine, and what to do with her, whenever I have looked at her in the Place. Still, somehow I am not terrified as I used to be—not even for you. I know you better than I did. And I see how you always win through everything."

"I haven't won through this business to-night as I hoped—as I almost vowed I would do!" I sighed.

"But, you have done wonders, considering what Wendela is. Surely, to get what you did from her, you must have had to accept more conditions, others you haven't told me of?"

"One or two. Nothing to speak of." (I meant this literally; they were not to speak of.)

"None—concerning me?"

"None you'd be—interested in."

"Let me judge!"

"We've so much to settle to-night, and we're almost at the Cap," I reminded her. "I don't suppose the Iron Duke

She'd ceased to press for an answer, not because I'd lured her into forgetting, but because she wouldn't embarrass me by persisting.

When we bade each other good-bye at the door of the Pension, however, the crude electric light in the hall showed me a face different, somehow, from the tragic one illumined whitely in the Place du Casino.

There was no longer any passion or promise in the eyes. They were mysterious as always; perhaps more mysterious (for me) than I had ever seen them. If I hadn't known that it couldn't possibly be there (nothing had happened to bring it there!) I should have imagined a gleam of mischief under the long lashes.

I had insisted on Wendela Horden's signature to a few lines scrawled by myself at the British Hotel. Perhaps I should not have thought of this if she hadn't squirmed out of a "near-promise" made to Dupont with the excuse "You've nothing in writing."

Well, I had now something in writing. I had Wendela's word in black and white, to lend me Sacha Kapieha's aeroplane for as many trips as I wished to take during a period of not less than two months: the agreement to be renewed or dissolved by mutual consent after that time. I was not even greatly afraid that Miss Horden would wish to throw me over. I'd agreed to all her conditions! She seemed to think them of importance, and to feel a sense of triumph in having gained

nearly choked me I pelted downstairs two steps at a time.

There she was, at the breakfast table, with the ruins of four oranges on her plate! (Wendela was a hearty eater) and her likeness to that accursed doll I'd won was so abominable that I felt it becoming an obsession.

Mendez' table, next Miss Horden's, was unoccupied, though littered with the remains of food for two. I guessed that the two men, having scored in some way, had preferred not to face me and cleared out.

Wendela held an 'Eclairer de Nice' in her hand, and appeared actually to have been reading it. As a rule she boasted that she never bothered with newspapers, and her only reading so far as I'd ever seen, consisted of fiction, the more sentimental the better.

"It's in the 'Eclairer'" she joyfully announced: "About the winning numbers in the lottery, I mean: so everyone knows now, Monsieur Dupont brought me the paper. I'm as happy as a lark. I hope you are."

"There are larks and larks," said I. "Larks in the sky; and larks in a pie. But you sent for me to talk about the biplane. She'll have to be moved somewhere today, you know, or tomorrow at latest. I thought Borisoff at Nice would let us put her in one of his hangars perhaps, and—"

"Oh, I was sure you'd think of him. So were Mendez and Dupont. But I

didn't want to keep the machine there. It's nix on that, my boy."

"Why?"

"Frankly, because Borisoff's such an idiot about Miss Kapieha. I don't trust her, so I won't trust him. Do you see?"

"No, I can't say I do."

"None so blind as those who won't see! Miss Kapieha's mad at me because I've won her brother's biplane which she was wild to get herself. I wouldn't put it past her to do the thing some damage out of spite against me. Oh, you needn't look as if you'd like to squash my nose with your egg-spoon! You can't make me think any different from what I do. I don't change my mind as often as you change your collar! I've promised to lend you the machine for flights. I owe it to those poor disappointed dears to let them do something. They offered to try and hire a hangar down by the port, where they say a seaplane used to be kept. I said they could. And we'll have guards watching the thing day and night to make sure no mischief is done."

I saw by Wendela's lip (which seemed to unfurl an extra length of obstinacy) that it would be futile to argue—futile as trying to turn a pack mule into a race-horse. "Righto!" I answered so cheerily that she jumped. "It's all one to me where you stable the plane so long as I'm free to bring carpenter chaps to look her over and arrange how to fit her up with everything as a liner *de luxe*."

Wendela replied dubiously that she wouldn't object to carpenters if they were carpenters. The machine must be made comfortable in order to earn its salt. But, of course, she was the owner. Plans must be made and approved by her before any work was done. Mendez and Dupont and Maroni (she broke the handles off their names behind their backs) all knew a lot about aeroplanes, and would give her independent (strong emphasis on that word!) independent advice!

"You don't mind my calling them in as experts do you, Boy?" she asked. "You're not that yourself yet—an expert, I mean?"

"Oh, I don't mind even if Mendez and Company offer to guard the machine," I said, "because I shall be guarding it too: day and night. The plane is yours. I'm responsible for it to you. And I won't be caught napping. When I go off duty, it will be to leave an understudy of my own choosing to protect your property!"

"I won't have Miss Kapieha understudying and protecting!" Wendela snapped.

I smiled a superior smile. "Miss Kapieha has better things to do." She had. But I was not bound to say what.

CHAPTER XXXI.

When the Strike Began.

THERE was something else in the "Eclairer" almost as important to me as the winning numbers, and more important to the public: the news that the threatened railway strike had begun.

When I went out for a last look at the Mascot dominating the Palace Du Casino, I found Monte Carlo seething with excitement over the news.

We'd been concentrating so tensely on the Lottery that we hadn't noticed how people with other ideas in their heads had disappeared during the last few critical days. No matter how many leave Monte Carlo, there are always crowds remaining. And no face except Patchinka's being essential to me, I'd been unaware that many vaguely familiar faces had vanished.

There had been, it seemed, a great exodus yesterday. And after the news which Patchinka and I had seen posted in the Atrium, there was a rush for trains; trains of any sort: quick trains, slow trains, trains going anywhere.

This morning early I was told the last train had steamed out of Monte Carlo station packed like boxes of sardines; or even more tightly packed than that, for sardines never sit on top or hang on behind their boxes.

Now motor cars were being engaged at enormous prices. American millionaires, English politicians, Spanish grandees, stage beauties, and all sorts of people who must be at home on a certain date, were willing to pay through the

nose. Soon the supply of automobiles, private and public, would be exhausted at the rate they were being snapped up; and then, if not before, the harvest would begin for aeroplanes.

Of these there were few on the Riviera, as I had already taken pains to find out. Borisoff and Gauthier had several, all old, none fitted for passengers; but theirs were war-relics; and any bombing machine has space which can be utilised for other loads than bombs. I thought it likely that the partners would do what I schemed to do, and I imagined that by this time they had men working to transform their biplane.

I'd had visions of a jaunt to Nice for Patchinka and myself; had planned to get a couple of mechanics, run the Mascot down to the hangar near Monaco's port—where there was, of course, room to take off a flight; and then, with Patchinka as pilot, had hoped to fly to Borisoff's. There I'd intended to keep the machine, and engage some clever carpenter of Nice (whom Borisoff could recommend) to rig up a cabin.

This scheme was now knocked on the head, one blow dealt by Wendela, another by the premature commencement of the strike. Borisoff and Gauthier would already have annexed the best men at Nice; and as the Mascot must remain in for the present at Monaco, I saw myself obliged to find carpenters and cabinet makers in the principality.

The worst of it was, I could depend on no one to help or give me disinterested advice. I was on friendly terms with my landlord and his son; but Mendez was an old client of the hotel; the proprietors would think of him before they thought of me. And, though the Syndicate had stipulated with Wendela to be my first paying passengers, I was pretty sure they would cling to Monte if possible rather than go anywhere at all. If they could prevent me from taking the machine away, and at the same time secretly work their will upon his, I believe they would do so.

I phoned to the Pension Rossi, and told Patchinka about the latest move: Wendela's decision to house the Mascot at Monaco. I said that I'd been forced to agree, as the machine was hers; but Mendez, Dupont and Maroni were not to have things all their own way. Two sides could play at their game. They might guard the biplane in her hangar from me; at the same time I should be guarding her from them.

"Which means," I added, "that neither we nor they can explore for the hiding place till after we've started for—heaven knows where! But then we will get our chance—somehow. Trust me for that."

Patchinka answered that she did trust me. Her voice sounded bright and brave, brighter and braver, I thought, than if she guessed that never could I hold her to that sweet, silent promise of last night. She must have known that I would read the language of her eyes. She must, despite her boyish ways, have seen all along how it was with me—that I loved her, not as a 'pal,' but as a man loves the One Girl. And she was bound before long to wonder why, after that look she'd given, I never claimed its promise. Evidently, however, she hadn't begun to wonder yet.

Sacha's Mascot was safe from any designs of the Syndicate while she still adorned the Place du Casino; and on enquiry I found that she might remain if necessary until late afternoon. Before lighting-up time the Administration would be glad to have the place clear.

There were two hangars down by the port, and though Wendela didn't know it, a baby seaplane still brooded in one of them; a lame and dwarfish duck which the owner (who had bought her second or third hand) wished to sell. Even now, when almost any machine you could get away in was worth—for the moment—a fabulous sum, there were as yet no competitors for this neglected bird. She had had two severe accidents, and though she'd been neatly patched up, had never lived down her bad reputation. At best the creature had never been capable of long, sustained flight, and was at present hopelessly out of date. She was suitable enough, however, for a certain purpose I'd conceived; and finding the owner unwilling to let (it was easy to guess why!) after a short trial flight I bought this baby plane (hatched in 1913) for three thousand francs. No doubt the man

went home and danced for joy; but I could have done the same.

Having engaged the second hangar for the Mascot, I hurried here and there in search of a skilled carpenter. At last I ran one to earth, in a side street of the Condamine, that closely built, low-lying stretch between Monte Carlo and the towering rock. To him I described in words and hasty pencil sketches what I wanted done: promised high pay, and having roused the plump Monegasque's cupidity and ambition, took him up to the Place du Casino for a look at the biplane.

Wendela, Mendez and Dupont were together, wedged into a garden seat, staring at Miss Horden's prize, and no doubt discussing my plans regarding it. They bowed to me; and the men's eyes, had they been cormorants, would certainly have devoured my fat companion. The three men whispered excitedly and presently joined us, while Wendela guarded the bench from intruders.

"Monsieur Viale," I explained, "is a skilled carpenter, or perhaps I should call him a cabinet maker. I've told him what I want, and that I want it soon. He thinks he can rig up a light little, right little cabin for at least three passengers; three ply wood and plenty of window glass, you know. As he begins to-day, he engages himself to finish by the end of the week."

"These people of the South are free with their promises," Maroni answered rudely in French, looking less Italian and more German than ever. "The proverbial pie-crust is less easily broken."

"Monsieur!" protested Viale, reddening; "I am not a liar. This gentleman offers me a good price for the work. I can afford to put plenty of men on it. They will agree to work overtime, and besides, I have the window glass and framework already in my workshop. It can easily be utilised; otherwise I should not have dared contract to finish so soon."

"Well, we shall see," said Maroni. "I will believe when my eyes bear you witness."

"One would say that Monsieur does not wish the work to be done on time!" puffed Viale.

"That would be odd," said I, "as he's to be one of my first passengers. By the way, gentlemen, I haven't heard yet where you want to go. Though there's time later to discuss that—"

The three gazed at me stonily. "Each of us has his own destination," replied Mendez. "I have to return to Spain, Dupont to Algeria, Maroni—"

"Maroni hopes he is not a coward, but he values his neck too much to trust it to an amateur," put in the Turinese. "Rather than that, I will remain on terra firma and pray for you all in the air."

"May your prayers save us!" I smiled. "Who is your pilot?" Mendez catechised.

"Depend on it I shall have a skilled one," I evaded him. "You needn't worry. But we're not here to talk about the pilots or future flights. Monsieur Viale's time is money—my money! He wants to get back to examine the materials he has on hand."

Whereupon I switched my attention on to Viale himself, who was, I could see, furiously eager to show this doubting Thomas what a Monegasque could do at a pinch.

Sacha Kapieha's Mascot was a large bombing machine with a 550 horse-power six cylinder Rolls Royce engine, and was able (Patchinka had calculated) to carry about twelve hundred pounds at a speed of one-hundred-and-forty miles an hour. The inventor had aimed both at stability such as had been an unknown combination in one machine before his day. His Mascot was the first aeroplane made to be self-steadying in its longitudinal pose, while possessing steadiness of lateral pose in the fullest degree.

Patchinka had pointed out to me the marvellous power of her brother's biplane to go straight through a gust without either diving or rearing. She was proud of the smart gyroscopic control, and had explained to me how, when one wing would tilt up or down relatively to the other, Sacha's gyroscopes had power enough automatically to right it.

The cambered planes were narrow and longish, yet small enough for speed; and the top plane being pushed slightly forward so as to give the pilot a clear view ahead, the machine got what I'd learned to call a 'positive stagger.' All the Mascot's special features were finely

creditable, considering her early type; and one which I highly approved was the power of quick lift off the ground when ready for flight. As for her "ceiling" (extreme height she could reach) Patchinka had boasted that it was far above the 'ceiling' of any biplane prior to Kapieha's.

Altogether, the more one studied her 'points' the more tragic did it seem that the prize had not been won by Sacha's sister. Still, it was useless to repine over spilled lottery tickets, and the only thing to do was to make the best of a very bad bargain.

Viale owned a younger brother who'd been in the French Air Force during the war; and through that brother had made acquaintance with many pre-war airmen who in peaceful seasons had thrilled the Riviera by their stunts. Viale senior had done a little work of these men in the brave days when flying was all for fun; therefore he readily absorbed my ideas, and even involved useful new ones of his own. Perhaps I had to thank Maroni that the Monegasque was thoroughly on his mettle now. He would not fail me if he and his men had to work eighteen hours out of each twenty-four!

CHAPTER XXXII.

Understudies.

MONTE Carlo is the home of home of excitements: but never had the gay town been in such a ferment (said old inhabitants) as during this post-war railway strike.

No doubt it was much the same all over the Riviera, except at places so quiet that, once arrived you stayed and went to sleep. But my experiences confined themselves to Monaco and its neighborhood.

Even when Viale's workmen were tinkering at the Mascot, I did not feel she was safe from the Syndicate. A chance touch and the secret hiding-place Patchinka believed in might be revealed! That mustn't happen in my absence and the Trio's presence, unless the ideal understudy could be found. Patchinka, of course, would have filled the bill; but Wendela was firm in her taboo of Miss Kapieha, even though I drummed into her head that real danger menaced her property. I could think of no one to trust, and would have fed and slept in the hangar if on the second day of my ordeal the Iron Duke had not proposed herself for the part of understudy.

At first, the idea seemed laughable. It was such a far cry from a Bournemouth draper's to the hangar of an aeroplane near the port of Monaco! But this quiet little lady had come from Cap Martin in a crowded tram, with Patchinka's consent, and had found her way down to the hangar, burning with the zeal of a martyr; I had to hear her arguments.

"Why not?" she asked. "I could give you five or six hours off, quite well. Or more. I've thought it all out. It would be much like watching an invalid, in the absence of the nurse, and—you needn't laugh, Captain Malet! I can be here by day from nine in the morning till one. I must say I should prefer those hours to afternoon, as I shouldn't quite feel it right, missing my tea. There's something almost sacred about tea. I always think. Then again I could arrive at, say seven, and remain till ten-thirty. It wouldn't be in the least improper till eleven. I do feel it might be what the French call *risque*, even at my age, after that. But I thought you might manage to snatch a certain amount of food and sleep at these odd times, while the strain lasts. Also, you could be free to run over to Patricia at Cap Martin if she specially needs you—as she expects she may do soon. I know I was engaged as her chaperon. Still, the circumstances are exceptional. And Patricia is an exceptional girl."

"She is," I agreed, "and you're an exceptional woman. But you're not a basilisk; and if those men should be up to mischief, you could hardly quell them with your eye."

"Perhaps not," she admitted, "but Petro could."

"Oh!" I said. "I'd forgotten Petro as a factor in the situation. You propose that Petro should share your vigils?"

"Patricia proposed it," The Iron Duke explained. "I confess, I thought that if I came over with a camp stool and sat with my knitting (I'm at work on a jumper for Patricia) it would be quite simple. But

she pointed out that with such people as we have to deal with, one must be prepared for the unexpected. Petro is a preparation against the unexpected. A dog who barked at the German guns is equal—"

"By jove, yes!" I exclaimed. "And superior. Well, I take off my hat to you every time, Iron Duke. I see now that you and your knitting (Madame Defarge knitted!) plus Petro, and perhaps Viale's son to stand by you, would be invincible. If you think that Pat—Miss Kapiha may need me—"

"She said you'd understand," explained Miss Wellington. "Even if Miss Horden weren't so vexatious. Patricia wouldn't be coming over to Monte Carlo at present. She's keeping her eyes and ears open in the direction of the Villa Persane, and she hopes that any evening now, she may be able to 'phone 'Come.' The way I put it doesn't sound—er—quite *comme il faut*, I'm afraid. (I hope I pronounce the

of the hangar. With him was one of two tame detectives from Nice who had been recognized and identified by Viale for my benefit. One of the Syndicate was always on the spot doing watch for himself and his fellow members, as I did it for Patchinka. But as the three distrusted each other, sentry duty was always shared by one of the detective pair, who took the business in turn. Mendez pretended to ignore my visits, (whom he knew well by sight) and stared at Viale's busy band of workmen swarming round the plane. We—the Iron Duke and I—were just inside the wide-open doors, so far from my rival watching that even if he were a first-class lip-reader he could catch no word of our conversation.

"Will you tell me what Miss Kapiha has now got hold of from the Villa Persane?" I went on.

"Oh yes, she asked me to tell you everything. I shall bring you news whenever I come, and take yours to her

to feed his dog—an unpleasant creature which is allowed to mumble bones on the dining-room carpet."

"What time does Silvestro dine?" I cut in, with a quick thought.

"I was going to tell you: rather late for this country; a quarter to eight, and he doesn't move from the table till nine: he has his coffee and cigarettes and liquors there;" (she pronounced it 'likoors') "and at the same time the Marquesa's own maid takes a dinner tray to her mistress's bedroom. Lately, the Doctor insists on the Marquesa being in bed to dine—to rest her nerves, he says. You remember that the poor lady's clothes were always taken away by the maid. Well, now it's even worse! This young footman, whose name is Guiseppe, makes himself agreeable to the woman, who is flattered because he's young and she isn't. She has told him that her mistress went out of doors one day in dressing-gown and slippers, to hear some wandering music-

being here to free you from seven to eleven every night *will* be helpful."

"It will!" I assented, hastily arranging in my mind instructions and wages for Viale's son, a local athlete who won prizes from other Monegasques for wrestling and boxing. This youth—in whom his father had great pride—toiled not, neither did he spin. He was supposed to be training as a professional; and mentally I had already hired him to protect my understudies, human and canine. Alone, I would not trust him to guard our interests against the Trio, but as guardian of Petro and the Iron Duke he would do. It was only when my brain had pigeon-holed Viale's fil, that it rebounded to the Marquesa di Fiumine.

"But—if she has nothing to put on!" I reflected aloud.

The Iron Duke blushed, and looked as prim as she looked in Bournemouth when I selected Patchinka's wardrobe.

"She will have something. Dear Patricia is planning. A bundle will be given to Guiseppe, and he'll smuggle it into the Marquesa's room. Just when he'll be able to do this, he can't tell; but he thinks he can manage it best about six-thirty, which is the time when the maid has undressed the Marquesa. She goes then to her own room, to hide the things she's taken off the poor young creature. While she's there, Guiseppe will slip in with the bundle of clothes, whisper 'From Miss Kapiha. Hide this till dinner time,' and slip out again. The Marquesa won't be frightened, because he has helped the maid carry dishes in, once or twice, and she knows him by sight. As soon as the bundle's disposed of, Guiseppe will light a candle in the top room of the tower where no one ever goes, and there never is a light. He won't dare leave it long. But Patricia intends walking along the road, back and forth, past the villa each evening at six-thirty. If she sees the signal she'll run home to the Pension and 'phone to you—at some place near the hangar where there is a telephone, and you can get a message. She wants me to ask. What about Viale's shop? Is there a telephone there?"

"No," I answered, "but there is at the Restaurant Suisse, next door to Viale's place. I can arrange to have a message sent the moment it comes, and brought me here at the hangar."

"Yes, that's what Patricia hoped you would do. Just these words: 'pension says, Come.' You'll understand, and no one overhearing would suspect. I'll reach here promptly at seven, so you'll be free to do—what you've planned to do. I don't venture to put it in words, with the Dreadful Man about the place, even though he's too far off to hear what we're saying. He makes me quite nervous, pretending that he doesn't see me; and all the time feeling as I do that he's got eyes in the back of his head. You know, even Patricia—who's so brave—worries about him and the other two. And there's a new danger now—at least she thinks so. It seems that Doctor Silvestro has got bored at the Villa Persane, waiting for the Marquesa to die, or go quite mad and be packed off to an asylum. He's supposed to send her a draught for nervousness, to drink about nine o'clock every night. The servants believe he drugs her, instead, to make her sleep soundly, so he can be safe in leaving the house. A carriage comes for him at 10.30 and he drives to Monte Carlo, where he goes to the Sporting Club and comes back to the villa often as late as two o'clock. Guiseppe knows this for a fact. He has a friend who is a waiter at the Sports Club. Well, Patricia puts two and two together. The Doctor is supposed to be a man of Turin, and that horrid Italian of the Syndicate is from there, too. Suppose they're acquainted? Suppose they meet these nights at the Club, and talk over things? If the doctor has ever heard the Marquesa speak of the *essence*—the petrol—she stored, think what might happen! He'd probably give Maroni permission to search, and—"

"I'll do my best to keep Maroni busy over here," said I. "They take turns you know, and relieve each other every three hours, reinforced by a detective—"

"Ah, but what a lot of mischief might be done in three hours!" moaned Miss Wellington. "I would put nothing *past* Maroni, myself."

This gave me furiously to think. Everything sensational seemed to be happening at once, in these few days! But the Iron



Patchinka stepped through the tradesman's gate.

French right?). But we were saying, Patricia is exceptional. And you're acting together in a noble cause.

"You too!" I praised her. "You're in the game with us for all it's worth."

"I should like to be!" she sighed, blushing like a girl. "I'm so anxious to *earn* this wonderful adventure I'm having—the only one I've ever had or am likely to have, in my life. Till now I could do nothing except enjoy myself, and say 'Oh don't, my dear!' to Patricia occasionally. But here is a way open to me, and I don't know how I should have borne it if you'd refused my services. Patricia would have been disappointed too, for she's working hard to get at the Marquesa for your own sake, as well as the poor lady's. She's going on splendidly and is very hopeful. The moonlight would be so useful, too! But of course, if you're tied here to the aeroplane every hour of the day and night, all she can accomplish may go for nothing."

"Thanks to you, it won't do that," I said. "You're going to free me from Bondage." And I glanced at the figure of Mendez, seated on a stool at the far end

when I go back. You know what a peculiar fascination Patricia has when she chooses to exert it? Something almost *mysterious*! Well, she has used it over the Rossi family. There's nothing that man and woman wouldn't do for her. She hasn't taken them into the *secret*, of course, but she has excited them over the idea that the Marquesa—the dead father's kind patroness—is being badly treated. They're ready to do what they can to help, even at a risk to themselves from interfering. To please Patchinka they've made friends with a new young Italian footman at the Villa Persane. Rossi takes him to the Cinema at Mentone, and stands him drinks. Also the boy comes to the Pension, and it's easy to make him talk, though he's in terror of the Doctor. It seems that he—Doctor Silvestro, I mean—rules the household, but he has his weaknesses, and the servants know how to get round him. He's lazy, and likes lying in bed late. He's greedy, and sits long over his dinner, drinking a good deal of wine and reading French novels. He likes only tales of murder or worse, and is so absorbed in them that he forgets

ians, and since then she isn't allowed even to have those—er—garments. She's supposed to ring for her maid and ask, if she wants them. The maid has been moved into a room adjoining, which used to be the Marquesa's when he and his wife were friends. Since that day of the Musicians, the maid sleeps there, and at night, the door is left open between."

"All that looks bad for us," I said. "It does—look so. Once the maid's in her room for the night nothing much could be done, Patchinka thinks. The best time is when the Marquesa is having dinner. The maid takes in first one course, then another, and stops in the kitchen so long gossiping with the *chef*, that often fifteen or twenty minutes go by after the poor lady has had one dish, before she gets another. Not that she *cares*. Apparently she eats no more than enough to keep a bird alive. The servants think she doesn't want to live—and they're sure her husband doesn't intend her to! But what I was going to say, is this; while the doctor's guzzling his dinner, and the maid's in the kitchen, that's the time to try your plans. So you see, my

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I AM sorry, but I am afraid you could not fill the position. We must have an experienced stenographer." For the sixth time in as many days Marjorie Chester heard those exact words. It seemed to her now that when she applied for a position and stated she had had no experience she was sounding the death knell to her own hopes, until she wondered if the stenographers she saw in offices had been born with "experience." That word poor Marjorie was beginning to hate more each day.

"If they would only give me a chance," she said to herself as she trudged home to her boarding-house. "I know I could make good"—but she had almost given up hope of ever getting that chance.

Upon the death of her father six months previously Marjorie had been thrown upon her own resources. There had been very little money left—in fact, financial worries had hastened his death, and she found herself facing either self-support or dependence upon her relatives. This latter Marjorie refused, although her cousin, Mrs. Dale, had begged her to make her home with them. She had taken the few hundred dollars left to her and gone to Meltonville to equip herself for a position in the business world. The weary months of struggle with the curls and kinks of shorthand, coupled with the lonely life at the boarding house, had not been easy for Marjorie. Her courage, and happy sense of humor had saved the day for her many times and brought her to a point where she had graduated from the business college as a full-fledged stenographer anxious to take her place in the ranks of shorthand writers. She had not foreseen how hard a task this would be, and now after a month of searching Marjorie was almost ready to accept Mrs. Dale's latest invitation to "leave shorthand alone for a while, and come to our cottage for the summer."

When she reached her room she sank wearily on her bed, so discouraged that she began to let herself think how nice it would be at the Dale's summer cottage. Her independent nature would not let her give up, and she did not let her thoughts run on in this strain for long.

"I wonder what's the matter with me," she said to herself. "They say I am too young, and that old fat man laughed today when I told him I was twenty-three. He didn't seem to believe me." She got up and crossed the room to her mirror. "I wonder if it's this short mop that deceives them." She ran her fingers through her short wavy hair, making it stand on end, Zulu fashion, and she laughed at the effect.

Marjorie was short and very slim, and standing there laughing at herself in the mirror she did not look more than sixteen. She was beautiful in a dark gypsy sort of way. Her hair was jet black and soft as finest silk. Her features were not perfect, but the gallant soul of the girl seemed to shine from the depths of her dark eyes. The red lips seemed ever ready to part in a laugh, giving to her face a vivacity that arrested the attention of even the most casual observer. It was only when discouraged or sad that the shadow of her recent troubles lay across her face, dimming the glow in the soft brown eyes.

She turned to the paper lying on her bed, and once more studied the "Female Help Wanted" column.

"I suppose they will all state 'no beginners need apply,' as usual" and indeed of the half-dozen positions advertised they all contained that clause, except the last on the list, and Marjorie read it through twice, wondering, then threw back her head and laughed.

"Why not?" she said, and sitting with the paper crumpled on her lap and rocking with laughter she had, as she afterwards said her "brain wave."

"Why not?" she repeated, and she straightened the paper out again "It says never a word about 'experience' but just 'Wanted a stenographer. Must be plain and elderly. Apply in person—204 Avenue Block.'"

"I'll do it, I'll do it" she whispered to herself, "I'll go to that sale on Bond Street and get the old-fashioned dress I can find. I'll buy a wig if I have enough money, and wear my dark glasses."

She threw the paper down and whirled about the room in a sort of a war dance, then she snatched up her hat, "If I can only do it for two weeks even, I could

"Wanted—A Plain Stenographer"

BY INA A. NAPIER

Illustrated by M. H. Campbell

say I had had some experience, and then maybe when I had proved to the old skinflint that I could take dictation I'll apply for the job all over again" she said to her image in the glass as she powdered her pretty nose before rushing out to buy the "old fashionedest" dress, convinced that the man who had advertised for an old and plain stenographer must certainly be a skinflint and extremely old.

Had she seen him at that moment she might not have started so gaily on her errand. John Kent was not old, nor did he look like a skinflint, but he certainly did look cross, as he savagely corrected the letters just turned in by his present stenographer, Flossie Musgrove. Flossie was young, her head was full of the things Clarence had said to her last night and of the good time she was going to have at the dance that night. While Kent was thus engaged, his friend Dave Jackson sauntered into the office. Dave was that languid type of Englishman who always sauntered. He was never known to be in a hurry.

"Why the gloom, old man?" was his nonchalant greeting.

For answer Kent handed him one of Flossie's letters. "Read that" he said. Jackson read the letter through, "I'll admit," he said, chuckling "her ignorance of the English language is appalling, and her spelling leaves a lot to be desired; but even that shouldn't force you to advertise for an old and plain one."

"So you've seen it" growled Kent.

"Couldn't miss it. Had any applicants yet?"

"No" said Kent "I suppose they all hate to admit they are old or ugly. 'If I could get a stenographer who could write a decent letter, I wouldn't care if she were as old as my grandmother and as ugly as sin.'"

At this Jackson laughed uproariously, "Speak for yourself, old man; but give me youth and beauty every time."

"Get out," said Kent savagely, and Jackson went.

As he passed through the outer office Flossie was renewing the scenic effect on her face, and Jackson felt that after all he did not blame Kent for wishing to dispense with youth and beauty—real or otherwise—in his stenographer.

Meanwhile Marjorie was making herself over in order to answer Kent's advertisement. The dress she had bought was certainly anything but fashionable, and was rather large, especially around the high collar; but that was "all to the good" she told herself as she poked her short hair up under the grey wig. The effect was rather startling to Marjorie as she looked into the mirror, and although she realized that the grey hair did not match her merry brown eyes, or softly rounded chin, she tried to assure herself that with the addition of the dark glasses she looked indeed "plain and elderly."

She donned a straight sailor hat and, heavy veil, and when she presented herself at Kent's office, he was so pleased to see her that he did not look at her very closely. Here was an applicant for the position at last. One who was not afraid to confess that she was old and plain; but he did hope that she wouldn't have false teeth. Marjorie's smile reassured him, and he found himself wondering how a woman with grey hair could have retained the firm chin and the soft, dusky coloring of a girl. However, he did not give himself up to these reflections for long, for as soon as he found she could take his dictation and read back her notes with perfect ease, she ceased to be anything to him but a perfect stenographer.

It was arranged that she should start the next day, and Marjorie left, feeling that she had passed the first test at least, and that she would have no difficulty in keeping up the subterfuge, "if only the old wig will stay on straight, and I can slip in and out of the house without anyone noticing me in this awful rig-out."

EVERYTHING went along smoothly for a time. The work at Kent's office was not difficult, and as he did not look at her very closely Marjorie felt that he thought the grey wig was

genuine, and that she would be able to keep the farce up for a week or two at least, when she might be able to get a position where youth was not objected to. But the weather began to get warm, and Marjorie felt uncomfortable in the black dress with its high collar and long sleeves. She did not dare wear something lighter in case the change would cause Kent to inspect her more closely. The wig made her head ache, and twice Kent had all but caught her with her glasses off.

It was a very tired girl who came home from work some three weeks after she had started at Kent's office, but a letter from her cousin made her forget her tiredness and the sun shone brightly in Marjorie's sky.

Dear little cousin: (Mrs. Dale wrote) As next Monday is a holiday won't you please spend the week-end with us? The change will do you good, even though you do tell me you have obtained "a perfectly grand" position. I won't take "no" this time, Marjorie, and Jim will call for you on Saturday afternoon about four o'clock. Bring your prettiest frock. A friend of Jim's who bears the reputation of being a woman hater will be here. Do come and help entertain him.

Heaps of love,

Winnifred Dale.

Marjorie tore off her black dress, donned a summery voile and ran down to dinner in a more cheerful frame of mind than she had been for some time. The prospect of two glorious days at Dale's cottage, free from wigs, dark glasses and dictation was indeed something to look forward to.

The next two days flew by on wings. Just before closing time on Saturday, Dave Jackson dropped in to offer Kent his congratulations upon having secured the stenographer he sought.

"Where did you get it, Kent?" Marjorie heard him ask.

"I'll admit she's rather ancient; but she's a pippin of a stenographer." Upon hearing this, it was all poor Marjorie could do to keep from tearing off the wig and glasses and showing them that she was neither old nor ugly; but she contented herself with sticking out her tongue at the half-closed door, and the thought that if she was a "pippin of a stenographer" as Kent had said, she would soon be able to get another position and leave "Skinflint" to hunt up another "old and plain one."

She left the office feeling more glad than ever that she was going to the Dale's cottage for the week-end.

"Even if Jim's friend is a woman-hater, he can't be any worse than Skinflint Kent," she told herself.

Poor Kent did not deserve the name she had fastened on to him. He paid her a generous salary, and although he very rarely talked to her, he had been most courteous in his treatment of her; but all the same Marjorie longed for a chance to show him that even a girl of twenty-three could be an efficient stenographer.

The twenty-mile drive to the beach with jolly Jim Dale was pure delight for Marjorie. She worshipped the outdoors with the worship of one who has been brought up close to the heart of nature, and Mrs. Dale's welcoming embrace at their journey's end brought home to Marjorie how much she was starved for love. As her cousin fussed over her she had a hard time assuring her that she had a lovely position with a lovely employer, and she loved her work and had a lovely boarding house.

Dinner on the wide verandah was a companionable affair, with Jim Dale telling Marjorie that she had grown prettier than ever, and tenderly teasing his wife, saying that he had a good mind to make love to her cousin. The other guest was to motor from the City that evening and would probably not arrive till late.

"I can see Jack's finish when he sees you in that red rag, Marjorie" said Jim "He'll forget his role as woman hater."

"Have I your permission to vamp him, Cousin Jim?" she sparkled back at him.

"Permission! He'll want to eat you up the minute he sees you."

"Hm hm" said Marjorie. "Cannibal as well as woman hater, eh?" and Jim's big laugh rang out.

The happiness of being with people she loved and who loved her, brought back to Marjorie's face the gaiety that had been lacking during the last few weeks of unconscious strain. Her brown eyes sparkled with mischief and the little dimple kept coming and going at the corner of her sweet mouth. Her organdie dress of the popular tomato red shade brought out her gypsy coloring to perfection. The heat that was such a trial to most bobbed heads only made Marjorie's hair curl up the tighter, and as Jim had said she looked "good enough to eat."

The woman hater was not to see Marjorie in her "red rag" that night, however. She begged to be allowed to retire early, and she and Mrs. Dale were having a cosy kimono chat in her room when they heard the sound of a car drive up and Jim's big voice raised in hearty welcome.

Marjorie was awake before anyone was astir next morning. She felt like a happy child out on a holiday as she got into her bathing suit, and was soon running down the path toward the lake.

"Goody, Goody," she said, as she leaned forward with her hands between her knees and looked at the water as though it was an old friend. She had been splashing around in the water some time when she decided she would swim out to the float, then make for the house and breakfast. It was a longer swim than she thought, and she climbed aboard with difficulty and rested looking out across the lake. She was thinking of how delightful was the prospect of two such days of glorious bliss and did not hear someone else swimming up. She felt the float tilt and whirled around on one hip expecting to see Jim Dale, but she was not prepared to see Jack Kent, her employer, spring out of the water on to the float. The shock of seeing him almost sent her backwards into the water and left her speechless, staring at him open mouthed. She rose slowly to her feet, and Kent seeing her evident terror felt that he ought to apologize.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "I did not know there was anyone here."

"There isn't," said Marjorie as she dived into the water. Of that swim back to shore Marjorie remembered nothing, and as she walked up the path to the house she kept asking herself over and over, "Did he know me? Did he know me?" until her head felt in a muddle.

"I suppose he is staying at the hotel" she told herself as she dressed for breakfast, "and I had better wear something youthful, so he won't recognize me as his ancient steno."

In her straight white linen dress Marjorie did not look more than sixteen as she ran lightly down the stairs. She was about to step out on to the verandah when a familiar voice brought her to a sudden halt and the look of terror that had come into her eyes when she saw Jack Kent spring on to the float came back again, and as she backed up against the wall she realized that not only was her employer spending the week-end at the very same summer resort; but he was her fellow guest in the very same house. As the full realization of the fact came to her she turned and fled.

In her room once more Marjorie looked anxiously into the mirror almost in tears now, for if Kent found out who she was she felt she would certainly lose her position. Her sense of humor came to her rescue, and as the funny side of the situation dawned upon her she sat down and laughed. It was a composed Marjorie who, ten minutes later, came down stairs in response to Mr. Dale's call that breakfast was waiting and he was starving. She bravely faced the introduction to Kent, but as a look of recognition lit up his face, her heart jumped to her mouth, but her anxiety was short lived.

"Why, I do believe this is the water nymph I frightened off the raft a little while ago" exclaimed Kent, and Marjorie laughed gaily, so great was her relief.

"Water nymph" asked Jim Dale curiously. "Marjorie, did you go swimming with this fellow this morning?"

"She did not" was Kent's instant denial. "She swam away from me, and looked so frightened when I boarded the float



They were resting after the game when Kent asked Marjorie quite frankly: "How old are you, Miss Marjorie?"

that she almost fell off. Am I forgiven, Miss Marjorie?"

His usual quiet face was alight with the friendliest amusement, and the thought that the old "skinflint" was rather handsome when he smiled crossed Marjorie's mind as she answered "Quite forgiven." But it was the "Miss Marjorie" that made her heart leap with gladness, for she knew that he did not associate her with his office or the grey wig when he addressed her in that way.

That afternoon, Marjorie and Kent swam out to the float together, and as they sat there Marjorie could not help thinking that considering the fact that he was a woman hater and wanted only a plain and elderly stenographer, he was certainly doing his best to be interesting to her. The funny side of the situation kept Marjorie in a very good humor, with her laughter ever ready to bubble over. She had taken off her bathing cap to let the wind blow through her hair, and to Kent she seemed the very embodiment of youth as she sat there in the sunshine.

"I hope you don't mind me calling you 'Miss Marjorie' "said Kent. "You see my stenographer's name is Miss Chester, and I cannot seem to associate you both with the same name. She is a very old maid." Marjorie laughed merrily at this, although poor Kent did not seem to think his remark had been so very funny.

Later in the afternoon, when Jim Dale tried to engage Kent in a political discussion he was annoyed at his guest's inattention, but as Marjorie appeared, and Kent excused himself on the ground that he was taking Miss Marjorie for a drive, Jim whistled softly to himself, and as the two swung down the path together he chuckled loudly.

"How the mighty have fallen. Didn't I tell you he would eat her up?" he asked his wife.

Mrs. Dale was watching the young couple starting off in Kent's roadster.

"Oh, Jim," she said, "If he only has fallen." I mean, if they both have fallen! For Marjorie is very independent, but it would mean an end to working in that office as she insists on doing."

* * *

THE two they were discussing were spinning along the lake shore road. Kent was telling Marjorie of a camping trip he was going on very shortly. Marjorie knew the country well where he was going, for her father had taught her the joys of the open trail, and at her understanding of it all Kent felt that this little girl would be a good pal to have along on any expedition. There was none of the artifice about Marjorie that he had so deplored in women. She took off her "tam," and the wind blew her short hair against his sleeve, and Jack Kent, to his own astonishment, felt himself keeping his hand rigid on the wheel lest he move his arm and brush off her hair. There was something very companionable about the nearness of this little slip of womanhood that warmed Jack's heart. His sudden silence made Marjorie look at him, and the brightness of her sunny face made him draw in his breath sharply. He straightened up and cursed himself for a fool. She was only a child. What could he have been thinking of—how could a happy-faced child start him thinking of what a pal would mean on his trip?

Kent was very quiet for the rest of the drive, and it was when they were nearly home that he said,

"I believe I'll have to go back to-night." Marjorie was frankly disappointed. "Oh, but you promised to play tennis in the morning."

"I did too," he said as he brought his car to a standstill in front of the cottage.

"But I am afraid you will have to excuse me." As he noticed Marjorie's evident disappointment his heart gave a great pound and he knew that the sooner he got away from this little girl who could be such a good pal the better it would be for that organ.

"Cousin Jim," said Marjorie, as they came up on to the verandah, "do talk to this man. He says he has to go back to town to-night. I say he can't because he promised he would play tennis with me in the morning."

"I'll say he can't either," said Mr. Dale. "He promised to come here for the week-end and here he'll stay." Marjorie left them with Jim discoursing on the impoliteness of guests who wanted to run back to town before their visit was over.

As Marjorie dressed for dinner she remembered Jim's words of the evening before, and decided on the red dress.

"I must make him stay," she said between her teeth. "He is the most wonderful man I have ever met outside of his office, and day after tomorrow I'll have to go back to my wig and glasses. How shall I ever do it?" She almost wept from sheer self-pity.

The "red rag" proved successful, for when Jack Kent caught sight of her he threw discretion to the winds, and he told himself then in spite of his thirty years he would spend one more day in the sunshine of this gay little girl's society.

He found it hard to keep his eyes off her during dinner, and Jim's chuckles were almost continuous throughout the meal.

They swam to the raft again in the morning and after breakfast Marjorie put up a good fight in a game of singles. Kent was out of practice, and Marjorie won the first sett 6-3, but as Kent got warmed up, and Marjorie got a little tired, she lost the next two setts, each by

one game. She had put up a good fight. There was no willy-nilly about this little girl, thought Kent, and the phrase that had come oftenest to his mind the last two days, "Oh Lord, what a pal she'd make." They were resting after the game when Kent asked Marjorie quite frankly,

"How old are you, Miss Marjorie?"

Marjorie was very much amused, for she knew by some of his previous remarks that he thought her quite young, but she only replied,

"That is a very rude question to ask."

"I suppose so, little lady," he said as he gently took the brown fingers that were restlessly playing with the tennis racquet in his, "but you'll pardon an old bachelor for wishing you had been born ten years before you were."

Marjorie quickly withdrew her hand, jumped to her feet and suggested that they have one more sett. The situation had been saved, but the question that was ringing in Marjorie's head was, "How can I ever take his dictation after that?"

Kent begged to be allowed to take Marjorie back to town that afternoon, but in this she was firm. Jim had brought her out and he would take her back next morning. On hearing Marjorie's promise to Mrs. Dale that she would be back for the next week-end, Kent promptly invited himself, much to Jim's amusement.

Jim rallied her all the way to town the next morning on what he called her conquest of the woman-hater. When he left her at her boarding house, Marjorie had to make great haste to change to her old-maid attire. It took her some time and Kent was at the office before her.

She answered his ring with a quaking heart. "Will he know me?" she asked herself as she had done two days ago.

(Continued on page 52)

I WATCHED Cora as she patted a curl into place, and fixed a chic little grey turban at a becoming angle.

She was charmingly pretty, small and fair; at first sight, just a baby doll. But her big blue eyes held nothing of that infantile stare affected by the younger set nowadays; they were keen as rapier points although they could be very soft and luminous on occasion.

"I suppose," I ventured, "Arnold is going to drive this afternoon!"

Cora wheeled round from the looking-glass; hat stabber poised. "Aunt Min!" she exclaimed in a tone of exostulation, "Don't you remember that Arnold was shell-shocked?"

Naturally, I remembered. Would any thinking person wilfully ignore what those gallant boys suffered?

"What of it, my dear?" I answered.

My tone must have sounded apologetic, for the snap died out of Cora's eyes.

"You know, Aunt Min," she said, "The nerves are always affected, more or less, from shell-shock. And it takes some nerve, I can tell you, to drive an automobile along the Highway. I don't know, of course, how it would be with a flivver."

Her pretty lips took the curve of contempt just as though she had been a Russian Grand Duchess in the days of the old regime speaking of a serf.

I admired my god-daughter's smart Super-Six, but I had also enjoyed trips in cars of less magnitude.

"Gordon gets some good results from his Ford," I remarked casually, thinking of a young man chum of my nephew Hugh.

"Any old thing satisfies a beginner," said Cora loftily, "I did a good deal of driving when Overseas, and am still of the opinion that cheap articles are dear at any price."

Unconsciously, she stroked a fold of the expensively embroidered little crepe de Chine frock beneath her motor cloak.

"So you are going to drive, dear! And Arnold sit beside you!" "Nothing doing!" and she laughed, "You and he will sit behind. Yes Sir! I am not nervous, but a fussy man at my elbow might make me lose my head in an emergency. One has to be careful."

I am not a nervous woman as elderly spinsters are supposed to be; nevertheless, my mind was not easy over Cora's skill as a driver of a powerful automobile. You see, I had known her from babyhood; her mother and I had been close friends, and when Emmeline died I kept up my friendship with Dr. Logan and his only child. Now that I had come to reside in Toronto, I saw a good deal of them.

I knew Cora to be one of the sweetest girls, but—there! I am not going to criticise her.

It was early June, and the roads were in splendid condition. A week ago, my nephew Hugh's wife had come to see me with a thrilling bit of news. Arnold and Cora—two months married—had purchased a car to occupy the brand-new garage adjoining their brand-new bungalow.

"And it's a beauty," said Lucia, not without a faint tone of envy. I think she wished that Hugh was making as good an income as this young Englishman who had come to Toronto as representative of a big English firm with ramifications East and West.

Now, I was going out in the new purchase, having been invited for this particular Saturday afternoon. Cora was fixing up her toilet while we waited for Arnold to return from downtown. He was already half an hour late.

However, just as we were talking, he arrived; a slim young man of thirty, well-groomed, clear-eyed but a trifle too serious for his years. I like to see gaiety in the young.

"I am sorry I'm late," he said, as he put an embracing arm around his little wife, "The fact is, I ran across Gordon, and have been trying out his new car. You girls ready!"

Cora made a little grimace; not, I hasten to explain, at his bracketing the rosebud and the sere leaf in one generic term. There was nothing small-minded about Cora.

"Car, dear! Oh!" and as Arnold laughed heartily, "You had a lesson in driving!

Aunt Min Takes a Hand

BY SARAH E. WELCH

Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore

But you know the mechanism of a Ford is quite different from—"

I guess so. Well, I'll be ready in a jiffy.

And he rushed off to change from regulation town garb into easy tweeds, leaving Cora frowning a little.

"Mr. Gordon is a nice fellow, of course a regular old bachelor"—she began.

"I'm not so sure," I interpolated.

Cora turned quickly.

"You don't say—"

"Since May Harriman has gone in for professional singing," I answered, "He seldom misses a concert. I have it on good authority. And we onlookers, my dear—"

"How thrilling!" cried Cora.

But she was not really overly interested. May and she were mere acquaintances, and she considered Gordon prosy.

Arnold came back, then; and we went out to the garage.

"What a ripping afternoon!" he said, as he climbed up behind the steering wheel.

Now, if Cora had been other than Cora, she would have accepted the situation. But Cora, like most tiny women of my observation, had possessed determination in inverse ratio to her size.

"Dearest, I am going to drive," she almost cooed.

Arnold made a grimace. It was not altogether an amused grimace.

"Are you? Don't be too sure, Cora," he said.

"But I really am, Arnold. You do not understand this car in the least," she said with a slight toss of the head.

"Is that so?"

His tone was perfectly polite, but ironical. And he frowned a little as he got down from the driving seat.

Cora, delighted at having achieved her ends, did not notice this slight show of irritation. She began to fuss around, explaining the mechanism of the engine just as though I could understand—or Arnold cared. He watched her, saying nothing. But the frown was there still, above the nice brown steady eyes.

We started off; the seat beside Cora empty. Arnold tried to play the part of the punctiliously polite host, but when he saw I expected him to be just his natural unaffected self he relapsed into silence, staring in front of him. I wondered if he was conscious of his wife's charming little grey-clad back.

Soon, we were out at Sunnyside, with a view of a sparkling turquoise-tinted Lake to the left of us.

I must say Cora drove well. Quite carefully, too, for a woman. She did not try to race past other cars, or take corners at a twenty four degree angle.

From time to time she would glance round at us and make some blithesome remark. That her husband responded in a quiet tone did not seem to dampen her spirits. It was always like this with Cora. When she managed to get her own way—and she seldom failed in the endeavour—she was happy and contented.

* * *

I LIKED Arnold. He was a capital fellow; straight and steadfast. Yet, sometimes, I wondered whether he were quite the right mate for Cora. She was so high-spirited, so full of the joy of life; while he preferred his own fireside with a book to the parties and dances to which she dragged him under protest.

"He is very stubborn, and Mrs. Cora does not always win out," said Lucia wisely, on one occasion. But just now, 'Mrs. Cora' was certainly the winner.

We were heading for Oakville and were a short distance past Long Branch when a broken-down car caused a short hold-up of the traffic. Cora had to slow down. Then, just as we were passing the obstruction, a voice hailed us from

a Ford behind us. The driver, who was none other than Cecil Gordon, waved a hand and drove ahead at a speed that made the despised "Lizzie" rise in the estimation of a true sportsman.

But Cora bit her pretty lips.

"Merely swank," she said, as she changed into high gear.

Arnold smiled a little.

"Who is the pretty girl with him?" he asked.

"May Harriman," I answered.

Cora's little grey-toqued head went up with a toss.

"It must be a case! Do you call her pretty, Arnold? For my part, I seldom admire a dark woman."

"Nor I, sweetheart," said Arnold softly.

This was a happy augury of renewed domestic felicity. Bless the children! They had to have their little tiffs, I guess.

I settled back in my seat, and watched the panorama of cars passing and meeting us. Gordon's despised Ford was out of sight, because Cora, after a spurt of speed, had not attempted to gain on it.

Arnold was sitting forward, whispering in her ear, that was, happily, not hidden by a disfiguring bun of hair. And Cora's rippling laughter broke out now and again. They seemed to be engrossed with each other, oblivious of the presence of a third person.

The road was comparatively clear of pedestrians, but Cora suddenly applied the brakes, and I saw the reason. A crippled man, had only just hopped out of the way in time to avoid what might have been an accident. He gave a sort of angry glance at the car and its occupants.

And then, Cora burst into a delighted chortle, "Captain Howard!"

She brought the car to a standstill within its length, alongside the disabled veteran.

His expression had quickly changed from resentment to genuine pleasure. Their hands clasped—in fact, he held Cora's for several seconds.

"Miss Logan! This must be my lucky day!" he exclaimed, "And to see you driving—just like old times!"

"Do get in! I want a talk with you. Are you going into Oakville? Oh! its perfectly bully to have met you like this," cried Cora.

The young officer who, by the way, was remarkably good looking, climbed up into the seat beside Cora's without a second glance at the two individuals seated behind.

I tried not to look at Arnold. But I knew, nevertheless, the kind of expression that was on his face. What husband of two months' standing—or of two years' for the matter of that—would accept such a situation without some amount of perturbation?

Cora, the minx, had not corrected her military friend's mode of addressing her, neither did she introduce him to her husband; she chattered and laughed and met the young man's admiring glances with evident pleasure. What husband, I repeat, would accept such a situation with equanimity?

For a short time Arnold sat stiff, breathing hard. I could feel the tense atmosphere, was vaguely apprehensive. Fire is no plaything; even the embers of a quiet man's self-control may burst into flame at an unexpected moment. This, I felt, was one.

Then, Arnold leaned forward. His sharp "Cora!" was a revelation to me. To her, also.

Then, the mischief happened.

You know the sharp curve in the road just before you reach Clarkson, where a rutty lane turns sharply to the right. We were just at that spot when Arnold's utterance caused his little wife to give the steering wheel a wrong turn—at the

moment another car was coming towards us at top speed round the bend.

I remember that Captain Howard's hand shot over to the wheel, but too late. Then, there was a crashing sound, an impact that threw us off our seats, a moan of pain.

The next thing I knew I was sitting upon the bank at the side of the lane, and a small crowd had gathered, obscuring my view of the car.

Then, I saw Arnold—saw Cora's frightened young face with teeth bit into her lower lip—and I was thankful. I had quite forgotten Captain Howard.

I struggled to my feet. Someone took my arm.

"Now, don't you worry, Aunt Min. They're both all right. Lucky I was returning," said Gordon cheerfully.

The despised flivver, spick and span, was parked at the side; while the beautiful Super-Six shared the doubtful honour of complete wreckage with that of the high powered Packard that had crashed into it.

It was all confusion, excitement, a clamour of voices, cars arriving and driving off again. And, presently, as the groups dispersed, a lame man was helped along by Arnold; a lame man down whose white cheek blood trickled from a wound at the side of his head.

I looked at Cora. The child was all a-tremble. She gripped my arm, scarcely conscious of what she did.

"Oh! Aunt Min! And it's all my doing! Just as if—he has not suffered enough already!"

There was real anguish in her voice; somehow, I was glad that Arnold was out of earshot.

It was Gordon who took the situation in hand. At the edge of the crowd, pretty dark-eyed May Harriman was standing, feeling out of it all. For a girl used to facing audiences she was curiously nervous and unstrung.

Gordon had the engine of his car started.

"Say, Fletcher," he said, "Suppose you and I get this poor chap to a doc's as soon as possible. The ladies will be all right until we get back."

But Cora would not hear of it.

"It was my fault. I'm coming with you, Mr. Gordon, and Arnold can stay behind. Yes, yes; I want to."

And, as usual, she got her way.

Arnold, May and I went to examine the wreck of the Super-Six, now dragged into the lane. The owner of the other wrecked car had gone off to the nearest garage for help.

We three said little, although May did her best to smooth over difficulties by keeping up a running fire of pleasant inanities. But neither Arnold nor I had heart with which to dissemble how we felt. That was pretty badly, in his case. I knew that the boy was already furiously jealous of the injured veteran.

Arnold was somewhat touchy about his nationality. Bless you, we were all loyal Britishers, but he, at times, would lay down a line between the Old Country and our beloved Dominion. And, to tease him, Cora was apt to put a proud stress on the word "Canadian." He guessed that Captain Howard was a native with whom Cora may have been in love at some time. There is no knowing how far the "green eyed monster" will wriggle.

Soon, however, the Ford was back; Cora with more colour in her cheeks, and Captain Howard an interesting figure, bandaged.

The Ford, being a four seater, accommodated the whole of the party with Arnold huddled up on the floor at the feet of Howard, Cora and May. I was ordered to the seat beside the driver.

I do not know what transpired during the journey back to Toronto, but there did not seem to be much talking taking place, although, once in a while I caught the echo of May's soft voice, the deeper notes of the injured man. The other two were silent, apparently.

Suddenly, Gordon caught my glance, and smiled.

"You should hear her sing, Aunt Min!" he said.

"I hope to, one day" I answered; mentally adding, "In your home, dear boy."

* * *

I DID not see Cora again for several days, and I could not get her on the phone.

Then, one evening, I went over to their home, guessing that I should find her in at that time.

She was sitting upon the verandah, an open magazine on her lap. One little foot was beating a tattoo, and before she caught sight of me I discerned pouting lips, a knitted brow. Something was amiss.

Yet she greeted me with her sunny smile, and we went indoors together.

"Arnold is not home yet," she said. "He phoned through to say he might be late, and would I pack his grip. Looks like a hurried trip, Aunt Min. Of course, I should simply love to go, too; but—"

The little foot started tapping, again.

Why do we women prevaricate? Why did I not tell her I knew she was fibbing? But all I said was a mild,

"Of course, dear."

"You see," continued Cora, "I cannot neglect that poor dear just now, especially as I was responsible—"

She broke off quickly at the sound of a man's footsteps, and Arnold literally blew into the room.

"I have to go to New York to-night," said Arnold, after he had greeted me, "There is, too, the possibility of proceeding to Cuba—very important business that may detain me there a month or two."

Now, if any girl in the world liked travel she was Cora. I thought that the child would jump at the idea of going off to the beautiful Island. Instead, she looked down on the ground.

"You do not want—"

"Oh! dear no," answered Arnold curtly, "I have no intention of interfering with your plans, Cora."

Then, he turned to me.

"My wife has to attend the General Hospital—"

"Cora!" I gasped.

matters of the kind. The majority of married people are so foolish in their belief that a gold circlet metamorphoses human nature.

I saw Arnold looking at me.

"I wonder—?" he began.

He coloured a little.

"Cora may feel lonesome—here. If you could make it convenient—"

"Why, that's splendid," I cried. But I wondered how she would take my ready falling in with Arnold's obvious distaste for leaving her unchaperoned.

To my surprise, she smiled gaily.

"I hate to be alone, and there is nobody I would rather have to stay with me than you, Aunt Min."

So Arnold went off, and I took up my residence with the little wife. But I did not see much of her; she literally lived at the General Hospital.

May Harriman did, too, judging from sundry remarks. The young singer had, it seemed, done concert party work "over there," although she had not met Captain Howard until the day of the motor car mishap.

I noticed that Cora always seemed depressed after the receipt of a letter with the New York postmark. Her temper was uncertain, these days; the little maid-servant gave notice to leave.

I thought of Arnold. He had gone away, nurturing feelings of jealousy which absence would increase. I was sure that he was miserable, believing that his wife cared for another man.

He had reason, I grant. Nevertheless, it was not true. Perverse little Cora loved her handsome young English husband as she had never loved any other being. But, like many wives sure of the one man's devotion, she had played with fire, which is neither a wise nor safe proceeding.

Then, one day she uttered a little moan as she read Arnold's letter. "Aunt Min! He has gone! And he said he would tell me—in case—"

She burst into tears.

Gradually, I learned the facts of the case. Arnold had written that he was leaving for Havana that same day. He sent an address at which letters would

"I don't care—I don't care—"

"But you do," I said.

"I don't! I don't! That's for marrying an Eng—"

"Cora!"

"They are a stubborn, domineering race. Want their wives under their heels. I don't care."

And she rushed away, putting her hands over her ears in order to prevent listening to a homily.

I felt troubled and uneasy. Arnold had virtually left his wilful little wife

"I used not to like Cecil Gordon, Aunt Min."

"But you do now."

"I ought to feel sorry for him. I do—in a way. Still, I am a great believer in mating—"

"My dear, what is it?" I asked, as she paused and looked at me.

"Perhaps, he does not care after all. Anyhow—oh! Auntie, it is quite romantic. And they are rapturously in love with each other—they say he's just crazy about her."



It was all confusion, excitement—a clamor of voices, cars arriving and driving off again. And, presently, as the groups dispersed, a lame man was helped along by Arnold.

in my charge; I felt, therefore, morally responsible for what might happen. I knew that Cora, in her present frame of mind, was capable of going to lengths that would have been impossible under happier conditions.

Yet what could I do to stop any folly? Fortunately, she could not elope with a hospital patient.

I debated in my own mind as to whether duty lay in writing to the absent husband. But there was nothing to tell. The estrangement between them had begun on the day of that unfortunate automobile drive, having its beginnings in the quick jealousy of a man, the caprice of a spoiled girl.

Neither was likely to listen to me, at this stage; would, naturally, put my well-meant efforts towards a better state of affairs to the interference of a meddling old woman who ought to mind her own business.

And it was not that I could write to Arnold that his wife's interest in the sick veteran had waned. Cora stayed at the hospital as long as the authorities permitted; she acted as though he were the object of her tenderest regard.

* * *

I felt at a loose end all the next day. I could settle to nothing. The thought of this matrimonial tangle was worrying me, robbing me of peace and rest. I was very much attached to Cora, and I liked and respected her husband; it seemed nothing short of a tragedy that there should be a "rift in the lute."

I was not in the mood for visiting; therefore, when Lucia rang me up and begged me to go round for afternoon tea, I had a great mind to plead another engagement. But she was insistent, reminded me of recent neglectfulness, finished up by saying that she had some news I never could guess. And I went.

She kept her news, however, until the tea-wagon had been wheeled on the veranda. Then, she said meditatively,



Then spitefully she tore the letter into fragments. "I Don't care—I don't care." "But you do," I said.

She was looking the picture of health.

A sort of sardonic smile pulled down the corners of his mouth.

"Captain Howard happens to be in there as a patient; and as Cora feels she was responsible for his relapse she devotes most part of her days in reading, or singing—"

"Not singing," interrupted Cora, "May Harriman does not let outsiders butt in on her job."

So this was the trouble! The eternal triangle with all its accompaniments of jealousy, suspicion and disillusionment. And this boy and girl on y two months married!

I could not say a word. What third person could! Besides, they might remind me of my lack of experience in

find him during the next month or six weeks.

"Gone!" repeated Cora tragically.

Then, spitefully, she tore the letter into fragments.

I gave a feeble smile.

"Who? Gordon—"

"No, you silly old dear. It's Captain Howard and May Harriman. Fancy proposing to a girl from a sick bed! She's too happy for words—and they are going to be married as soon as he is out of the hospital," said Lucia.

Then, I cabled the news to Arnold.

I did not see Cora that evening; she was going to dine with her father, and she did not return until long after I had gone to bed. Then, on the morrow, I found her gone when I went down to breakfast. So you see, I had no chance of discussing the Howard-Harriman engagement with her.

It was one of those extremely hot days that we get mid-July, and after a fatiguing morning's shopping, I decided to take my luncheon down town instead of hurrying home for it. I stopped off and enjoyed a fruit sundae by an open window which topped the crowds of pedestrians and vehicles, and showed me such a sky of sapphire and gold that I could almost fancy that the Rockies, instead of hot and dusty Yonge Street, might be next door.

When I pantingly made tracks for the bungalow I wondered if Cora were home. Then, I saw her waiting on the porch, and her face was radiant.

"I have been dying for you to get back, Aunt Min," she cried, "I've looked up trains and connections and boats and things, and my grip is packed. You'll be a darling and send on the larger luggage."

I unpinned my veil, and flopped into a chair. Such energy! Wonderful youth!

"Where are you going, dear?" I enquired.

She looked at me with mock reproach, and threw a cablegram into my lap.

"Isn't he the greatest, ever? Cuba—and sunshine, and palm trees! Oh! Aunt Min, I'm so impatient to see Arnold again!"

She rattled on like this while I read the adoring husband's message.

And if I had had any doubts as to the complete reconciliation, of the rainbow in the sky of these children's happiness, every dark and brooding one of them fled like motes dancing through the crystal air.

"Now that Captain Howard and May have fixed up things," she said quite seriously, "I feel I can quit with an easy mind. Match-making is a terribly anxious business, Aunt Min., Say! You might do a 'shower' for them in my place."

I declare I would have consented to anything, just then!

The Journal Juniors' Page

BY BERTHA E. GREEN

THE THREE BEST LOVED.

SUMMER in Canada, the first day of July, with a clear sky overhead, and all the woods and the fields to wander through—what more could one wish for?

At the border of the woods, the east side, that first welcomes the morning sunlight, two children stood watching. It was a simple, yet a beautiful thing, and a sight rare to most of us, for it was a humming-bird, a little ruby-throat, resting, perched on a twig in front of them. The tiny bird stayed but a moment or two, and then darted off and was lost to sight almost at once.

"I like the humming-bird because it is such a tiny bird," said Betty to her brother.

"I like it because it hums," said Joe, "but what I like about it best are the bright red feathers of its throat. Do you know, Betty, I think I like red about the best of all the colors."

"I like rainbows best," said Betty, "but I suppose no one has everything they like best all the time. I like red too, and—"

"O, Betty!" interrupted her brother, "we'll hunt the woods for colors, the prettiest colors. There must be red of course."

Then began a search in and out and everywhere through the woods for everyone and everything that wore a red cap, a red coat, or a red dress.

The children watched for birds, because the ruby-throat had started them upon their color game. A Red-headed Woodpecker drummed for them on a dead limb, and looked at them as if he seemed to know that his bright red head was one of the things the children were looking for. A robin red-breast was next seen in a little, grassy, open space, tugging at a fat worm that it had found.

"I see another 'red,'" cried Betty.

The children were still at the wood's edge, but they had walked to where the little stream flowed lazily through the woods and out and across the fields. There were buttercups here, wild iris, and the bit of red that Betty had seen was the crimson patch on the shoulder of Flamewing, the red-winged blackbird.

They spied an Oriole, in his suit of red-gold and black, close by his swinging nest on the branch of an oak. A Scarlet Tanager flew like a darting flame from sunbeam to sunbeam and a Redstart, perched amongst the leaves, gave a touch of Autumn color to the summer green.

There were other 'reds' to find besides the birds. Chic-Chic, the red squirrel, was the first of these, and Betty wished to count little Saucebox, the chipmunk, too. Copper, the red fox, sly though he was, could not escape the sharp eye that saw him dodging through the underbrush.

The children had wandered to that part of the woods where the stream that runs through it widens into a little pond, where there are reeds and rushes at its margin, tag-alder near the bank's edge, broad,

green lily-pads floating on the surface of the shadowy water.

"Look! Look! Betty!" exclaimed Joe in an excited whisper, "There is Grandfather Gurk himself sitting on a lily-pad."

A big, green bull-frog was out in plain view, and seemed to like being looked at. "But Grandfather Gurk isn't a 'red,'" said Betty.

"C-r-r-r-k? Ger-rum!" croaked Grandfather Gurk, the bull-frog.

"O, I know what he's saying," cried Betty. "He's telling us to hunt for 'white ones,' and his nose is pointing straight for that white water-lily."

"Ger-rum!" said Grandfather Gurk, as he plopped off his lily-pad into the water.

Now someone was waiting for just this chance to be counted, and as soon as the bull-frog had gone, he popped around in front of the children and told them who he was, right away. It was Little Tip, the Chickadee, and he was pleased as could be when the children counted him because he had so many white feathers on his coat.

There were ever-so-many birds with part of their suits white, but the children decided that the prettiest of all was the

if it were of armor. He was bold, and almost as saucy as the blue jay, though not quite as noisy. He did not have as much to say as Talky Tooter, but he was twice as proud of his fine clothes.

There was one 'blue' that Joe watched for on their way back through the woods. He thought perhaps Peter, the kingfisher might be somewhere near the pond, but Peter must have had a better place to fish, for not a blue or white feather of him was to be seen.

Joe and Betty seated themselves on a moss-covered log close to the wood's edge from where they had started their morning ramble, and counted all the "reds," the "whites," the "blues" that they had found in their color-search. Betty had just counted the very last "blue," when a little honey-bee rose from a flower, higher and higher, until it was lost in the blue of the summer sky.

"We almost missed the biggest 'blue' of all—the sky," said Betty. "The honey-bee loves blue the best of all the colors; and there is a fluffy, white cloud, and the sunbeams will be all red and gold just before night comes."



"At the border of the woods, the east side that first welcomes the morning, two children stood watching."

Tree-Swallow, who kept on the wing so much of the time that he showed his pure white breast far oftener than he did his greenish-blue back.

It was the Tree-Swallows, though, and the glossy blue of his back and wings, that started the children on the third color. They did not count the swallow as a 'blue,' for he had been counted already among 'the white ones.' They were now just at the wood's edge, with the orchard beyond, and there, in and out amongst the branches of the apple trees, Joy, the bluebird, flew, and hopped, teetered on little twigs, and sang happily all the time.

The children had just lost sight of the bluebird, when from right behind them came the strangest of bird voices. Someone was scolding them, scolding in everything from a squeal to a whistle.

Joe laughed aloud. "It's Talky Tooter, the blue jay!" he exclaimed. "You are jealous of the bluebird just because you weren't counted first, Master Talky."

He was a splendid 'blue,' was Talky Tooter, for he ruffled up his feathers as if to show every blue one that he wore; but he never stopped scolding for a minute.

On a sunlit patch of short grass in the orchard in front of them strutted Chak, the grackle. The rich, burnished blue of his feather-coat glistened in the sunlight as

From where the children sat they could see, across the fields, the farm-house, their home, and above it, on a tall, white staff, a flag was flying.

"There are our three colors all together!" exclaimed Joe. "The flag has the three we like best—red, and white, and blue."

The flag was flying, for this was Dominion Day, the birthday of a united Canada. It was the flag bearing the three colors that the children loved best, the flag they loved best too. They watched it floating there in waving folds of glorious color, and though the children could not hear, the summer breeze was singing:

The breeze that loves the lily, and the bluebell, and the rose,
The fleecy cloud, clear sky, the fire that in the sunset glows;
Its whisper at the dawn brings a glad awakening;
It softly comes, at eventide, its lullaby to sing:
The breeze that loves the prairie, and each field, each lake, each tree,
The garden of contentment, wide, from East to Western sea,
Will ever o'er the homeland keep, o'er all her children, too,
Flying the Flag of Canada, the dear Red, White and Blue.

PEEKING INTO HOUSES

UNTIL this year I have been far more interested in those who live in nests, than in the nests themselves, but most of the feathered folk of hedge and wood are old friends, and from the coming of the first of the summer birds, I decided to watch the making of nest-homes, and learn for myself how and why they were built in different places.

The watching of nest-making would take too long to tell, but there is time and space enough to note a few of the more interesting summer homes.

Late in April, I visited the woods, and, well in from the border of a thicket, I found one of the simplest of nest-homes. Second-growth shoots and saplings of beech and maple crowded in on every side, with the wide-spreading branches of the mother trees shadowing the spot to a constant twilight. The dead leaves of last Autumn lay in a thick bed everywhere, and in a little hollow amongst them, I found four eggs. This was the home of Dodger, the woodcock, and I doubt that I would have noticed it, if I had not been making my way slowly through the thicket, and discovered Mistress Dodger at home.

I do not know whether she trusted me, or whether she thought the protective color of her feathers would enable her to remain undetected, but she sat motionless upon the nest until I almost touched her with my outstretched hand. She rose with a whirr of wings and was lost to view in a moment, and I had my first sight of a woodcock nest.

These birds had made no attempt at nest-building. There were no sticks nor twigs needed, and the leaves where the four eggs nestled, made as soft and cosy a bed as any down-lined bird-home.

The four eggs were half as long again as those of a black bird, but more tapering. The ground color was a warm buff, and they were spotted from end to end with light brown.

I had taken some time to inspect the eggs, the nest and the thicket, so that I might find the place again, and was turning to leave, when I heard a "peep" from quite near. It was a low bird-voice, and I at once thought Mistress Dodger was saying, out loud, to herself, that she was glad I was leaving the neighborhood.

I was not out hunting duck-eggs in particular on this morning in May on which I found the nest home of the Fantops. I like the Fantop family, who are, next to the Wood drake, the handsomest of all our wild ducks. The Hooded Merganser is not at all uncommon about our large inlets and marshes, and is readily recognised by the large, feathered crest that each wears. Then, too, it is the smallest of our ducks, with the exception of that roly-poly, the Buffle-head.

I found the nest of the Fantops in a hollow within an old tree that stood close by the water's edge.

The tree-hole doorway was easily seen, and not more than five feet from the ground. The nest within was lined thickly and comfortably with soft grass and an abundance of down. In this cosy nest were almost a dozen eggs. I could not see them, but tried to count by feeling

(Continued on page 52)



The Bluebird



The Woodpecker

A PAGE OF PARAMOUNT FAVORITES



In the upper scene we see James K. Hackett, the Canadian actor in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Centre (left), William Hart; (right) Theodore Roberts. Lower (from left), Ethel Clayton, Gloria Swanson, Agnes Ayres.

Miss Canada

BY CHARLES W. STOKES

THERE is a dear old newspaper man in Nova Scotia who has the habit of brightening his many anecdotes by introducing, in terms of the most David and-Jonathan intimacy, the names of all the great and near-great of this and recent generations. As, for instance: "I said to Borden in '17," he says, "Bob," I said, "you ought to form a Union Government." Said Bob to me, "I think you're right," Bill.

What makes me think of this is the recollection of a conversation which I had some years ago with Mrs. Asquith. Her husband was then still Prime Minister, and I was spending the week-end with them at their beautiful country home in Sussex. On Sunday afternoon, as we sat on the front porch looking towards the golf links, Mrs. Asquith was reading the "Grain Growers' Guide," to which she was a regular subscriber and for which she had a great affection.

She raised her eyes from that periodical suddenly, and said to me: "Charlie, haven't you any girls in Canada?"

"I have to admit," I replied, "that I don't quite get you."

Laughingly, she passed over the "Guide," pointing to a cartoon which showed Canada protesting against something—freight rates, or the tariff, or the bank combine, I forget which. Anyway, Canada was protesting with a typically "Guideish" thoroughness and abandon. "Well?" I interrogated.

"Don't you notice," she smiled, "that in your cartoons Canada is always portrayed as a man, a man in a Stetson hat and high boots, and looking rather like a respectable tradesman? Haven't you any feminine types?"

I came right back at her. "You forget John Bull and Uncle Sam."

"So?" she answered with lightning-like brilliance. "What about La Belle France? But then I have read somewhere in your emigration literature that there are ten men to every woman in Canada, so perhaps that accounts for it."

I mention this episode not to parade my wide acquaintance with the great: merely to show that Mrs. Asquith—to use the colloquialism—had the right slant on things. Even if England is personified in John Bull, and the United States in Uncle Sam, they still have their Britannia and Columbia to play about with. And then there is the fair Hibernia, and her new sister Ulsteria, to say nothing of the Welsh girl, the Scotch lassie, the Spanish Carmen, and the little chrysanthemum lady from Japan.

Of course you do sometimes see Canada as the female of the species—in the pageants, for example, where she rides at considerable risk to equilibrium on a cardboard throne superimposed upon Jones' one-ton delivery truck, which is brightly festooned in red, white and blue. Her bosom is open to freedom and pneumonia, her hundred and sixty odd pounds are cunningly camouflaged in flowing white robes so that you wouldn't for the world think she was anything but the stylish stout type. Grouped around her are her child attendants, the nine little Maple Leaves, all robed ("dressed" would be too prosaic a term) in white, with blue bands round their little foreheads and flourishing little pennants to show which province they all are.

Or now and then you run across Miss Canada in the cartoons, such as when there is something solemn to cartoon—either as a rather robust allegory dropping a wreath on the grave of someone recently deceased, or in high boots with fur round the tops telling people they really ought to buy made-in-Canada goods or patronise the Canadian Government Marine.

The possibility is that we have no Canadian type of woman because there have been so very few outstanding individual Canadian women. This sounds so brilliantly paradoxical (although quite acci-

dentially) that I will go to submit that ever since Leif Ericson discovered this Dominion in Ten Hundred and something, the entire feminine population of Canada has seemingly been occupied in crawling over to where the neutral background is. This may be the Indian influence, the squaw spirit which encourages the brave to don the feathered head-dress and try the light fantastic Sun Dance, while Tiger-Lily-who-grows-Fat-like-the-Rain-Barrel stays home and mends the moccasins; but who, for example, are the heroines of Canadian history? The only reason that we are able to shout "Laura Secord!" is because hers is also the name of a certain sweet. Evangeline? H-m-h-m-not a bad guess: but subject to this remarkable reservation, that nearly all otherwise well-informed persons in the United States most of those in the Old Country, and not a few in Canada itself, cherish the illusion that Evangeline lived somewhere in rural Massachusetts.

THE female of the species seems indeed to have meant almost nothing in Canada's young life. Ever since we began having a history, it has been very much a masculine history. Especially politically. We have had no Mrs. Asquiths, no Mrs. Pankhursts, no Mrs. Wilsons. Our public men have had the pure kind of home life so beloved by our late dear Queen, a home life entirely free from petticoat politics. There were no Mothers of Confederation. The political hostess (meaning thereby the person who in normal circumstances tries to advance her husband by entertaining useful people, and in abnormal circumstances by writing books and crowding him out of the spotlight) is rarer than the rara avis. And as for that kind of political dissipation so popular amongst European statesmen, namely, of rising to be ace-high in the game and then getting badly tangled up with some other woman—why, our Canadian imagination must at the mere thought of this give a spirited performance of the well-known boggling!

We have had, it has been suggested, no Mrs. Pankhursts. There are plenty of clever women in Canada, a few of whom are in public life. We even have women in Parliament; but we have no feminists. Our women reformers—who are a-plenty, Heaven knows—seem to lack the lean and hungry look of the true feminist; they appear all to be well-fed and comfortably married, and in the thing rather for the fun of it than anything else. Perhaps the shortage of women that was the basis of so much of our pre-war immigration literature explains why. The feminist as I understand it, is one who is an anti-masculinist, a person who, in short, wants to equalize the sexes so badly that she is willing to throw stink-bombs, or set fire to public buildings, to show how logical she is. Anyway, both Mrs. and Miss Canada have the vote now, and have all the professions they seem to want open to them, although down to date the only really favorite ones appear to have been stenography and selling things.

All of which last preceding two or three paragraphs is just discursiveness, to show that anybody who is really interested in the subject could have a wonderful old time with himself speculating whether it is a foolish one or not. Where were we at? Oh yes, the lack of a type of Canadian woman. When you say "Englishwoman," or "American woman," or "Frenchwoman," you know exactly what you mean. But when outsiders say "Canadian woman," what mental picture

do they form? Our Lady of the Snows, of course, and all that, with a dash of the farmerette and the cow-girl.

I met a very disappointed Englishman recently who had emigrated to Canada largely because no one over there had known enough to check his ardent belief in our farmerettes. He had been searching in vain for them ever since he had landed, having seemingly argued to himself that because this is the agricultural country par excellence and the bread-basket of the jolly old Empire and all that bally rot, the land girl must therefore abound in large numbers. It seems he had had his own little romantic day dreams of taking the plough handles from her into his own strong hands, and of how, when they were married, he and she would ride over together to the postoffice once a week and get his copy of "Punch."

I think one reason why we have no clear picture of a Miss Canada is that our girls do not appreciate the inter-relationship of dressmaking and national life. We are now a Nation—at least, Lloyd George says so, whatever Henri Bourassa may think—but our girls buy all their clothes from New York. Paris modes made the Frenchwoman famous. But Paris did not extinguish the Englishwoman, although Paris is much nearer to England than New York is to Canada. Canadian women do not realize how important a part they must play in the development of a Canadian individuality. Men are the same anywhere. You could put the average citizen-taxpayer of Brandon, Manitoba, alongside his corresponding contemporary in Baltimore, Maryland, and the only superficial difference would be that one wore a shirt with pink stripes while the other wore one with cerise. The encouragement of a National Dressmaking Art would be the first step towards creating our Miss Canada.

Miss Canada, who should be able to say, with Beatrice, that "there was a star danced, and under that was I born!" If I were an artist, I would spend considerable time in this creation of a Miss Canada—a Miss Canada who primarily was highly ornamental, who was slim, whose features were not classic, who did not part her hair in the middle nor wear a bandeau round it, and who was not, in general, built upon the lines of the prima donna (married) in the village revival of "Iolanthe." I would create her as the stunningest girl I could think of, with a face that had Mary Pickford's or Elsie Ferguson's lashed to the mast and squealing for help, with a figure more than slightly reminiscent of a Mack Sennett bathing beauty's. Having done this, I would get legislation enacted to make this Miss Canada the standard design for cartoons, advertisements, postage stamps, and dollar bills, and I would then sit complacently back and watch immigration revive.

OR better still, we might start a competition, something along the lines of that twenty-five-hundred-dollar prize for the best Canadian novel, but bigger. Ten thousand dollars for the best-looking Canadian girl! The judges should include the Prime Minister, one railway president (why I don't know, but railway presidents always seem in on these things), and the editor of this magazine. As the sketches began to pour in, from Port Arthur, Belleville, St. John, Nanaimo, Regina, and so on, it would be very interesting indeed to study whether we should want one girl, or nine.

The Quebec girl, for example, I vision as very Frenchified—a little pale, with

black hair, the rustle of silk petticoats (although, of course, they don't wear them in Quebec any more than they do elsewhere) and a flexibility to her shoulders caused by their being so frequently and so eloquently shrugged. She would be slim rather than otherwise, with a very trim foot, the kind of ankle that Dickens loved to call "neat," very delicate eyebrows, and a strong suspicion of perfumery.

I don't know why it is, but the Ontario girl I would imagine as arriving in scores of variations upon that delicious and highly edible vegetable, corn. Perhaps it is because the province, like many of its principal cities, has such a rich, juicy, open-hearted sound. Try it for yourself—"On-tar-i-o"—doesn't it sound happy and rosy and new-mown-hayish? And then try it on "Saskatchewan," which has more than a faint suggestion of being cross-eyed. I never knew an Ontario girl yet who was not contented, who did not think this was a perfectly lovely old world, and who was the slightest degree worried about the next because her natural optimism told her it would be all right. This, incidentally, is the best stock from which the finest reformers are raised. The Ontario girl would be smartly but not piquantly dressed: in other words, her clothes, although expensive, would never be likely to cause a riot on Main Street; and I picture her in the early thirties playing golf desperately in a battle to keep down her weight.

And so we might go on. The Bluenose girl would be there, with her cream-and-peaches complexion, her yellow hair, and her rather (though I don't know why) wistful expression; and the prairie rose, part British, part American, part Scandinavian, but altogether old-fashioned and charming; and the British Columbia girl from some pretty fruit valley, tanned and rather boyish and with bobbed hair; and the Yukon girl, and the Charlottetown girl, and so on and so forth for as many kinds of girls as there are in Canada. These are only dream pictures of what they might be, pictures that I get from reading the newspapers published where they live. For all I know they may be entirely different, and any way, if I knew too much, it might be unsafe for my own conjugal relations.

But the pictures being all received, and the prize awarded, or most likely split many ways, the next move would be up to the Honorable Mr. Stewart, Minister of Immigration and Colonization. Realizing that the greatest need of Canada today is men, he would have a nifty new cover designed for his fascinating booklets about Canada. Instead of those very ordinary and unexciting pictures of fat cattle, velvety alfalfa patches, and luxurious farm houses, which you can buy in any part of the world if you have enough money, he would use this picture of Miss Canada.

Probably, of course, it would be easier, and would save him a terrific number of questions in Parliament, if he used ten pictures. He would make his cover a mess of engraving, serving as a background for ten frames. In the large one in the centre, he would have to use a composite, combining the fluffy curls of Ontario with the inscrutable eyes of Quebec, the debutante expression of the Maritime provinces with the winsomeness of the prairies and the well-bred "touch me not" of the far Pacific. In each of the nine surrounding circles he could insert a picture of the prettiest girl in each province, clearly labelled, so that those who liked (for example) blondes would know exactly where to go, and would not make the mistake, which has occurred too often in our existing immigration policy, of locating in a part of Canada unsuited to them.





No mountains or seashore for him.

How comfortable he will be at home depends largely upon you

The mountains, the lakes, the sea—are *yours*.

His is the stuffy office, and the empty house.

His summer months of city-bound life can be woeful and dreary, or cheerful and pleasant, as you will.

Men don't mind shifting for themselves. But a little thoughtful preparation will insure their comfort. Provide for plenty of clean, cool sheets; for clean, crisp clothes; for a soap-and-water bath twice a day—who wants more than these, wants luxury!

A head-to-foot lathering with Ivory Soap and cold water, a quick rinse, a good dinner, and the loneliest of summer-widowers will feel—exiled, yes, but still solvent and hopeful.

Make sure you leave *enough* Ivory Soap. He will use it for his baths, his face and hands, his shampoo—and he'll use a mighty lot of it.

Ivory is a fine homelike soap for him, for seven distinct reasons: It is pure and mild, white and fragrant, it lathers abundantly and rinses off quickly—and “it floats”!

Whenever soap comes into contact with the skin—use Ivory.

Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada.

Ivory Soap comes in a convenient size for every purpose



Small Cake

For toilet, bath, nursery, shampoo, fine laundry. Can be divided in two for individual toilet use.



Large Cake

Especially for laundry use. Also preferred by many for the bath.

IVORY SOAP



99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE



The Right Atmosphere

BY MAUDE GARNHAM SMITH

NOT long ago, I was talking with a man who works in a large conservatory—He was telling me of the great care which is taken to keep the atmosphere just right for the growing plants, and the temperature just so, in order that each plant may do its very best to become perfect. Some plants require more sunshine than others, some more moisture; others again, require different degrees of heat. He told me, too, of the watchman who keeps the fires all the night long, so that the plants do not become chilled and their growth retarded. This particular florist specializes in violets and carnations, and there are great houses specially built for them, so that they may have plenty of room to flourish and to grow and give perfect blooms.

Great care is taken, too, in packing the flowers, and they are sent to their destination by the very best possible methods, so that they may arrive in perfect condition, and give the buyers complete satisfaction.

Somehow, I fell to thinking of our human flowers, the girls and boys of this great Canada we love so well. Are we giving them the "right atmosphere" in our homes? Our schools and Sunday Schools have much indeed to do with the moulding and influencing of character. Too much

cannot be said in praise of each, but it is the parents and the homes which really should exert the greatest influence in the lives of our children.

I sometimes wonder if we display enough interest in their amusements and sports. Most of us live busy lives, and time is very precious, but cannot something, some task, go undone? Surely the welfare of our children should come before everything else.

First, and always, let us teach them the joy and the dignity of work and the satisfaction which comes to one after performing a task perfectly, whether just some little ordinary bit of work about the home, or the daily routine of lessons at school.

Let us show them the beauty and strength of unselfishness—Teach them to reverence truth, to be considerate of others, and especially thoughtful for aged persons. A smile and a kind greeting are such little things to give, but they often fill a whole day with gladness for the recipient.

I was watching once with a relative at the bed-side of her father. He was slipping quietly away into that great "Tomorrow," which awaits us all. He had been unusually prosperous, and had delighted in giving his children many advantages, not common in those days, but it was not of those that she was thinking,

but of the love and care that had never failed. "No matter," she told me, "how busy he was, or how weary, he was never too busy to listen to our childish troubles, never too weary to love and comfort us."

The books our children read should be chosen wisely and well. After the long years which have elapsed since childhood, I know of nothing better than Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women," with its real girls and real boys. I wish every young girl would read Ethel Hueston's "Prudence of the Parsonage," and if a real touch of romance is longed for, try that sweet little story of Elizabeth Cooper's, "The Heart of O'Sono San," and walk with her along the paths strewn with cherry blossoms, (but paths of renunciation, as well) in far away old Japan. Our own L. M. Montgomery's "Anne," books, also "The Story Girl," "The Golden Road," and "Rilla of Ingleside," are sweet and life-like. The memory of them lingers for many a day. Would you read of other countries far afield? I have in mind a copy of "The Other Side of the Lantern," by Sir Frederick Treves, beautifully bound and illustrated, and so artistically written that the reader feels that he has really known and seen the places described.

Then, any of Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell's splendid books, telling of the Labrador

people, are so well worth while, and so fascinating for both girls and boys, alike.

William Francis Butler, that great explorer, and gallant Irish gentleman, has left us a heritage rich indeed. "The Great Lone Land" tells of our own wind-swept Canadian prairies, and "The Wild North Land" of the swamps and forests, lakes and rivers far beyond.

Arthur Heming, Ernest Thompson Seton, and Charles G.D. Roberts, have written stories which may be read again and again. They never fail to interest and instruct.

There is so much of the good and the beautiful in music, that I wonder how some of this hideous "jazz" stuff can be endured for a moment. Surely the loving care that is put into the manufacture of a good piano must make the instrument itself feel grievous insult when giving forth such a jumble of sounds.

Let us never become too busy to give our children the right amount of care and love (that sunshine of the soul) so that they may develop properly both in mind and body, and arrive at their destination of sweet, sane womanhood, and strong splendid manhood, in perfect condition, pure of heart and of soul. If we parents can achieve this result, then, like the florist with his violets and carnations, we shall not have labored in vain.

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ELIZABETH Allen had her first glimpse of the situation before she had been a week in her son's house. What had happened was simple enough, but it gave her food for thought. Luke was sitting in his mother's room when Ada came in. Luke's back was toward the door and he did not turn his head at his wife's approach. When she put her hand on his shoulder and said:

"Luke," in a low tone,—"Well, Ada," he replied, and there was a perceptible tinge of resignation in his voice, the voice of a man who says, "Well, I'm in for it now."

At that, without another word, Ada fled from the room like a whirlwind. That the door didn't slam behind her was a tribute to her early upbringing.

Luke Allen glanced at his mother, shrugging his shoulders. Mrs. Allen asked succinctly:

"What ails Ada?"
"I wish you'd tell me what 'ails Ada,'" he burst out impatiently. "I don't pretend to understand women." Then he added dryly, "Ada has a great many 'feelings,' you know—any amount of them."

"Do you mean her feelings are hurt?" his mother asked. She was very much bewildered. Never in her well-ordered life had she fled whirlwind-like from any room, nor could the circumstances have arisen to make her act in this way. To her question her son answered again.

"Oh, I suppose so." His tone was weary; the boyish blitheness which made him so charming died out. Mrs. Allen's serene brow wrinkled itself into a perplexed little frown.

"I am afraid, my son, that you and Ada are not as happy as I should like to see you."

"Oh, we jog along," said Luke.

He rose in the same weary, lack-lustre way. He knew so well what would happen next. It was part of the emotional treadmill that Ada should come to dinner as full of gaiety as a child. She was dressed in a lovely pink gown, ruffled like a rose, its silken rustling talking eloquently of parties.

The Turn of the Flood

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

"Where are we going to-night?" Luke asked, and let Ada read in his eyes how very lovely she was.

"To the Tallent's," she answered, and shot him a look of suspicion, as if to surprise any latent unwillingness in him. He caught the look, and his face fell, but when they drove off together, Luke's blitheness had returned and Ada was in the best of high spirits. As Mrs. Allen saw them off, they seemed to her the incarnation of youth and gaiety, and she went to bed with the consoling picture of them, though still perplexed as to what the scene had been about.

Elizabeth Allen had always had an unspoken pride in Ada. She enjoyed watching the neighbors stare at Ada's dresses, and at Ada herself, who was so incomparably more splendid than anyone else's daughter-in-law. Not that she felt comfortable with Ada, for Ada was to the little, quiet lady larger than life; the intensity of her enthusiasms, her loud ringing gaiety, seemed to Mrs. Allen like some elemental quality which might at any moment sweep away all the familiar landmarks.

The first week had begun her life of surprises. Breakfast had been the first.

"Doesn't Ada come down?" she asked.

"Never!" Luke had replied, with a satisfaction in his emphasis which fore-shadowed their attitude toward each other.

Breakfast became a pleasant hour to mother and son. Soon Luke formed the habit of going to his mother's room when he came home from business. His mother would greet him with a gentle, "Have you had a satisfactory day, my son?" and further made no demand upon him. They talked very little together, for between them was always the shadow of Luke's and Ada's last unpleasantness—and there always was a last unpleasantness. Between

scenes, so to speak, Ada would be gay and gracious, while Luke unbent also; but like a careful mariner in strange waters, he was never quite at his ease. He was perpetually on the watch for shoals, his ear quick for the sound of breakers, and often fancying he heard them where there were none. Ada would ask, for instance, in all candor:

"You can't come with me to-night, can you?"

"I can't, as you know," Luke would reply, and then add gratuitously, "And I would be glad if you wouldn't make a scene about it."

"There is trouble and to spare in this house," was Mrs. Allen's summing up of her first days under her son's roof. "What irritated Luke so, and why were Ada's feelings hurt?" was what she asked herself, after one of Ada's furious exits, as Luke walked the floor.

The walking of floors and the flying from rooms was only the beginning. They soon became so used to her quiet presence that by the time she had completed her first month with them, they were morally, so to speak, in their shirt-sleeves, their stocking-feet on the table. As they quarreled at their ease before her, Mrs. Allen would sit very quiet, her heart beating like a trip-hammer. Each storm left her in fear of a worse; she was fully prepared for the cyclone. Yet, when it came at last, she was as shaken as if she had never expected such a thing. It began in a trivial way, as did all their storms. Luke said:

"Oh, I suppose I've got to go to-night—though I'd give a dollar to stay home."

Ada replied quickly:—"You needn't go if you don't want to."

What was there in that to warn one the cyclone was coming?

"Why can't you go without me?" Luke

asked. At that Ada drooped—she could droop like a sunstruck flower.

"For heaven's sake, don't cry!" Luke gave back, turning to his paper, "I shall go whether you do or not."

It was when Luke actually went without Ada that the cyclone broke, for Ada burst into an abandon of weeping the like of which Mrs. Allen had never seen. It appalled her; she would have been glad to fly from it, but a certain awful fascination held her; besides, she didn't dare to go, for it didn't seem possible that anyone could give way to such grief without ill consequences. After a while, the fury of the storm abated, and died away with the suddenness of cyclonic storms, leaving behind the wreck of Ada. Her beautiful hair was disheveled into tragic strands, her eyes were puffed and swollen; there were dark red marks on her wrists, where she had dug her nails deep in.

"I wish I were like you," she said, for Mrs. Allen had weathered the gale sitting quietly in her chair. She had fluttered over to Ada and had murmured timid comforting words which were as straws in the flood of Ada's agony, and had fluttered back to her chair, in horrified silence, but outwardly unshaken.

"I suppose you think I'm an awful fool," Ada said next.

Elizabeth Allen didn't answer; she felt as if what she had passed through had carried all her words away.

"It isn't, you know, just because Luke went without me," Ada explained, in a matter-of-fact tone. "It's because we're—drifting away from each other." And the little break in Ada's voice touched Mrs. Allen more than all the tears she had shed.

"Oh, Luke's so blind—blind—blind! He doesn't see where we're going! I can't make him see. We're losing each other, Luke and I; we're losing each other!"

Ada rose to her feet, towering a tragic figure before the little woman.

"You must have seen me trying. You must have seen me coming to him all affection, fairly offering my heart to him—"

(Continued on page 26)



This beautiful painting, "Goose and Goslings," by William Maris, was an admired feature of the collection belonging to the late E. F. B. Johnston, Esq., of Toronto.



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IN the volume, "Later English Poems" (1901-1922), selected and edited by J. E. Wetherell, B.A., we have a collection of golden verse, none the less valuable for its recent mintage. To those who have not been following closely the writings of modern English poets, this collection will be a revelation of richness and rarity. Nearly fifty of the poems in this volume, that is, nearly half of them, are related, directly or indirectly to the Great War. More than sixty poets are represented by their work, which is of so high a standard that we need not listen to the croakings of the critics who are pessimistic concerning English poetry. In the preface, the statement is made—"The editor's individual preference, notwithstanding the perils which beset such a guide to selection, has, in the main, governed his choice." Mr. Wetherell's taste may be safely trusted, as those who have read former compilations made by him are well aware. His devotion to classic and poetic studies has resulted in such publications as make his readers feel deeply indebted to the editor whose toil and discrimination achieve such satisfying results.

It is difficult, in these days, for most readers—even those who are lovers of poetry—to become familiar with modern productions. For such, this volume is especially valuable, as the selection is as careful as the list of writers is complete. The biographical notes add interest to a collection in which there are no inferior numbers.

Of the war poems, none is nobler in strain than "Into Battle," by that gallant sportsman and soldier, Julian Grenfell, who gave his life for the cause of freedom, dying in May, 1915:—

"And Life is Colour and Warmth and Light,

And a striving forevermore for these;
And he is dead who will not fight;
And who dies fighting wins increase."

Of the poems in gentle, descriptive strain, none is more elfinly lovely than Walter de la Mare's "Silver,"—a bit of nocturnal rapture which is magical in its melody:

"Slowly, silently, now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon."

Every poem in this collection is worth reading more than once:—and the last, "Day's End," by Dorothy E. Norman-Smith, is not the least. (Published by McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, Price \$1.50).

Islands suggest adventure—and, when the island is in far-away tropical seas, we are sure that anything may happen. Robert Gordon Anderson has written a story, "The Isle of Seven Moons," in the course of which, as one might expect, many marvellous things occur. The title is not suggestive of prohibition, but the gentle reader may be assured that the "Seven Moons" have nothing to do with the effect of "tarrying long at the wine." The story proves, as the sub-title announces, "a romance of uncharted seas and untrodden shores." Benjamin Boltwood is a frank, high-hearted sailor lad, with nothing to roughen the course of his true love for Sally Fell, except the hostility of her father. The love of Ben and Sally is entwined with the story of the Isle of Mystery, and altogether the romance is of the good, old-fashioned kind, with the gleam of pirates' gold to give a grim touch to the chronicle. (Published by the Ryerson Press, Toronto, Price, \$1.75).

While the work of Mrs. Deland is not of the same jewelled craftsmanship as that of Mrs. Wharton, the former has an established place—and a high one—

among the American writers of the day. The latest novel by Mrs. Deland, "The Vehement Flame" is not, however, that writer at her best. Mrs. Deland has made a study of jealousy—and the study is tiresome rather than tragic. Of course when a marriage takes place, in which the husband is nineteen years of age and the wife, thirty-nine, we know what is going to happen. Maurice, the alleged hero, is a weak-minded young thing, but his mature wife is an ineffable bore. She is so lachrymose, so neurotic, that the reader is heartily sick of her before she betakes herself to a none-too-early tomb. There is the inevitable complication with a girl of low type (of course she is called "Lily") and there is a really fine youngster named Edith who is far too good for Maurice but who apparently is going to be his second matrimonial venture. Mrs. Deland has done better work than this—and probably will return to her early form. (Published by Hodder and Stoughton, Toronto. Price, \$2.00).

* * *

Onoto Watanna is the pen name of a writer of Canadian birth (Mrs. Reeves) whose home has recently been in Alberta. "A Japanese Nightingale" is this writer's most popular production, and the autobiographical romance called "Me," which appeared serially in "The Century" was highly successful as a sensation. Her latest book, "Sunny-San," will appeal to many readers, especially those of the "flapper in a hammock" order. Indeed, a box of marshmallow fudge would not go badly with this sentimental tale concerning the adventure of the daughter of Madame Many Smiles. "Sunny-San," whose light-footed mother has just died, takes her place on the tight rope, displeases her owner, Hirata, by repulsing an admirer and is about to be beaten by the annoyed Hirata when four young American students come to the rescue, and their leader, Jerry Hammond, carries off Sunny-San, who is then a mere child. The young men, in a kindly but careless mood, form a syndicate to look after the small Japanese maiden, who is partly white in parentage. Sunny-San is not entirely happy in a missionary household and suddenly arrives in the city of New York, to take up her abode with Jerry Hammond. The reader can imagine the complications which ensue. Sunny-San discovers her father in Senator Wainwright, a "steel magnate" whose wife takes kindly to the new step-daughter and whisks her off to be "finished" in Europe. There is the usual conventional ending, the only out-of-the-way feature being a proposal by the heroine, herself. (Published by McClelland and Stewart, Toronto. Price, \$1.75).

* * *

We are not surprised by the information that the author of "Man-Size," William Macleod Raine, was born in Scotland. Mr. Raine tells the story of fairly wild life in the West, with a vigor and realism which should delight all those who have not out-lived a fondness for stories about Indians and border fights. The tale opens with an account of how Jessie McRae smashes several liquor kegs which whiskey runners from Montana are trying to rush into forbidden territory. There is an actual fight between Tom Morse and Jessie—and the latter proves herself a thoroughly aggressive young woman by stabbing him in the arm. Tom ultimately turns out a decent citizen and overlooks the detail of the wounded arm. There is a terribly wicked villain, Bully West, and, altogether the story pursues the beaten paths of wild west fiction, although it is difficult to tell just where "America" becomes Canada. (Published by Thomas Allen, Toronto. Price, \$2.00).

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Sir Patrick Manson

BY DR. HELEN MACMURCHY

WHO made the tropics safe for the white man and broke forever the fatal chain of events which once made Sierra Leone and many other tropical possessions of Britain and other countries "The White Man's Grave?"

It was Patrick Manson, who died a few weeks ago, Sunday, April 9th, 1922.

Born Oct. 3rd, 1844, the son of a Scottish Squire, John Manson of Fingask, Aberdeenshire, Patrick Manson studied at the Universities of Aberdeen and Edinburgh and graduated in medicine in 1865, when he was only twenty-one years of age. The fact that this Scotch lad got a good medical education helped to change the history of the British Empire, for it was his discoveries that robbed tropical diseases of their terrors and made it possible for trade and commerce to be carried on safely in the tropics.

His career was decided, in one sense, when he went to Formosa in 1866, as medical officer to a group of foreign missionaries and merchants in that island. He really remained to the end of his days, in spirit at least, the general practitioner, the family physician. He once wrote to a scientific friend:

"Men like myself in general practice are but poor and very slow investigators, crippled as we are with the necessity of making our daily bread." Yet while he was making his daily bread he gained a clinical acumen and a practical judgment which stood him in good stead when he wrestled not only with problems hitherto deemed insoluble, but with problems that had hardly been recognized before his day.

He had a truly scientific mind, an enthusiastic and comradely spirit and a deep love of truth, so that he had an influence far beyond the influence of ordinary men.

In a letter to his son-in-law written in 1909 we can see how his own mind worked. "Never refuse to see what you do not want to see or which might go against your own cherished hypothesis or against the views of authorities. These are just the clues to follow up as is also and emphatically so the thing you have never seen or heard of before. The thing you cannot get a pigeon-hole for is the finger-point showing the way to discovery."

Three pictures may serve to illustrate the life of this man to whom the British Empire owes so much, this man whose name will always be closely associated with one of the greatest discoveries in Modern Preventive Medicine—viz.—that the weapon of Death in many tropical diseases is the sting and bite of an insect.

The first picture stands out against the background of the island of Formosa, and in the foreground is the young Scotch doctor applying the best of his medical knowledge, gained in one of the most renowned medical schools in the world, to the care and cure of patients brought to him. The doctor is completely baffled and quite unsuccessful, and he can find no help in his medical books.

In that hour he hears the call of the pioneer—a call repeated when he goes to Amoy in China. He must discover this unknown part of a doctor's field of work. He must build up the necessary knowledge from the very foundation.

In a lecture delivered at St. George's Hospital in 1897 Dr. Manson gave an account of these "unpleasant but enlightening experiences."

The second picture is dated seven years later and shows Dr. Manson back in London on one of his frequent visits for study. It is the year 1874. He hears that Timothy Lewis in 1872 had found a tiny parasite which he called by the name "filaria" in the blood of patients suffering from elephantiasis, one of the dread diseases Dr. Manson met with in Formosa and Amoy. This is to him a valuable clue. Returning to Amoy he trains two Chinese medical students as laboratory assistants, one to work by day and one to work by night, and examines the blood of one thousand Chinamen for this parasite.

The Chinese student on night duty finds parasites very often; the student on day duty finds them very seldom. Another clue. The thought strikes Dr. Manson

that as the parasite cannot enter the blood itself, it must be conveyed into the blood by some insect which bites at night, most likely the mosquito. After many months of work he proves this true by actually finding the filaria in the act of passing through the proboscis of the mosquito into the body of the patient, and thus we learned how to prevent elephantiasis.

The third picture shows Dr. Manson joining battle with malaria, the most fatal obstacle to the residence of the white man in the tropics. Laveran, a French army surgeon, had discovered the "plasmodium"—the malarial parasite—in 1880. But for ten years no further step was taken. No use was made of the discovery. In the hand of Dr. Manson this discovery, and his own discovery about elephantiasis, became a two edged sword. He was convinced that the mosquito conveyed the parasite of malaria into the body of the patient. But how to prove it? Dr. Manson wished to organize an expedition to British Guiana in 1894 to find out the truth or error of his conviction. The British Medical Association and the Royal Society were jointly to provide the funds. The Royal Society could not find the money! So the plan failed. But Dr. Manson with the generosity of the great gave his sword to one of his pupils, and armed with Dr. Manson's sword, Dr. (now Sir) Ronald Ross of the Indian Medical Service returned to India. The other side of the picture shows the marvellous success of Dr. Ross, who, after a long time and much hard and discouraging work in India, at last proved that what Dr. Manson had long foretold was actually true.

Another gigantic foe remained to fight—the apathy, opposition and unbelief of the profession and the public. There is no more thrilling drama in the history of medicine than that which was played, under the direction of Dr. Manson, at the hospital Santa Spirito in Rome, on the Roman Campagna and in a London Hospital and the London School of Tropical Medicine. Doubt was not only met and conquered. It was rendered impossible.

Sir Patrick Manson will always be remembered as the Father of Tropical Medicine and the founder of the London School of Tropical Medicine. That school was another example of his genius for team work. His yoke-fellow in this team was the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. Mr. Chamberlain saw what Dr. Manson's discoveries meant and had a vision of what they would lead to. Dr. Manson was medical adviser to the Colonial Office. It is said that a lecture by him at St. George's Hospital Medical School, London, in 1898 caught Mr. Chamberlain's attention and fired his imagination. No doubt the reader will be reminded here of another thrilling tale—how Mr. Chamberlain discovered the value of the school child as a sanitary reformer, in Africa.

The London School of Tropical Medicine was founded in 1899. Forever after Tropical Medicine rested on a sure foundation. No man can number the lives, or the fortunes, saved by the work of Patrick Manson.

Full of years and full of honours—honours from his King and from the whole scientific world—he kept up his interest and his love of life and work to the last. Only fourteen days before the end came, eager and enthusiastic as ever, he paid the visit which was to be his last to the London School of Tropical Medicine, examining and pointing out the importance of some microscopic preparations with all his old interest and keen judgment.

Almost his last words expressed his confidence in a still greater future for the London School of Tropical Medicine in co-operation with the new Institute of Hygiene under the Rockefeller Scheme.

Sir Patrick Manson was married in 1875 to the daughter of Captain J. P. Thurburn, R.N. They had two sons, one of whom, Dr. Philip Thurburn Manson helped his father in his scientific discoveries, and three daughters, one of whom married Dr. Philip Manson Bahr.

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Those Utilitarian Rooms

BY COLLIER STEVENSON

THE pantry, the laundry, the bathroom—important as they are in their bearing upon the comfort and general well being of a household, those utilitarian rooms are, nevertheless, all too frequently given but scant attention, both in the planning and equipping of the modern home. Possibly this neglect can in part be traced to a strange adherence to the old—but happily long-exploded!—theory that usefulness and beauty cannot be compatible. As a matter of fact, there is beauty in even the most utilitarian of objects: or, at least, there are *potentialities* which can be developed into beauty. The only trouble is that many of us are too much occupied with other matters to search out all the beauties hidden around us.

Beauty is, of course, a variable thing of many forms and different degrees. Beauty as we visualize it in a living room or on a porch would, therefore, neither be discernible in nor appropriate for a pantry or a laundry. On the one hand, it is a quality largely composed of attractive color and interesting design; on the other hand, a fusion of comfort, convenience and sanitation. Yet who can say that the one type of beauty is less desirable, less potent than the other?

As elements in an adequately-equipped service department, the pantry and the laundry are only in a very slight degree of less moment than the kitchen itself. Let us, then, delve deep enough to unearth some of the possibilities which the laundry and the pantry hold.

Although a laundry can be omitted in a very modest house, a pantry is almost indispensable, irrespective altogether of the scope of the home. The size of a pantry cannot, of course, be established by any rule other than necessity. That is, the size properly varies, not only with the dimensions of a house, but with the scale of living and entertaining maintained by the owner. The size should, however, always be such that the greatest number of workers likely to use the pantry at any one time may pursue their respective duties without a constant jostle of elbows and fear of collision.

The nature and the location of the doors have an important bearing upon the matter of collisions, too. For example, the doors leading from the pantry to the

kitchen and the dining room should be of double-swinging type—and, to avoid any possibility of accident, these should have at least some small panes of glass set in at average eye-height. If any other doors be necessary, they can very advantageously be of the sliding type, both to save floor space and to guard against accident.

Cleanliness is a dominating attribute of the ideal pantry: and it is one easily achieved by proper discernment in the choice of finishes for woodwork, walls and floor. For the first-named, either an oiled finish of the natural wood or a hard enameled coat is satisfactory. For the walls, a dado of tile or Keen's cement may be

used, with the upper walls and the ceiling finished with paint. With equally good results, the entire wall and ceiling surfaces may be painted: or, if preferred, a covering of oilcloth or washable paper may be used.

The floor treatment is largely a matter of personal predilection. Many housekeepers like a well-waxed hardwood surface, while others prefer a floor of cement or tile. Cork and rubber tilings are also deservedly popular; for they are resilient, non-slippery, noiseless and sanitary. They are available in a number of pleasing colors which paves the way to a floor of both interesting design and attractive coloring. Inlaid linoleum is still another solution of the pantry floor problem.

Ample daylight is desirable in any pantry: and good ventilation facilities are equally to be desired. Under the window provided to meet these requirements of light and air, the pantry-sink can be advantageously located. Care should be exercised in having this sink at just the right height to avoid tiresome bending. Another point to remember is this: if the sink basin be broad and rather shallow thus admitting only a few dishes at one time, it will prove an economy in the matter of broken china—as there is a great likelihood of china being broken when it is not visible under the water.

* * *

IF not prohibitive on account of the space or the expense, two features can very profitably be added to the equipment of a pantry. The first is a gas or an electric plate-warmer, which insures dishes intended to be served hot reaching the dining room in that condition, instead of half-cooled: the other is a small refrigerator, either built-in or portable, to conveniently hold certain requisites of every meal, such as cream and butter, also any special frozen desserts.

Shelves are, of course, part and parcel of a pantry—even though in so many pantries they are useful neither in arrangement nor size. As a matter of fact, shelves should be planned with infinite care, and always with some definite service in mind. For example, those built merely for china should be either just wide enough for a single row of dishes or else provided



Beneath the window which generously lights this well-arranged pantry, there is a wide, shallow sink fitted with two drain-boards. The built-in, glass-doored cupboards, which are conveniently near the sink, occupy one entire wall and part of another. The floor is covered with cork in a quiet gray-green color and all the woodwork is finished in ivory-white enamel. Above the high dado of white tile that extends around the room, the walls are finished in a very light gray paint and the ceiling is painted to match.



In this sunny bathroom, hexangular white tile forms a thoroughly sanitary floor, that joins the white-tiled dado in a cove—thereby avoiding the collection of dust. The walls above the dado as well as the ceiling, are finished alike in pale yellow paint. The woodwork—of which there is but little is, however, enameled in ivory-white. The towel-racks are of glass, but the lighting fixtures and other incidental furnishings are of nickel.

(Continued on page 23)

Those Utilitarian Rooms

Continued from page 22

with grooves or wooden strips to prevent the falling of the dishes. Shelves intended for boxes or tall tins should, on the contrary, be broad: and they should be sufficiently separated to permit the lifting of lids without the removal of a single tin or box. "No high shelves to serve as a catch-all for useless odds and ends" is a very good rule to follow in equipping the modern pantry; and another rule is equally applicable—"A definite place for everything, easily within reach, yet not in the way."

Turning now to the laundry, it is obvious that cleanliness, convenience and good ventilation should be the outstanding characteristics. The ventilation is, perhaps, of the greatest importance—for what odor is more penetrating than that of hot steam and soapsuds? Of course, when the laundry is located in the basement, the matter of a disagreeable odor is apt to be less annoying than in the case of a laundry which is placed upon the first floor. The basement location is, however, in other ways very far from ideal—except when the contour of the site is such, that windows of adequate size can be arranged above the grade-line. For pleasant working conditions, then, a first floor location should be provided, in order that the laundry may be generously lighted at all seasons of the year, properly heated when necessary and easily ventilated as occasion demands.

Cleanliness is just as desirable in the laundry as in the pantry. All that has been said relative to the finish of walls, woodwork and floor earlier in this discussion is, therefore, applicable again. Preferably, too, the chosen finishes should be fairly light in color—for it is but scant recommendation to say of any detail of color or finish in either the pantry or the laundry that "it does not show the dirt easily." Infinitely better is the finish that does show the dirt, as the careful owner will see to it that the dirt never has a chance to show.

Space and place promote an orderly arrangement. Space, then, should be reserved adjacent to a laundry for a closet large enough to afford a suitable place for laundry utensils when they are not in actual use. By this simple expedient, irons, ironing-boards, soap and all the other paraphernalia of wash-day are concealed without any trespass upon convenience. Of course, in many modern laundries the ironing-board is built-in, to fold back into a shallow closet when not in use. An ironing-board of this type, when fitted with electric irons, is especially convenient—and, in addition, it is of value as a space-saver.

Whenever practicable, gas or electric irons should be used in the home laundry. They are available at a moment's notice: and they are particularly commendable during hot weather, as they do not involve the heat which must be endured when ironing is done by the ordinary old-fashioned method.

Nothing is of greater import in a laundry than good tubs, unless it be the suitable location of this equipment. Preferably, the tubs should be so placed that they will be flooded with light: and they should be very accurately gauged as to height, in order that the laundress may be spared superfluous stooping. Rubber mats, placed before the tubs and also beside the ironing-board, will likewise be appreciated by any laundress as a safeguard against tired feet.

Art in a laundry? Apparently, the manufacturers of washing-machines have limited to bring that very thing about: for many of the washing-machines now available are as pleasing in design as they are artistic in coloring. Indeed, with one of these colorful machines as nucleus, the amateur home-decorator can achieve, even in the once-neglected laundry, a color-scheme of marked distinction and real charm.

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(Continued on page 35)

Schools & Colleges

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Some Thoughts on Musical Education

The part schools and colleges can play in the movement

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

THIS is the time of year when those interested in music from the educational standpoint have an opportunity for taking stock, so to speak. Throughout May and early June in our larger cities many pupils' recitals and "closing concerts" illustrate the progress that is being made; and by July the directors of many institutions, ladies' colleges, conservatories, and the like, are planning the work for the next scholastic year. Within recent weeks I have heard a great many young people, ambitious to shine as singers, pianists and violinists, and have been impressed with the progress in artistic feeling and technique which has taken place in this country in the course of two decades. Some of these aspirants have come from colleges where they are acquiring general education as well as musical proficiency; and without disparaging the accomplishments of their mothers, I think it may be said that the average student of to-day has a better grasp of the art as a whole than was the case in days gone by. I think this is largely due to the fact that in most of our private educational institutions, the standard of tuition has been raised. So far as my own city of Toronto is concerned, musical education has ceased to be a purely local matter for the higher grade of teachers. Many of the more noted professionals do a good deal of travelling in the course of the academic year, not for the purpose of giving public performances, but for that of teaching in colleges and conservatories. A "closing concert" in Toronto in connection with some of the larger institutions is not merely an exhibition of local talent. The more promising young soloists often come from other towns and from other provinces.

It has struck me that a general talk about musical education might be timely. It is one of the tritest of sayings that a real music teacher is a *rara avis*, but it is a kind of rare bird which we have been lucky enough to acclimatize in Canada in considerable numbers, if one may judge by recent results.

Nevertheless there must be always a wide margin for compatibility and mutual preferences. One teacher may utterly fail to do anything important for a beginner; where another will succeed. It does not necessarily follow that the one who has failed in a particular case is a bad teacher. There are subtle temperamental problems in the relations between teacher and pupil which are difficult to define. Part of the progress that has been made has been due to the fact that there is more specialization; and a more general appreciation of the relation of psychology to pedagogy than there once was. In a general way the teacher is most successful who has the gift of getting at the individualities of his pupils in music or in anything else. There is of course a considerable variety of classes lumped under one head in the phrase "music teacher"—voice teachers, piano teachers, violin teachers, organ teachers, a few teachers of the less popular instruments and less heard of, but deeply important, harmony teachers who give the pupil a scientific knowledge of the art he expects to practice either as a profession or an accomplishment.

A complaint which has been made by critics for many decades is that many pedagogues teach the performance of musical pieces, without really teaching music and that if their hearts could be searched it would be found that too many of them have lost all interest in music under the pressure of teaching routine. From such teachers the pupil may acquire a good deal of technical craft but not artistic enthusiasm. In all the larger cities, intelligent teachers recognize the high grade concert as an ally, and recommend their pupils to save their pocket money for concert attendance, in order that they may be brought under the spell of some great artist and into association with the finest music beautifully interpreted. But there must be many instances where it is necessary for the teacher by his or her own enthusiasm to bring the pupil into realization of music as a living art-force.

LET us pause for a moment to consider what music really is. It is a language,—the most universal of all languages as had frequently been said. A foreigner who cannot speak a word of English sits down at the pianoforte and if he plays one of the works by the immortal composers the language he evokes is immediately understood by the musically-trained among his audience; and apprehended even by the musically untrained if they happen to have a feeling for the finer order of composition. In a more obvious expression everyone knows what a given musical utterance means. A military bugle call is clearer and more emphatic than speech. The most vulgar march or dance refrain at once embodies a human impulse, inspires an action in which everyone would like to participate. One writer going more fully into the language of music has said:

"It has its newspaper trivialities—barrel organs, theatre and resort orchestras, and strummings, here and there, that are at best but of ephemeral value. It has its magazine stories,—compositions of transient interest—and it has its great and enduring literature. There are those who speak the language as natives,—those who almost in infancy can play or sing in a way to bring despair to ordinary hard-working plodders—those who speak fluently but ignore the literature, and those who know well what has been said by the great authors in tones, but who have learned by translations (hearing others play or through mechanical players) and cannot themselves so much as order a musical dinner or crack a musical joke for lack of practice in articulation. And there are those who know music as Demosthenes knew Greek and Gladstone knew English."

Need it be said then, that musical education is the acquirement of a language with a superb and universal literature. The process of adapting natural materials capable of making musical sounds to human use has followed such lines during the past century and a half that the study of the piano has become one of the most important essentials in acquiring familiarity with this language. Owing to the adaptability of this wonderful contrivance to the rendering of all types of music it has assumed an enormously important relationship to the whole art, but it is a matter for complaint that scores of young people learn how to use the pianoforte mechanically without really acquiring a knowledge of musical literature. They are akin to the many who learn to read and yet have never developed the capacity for enjoying a good book; or, to choose a more sophisticated analogy, to the person who has acquired a smattering of French phrases without being able to enjoy a French play or make himself understood in conversation with a Frenchman. The neglect of music as a language and a literature by those who have been students of the art or think they have been is one of the evidences that in many instances the teaching of music as a mechanical craft has not been accompanied by real musical education at all. Take the phenomenon of musical trash; there is trash in all the arts, trashy writing and trashy pictures, but the singular fact is that musical trash often flourishes among those who have been supposedly trained in music, (which is not so of literature and pictures)—among people who have spent time, and labor, and money in learning how to produce musical tones and yet have somehow acquired no appreciation of their meanings and possibilities.

For many decades music, in all parts of North America, has suffered under the disability that all the arts in their finer aspects encounter in a democracy. In the past, music has flourished chiefly under the aristocratic system. The governing classes or the nobility deemed it proper to encourage music as a classic and to support it. The other classes followed suit, because it opened the way to favor. The person of obscure birth with a fine musical talent found in it a

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Some Thoughts on Musical Education

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means of rising above his so-called caste. It may not have been an ideal system but it did bring about the creation of music of the higher order, and it militated against trash. But since on this continent, democracy has come to stay, we must devise some substitute for aristocratic support; and that can only be found in the creation of a large and widely diffused class who are interested in music in its higher aspects as a language and a literature, and which has acquired an intuitive distaste for trash. It must be the aim to teach music itself and not merely the mechanical exercises which go to the production of music.

One has spoken of a gradual growth of apprehension among the better order of teachers of the importance of psychology in relation to pedagogy; but it is admitted that a great deal remains to be accomplished in this direction, before every certificated music teacher and every graduate performer will also be an enthusiast with an æsthetic appreciation of music as an articulate art. It is a stock accusation that, for all the enormous aggregate of money put into the purchase of musical instruments and the acquirement of musical instruction, less return has been received in actual communal enthusiasm than from like expenditures in any other directions. Many remedies have been suggested, even to that of pauperizing the community by giving them free what they do not want to work and pay for. But the only remedy that seems to be really effective is that of reaching the individual through the understanding teacher who will impart music to his pupils in addition to the mere mechanical practice of the means of making music;—the awakening of taste in the beginner which will in time make him a spreader of the message. The encouraging sign for us in Canada that we have now so many instructors, native and imported, who are not merely pedagogues but real enthusiasts in their own particular lines. Twenty years ago the American essayist Henry G. Hanchett in discussing remedies said: "Not more professors, but more amateurs; not more concerts, but more intelligent interest in those we have; not more compositions, but more comprehensions; not more vocal

culture, but more and larger choral societies; not more technique, but more interpretation." The new cult of Synthetic and Kindergarten music teachers are on the right track. The mechanical players have given a strong impulse in the right direction. The piano student who can play three hundred notes in a minute should not be set to increase the velocity to seven hundred, but be given application for his three hundred in portraying the beauties of thousands of compositions requiring no higher attainments. When he learns to appreciate and reveal all there is of meaning in such works, it will be time enough to enlarge his mechanical powers. And with appreciation and understanding of musical values, the training of technical means for expressing them will be easy and pleasant work."

Schools and colleges are beginning to appreciate the fact,—somewhat slowly perhaps,—that it is as much their cultural function to rouse in pupils an understanding love of music as a beautiful language, as it is to stimulate appreciation of good literature and good pictures. The task of turning out so many pupils who can play or sing or even compose in a rudimentary way, is infinitely less important than that of sending forth pupils who sympathetically understand music. The general quality of all communal music, religious, military, social, theatrical, concert, choral and so on depends on the breadth of refined musical sympathy that exists in the public at large; and it is the aim of all musical education of real importance and significance to increase and widen it. In the plastic arts conditions are reversed. There are thousands of people who can intelligently appreciate a good picture (artists to the contrary notwithstanding) for one who can paint one. But the contrary is true of music. In college life it ought be possible to spread a feeling for the art and an understanding of it, even among those who are not striving to qualify as executants in any particular branch. The creation not only of musicians but of music lovers, through making them acquainted with the higher achievements of the art, is the real way to make music assume its proper relation to the culture of the community.



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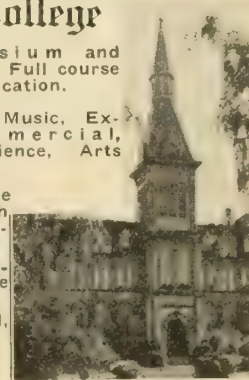
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The Turn of the Flood

(Continued from page 19)

and seen him turn away. And yet he cares for me—some. He isn't all indifference to me—yet. Oh, it's awful, awful to see the thing that makes life worth living go before your eyes, and try to help it and yet have it ebb from you like the tide!"

It was very sad; it was also very amazing, for of all the unsatisfactory explanations of the discord between Luke and Ada that Elizabeth Allen had inspected and then discarded as inadequate, she had never suspected for a moment that Ada's abrupt exits, her tragic manners, were because she was attempting to keep Luke's love. She turned it all over in her mind.

"I am sure Luke loves you very dearly," was what she finally brought out.

"He's letting me go; he's letting me slide," Ada insisted, forlornly. Her eyes were dry now, but desolation was in every bend of her lovely body; even the folds of her dress seemed to take on their wearer's forsaken air. "He'd let me go alone, if I would; he'd let me go by myself—you saw that."

"It has sometimes seemed, my dear, that Luke would enjoy going out with you all the more if you sometimes *did* go out alone," Mrs. Allen ventured.

"You don't know how men swarm around a woman who's seen about without her husband," Ada replied, simply. "If I once got the reputation of being unhappy, that would be—the end."

They sat in silence for a while, each one brooding over her own thoughts, Mrs. Allen trying to understand in all its complications the society Ada had shown her—and shown her with such unconcern; one of Ada's most upsetting traits was her way of bringing out appalling things with the same tranquillity with which she might remark that the day was fine.

Presently Ada took up her plaint. "And Luke won't help me. Luke won't see! I feel as if we were both in some swift-rushing stream that was bearing us away. We might fight it together, but if we let go each other's hands, we'll be drowned. So I grab hold of him and cling to him, but—it's no use."

Mrs. Allen was not skilled in the use of metaphor; it occurred to her however that people who fought too hard against drowning, drowned all the more quickly. Ada looked at her mother-in-law, and what she saw in the delicate, distressed face touched her.

"You poor dear!" she cried. "I've worried you awfully; I'm a beast. But anyway, you've seen enough before this, and I love Luke—"

She stopped, then for a moment Mrs. Allen looked into Ada's heart and turned her eyes away ashamed, for in that moment she had seen how it was Ada loved Luke. It was a love which burned Ada and tortured her, an all-devouring flame that would give her no rest, nor could she in her turn give any peace to Luke.

It was soon after this that Mrs. Allen began to venture on timid words of counsel. When Luke broke out:

"She's got to stop these scenes, you know! I can't stand them; no man could!" Mrs. Allen answered, wistfully: "She loves you very dearly, Luke. All she wants is your affection."

"She's a queer way of showing it," he answered, with his weary bitterness. "Why don't she leave me alone sometimes? I love her too. I'm very fond of Ada; but a man's got to be left alone sometimes—and by God, I'm going to be! I won't stand it!"

And when Mrs. Allen suggested mildly to Ada after one of her volcanic explosions:

"Don't you think, my dear, that one should choose one's times and seasons with a busy man—"

"Oh, I'm not politic," Ada would answer, recklessly. "People in pain seldom are. It's when I'm hurt that I cry out. When you love people so terribly you can't be tactful."

There were two things that no one could dispute. One was that Ada did

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WHAT a month of holiday delight is July! We used to look forward to it with such fond anticipation, for it brought the end of examinations and the picnics and camping, for which we had been planning for months and months.

It was truly a glad and glorious month, which went on wings, and left us with memories of golden days. Even when there came a heat wave and the appetite failed for every dish save ice cream—



A lovely frock of great simplicity made of the new Moon-Glo silk.

pineapple flavor preferred—we managed to feel friendly towards July. It might melt us and leave us quite exhausted; but we remembered its golden sunshine and brilliant pconies, with a warmth of gratitude.

There are souvenirs of July, however, which are not to be regarded with benevolence. Such are too many freckles, an over-supply of tan and a sunburn which goes too deep. Our "foremothers" were wiser than we, in the matter of headwear. They wore wide-brimmed hats which shielded eyes and complexion from the sun. There was the ever-useful sun-bonnet which was a boon on a scorching day and which was a picturesque spot in the garden as it bobbed along in pink or lilac or forget-me-not blue. Then there was the sunshade—the use of which grandmother appreciated. Sometimes it was called a mere parasol—and a dainty affair it was with its ivory-or-gilt-tipped ribs. There was the dowager's parasol, which was a rather awful affair of black satin, with frill of Spanish lace. It was regarded with deep respect and even

with envy, as if it were a semi-royal belonging.

For years, Dame Fashion has decreed the small hat, even for the summer months, and the consequence is that the feminine complexion has suffered greatly. The Tam o' Shanter, adopted from a Scottish cap which was not intended for wear in a Canadian summer, may be all that is picturesque, crowning hair that is brown or golden or auburn, but it is not a protection against sunburn. The summer girl who insists on wearing it would be wise to wait until the shades of evening are falling before putting it on her bonny locks for an after-supper trip in the canoe.

It must be borne in mind that sunburn can be a real "burn" which will leave a genuine scar. Many a girl who has thought it savored of "real sport," to accumulate as much tan and sunburn



Blue Satin crepe gown exquisitely and simply draped and with cape.

as she can possibly acquire, has had reason to regret her carelessness, as the extra burn does not disappear in a week or two. Wherefore, please remember, if you wish to look well when the autumn dances come, that an ounce of preventive cream or lotion is worth a pound of cure.

Do not put cream thickly on the face if you are going out in the strong sunlight, as the extra cream merely attracts the heating rays and a painful sensation is the result. An almond lotion or cream is the best kind of application before facing the heat of July, but it should be rubbed into the skin very thoroughly.

(Continued on page 28)



Keeping a Child's Hair Beautiful

What a Mother Can Do To Keep Her Child's Hair Healthy—Fine, Soft and Silky—Bright, Fresh-Looking and Luxuriant

THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon the care you give it. Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes the hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just follow this simple method:

A SIMPLE, EASY METHOD

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak

when you pull it through your fingers.

RINSE THE HAIR THOROUGHLY

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months. Beware of imitations—be sure you get Mulsified. Look for the name Watkins on the package.

TEACH YOUR BOY TO SHAMPOO HIS HAIR REGULARLY

IT may be hard to get a boy to shampoo his hair regularly, but it's mighty important that he does so.

Get your boy in the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once each week. A boy's hair being short, it will only take a few minutes' time. Simply moisten the hair with warm water, pour on a little Mulsified and rub it in vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse the lather all out when he is through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of his hair, and you will be teaching your boy a habit he will appreciate in after-life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something every man feels mighty proud of.



WATKINS
MULSIFIED
TRADE MARK
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO
MADE IN CANADA

Vanity Box Coupon

Should a reader desire to avail herself of any advice which might be given through this department, her inquiry, written on one side of the paper, should be accompanied by this coupon. In the case of desiring a private answer, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed.



Posed by Constance Talmadge in "Two Weeks," a First National motion picture. Miss Talmadge is one of many attractive women of the screen who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for promoting beauty of complexion.

What does the merciless summer sun do to your complexion?

VACATION days in the open burning sun on the water, hot dusty breezes on shore. Can you swim, can you motor, can you take long hikes without fear of a reddened, coarsened skin?

You can protect your skin from sun burn and freckles you can guard your complexion from the coarsening effects of sun, dust and wind, if you adopt the regular use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Not only does Ingram's Milkweed Cream protect the skin, it preserves the complexion, for Ingram's Milkweed Cream has an exclusive therapeutic property that actually "tones-up," revitalizes the clogged, sluggish tissues of the skin.

Begin the use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream to-day. You will find that it will soon soothe away redness and roughness, banish slight imperfections—that its regular use will keep your complexion always soft and clear.

How to promote skin health

For the most effective way in which to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream read Health Hints, the little booklet packed with every jar. It has been prepared by specialists to insure that you get from Ingram's Milkweed

Cream the fullest possible benefit. Go to your druggist to-day and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or the one-dollar size. Begin at once its regular use—you will be delighted with the results.

Ingram's Rouge—"Just to show a proper glow," use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Subtly perfumed. Solid cake. Three perfect shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder—A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore, a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh, Brunette—50c.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY
Established 1885

3 Crawford Street, Windsor, Ontario

Australian residents address, T. W. Cotton Pty., Ltd., 33 Flinders Lane, Melbourne. New Zealand residents address, Hart, Pennington, Ltd., 33 Ghuznee St., Wellington. Cuban residents address, Espino & Co., Zulueta 36%, Havana.



Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Send a dime for Ingram's Beauty Purse—An attractive, new souvenir packet of the exquisite Ingram Toilet-Aids. Mail the coupon below with a silver dime and receive this dainty Beauty Purse for your hand bag.

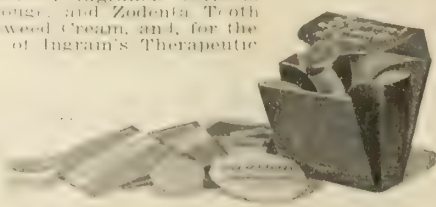
Frederick F. Ingram Company, 3 Crawford Street, Windsor, Ontario.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed please find one dime, in return for which please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse containing an eiderdown powder pad, sample packets of Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder, Ingram's Rouge, and Zedenta Tooth Powder, a sample tin of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample tin of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

Name

Street

City Prov.



The Vanity Box

(Continued from page 27)

Then a dusting of powder leaves the face in an attractive condition for an afternoon of summer enjoyment. Someone has written to know about a powder tinted burnt orange. Frankly, I admit that I have seen no such powder and should be rather afraid of it if I beheld it. A burnt orange powder sounds very much like the Twelfth of July, and I fear that it might explode. There is a burnt orange "rouge" (it sounds contradictory or redundant to say those two words together) which is quite effective when used as a mere dab by a brunette. However, just a little powder is all that is needed, even on a very warm day;—and do not use a highly-scented kind. Just the faintest odor of violet is what a great many prefer, but there are others which are also found "appealing." I know a girl who rejoices in what she calls "simple scents" and who was delighted when she discovered a powder with just the most refreshing suggestion of geranium.

The present generation may be too much given to the use of powder, but it must be remembered that powder has its cleanly and healing purposes, as well as its softening effect on the skin. Perhaps you have not forgotten the extreme heat of last July, when, for three torrid weeks, we "frizzled," whether we lived in country or city. A nurse told me that she had charge, during those weeks, of a patient who was in a very weak condition, following an attack of typhoid fever.

"I was so anxious about her every evening,"—but she says "that extra bath of talcum brought her through the heated spell."

"Talcum!" I echoed, thinking of clay-baths and a "mud plunge" of which I had heard.

"Yes, After I had given her the ordinary sponge bath, I just deluged her with talcum powder and—you have no idea how cooling the effect was. Of course, I used up a good deal of talcum powder, but it was fine treatment for hot weather."

Some of you may find during the coming month, the cooling quality of a talcum bath.

THE LETTER BOX

CANADIAN GIRL. I have sent you a hair tonic prescription, as you requested, but, really, you must get rid of that encroaching dandruff before you can hope for luxuriant hair. Dandruff is a sworn enemy to a "handsome head of hair," and you cannot retain beautiful and lustrous tresses, if dandruff is going to remain on the scalp. So, devote yourself for a time to getting rid of this intruding scurf, and you will find the result quite worth the trouble of treatment. Diet has something to do with the dandruff, and you are probably not eating enough vegetables and fruit. Most of us eat far too much "heavy" food, which does not mean real nourishment. However, I didn't intend to talk the "everlasting lettuce"—which is as good as carrots for your skin or your hair.

BLUEBELL. So, you are a genuine "Down Easter," with a home in one of the most beautiful spots of picturesque Nova Scotia. You should be called a Bluenose, then, as a true Eastern aristocrat. From what I have seen of the girls of Nova Scotia, I should say that they need no aid to a complexion of cream-and-roses. In no other part of Canada, have I seen such clear and radiant faces as

in this province of cherries and sunshine. Of course, the city of St. John is unkind enough to say that Halifax is a city of mists, but the mists only make the complexion more soft and glowing. In fact, I daresay you have to thank the sea air for that dewy aspect of the skin which is known only to dwellers near the ocean. I have sent the advice asked for, in connection with the hair tonic, and I trust you will ere long have radiant and abundant locks. Good luck to you, Bluebell, blooming in the East.

A Home of Her Own

By Gertrude Russell Lewis

THE district school-teacher, sweet and intelligent, had married the farmer's son. Her hours were lengthened from six to sixteen and her modest stipend stopped. But she was congratulated: "For now you have a home of your own," they said. She smiled happily. "Then my Delft room will come true," she responded. They were well to do. The land came by inheritance; the farming equipment was of the best. But in the house she found that the old way prevailed, and while her wishes were not denied, they were simply unfulfilled; they were unimportant. And first the tastes were dropped, and then the desires and, too often, the needs repressed.

The work grew heavier, no labor-saving device was wanting for the men, but their time meant money; hers meant only love. And the agricultural journals that phrased the bucolic mind and advertised quite eighty columns of most elaborate and expensive machinery for the ten-hour men without the house, gave her but a scanty woman's page, not of expenditures for her comfort, but of makeshifts for her economies. Even the new cream separator meant not an advantage to her, but the withdrawal of the butter money to her husband's purse.

And the parlor carpet was yet to buy. Five years had toiled away and the blue and white parlor, painted and papered by her own hands, with painful care, draped, but as yet ragged, waited.

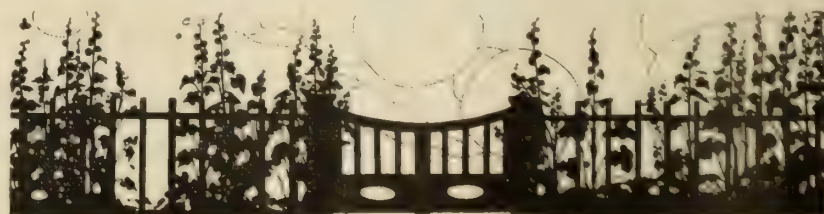
Rugs elsewhere, yes, but not in one's parlor on a prosperous farm, if only for the neighbors' pride. She was reduced to argument: "The Dorcas Band meet here next time."

Then the man came in. "I am going to town—give me your money and I will get the carpet." They were not even to choose it together. She returned with the original pieces, here and there a silver dollar, hardly a paper bill in the roll, and handed them to him. "Remember the color, Henry," wistfully, "and if you cannot get blue, do not get a red one, even if we wait until fall. My Delft plate hangs there you know."

He came in late but jubilant. "I got a bargain Smythe could not sell. The color isn't good, he says, but it will wear forever. I saved five dollars on it toward the binder."

The carpet which she had to sew was red and green. The Dorcas Band met with them in their turn. Her successor, the young school teacher, was present with a shy new look of interest in domestic themes. "It must be sweet to have a home of your own," she said.

The End



Distinctly Simple, Briskly Chic--the Sub-Deb Frock



Jacket 1165
Dress 9916

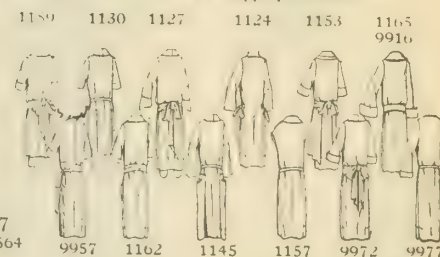
Dress 9957
Appliqué 12672

Dress 1162

Dress 1145

Dress 9972

Dress 9977
Appliqué 12629



1165—Misses' Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 9916—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. The costume in size 16 requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards 54-inch tricotine— $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch silk for lining jacket.

9957—Misses' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 16 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch linen— $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch contrasting linen for waist, sleeves, and pockets. The appliqué is in design 12672, and may be cut from linen and couched down in buttonhole stitches.

1162—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch figured toulard— $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40-inch white organdy— $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch lining.

1145—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 16 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards 32-inch check gingham— $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch voile.

1157—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch linen— $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard 36-inch batiste. Appliqué, in design 12564, gives a smart touch to this frock of linen. The design may be cut from contrasting linen and couched down in buttonhole stitches.

9977—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard. Size 16 requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards 36-inch linen. The patch pockets are appliquéd in design 12629. The motifs may be cut from colored linen and couched down in outline stitches.

9972—Misses' One-piece Dress. 35 cents, (1.00). Four sizes 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 40-inch material for dress with short sleeves. Without lining. Deep open front with an inset vest and a long collar. The dress is closed at left side of vest.

Jacket 1165—Price 35 cents.
Dress 9916—Price 35 cents.
Dress 9957—Price 35 cents.
Appliqué 12672—Blue or yellow, 25 cents.

Dress 1162—Price 35 cents.
Dress 1145—Price 35 cents.
Dress 1157—Price 35 cents.
Appliqué 12564—Blue or Yellow, 30 cents.

Dress 9972—Price 35 cents.
Dress 9977—Price 35 cents.
Appliqué 12629—Blue or Yellow, 30 cents.

Necklines in Variety are Sponsored by Paris



Dress 9991

Dress 9912

Dress 9740
Cross-stitch 12094

Dress 9958

Dress 9288
Cross-stitch 12562

Dress 1010

Blouse 1135
Skirt 9974

9991—Ladies' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch dotted swiss—¼ yard 36-inch voile for collar—1¼ yard frilling.

9912—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 32-inch plaid gingham—1½ yard 40-inch organdy—3½ yards organdy trimming.

9288—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 36-inch handkerchief linen—5½ yard 36-inch extra for sash. Cross-stitching in design 12562 trims the side panels and also forms a border on the short sleeves. Mercerized cotton floss may be used.

1010—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch figured voile—¾ yard 40-inch plain voile—3½ yards lace banding—7½ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

1135—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 40 bust. No. 9974—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4¼ yards 36-inch

dotted swiss—¼ yard 40-inch organdy to trim.

9740—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch linen. The only note of trimming on this simple frock is supplied by cross-stitching in design 12094 which is applied to the collar, cuffs, and patch pockets.

9958—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 32-inch check gingham—2¼ yards 32-inch plain gingham—7½ yard 36-inch lining.

Dress 9991—Price 35 cents.

9912—Price 35 cents.

9288—Price 35 cents.

Cross Stitch 12562—Blue or Yellow, 26 cents.

Dress 1010—Price 35 cents.

Blouse 1135—Price 30 cents.

Skirt 9974—Price 30 cents.

Dress 9740—Price 35 cents.

Cross Stitch 12094—Blue or yellow, 20 cents.

Dress 9958—Price 35 cents.

Becoming and Practical Suits for the Beach

1065—Ladies' and Misses' Cape. Designed for 36 and 42 bust, and 16 years. Size 36 requires 4 5/8 yards 36-inch figured terry cloth—3/8 yard 36-inch plain terry cloth—4 5/8 yards 36-inch sateen for lining.

1045—Misses' Bathing Suit. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 3/8 yards 36-inch satin—1/2 yard 36-inch plaid.

1050—Misses' Bathing Suit. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2 yards 54-inch wool Jersey—1 1/4 yard 36-inch lining. The appliqued motifs, in design 12564, may be cut from gingham and couched down in blanket stitches.

1048—Girls' Bathing Suit. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 3/8 yards 32-inch gingham—3/8 yard 36-inch white pique.

1047—Misses' Bathing Suit. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 3/8 yards 36-inch taffeta—1/4 yard 36-inch dotted silk—1 1/8 yard 36-inch lining.

Bathing Suit 1044—Price 35 cents.
Applique 12671—blue or yellow. Price 30 cents.

Cape 1065—Price 35 cents.
Bathing Suit 1045—Price 35 cents.
1050—Price 35 cents.
Applique 12564—blue or yellow. Price 30 cents.

Bathing Suit 1048—Price 35 cents.
1047—Price 35 cents.

Bathing Suit 1044
Applique 12671



Cape 1065

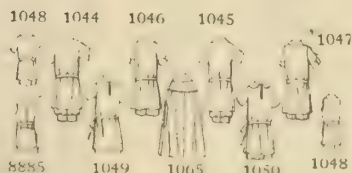
Bathing Suit 1045

Bathing Suit 1050
Applique 12564

Bathing Suit 1048

Bathing Suit 1047

1044—Ladies' Bathing Suit. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4 1/8 yards 36-inch striped taffeta—1/2 yard 36-inch plain taffeta for sash and binding—7/8 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Applique in design 12671 gives a smart touch to this attractive bathing suit of taffeta. The design may



be cut from colored silks and couched down in chain, outline, or blanket stitch.

For the Midsummer Wardrobe

BY CHARLOTTE M. STOREY

WHILE skirts remain short, hosiery will be of supreme sartorial importance. No woman who wishes to appear well dressed can afford to ignore this fact. She must select her hosiery with as much care as her gloves or her chapeau, and if she knows just how to go about it, the rest is easy, for never before has there been as great a variety of styles and colors to choose from as there is this year. The fact is, that if you want to be right in the fashion, you must have a pair of hose to match every costume or a pleasing contrast. For instance; if you happen to have an orchid homespun, you should have a pair of silk or silk and wool "homespun" mixture stockings. There are about thirty different color mixtures in this style of stocking and they are the very newest offering for sports wear.

If your costume happens to be a compose of *dent de leon* and white, why, the prescription for a chic outfit is black patent leather pumps, *dent de leon* plain silk hosiery, white skirt and coat the same shade as your hosiery.

For an all-white flannel or ratine suit, there is a very fine quality of white cash-

mere with clocking up the sides, or there is white silk. A very nice heavy weight stocking comes in fibre silk and is ribbed, but as a rule the real silk or silk and wool is preferred to fibre which has less elasticity than the others. Ribbed and drop stitch hosiery are very smart and for evening wear there is the gauzy quality. Beige Hosiery is one of the pleasing contrasts one frequently meets.

The vogue of rolled down tops has not received much recognition in Canada so far as we can find out. That is, the stores are not featuring any special stocking for this purpose unless it be a silk with a Shirred garter top. Of course there are nice-looking ribbed cashmere and silk mixtures that can be worn this way, if the wearer wishes.

One of the things the Canadian manufacturer specializes in is hosiery with elastic tops, that is a stitch that is very flexible, and is gradually superseding the ribbed top which is likely to stretch too much. He also makes a splendid fitting extra large sized stocking, which is neat in the ankle and has a slender foot. This is an achievement, for every woman

(Continued on page 34)



As summery as a marigold is this afternoon frock of flame-colored and white moon-glo crepe, with hat and sunshade to harmonize.

For School and Play

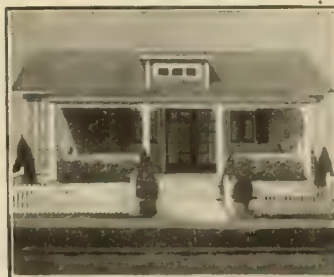
The embroidery on the kiddies' dresses is subjected to more than the usual wear and tear as well as frequent washings and ironings.

Corticelli Crochet and Embroidery Cotton is fast dye, made to withstand such usage and to retain its brilliant color and lustrous sheen outlasting the garment.

Corticelli
MADE IN CANADA

Crochet and Embroidery Cotton
Makers of Corticelli Spool Sill, Corticelli Fingering Yarn, etc.

This Attractive Home is Yours For Less Than \$1,000.



Break away from the renting habit. This charming home is a credit to any locality. It contains five rooms; living room 15 ft. 10 in. by 9 ft. 6 in., two bedrooms 7 ft. 11 in. by 9 ft. 6 in.—kitchen 9 ft. 6 in. by 9 ft. 6 in.—Dining alcove, pantry and coat closet, also a spacious verandah 19 ft. by 8 ft.—and the price is only \$917.56 P.O.B. Brantford.

Brantford Sectional Homes

are fabricated in our own factory shipped in sections with full instructions. You can erect it yourself in a few days. It is complete—including hardware, window and door screens, etc.

We can ship immediately. Write for plans and literature to Dept. H.

SCHULTZ BROS. CO. LIMITED, Brantford, Canada.

Messrs. John L. MacDonald & Co., 36 Toronto St., Toronto, Representatives for Toronto and District



No Rubbing—Saves Clothes

SAVE your dainty laces, linens, curtains and flannels.

Handles heavy blankets equally well in ten minutes—no rubbing.

The gentle forcing action of the vacuum cups thoroughly cleans the dirtiest clothes without rubbing.

Save both fabrics and your strength. Adjusts quickly to any capacity up to ten double sheets or eight single ones.

You just turn the switch and wait. Free demonstration in your home—no obligation incurred. Easy payments.

Write for free booklet to Dept. C

The **EASY** Vacuum Electric WASHER

The Easy Washing Machine Co., Limited Toronto

Excel in the Art of Home Dyeing

ORIGINATE your own Color Schemes for the Wardrobe and for Home Decoration—it's easy with Sunset—it's economical—it's fascinating.

Simple directions contained in every Sunset Package tell you how.

Whether the color you want is Navy Blue, Black, Opal, Bittersweet, Muffin, Wood Ash, Tangerine,—fashionable, becoming, lovely Colors—You can create them all in unlimited variety. In fact, practically every existing color or shade can easily be made with Sunset.

These 22 Standard Sunset Colors Enable You To Create a Thousand Shades on All Fabrics:—

Pink, Old Rose, Scarlet, Cardinal, Wine, Sand or Linen, Yellow or Corn Color, Orange, Light Brown, Dark Brown, Light Blue or Sky Blue, Old Blue, Navy Blue, Black, Gray, Taupe, Heliotrope, Purple, Light Green, Dark Green, Mustard, Khaki.

You demand that the mill-dyed fabrics you buy shall be fast colors. Sunset colors are just as fast—**They don't fade, run, or wash out.**

**Make To-Day
SUNSET Day.**



Ask your dealer to show the SUNSET Color Card

If he can't supply you, mail us 15c, and we will send the color desired. Don't accept substitutes.

Our Home Service Department will help you solve your Dyeing Problems if you write.

Manufactured by

NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORPORATION, Ltd.,
Dept. 30, - Toronto, Canada.

SUNSET SOAP DYES

ONE Real Dye For ALL Fabrics

Sales Representatives for Canada, Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto

For the Midsummer Wardrobe

(Continued from page 33)

requiring these large sizes remembers how loose and baggy the old-time large stocking was and will gladly give its successor a trial.

Gigantic strides have been made in the manufacture of hosiery by Canadian mills in the last seven or eight years. Thousands of dollars have been spent in new machinery that fashions the leg and foot, so that no longer is the accusation true that Canadian-made hosiery fits badly. Speaking of this to-day, the hosiery buyer for one of the largest department stores in Canada said in effect that nowhere in the world was better fitting and wearing hosiery made than in Canada. He had bought from everywhere, and was satisfied that the Canadian mills had no peer. This was a tribute indeed.

Just a word about what is sometimes sold as "seconds." Very often one can get excellent values which are advertised as "seconds," and the saleswoman will explain that there is some slight defect which will not affect the wear at all. This is very likely true, for very often the defect is just a slightly thin spot in the leg, in the hem or perhaps even in the foot, which can be skillfully darned and the stocking is just as good as a perfect one, which will cost twenty-five or fifty per cent. more. When hosiery is made and finished up, it is carefully examined before packing, and if there is the slightest flaw to be found, the stocking is thrown out, in time all the discards are gathered together and sold to some buyer on the look-out for special priced goods, at a greatly reduced price.

ALL one needs to rise above the mediocre in clothes this season is a little bit of native genius and a little bit of time to think about the matter. The rest is easy, for Fashion is utilizing everything from plain unbleached cotton to the sheerest and most expensive imported textiles, and there's not a color that isn't fashionable, although of course there are some that claim to be more fashionable than others. We think we mentioned in a previous letter that white would be worn by very discriminating women this summer, and this forecast was fully substantiated at the Woodbine Races in May when Toronto's elite turned out to see the contest for the King's Plate and on succeeding days. Some of the most elegantly dressed women present wore white costumes. So white it is, but not exclusively. All the bright yellows, greens, blues, mauves and reds of which we talked and wrote in early spring have materialized and seen en masse against the green of the turf, resembled nothing so much as a garden of gorgeous flowers.

But by the time you read this, your summer wardrobe will have been almost if not quite completed, and perhaps packed in the steamer trunk or the nice shiny black suit case, with a tray for your blouses and pockets in the lid for your handkerchiefs, gloves and other small articles, while a hat box awaits an assortment of hats such as no wardrobe ever before contained, for this summer's hats have a way of their own, and without a hat box, we fear ruin awaits them in transit. Still a few suggestions may be acceptable.

The porch dress has been relegated a very important role—that of looking cool, bright and fresh, and it may be made of gingham, chintz, cotton trimmed with chintz or gingham, of organdie, dotted Swiss—in fact anything that your taste suggests, but it must be made up smartly and trimmed prettily, to distinguish it from the more homely, though very necessary, house dress. If the objective is a summer cottage or camp, a festive looking chintz apron will not come amiss, and will be found not only attractive but useful. For garments such as these, Fashion is very prodigal of color and splashes it around everywhere this season.

The past month has found eponge coming to the front as a material for sports skirts. Everyone knows the spongy texture of this material, which is

pretty enough in plain colors, but doubly so when woven in stripes of various colors and topped with a slip-on sweater of alpaca to match the dominant color, and just to complete the picture, a tipsy little sports hat of the same color.

There's a daintiness about sports costumes this season that one does not usually attach to anything with so strenuous a sounding name. To illustrate: with sports skirt, sweater and sports hat, there is the ultra-feminine lingerie collar and cuff sets, which started the season by being very plain but are resolving themselves into rather frilly things. There are soft, pretty frilly fronted guimpes and vestees, or camivests we have heard them called, meaning we suppose a combination vestee and camisole, for as perhaps you know, some of the new camisoles have been trimmed up so that they can be worn as a vestee or "front" in vest or tuxedo coat. The heavier materials used for vests and sweater sets earlier in the season are giving place to the more delicate materials such as organdie and dotted Swiss muslin. And although as the warmer weather approaches, the cooler looking white accessories are taking the place of the strong colors worn earlier, we cannot ignore the charm of the pale blue, light green, canary, periwinkle or rose insets in some of the new pieces that the shops are showing.

Short sleeves have made the glove an important consideration. There are many summer frocks with long sleeves; still we shall see more short ones during July and August than long ones, and while, no matter how cheerfully we discard gloves on most occasions, there are times when we simply must wear them, if only for "looks' sake." But we may compromise if we wish, and wear lace mitts. It is long enough since they went out of fashion to classify them as " quaint," and indeed they do look quaint, although when one sees them in all the season's colors to match the costume, they do seem to fit into the scheme of things modern.

THE sunshade is another revival. With the advent of the automobile, the sunshade disappeared. Women-kind had enough to do to keep their chapeaux on while they were getting used to flying along the road in a "horseless" carriage, without trying to retain their grip on a sunshade, so they discarded it. Besides, no matter how carefully it was stowed away in the car, someone was sure to sit down on it or stumble against it and break the handle. For a time the umbrella makers tried to bridge the gap between a sunshade and an umbrella by giving us the latter with blue, green, purple, red or brown covers, but these no longer satisfy. We carry a red or purple umbrella on a wet day to brighten up the landscape, but for sunshine, we crave a sunshade, whether it be of chintz, gingham, printed silk or a fanciful affair of crepe de Chine or taffeta and lace.

The large, floppy-brimmed hats of rough, loosely-woven straw timbo or even a leghorn, wreathed with wild flowers, are both practical and summery. They are to be had in sand shades which are considered very modish and also in all kinds of bright colors, even a bright poppy red, no matter if it does look hot for midsummer. These shapes are sometimes used as a foundation for a silk crown or a leaf covering of georgette with long ostrich plumes dripping from the side in cavalier fashion. An all-white hat of this description looks very elegant.

For sports wear, the felt hat is very nice and decidedly fashionable. Traditions don't count for much where modern fashions are concerned. We used to think it a terrible disgrace if circumstances compelled us to wear our felt chapeaux any later than Easter Sunday, and now we wear them all summer. Most of these felt hats have rolling brims and are usually in the light colors such as grey, mauve, white and light jade.

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Those Utilitarian Rooms

Continued from page 23

attain nor difficult to maintain. Nevertheless, both judicious foresight and constant oversight are required.

* * *

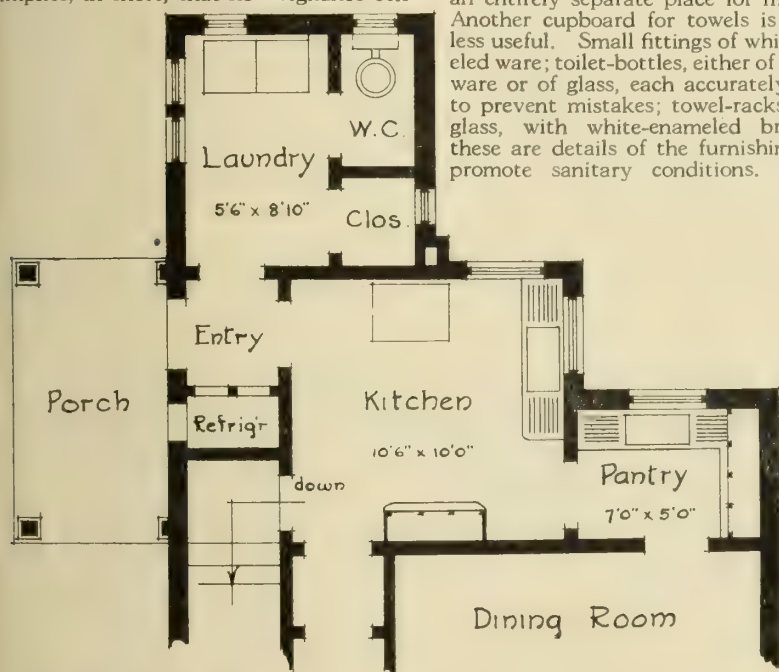
FORESIGHT is more important than some people appear to realize. Thus, very frequently, homes are under actual construction before any decision has been reached in regard to the bathroom fixtures: which sometimes means that, in the end, space cannot be found for certain especially desirable types of fixture. Oversight—to maintain cleanliness in a bathroom—is very vital, of course; but foresight in choosing fixtures of an "easy to clean" style is still more important. Fortunately, the open plumbing now in general use is eminently satisfactory, because it is very easy to keep clean; thanks to modern excellence in material and design. Foresight must, however, be exercised in its location, lest some dust-collecting pockets be created.

As for the actual oversight—that involves much more than a cursory visitation of broom and duster: it means that the fixtures must be kept in perfect working order, that all painted surfaces be carefully gone over as frequently as necessary, that the bathroom be religiously aired in winter as well as in summer. It implies, in short, that no vigilance con-

tion is preferable to one of wood; and a baseboard of any of these materials is superior to the ordinary wooden base. If, however, for any reason, a wood-floor be decided upon, it should be entirely covered with linoleum or cork.

In treating the walls of a bathroom, a high wainscot of tile or cement is a splendid beginning; although not always a feasible undertaking in a house of modest cost. There are, too, various patented materials now on the market which are guaranteed by their makers to be excellent substitutes for tile. These are available either for the covering of the entire wall or for use as a dado around the bathroom. But, after all, paint seems to be the logical wall-finish for a bathroom. It is easily cleaned and just as easily renewed. It is also adapted to changes in the color-scheme—and in every room of every house an occasional complete change in coloring is very desirable, because of its indisputable psychological effect upon the occupants. Whatever colors may be chosen for the walls in these successive schemes, it is surely scarcely necessary to emphasize the desirability of very light tones or all-white in the bathroom.

No bathroom is complete without a small cupboard for toilet-articles and home-remedies. It is, indeed, better still to have two cupboards, in order to provide an entirely separate place for medicines. Another cupboard for towels is scarcely less useful. Small fittings of white enameled ware; toilet-bottles, either of the same ware or of glass, each accurately labeled to prevent mistakes; towel-racks of opal glass, with white-enameled brackets—these are details of the furnishing which promote sanitary conditions. Lighting



In the service department of a small house shown in this plan, there is apparent a most gratifying attention to all the details which make for ease in household endeavor. In the pantry, for instance, the sink is admirably lighted by a small window and its relation to the built in cupboards at the right leaves little to be desired. Windows upon two sides flood the adjoining kitchen with light and air, and glass in the doors leading to the entry and thence to the rear porch assure additional light. The refrigerator is located in the entry, in order that it may be iced conveniently from the porch. Although the laundry is small in area, it is entirely practicable. Light enters it from two sides and a roomy closet gives ample storage facilities for all the paraphernalia of the weekly washday.

tributory to the perfect sanitary upkeep of this important room be even for a day relaxed. Remember always that the equipment and proper maintenance of a bathroom have more than a little to do with the health of any household.

The attention required to maintain bathroom cleanliness should, however, not be unnecessarily added to by care expended in cleaning useless space. Of course, in a home where several servants are employed, there is no particular objection to the bathrooms being rather large; but, in the house of moderate size, nothing is gained by having a bathroom one square foot larger in area than is actually essential. Moreover, if properly planned as to wall-openings and general contour to create advantageous locations for the necessary equipment, a thoroughly satisfactory bathroom can be evolved within surprisingly small space.

As an aid to cleanliness, it is desirable to reduce the amount of exposed wood-work to the very minimum. For that reason, a floor of tile, cement or composi-

fixtures of white enamel are also appropriate for the bathroom.

The use of window-curtains in a bathroom is suitable only when the chosen material can be tubbed frequently and satisfactorily. Dotted Swiss, marquise and scrim come under this heading, as they are all very durable. Rugs should also be selected with their washable qualities in mind—and that points to the advantages of the familiar and ever-popular rag rugs, which can be washed times without number. For the bathing-hour, however, nothing is better than one of the soft, thick bath-mats made of toweling.

The bathroom, the laundry and the pantry—the three rooms are undoubtedly utilitarian in their purpose. Without detracting in the least from their usefulness, let us also endow them with that beauty which lies in interesting color and form, in comfortable convenience and perfect sanitation: for, in so doing, it is certain that our homes will be infinitely better places to live in and enjoy.



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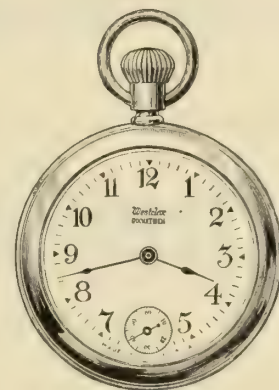
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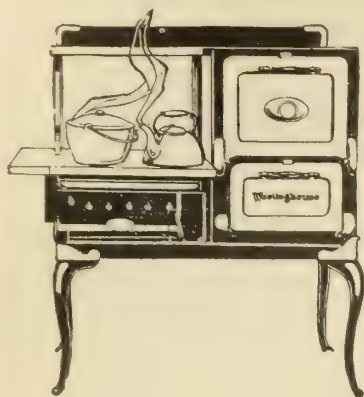
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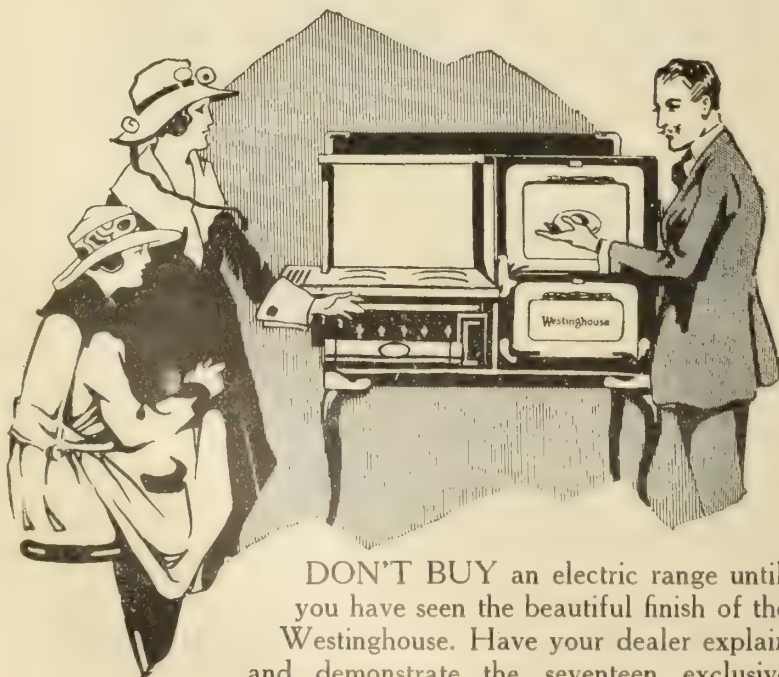
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ELECTRICITY IN DOMESTIC SERVICE

WHERE is the "faithful family servant" of yester-year? Where is the Mary Ann who did almost everything for the family, from blacking the boots to whitening the silver? Some of our readers will recall a "Maggie" or a "Susie" or a "Rose," who, in far-off years, did the family washing and ironing, cooked the meals, swept the floors and cleaned the front steps every morning—for eight or nine dollars a month—and considered herself lucky if she had one night "off" in the week—She was sometimes called a "treasure" and instances were known where she remained with the family until the children grew up. Mary Ann is disappearing—we can almost see the last flutter of her skirt—and the time is coming when, in our cities, cooks, housemaids or parlormaid will be engaged by the hour or the day and will be found highly useful, if not so unlimited in time and toil as the "general servant" of long ago.

In fact, the overwhelming majority of Canadian housewives have no useful maid-of-all-work in their homes, and yet seem to manage the household with efficiency. There is a helper near at hand which must not be ignored, in considering modern domestic emergencies. When the housewife of to-day is in doubt or distress, she presses the button and electricity does the rest.

An ancient newspaper joke which used to be highly popular concerned itself with the tribulations of the husband as he lighted the fire in the morning. Getting the breakfast used to be a sad and serious business, especially on a winter morning, and it was no wonder that breakfast meant the most quarrelsome meal of the day. In the towns and cities of the present, all we have to do is to turn on the electricity and the bacon, toast and coffee will soon be all that our early-morning appetite craves. The small electric stove is equal to many demands, and, when you can command its services, you will find them a clean and prompt substitute for Mary Ann. If you have a "little electric" and the power behaves properly—as it usually does—you may indulge in a feeling of superiority as you think of the struggles of our pioneer forefathers over the morning fire. Of course, it really is not to our credit that we have a little electric domestic servant in our home. Someone else did the thinking for us long ago, and many wise heads put themselves together and a toiling band of Sons of Martha worked for weary hours over wires and connections, in order that we might press that convenient button, turn the electric force in the direction of our kitchen and enjoy a little morning toast and coffee, to say nothing of the poached egg.

* * *

DO you remember the old-fashioned ironing day, when women toiled in July heat over a fierce fire, in order that towels, sheets, shirts and waists might be duly pressed? Women dreaded the ironing day during the summer—and with excellent reason. One pair of hands was hardly equal to the task, and Mary Ann usually found much assistance at the ironing board. With an electric successor to Mary Ann, cool and competent and always at hand, ironing day has been robbed of most of its terrors. In fact, there is a genuine pleasure in the use of the smooth swift servant which responds so quickly to a touch of that magic button. The electric iron has made the world an easier place to work in and has made what used to be a toil almost a pastime. Think of how easy it is to "launder" one's daintiest blouses and collars and cuffs, to say nothing of our favorite bits of French lingerie which we should hate to trust to any laundry. They are like the china cups we fancy most—things to have our personal care and cleaning. With the electric iron, we can have them all "done up" in half-an-hour or less, and no heat to make the operation a real undertaking.

I do not believe that the modern woman ever uses the electric iron without thanking her lucky stars that she does not have the old-fashioned fire to keep up, and the irons to renew.

As for the laundry, electricity is simply awaking every activity to life in the cleansing of our garments. It is all very well to talk of the "good old times" and their simplicity. The wash-day of the far-off years was the saddest in the week. It meant a smell of suds and hash for dinner—with bread pudding or something equally uninteresting for dessert. With the best intentions in the world, the housekeeper of the nineteenth century found it impossible to keep the odors of wash day from invading all quarters.

Behold the modern washing-machine, controlled by electric force and producing all the hot water required, without any of the discomforts of heat in the kitchen or the laundry! It has been made beautiful, too, this latest and best boon which electricity has brought into domestic service. Gone are the toils of the erstwhile Martha-by-the-Day, for the up-to-date machine for making soiled clothes spotless is managed as easily as turning on the light.

* * *

EVER since woman began to keep house, she has regarded "dust" as her sworn foe. Long before we had street cleaners or garbage collectors, or before the doctors had begun to tell us about germs and their hiding-places, the good house-keeper regarded dust with positive aversion. The history of the duster has more than a passing interest, for it shows humanity in a constant conflict with a foe which, at times, seems invisible.

"Where does all the dust come from?" has been the wearied inquiry of thousands of housewives, who cannot understand why the pursuit of the dust demon is unending. The leaves and branches of trees were first used to scatter the dust, then the feathers and wings of birds were brought into domestic service, and finally the corn broom arrived. None of these, however, proved sufficiently rapid in execution for modern tastes, and the sweeper made its appearance, with a certain directness of method which issued a decree against dust. Satisfactory as the sweeper proved, in many respects, there was something more dust-destroying which only electricity could bring to pass. There came the vacuum cleaner and the housewife, sceptical at first of this capacious bag, with its rod accompaniments, soon became enthusiastic over the results. The whine of the vacuum cleaner, as it sucked the dust out of the rugs and off the walls, meant a song of triumph, for dust was disappearing as it never had before, and the cleaning day was no longer a burden. Sweeping and dusting, the dual process by which the dust had been banished, appeared now to be clumsy and burdensome. Electricity has come in to do its magic work and, all of a sudden, the house-keeping world wonders why it has toiled for all these years when a few sparks of electricity were waiting to do the work.

A modern scientist has assured us that, before very long, we shall be able to secure electricity for ourselves—snatch it out of thin air. This sounds fairy-like, but we who have seen the electric railways arrive and have heard the radio concerts should be willing to listen to the prophets. Electricity is doing the washing and the ironing, cooking the food, sweeping the floors and flooding our towns and cities with light. It gives us comfort all day, from the morning coffee to the midnight glimmer of the latest "electricity turned down" which keeps a glow for the invalid. We are losing or have lost Mary Ann—but electricity is a noiseless and effective maid-of-all-work, who has the best of references and does not require "a night off."

Concerning One Problem of the New Home-Maker

BY FRANCES M. McNALLY

THE month of June brought the usual number of Canadian brides and now, from shore to shore of our fair Dominion, hundreds of young women are beginning to cope with the complex and varied problems of home making.

Of the three necessities of life, which the home must provide, food, clothing and shelter, food is the most important. Efficient living depends on health, and good health depends tremendously on food—what we eat and how much. The welfare of the family, therefore, both

will build up the body and repair any worn out parts; second, some foods which will supply plenty of energy to do the day's work; and third, foods which will keep the entire system in good working order and the body growing normally.

Selecting food to provide these essentials. The number of food materials available to-day is very great and is constantly increasing and it is quite bewildering to choose amidst such a wealth of materials, everyone of which may contribute something to the wholesomeness and attractiveness of the diet. The selection becomes



physical and spiritual is largely in the hands of the one who provides three meals a day. Is it any wonder that the new homemaker feels that feeding the family, efficiently, is her most perplexing problem? "Happy is he who sits down to the dinner provided for him, without thought of what he must leave out, with a mind free for social pleasure, secure in the skill and knowledge of his cook."

Much has been written about food values and the scientific planning of meals. Unfortunately though, a great deal of the information that has been

much simpler when we know that most, if not all, of the foods in common use, may be classified into five groups according to their composition and uses.

GROUP 1. VEGETABLES AND FRUITS

We depend on this group for flavour, bulk, mineral substances, especially iron, and for vitamins. The mineral substances provide material for body growth and repair; and the bulk, minerals and vitamins help to keep the system in good working order. At least three kinds



offered, has not simplified the homemaker's problem but has added to it. Many an earnest seeker after knowledge has become weary and discouraged in computing calories and trying to adjust the protein and energy intake to the needs of the members of her family. This is not necessary. Satisfactory nutrition can be obtained, without solution each day of scientific problems but by keeping in mind a few simple underlying principles.

A Balanced or Correct Diet must include in the meals of each day three essentials. First, it must include some foods which

of vitamins, called A, B and C are now considered necessary for normal growth and for the continued well being of adults. Their chief value probably lies in the increased resistance to disease which they give to the body. For this reason foods which are rich in vitamins are known as protective foods. Spinach is one of the most valuable foods in this group because of its exceptionally large percentage of iron as well as its richness in vitamins. All of the green leaf vegetables commonly used for salads and greens are especially useful in supply-

(Continued on page 42)



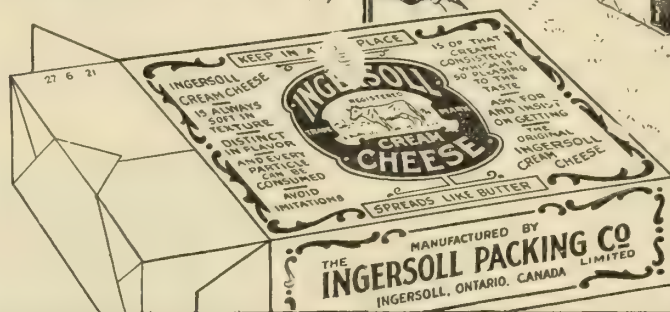
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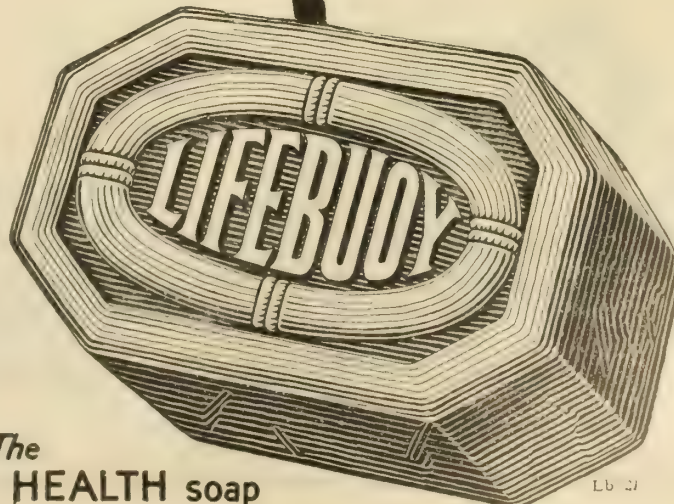
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Frozen Desserts for Hot Summer Days

BY FRANCES M. McNALLY

The frozen dessert, popular at all times, becomes almost indispensable in the Summer. Though we often think of it as a luxury it is a real food. Ice cream, parfaits and mousses are most attractive forms in which to serve milk and cream and the water-ices and sherbets have for their foundation fruit juices, one of our best sources of minerals and vitamins. They, therefore, have a valuable health value in the diet. They are practical too, for they can be made and left to ripen some hours before serving. The commercial ice-cream business has reached enormous proportions, and the tendency seems to be growing to avoid the trouble of freezing it at home by purchasing it from a dealer. When ice cream is purchased, care should be taken to patronize the best manufacturers. It is a mistake, however, to think that making frozen desserts at home is a troublesome task. With a good freezer, a burlap bag, wooden mallet, and sufficient ice and rock salt, the process becomes easy and takes a surprisingly short time. Home preparation assures the best ingredients and a much greater variety.

Directions for freezing

The essentials in freezing are to have the ice finely crushed, to use the right proportion of coarse rock salt and to beat the mixture thoroughly, during the freezing. The proportions of ice and salt depends upon the texture desired; the larger the proportion of ice, the slower will be the freezing process and the smoother and finer-grained will be the frozen product. The following proportions have been found satisfactory: for ice-creams and sherbets one part salt to three parts ice, for water ices one part salt to two parts ice, for mousses and parfaits equal parts of ice and salt. Place the ice in burlap bag and crush finely with mallet. Scald the can, the dasher and lid. Put the mixture into the can and place the can in the wooden tub, cover, and adjust top. Turn the crank to make sure that the can fits in the socket. The ice and salt may be packed in the tub in layers; a more satisfactory way, however, is to mix the salt and crushed ice (in the desired proportions,) in a box, before packing around the can. By this method the salt begins to act immediately upon the ice and the temperature of this melting mixture, by the time you are ready to turn the crank, is much colder than when packed in layers. Cover the can completely with the ice and salt and keep it so, during the freezing. When the mixture is frozen, remove the dasher and pack the mixture down closely in the can. Put a cork in the opening of the cover and lay the gear-frame over, to keep the can down in the ice. Cover with a piece of old carpet or burlap.

Water Ices. The simplest form of frozen dessert is the water ice. It is simply fruit juice, sweetened, diluted with water and frozen. It is better to boil the sugar and water and add it to the fruit juice, as an uncooked ice lacks body and melts rapidly when exposed to the air.

Lemon Water Ice. Four lemons, one quart water, one orange, one and one-quarter pounds sugar. Put water and sugar on to boil. Grate the rind of one lemon and orange and add to the syrup. Boil five minutes and stand away to cool. Add the juice of lemons and orange, strain and freeze.

Orange Water Ice. Twelve oranges, one pound sugar, one quart water. Make the same as lemon ice.

Pineapple Water Ice. Two pineapples, one and one-half pounds of sugar, one quart water, juice two lemons. Pare and grate pineapples and add the juice from lemons. Follow directions for lemon ice.

Sherbets are made the same as water ices except that gelatine or stiffly-beaten egg white is added. The egg white is added when mixture is partly frozen.

Strawberry Sherbet. One quart strawberries, one pound sugar, one quart water, juice two lemons, one egg white. Boil the sugar and water together five minutes. Add the lemon juice to the strawberries and mash them. When syrup is cold, pour it over the berries and strain. When partly frozen add the stiffly beaten egg-white. Finish freezing.

Orange Sherbet. One tablespoon gelatine, one pint cold water, one cup sugar, two cups orange juice, one-half cup boiling water. Soak the gelatine in one-half cup cold water ten minutes. Make a syrup of the sugar and the remainder of the water. When cold add the orange juice. Dissolve gelatine in boiling water and add to the mixture. Strain and freeze.

Ice Creams are of two classes, those consisting entirely of sweetened and flavored cream and those with a custard foundation. The first is a product of American invention and is known as Philadelphia ice-cream, the second goes by the name of Neapolitan. The Neapolitan method is considered best adapted to coffee, chocolate, caramel and the various nut creams, and the Philadelphia for the various fruit creams,—strawberry, peach, pineapple, etc.

Vanilla Ice Cream (Philadelphia). One quart thin cream, three-quarters cup sugar, one and one-half tablespoons vanilla. Scald the cream, add the sugar and, when cold, the vanilla. Freeze.

Vanilla Ice Cream (Neapolitan). Two cups milk, one cup sugar, two eggs, one-eighth teaspoon salt, one quart thin cream, two tablespoons vanilla. Scald the milk. Beat the eggs slightly and add sugar and salt. Pour over this mixture the scalded milk. Cook over hot water twenty minutes stirring constantly at first. When cool add cream and flavoring; strain and freeze.

Pineapple Ice Cream. Three pints cream, one-half cup sugar, one can grated pineapple. Scald cream. When cool add the pineapple, let stand thirty minutes add sugar and freeze.

Nougat Ice Cream. Three cups milk, one cup sugar, yolks five eggs, one teaspoon salt, one and one-half cups heavy cream, whites five eggs, one-third cup each, filbert, walnut and almond meats, one teaspoon almond extract, one tablespoon vanilla. Make a custard of the first four ingredients, strain and cool. Add heavy cream, beaten until stiff, whites of eggs stiffly beaten, nuts finely chopped and flavouring. Freeze.

Caramel Ice Cream. One quart milk, one cup sugar, one-eighth teaspoon salt, six eggs. Put half of the sugar in a saucepan over the fire and stir until melted and dark brown. Add one-half cup of boiling water and simmer ten minutes. Make a custard of the other ingredients and add enough of the caramel to give the desired colour and flavour. Four ounces of melted sweet chocolate may be used instead of the caramel. For coffee ice-cream substitute strong coffee for caramel.

Macaroon Ice Cream. One quart cream, one cup macaroons, three-quarters cup sugar, one tablespoon vanilla. Dry and pound macaroons (measure after pounding.) Scald the cream, add the sugar, macaroons and vanilla and freeze.

Variations. Any plain ice-cream may be varied by serving with whipped cream, with fresh fruit or nuts or with a sauce. Many sauces are served warm and stiffen when poured over the cream. Nuts may be sprinkled on top of the sauce or candied fruit may be used in a sauce, especially with vanilla ice-cream.

Butterscotch Sauce. One and one-quarter cups brown sugar, two-thirds cup corn syrup, four tablespoons butter.

Continued on page 41



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The Turn of the Flood

(Continued from page 26)

love her husband "terribly," as she said, and the other was that she suffered; she didn't make scenes out of sheer unreasonable wantonness. Rather, they were wrung from her by her pain, and deep in Elizabeth Allen a responsive chord stirred. She remembered how long ago her husband failed her, how the rainbow colored dreams she had dreamed as a young woman turned to gray. She had made her own timid, ineffectual attempts to make her dreams come true; after a while she had stopped dreaming, and had given her dreams to her son instead, and had waked up one morning a sedate married woman, happy as another. But Ada had no one else on whom to spend her affection, no one to think of but Luke.

Elizabeth Allen watched them, an agonized spectator of the battle, but while they had days when they harked back to their first happiness, Mrs. Allen watched for the storm. And the storm never

with me. You see, I've quite tired him out," she explained—there was no bitterness in her tone, only grief—"So I give up, too; but always, whatever happens, remember I stayed by him till he turned me out."

"What do you suppose will happen?" Mrs. Allen quavered.

"I don't know," Ada returned, her tragic eyes fixed on vacancy. Then she rose and kissed her mother-in-law.

"I'll do my best," she said. "I'll do my very best—for your sake as well as Luke's. You're an angel. There are lots of women in your position who would blame me."

Poor Elizabeth Allen was not seeking to place blame. Disaster of some sort threatened, and her mind was busy as to how this might be averted, busy in wondering what it was that was happening to Ada, who since the night Luke had "taken his stand" had been exemplary.

life, and now, far from concealing her friend, an enemy might have said she flaunted him. Luke and his mother ignored the situation as long as they could. Luke had from the first treated Ada's friends with the good-natured tolerance a large boy accords a small one. It was a very becoming attitude, but at present hardly an adequate one, as Mrs. Allen told her son as the moment came when it could no longer be ignored.

"A man ought to protect his young wife," was how she put it.

Luke laughed.

"I'd like you to suggest how I'm to go about 'protecting' Ada."

"You trust Ada, don't you?"

"She'd better let me trust her!" replied Luke, grimly.

"I've sometimes thought," his mother went on, and no one would have suspected the anguish under her calm manner, "I've sometimes thought Ada didn't want you



"The First Gloom," by Horatio Walker.

failed her, though she saw its nature was changing. Ada was more reckless, her gaiety on an ever higher key, her anger fiercer, while Luke's nerves were worn to breaking.

"Things can't go on as they have," Mrs. Allen told herself. There would be some sort of a change, she was sure, some final storm. Nor was she mistaken. When it came, she heard its fury far off. It was followed by three days of cloudy silence, when Mrs. Allen saw neither Ada nor Luke but a few meaningless minutes.

The heavy hours dragged on, but neither of them came to her. In the stress of their own affair they forgot her. The strain made her ill. It was in her bed she heard of what had happened.

"I simply told Ada she would have to control herself better in the future," was Luke's version. "I told her that I could not go out with her every night. My health won't stand it. My business suffers."

"What did she say to that?" his mother asked him.

"Oh, she made a row at first," he answered. "I expected that; but afterward she became reasonable—surprisingly reasonable for Ada. I ought to have taken a stand sooner."

Mrs. Allen feared this reasonableness of Ada's, from whom she soon learned the other side.

"I don't know whether Luke's told you or not," Ada said, "what he's done. He's practically cut me adrift. He's through

Luke was very much pleased.

"I should have acted much sooner," he told his mother. Of his own accord, he began to be more expansive with Ada.

"Oh, if he prefers me like this," Ada told Mrs. Allen, "he can have me!"

Mrs. Allen had always been a frail woman, and now she became a shadow, so fast had she fed herself into the furnace of their lives. Even Luke noticed it, and called in a doctor, who said that she was run down and gave her a tonic. But tonics were of very little account beside what Mrs. Allen now had to face. The catastrophe she had so dreaded began to take form.

Its form was, as from the first she had imagined it would be, that of a young man. He was tall, dark, intense, and he kept his eager eyes ostentatiously on Ada. Ada ignored him, snubbed him, flattered him, petted him, and ignored him again. But that was not the significant part of it to Mrs. Allen. She had seen Ada ring the changes of her moods with a series of men. In Ada's world Mrs. Allen had realized early in her stay the perpetual presence of young men was part of the social game. This young man, however, was different from the others. Neither Ada's rudeness nor her indifference moved him, for Ada gave her admirers the full broadside of her moods; not Luke himself got them less veiled. If one couldn't live at Ada's emotional pace, one could go. Ada had never concealed anything in her

to trust her quite so much."

"Oh, I don't know what Ada wants," Luke broke out, "but I'll tell you what she won't get—and that's a scene from me. I do trust Ada, I trust her absolutely—but she can make her mind up to the fact that I'm not going to play jealous husband."

Mrs. Allen could only repeat, "I think a man owes it to himself to look after his wife."

"I think he owes it to himself not to be a fool—no matter what his wife is!" Luke replied. "Ada's making a fool of herself. She'll stop—or she won't."

At the grimness of his tone, Mrs. Allen's heart stopped beating, then raced on at full speed.

"And you won't lift your finger?" she asked, feebly.

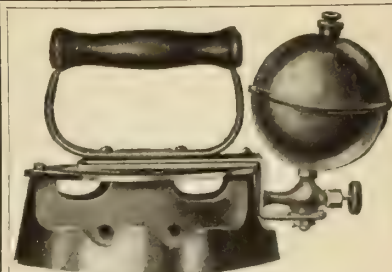
"Ada's always made a great fuss about how much she cares for me," he answered, irrelevantly. "Let her prove it, then. I've borne a good deal from Ada, but she needn't try me too far!"

"Do you mean you'll—cast her off?" Ada's tragic phrase came of itself to Mrs. Allen's lips.

"It seems to me that it's Ada who 'casts me off,'" her son replied.

As time went on, Ada brought up the subject of what Mrs. Allen termed, for want of a better word, "the state of things," at first tentatively and then with more and more frankness.

(Continued on page 40)



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The Turn of the Flood

(Continued from page 39)



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"You see now, don't you?" she told her mother-in-law, "that what I said at first is quite true? Luke's through with me."

"I don't think, my dear," Mrs. Allen replied, mildly, "that you have a right to say that."

"I call shoving your wife—fairly shoving her down other men's throats, being through with her," Ada lucidly explained her position. "If Luke were prepared to play the part of complaisant husband, he couldn't shut his eyes more firmly—"

"Luke trusts you, Ada," Mrs. Allen interrupted, "and you know the part of 'complaisant husband,' as you call it, is one which Luke could never play."

"Oh, I know that," Ada laughed, bitterly. "He'll go on what he calls 'trusting me' until he can't trust me any longer; then he'll throw me over—unless I save him the trouble."

"Do you really mean that you think Luke will ever have cause not to trust you?" Mrs. Allen inquired, anxiously.

"I can't live this way forever," Ada asserted.

"But you love Luke, Ada!" Mrs. Allen cried. "You know you love him!"

"I don't know anything else all day and all night," Ada replied, somberly. "That's the worst of it! That's the awful part of it! If I didn't love him, things would be simple enough. I've thought so often lately that if I cut myself off from him forever, perhaps I could endure life better."

Mrs. Allen was silent. She sat in her customary tranquil pose, a little troubled frown her only sign of disturbance. Ada was stretched out on the divan, abandon and despair in every fold of her elaborate white peignoir. After a moment of reflection, Mrs. Allen spoke.

"I suppose there are few women in this world who have all the love they want."

Ada raised herself abruptly, and her chin in her hand, stared at her mother-in-law with beautiful, tragic eyes.

"Do you mean all women in the world are hungry—as I am?" she demanded.

"Most women set great store on being cared for—" "Love" was a word that passed Mrs. Allen's lips with difficulty.

"Did you ever feel that way?" Ada demanded again.

Mrs. Allen flushed delicately. It did not come easy to say such things. She hesitated a moment.

"As a young woman I did," she con-

fessed at last. "But I got over it—I had Luke, you see—and in the end Luke's father grew to depend on me. Women have to be patient in this world, Ada."

But at this Ada flamed out. "I'm not patient—I don't want to be patient! A woman's youth goes while she's patient, and then there's nothing left for her! No one will care for her then. I don't want a life empty of love! And if Luke won't care for me as I care for him, why the best thing would be for me to forget him!"

She rose partly from the divan and fixed Mrs. Allen with sombre eyes; and as the older woman returned the gaze she knew that for herself Ada spoke the truth.

"Luke does care for you, Ada," she said in a low voice.

Ada's laugh was dreary.

"He's an odd way of showing it. Why does he let us go as we are?" She spoke as if the march of events was quite outside her control; and so, in a measure, they were, Mrs. Allen acknowledged.

"Luke won't lift a finger—you'll see," Ada finished.

"Oh, Ada!" cried Mrs. Allen. "Oh, my child! I'd give my life to help you! The wish of her heart found utterance."

Ada put her hands on her mother-in-law's shoulders, and looked down on her from her greater height.

"I believe you would," she said. "I believe you'd do just that! Well, I'll do my best, but that won't be much. When things get to the breaking point, they just break."

Disaster lay heavy in the air. Mrs. Allen began to watch Ada's comings and goings. She prowled the house at night, waiting, a wan little ghost in a gray flannelette gown, for the tragedy. She would wait until one o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock, for the clang of a carriage door and the fumble of the key in the lock, and Ada's soft silken rustle as she came rapidly up the stairs. Then only would Mrs. Allen go to her rest. Often she would open the window and lean out, looking for the carriage.

To do this, she had to leave her own room at the back of the house and make her way to an empty guest chamber. One night she was leaning out of the window, in an agony of expectation. A presentiment of evil hung over her. She felt herself grow chilled in the cold air, but

she couldn't leave. She must stay there until the familiar carriage swung around the corner and Ada was home, safe for another day. So absorbed was she that she didn't hear a footstep behind her, until a voice said: "What are you doing here?"

She turned, trembling with cold and fright, to find herself face to face with Luke.

"What are you doing here, mother?" he repeated. By the electric light which shone in from the street, she could see his face was pale and drawn.

"I'm—I'm waiting for Ada," she faltered.

"Are you waiting for her to come, or for her to stay away?" he demanded. "What made you wait to-night?"

"I often wait, Luke," she answered him. "Oh, you often wait, do you?" he said.

"Perhaps you wait every night—as I wait. Do you? Answer me! Do you?"

He would have gone on, the flood-gates of his bitterness open at last; but,—

"Hush!" his mother said, "Hush! What right have you to talk like that! You've only to raise your hand to make it come right. It's your miserable pride; it's your hardness. You've only to let her know that you've waited—"

She paused abruptly. "Hush!" she said again.

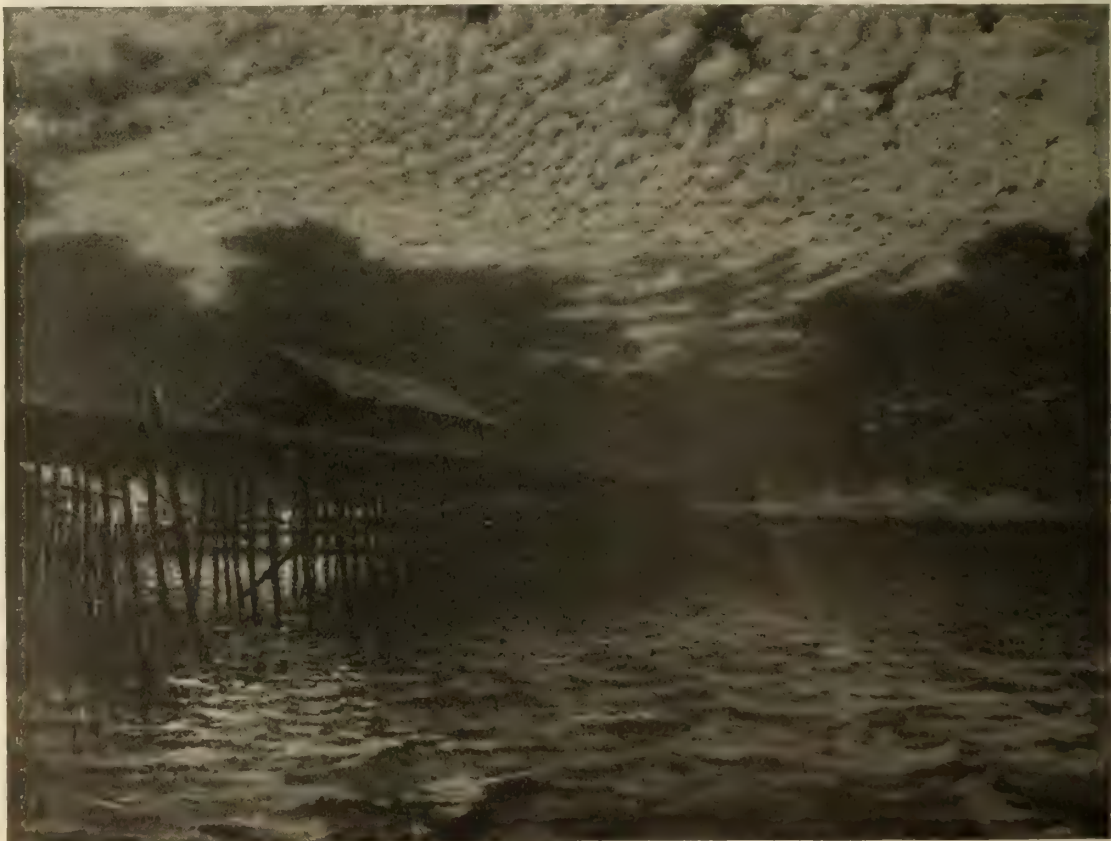
The door was closing, Ada's foot was on the stairs; and Mrs. Allen, in her gray flannelette "mother-hubbard," swayed to and fro like some absurd rag doll, and would have fallen but for her son.

Together they carried her to her bed. They didn't speak until Luke explained grimly: "She was waiting for you to come back."

At that Mrs. Allen opened her eyes and said feebly, her accusing eyes on her son: "He was waiting for you, too." Then, after her supreme effort, she closed her eyes again, and it was the last coherent word she said for many days.

There followed a space of time that did not divide itself off into nights and days, and, through her fever, Mrs. Allen had the sensation of being taken care of. She fancied herself a little girl again, and a large, shining presence enfolded her in its caressing care. In her delirium, she called this presence "mother." There were other people there too, men and

(Continued on page 41)



"Pie St. Andrews, New Brunswick,—Moonlight"

Painted by the late Sir William Van Horne

The Turn of the Flood

(Continued from page 40)

women, but Mrs. Allen's brain refused to untangle their personalities. She clung resolutely to that stronger one, that took care of her as her own mother had when she was a little girl, so many years ago. Then, as her consciousness came slowly to the surface again, the other personalities resolved themselves into a nurse and a doctor and Luke, hollow-eyed and haggard; little by little, her "mother" transformed herself into Ada. But though the vision of her mother had faded, there remained with Mrs. Allen the memory of incessant care, of long nights of watching.

She looked at Ada. Unlike Luke, she showed little trace of the strain she had been under. There was not nearly as much distress visible now as after one of her conflicts with Luke. There was, indeed, a high, shining serenity about her, as of a person who has a work to do, and who knows how to do it. How true Mrs. Allen's instinct was, she could gather from the doctor, who turned to Ada with a quiet admiration.

"You've pulled her through," he said. Ada's large eyes rested on him in beautiful surprise.

"Of course I've pulled her through," she said. There was a hint of indignation at the doctor's suggested alternative. "What," she seemed to demand, "do you think of me? Do you think that I'd let my mother die like that—die when I was here to prevent it?"

Her beauty shone on Elizabeth Allen like a reassuring star after a night of tempest. Vaguely, somewhere in the back of her brain Mrs. Allen noticed that Ada seemed steadier than she had ever yet seen her. She went over and slipped her hand into Luke's. She did it almost absent-mindedly, as one takes a comrade's arm. There was none of her old challenge in it; and as for Luke, he seemed grateful for this attention. They had fought Death shoulder to shoulder, Ada commanding officer, the captain of their forlorn hope, Luke under her command. Their greater anxiety had been a solvent of all their old bitterness. Weak and sick as Mrs. Allen was, one thing shone out so luminous that she could not but be aware of it, and it was the shifting of balance which had gone on between them all. During the time she had been in the vague country of sickness, on the borderland between life and death, momentous things had been happening between her children.

As the days wore on, she noticed, that it was Luke who sought out Ada tenderly,

and asked her permission to spend time beside his mother. They had much silent intercourse, the mother and son, and the things that Luke had to tell her were not the things one can speak aloud. But it gave Mrs. Allen courage to approach Ada on the subject that occupied her mind so much. What she said summed up all her observations since she had come back to life. They were:

"You seem happier than I have ever seen you before."

"I am," Ada met her with promptness. "I've saved you," she explained with her customary lucidity, "out of the wreck of things that Luke and I between us so nearly made. And," she went on, "I am going to keep on saving you. You're going to be happy."

Mrs. Allen almost found herself fancying that Ada had added, "—whether anybody else is or not."

She put her arms around her mother-in-law's frail shoulders with almost savage passion. It was a gesture as of a mother. Mrs. Allen might indeed have been the little girl she fancied herself in her delirium, Ada's little child.

"You poor little thing!" Ada murmured, "don't worry about Luke and me ever again. You've seen for yourself everything's all right between us, all right for ever and ever."

She held her mother close for a moment. Then she went on superbly:

"Luke understands what a stiff-necked brute he was to let things go on as he did, when he cared so awfully. Think of his waiting up night after night!" A little clear flame blazed in Ada's eyes. "Waiting up night after night for me, and never letting me know he did it, and making you all that trouble! It was all so unnecessary!" she cried, "all our trouble! Why, if I'd known he waited up *once*, not anything would have happened. But it's his waiting and not letting me know—letting things get to such a pass, that's so hard to understand, when it's so easy to let people see when you care for them. But I've forgiven him, don't be afraid; we have made a clean sweep of it. And it was you made us. I don't for a moment mean I'm not to blame as much as Luke," Ada conceded with a large gesture. "I ought to have seen myself what was happening; I ought to have protected you, and both of us; but I was so wrapped up in Luke, you know."

Mrs. Allen thought over the things that Ada had put before her. "Do you mean," she said at last, "that you are less wrapped up in him now?" "I mean,"

Ada replied, "that I understand now that there is more in the world than just Luke and my love for him and his for me. There is you. Nobody," she repeated, "shall ever bother you again, nobody!"

Frozen Desserts for Hot Summer Days

(Continued from page 38)

three-quarters cup thin cream. Boil the sugar, syrup and butter together until it spins a thread, gradually add the cream. Pour over the ice-cream and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

Chocolate Sauce. One square chocolate, three tablespoons sugar, one cup boiling water, two inches of stick cinnamon, one and three quarter cups sugar, one teaspoon vanilla. Melt the chocolate over hot water. Add three tablespoons sugar and the boiling water gradually, stirring constantly, when smooth and glossy add the sugar and cinnamon and stir until boiling begins, let boil five minutes, strain, cool and add vanilla.

Marshmallow Sauce. Two tablespoons hot water, one quarter pound marshmallows, one-half teaspoon vanilla. Break marshmallows in pieces and melt over hot water. Add the hot water and cook until mixture is smooth. Add vanilla and beat thoroughly.

Parfaits and Mousses are frozen without stirring. The mixture is packed in moulds and the moulds buried in a mixture of equal parts of ice and rock salt for several hours. Coffee tins or baking powder tins make very satisfactory moulds. Mould should be placed on ice until it is thoroughly cold then filled very full. Before putting on the lid cover with oiled paper. Put on cover and bind with a strip of cotton dipped in melted fat. Bury the mould in the freezing mixture three or four hours.

Pineapple Mousse. To one-half cup heated pineapple juice add one-half tablespoon of gelatine softened in one quarter cup cold water, one-half cup sugar, and one tablespoon lemon juice. Strain and let cool. As the mixture thickens fold in the whip from one pint cream. Mould and pack in ice and salt for four hours. These are basic recipes. Any desired fruit or flavour may be used.

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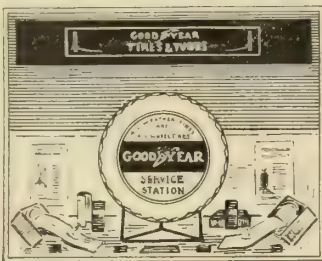
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Concerning One Problem of the New Home-Maker

(Continued from page 37)

ing the vitamine A. Practically all the vegetables and fruits furnish vitamine B, and many fruits have been found to supply vitamine C. Lemons, oranges and tomatoes are especially rich in it. It is now believed that the vitamins are, to some extent, destroyed by cooking, particularly in the presence of soda. It is wise, therefore, to use regularly some uncooked fruits or tomatoes, fresh or canned, and some green leaf vegetables. The amounts required seem to be very small, and one is probably on the safe side if she makes a practice of introducing small amounts of lemon or orange juice in preparing desserts, and small amounts of tomato juice in making gravies, sauces and soups. Regularity of supply is probably more important than large amounts.

GROUP II. MILK AND ITS PRODUCTS, EGGS, MEAT AND SIMILAR FOODS.

This group provides material which may be converted into energy to do the day's work. It is valued chiefly though, for the protein it provides for building body tissues. Milk is especially rich in lime and meat, and eggs in iron, and this adds to their building power. Milk and eggs also supply vitamine A. In the diet of the adult all the foods of this group are interchangeable. In the diet of children, however, nothing can take the place of milk.

GROUP III. CEREAL GRAINS AND THEIR PRODUCTS

These foods are rich in starch and are a valuable source of energy. They also contain protein and so contribute to tissue building, but they cannot take the place of Group II. If they are made from whole grains they contain mineral substances and vitamins. At times when green vegetables are hard to obtain the use of whole grain products should be increased.

GROUP IV. SUGAR AND SUGAR FOODS

This group includes all the different kinds of sugar, honey, molasses, syrups, candy, rich preserves and jams. These foods are pure fuel and contribute only to energy and to flavour. They are therefore not as essential as those of the other groups. If, however, sweets are used in proper proportion to the other food materials and are not served in a way as to destroy the appetite for other foods, they have an important place in the diet.

GROUP V. FATS AND FAT FOODS

This group includes, butter, cream, oil, bacon, pork, chocolate, rich nuts and cooking fats. They contribute to energy production and give richness and flavour. Butter and cream furnish vitamine A and, for this reason, have great advantage over the other members of the group.

An easy way for the homemaker to be sure that she is furnishing the kinds of food the body needs is to see that foods from each of these five groups are served each day. There are, however, other points in the planning of meals which must be considered. "As long as beauty is a part of life and the spirit more than meat, the homemaker will take pride in assembling her family about a board which delights the life and makes the mouth water." So we must give attention to the variety that comes from differences in form, colour, texture, and flavour of foods. Moreover, we must take care

to serve foods under conditions favourable to their digestion. The following suggestions, based upon the principles outlined above, may help you to make your meals adequate, wholesome and attractive.

GENERAL SUGGESTIONS FOR MEAL PLANNING

1. Take the day, or better still, the week, as a unit in planning, rather than the single meal.
2. Include something from each of the food groups in each day's meals.
3. Use special care to include the protective foods. Serve milk, cream or butter in every meal and some uncooked fruit or leaf vegetable every day in the year if possible.
4. Avoid serving too much from one group in the same meal. For example, poached eggs and custard furnish an unnecessary amount of protein; rice, potatoes and corn too much starch; and pork, fried potatoes and pie too much fat.
5. Serve foods which stimulate the appetite and the flow of digestive juices early in the meal. Begin breakfast with fruit, and dinner with a thin savory soup. Serve sweets, which dull the appetite at the close of the meal.
6. Serve concentrated foods with something which will serve to dilute them, for example cheese with crackers or macaroni; rich preserves with plain bread, not with rich cake.
7. Flavour stimulates the flow of digestive juices. For this reason serve foods of pronounced flavour with pork, goose and other fat meats, difficult of digestion.
8. Two or more foods which are difficult of digestion should not be served the same day, much less in the same meal. Griddle cakes, pork chops, mince pie or plum pudding and doughnuts are better combined with foods easier to digest and spread over several days.
9. Plan meals so there will not be a sameness of flavour, form, temperature or texture.
10. Avoid serving a food which gives pronounced character to a dish twice in the same meal. If tomato soup forms the first course, avoid tomato catsup or Chili sauce with the meat course, or tomato salad.
11. With the exception of staples, such as bread, butter and milk, avoid serving the same food, even in a different form, twice in one day.
12. Keep a balance between different courses. Serve a light dessert with a heavy main course and vice versa. Follow a hot course with a cold one, a bland one with a highly flavoured one, a fluid one with a solid one.
13. Include in each meal foods suited to the needs of each member of the family, hearty foods for the healthy hard working adult, and plain, easily digested food for children and the aged.
14. In summer serve, less often, foods rich in fats. Keep cool by eating less protein and more fruits and vegetables.
15. Study variety in preparing staple foods. Keep out of ruts in cooking. There are many ways to serve the most common foods. Vegetables may be made into dozens of dishes, no two alike, and fruits are the foundation of hundreds of simple and appetizing desserts and salads.

N.B. The illustrations for this article are from Charts prepared by the Home Economics division, Department of Agriculture, Washington, U. S.



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“-and so they lived happily ever after”

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That Expensive Equipment

BY NINA MOORE JAMIESON

TALKING now about hot lunch for rural schools may seem out of season, considering that it is done with for the past winter, and some distance ahead for next. But "in times of peace prepare for war" you know, and this hot lunch business takes a good deal of advance campaigning.

We have had it in our school for two winters, and it is not likely to be dropped in the future, because the children are so pleased with it. There was opposition to it on the start—oh yes! I was one of the committee appointed by the Women's Institute to interview the trustees about installing the standard equipment and I remember that interview. The head trustee who was retiring at the end of the

was storekeeper, and we women had inveigled our trustee-husbands there by secret arrangement among ourselves, to confront them with their committee-wives and spring this Women's Institute proposition upon them.

"Who'll pay for it?" asked an interested rate-payer who sat on a keg of nails and heckled us in our campaign.

"What's the idea of giving youngsters a hot cup of tea at dinner time?" asked another. "Tea—huh!"

Well, we tried to explain that the Government gave a grant and helped both in starting and in carrying on the plan; and we pointed out that there was no cup of tea in the bond—it was to be a hot nourishing dish to supplement the cold lunch



This beautiful river stretch was photographed by Mr. I. T. Parker of High River, Alberta.

year, according to custom, had just one ambition—to slide out of office without committing himself one way or the other on the subject. He did it, too.

The second trustee was an agreeable man. Whatever the other fellows thought that's what he thought. Yes, the Hot Lunch was all right, and No, it was rather a fad. Yes, it was a good thing to give the youngsters something hot, and No, home was the place for them to learn cookery.

"Who'd wash the dishes?" they demanded, as soon as we had propounded the situation.

"It'd be a very nice thing for the teacher to get her hot dinner at the expense of the section," was another remark that came to us. We had the meeting in the store at Donnybrook, because the head trustee

from home, cocoa or milk, soup or something of that sort. We held forth to an ever increasing audience, on the fact that this scheme ran itself. The teacher superintended, the youngsters washed the dishes, and all got the benefit.

Then one of the committee women made a bold speech. "They have this in other schools," said she "and make a success of it. Aren't we as capable here as any other section? The teachers like it—it helps to keep a good teacher. It will help you to sell your farms to first class tenants if you can say—'Our school? Oh it's right up to date—we serve hot lunch, you know!' You say 'Taxes!' I say—'Fiddle sticks!' It won't raise your taxes by the price of one week's tobacco! You'll come to it some day—why not come to

(Continued on page 49)

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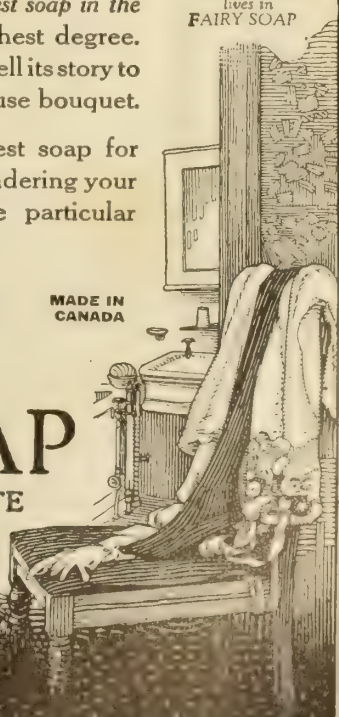
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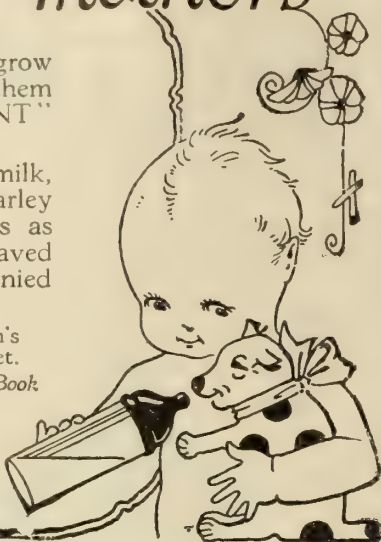
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TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG

The Idol of Youth

(Continued from page 7)

Duke was murmuring on: "Dear me, I nearly forgot something which may be important. Darling Patricia would have been so vexed—no, not vexed; she's never vexed with her poor Duke!—but grieved. She asked me to ask what you've done with the doll!"

"Doll—what doll?" I echoed.

"Wendela: Your prize."

"My curse, you mean. That yellow-haired abomination! I had to take it. I couldn't leave it in the Atrium when the prizes were distributed. I had the beastly thing sent to the hotel in a cab, and it's upstairs now in my room, in a piece of paper. I'd have burned it and danced round the sacrificial pyre if the monstrosity hadn't been too big for the fireplace—might have started a conflagration. It's about the size of a ten year old child, and—"

"That's why Patricia wants it. She asked if you'd make it a present to her."

"I suppose she expects Petro to bait it, and finally do the lion and martyr act," I said. "I should like to be present at the ceremony. I'd cheer Petro on!"

"I don't think Petro is to have Wendela," said Miss Wellington.

"Oh, hasn't Pat—Miss Kapieha—outgrown dolls yet? Or does she want this fat-faced thing for a kind of mascot, to fly with—or something?"

"I believe she *does* want Wendela for a kind of mascot, as you say, but not to fly with," returned the Duke with an expression like that of a negro who said "I aint telling nobody nuffing, and I don't tell nuffin to nobody, but I *know* ebbery-thing."

"Well, I must go now," she announced noncommittally. "I'll call for the doll at your hotel if you'll give me a note to the landlady. Patricia might be needing it at any time. I suppose you're still having bad luck about the petrol?"

"Very bad," I admitted. "All the garages have sold out, and my landlord—who promised to get me some—has failed. I feel in my bones he's been got at by the trio. They're dogs in the manger. They don't really want to fly themselves, especially with me (they don't know yet about Patchinka as pilot) and they'll keep me from starting if by any means they can get the secret of the aeroplane while remaining comfortably where they are. Maroni's a coward and won't fly for any inducement; yet somehow I feel he's the worst of the lot and the most dangerous. He's determined that I shan't get off if he can prevent it. But by Jove, he shan't! The three are counting on my going to sleep, or getting bored and leaving the plane alone some night, so a flight won't be necessary. But I'll show them!"

"So will I show them!" repeated Miss Wellington.

I didn't laugh this time. I was wondering how I could placate Wendela and accustom her to the idea of Miss Wellington in the hangar of "her aeroplane." But it was I who paid for the hangar. And I could generally persuade Wendela when I took the trouble—except where Patchinka was concerned.

Miss Wellington drove off in quest of the doll. And time drew on to seven o'clock. But by seven I had all arrangements made, and was ready for what might happen.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A Certain "Fishiness."

WENDELA popped in at six-thirty that evening, just as my nerves had begun to thrill with the thought of Patchinka *en patrol* at the Cap.

Miss Horden's habit was to run in and out during the day, to see how we got on with 'her dear Mascot,' but she had never before favoured us at this hour. I guessed that she must have heard of Miss Wellington's visit, and thought the best thing was to make a clean breast of the plan we'd arranged.

I mentioned in a gay, casual tone, that I had been provided with an understudy

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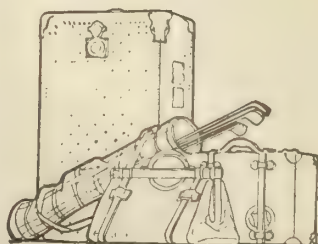
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(Continued on page 47)

The Idol of Youth

(Continued from page 46)

Wendela objected at first, when she heard who it was, because Miss Wellington was more or less identified in her mind with the "enemy," but my eloquence resigned her to the situation.

To insist that Miss Kapieha was not the "enemy," was to go wearily over old ground. The ground was equally old and worn under my distrust of her friends Mendez, Dupont and Maroni; but Miss Horden was too much of her father's daughter not to share my sentiments there to a certain extent, under her surface acceptance of the Syndicate's flattery. She realized that the men might be plotting damage to her property, for their own secret ends; and I made her admit that it was difficult to replace myself as a trustworthy guardian. Miss Wellington was disinterested: Petro was efficient; and young Viale was a useful prop for their united qualities.

"All right, as long as Miss Kapieha doesn't come and sit with her worthy friend," Wendela grudgingly at last. "But I should soon hear of that, if she did, and you'd have to stop her doing it."

Miss Horden lingered on till the arrival of the lady and the dog, perhaps with the intention of snubbing the Iron Duke. This would have been an easy way of enjoying herself, for Miss Wellington was as meek as she was virtuous; but the expression on Petro's face caused the girl promptly to forget any hostile intention. His frown was quite as remarkable as his smile, and must have been akin to that of "Ben Bolt," whose sign of displeasure caused "sweet Alice" to "tremble with fear."

In no other way did Wendela resemble that sensitive maiden, but when Petro had gazed thoughtfully at her ankles, (so much thicker than those of his mistress) she tripped swiftly to the door of the hangar. If I were going to the hotel she would wait outside and bear me company up the hill, she suggested.

From this, however, I excused myself. I must have a chat with young Viale, I pleaded. This gave me an excuse to linger in the hope of a telephone message; but none came, and I abandoned hope for the night.

The next evening I drew blank also; but instead of wasting time in sleep I went to Cap Martin and saw Patchinka. I felt as if a year had passed since our last meeting. There were a thousand things to say, and twice a thousand things I wished to say but must not.

After hearing from her of the few latest developments concerning Laurette, there was news of our progress in the hangar to tell. I made sketches in my note book of what Viale's men had done and were doing to transform the biplane for passenger use, and Patchinka's head almost touched mine as she examined the papers.

There was news of Monte Carlo in the throes of the railway strike to give also, and stories to tell of several offers I'd had, since the public turned its attention to aeroplanes. They were good offers, from substantial men of business who wished to reach Paris and even London in a hurry. But Wendela's promise to Dupont stood in the way of immediate acceptance. She herself seemed to regret this, as things were turning out, but couldn't "go back on her word."

One advantage reaped from these outside propositions, however, was that I'd been able to get down to bed rock of business with the Trio. Each had a good sum of money—brought, no doubt, with the intention of buying Kapieha's Mascot from the winner; and now that they were reluctantly obliged to pool their interests, they'd pooled their money as well.

It was agreed that I should take Mendez to Algieras, from which place he explained, he would prefer to travel by rail to Barcelona. Dupont's destination was Hamada, in Algeria, a small oasis town or village I had never heard of, between Biskra and Touggourt. For the flight each would pay fifteen thousand francs, the whole sum to be deposited in a bank at Monte Carlo in notes, to be touched by me on my return from the trip.

After that, I would be free to take other flights with other passengers and make more money, both for Miss Horden and myself; for Maroni was true to his resolution not to fly anywhere with "an amateur," and the trip to Spain and Algeria would be done "in one."

Everything seemed fair and above board, or would have seemed so, if—the Syndicate hadn't been the Syndicate; and if we hadn't been pretty sure of what the real design on Kapieha's Mascot was. These men believed that plans for a new invention of immense value were hidden somewhere in the biplane; and they must have had valid grounds for their theory, or they would not, all three, have rushed to Monte Carlo when the machine was offered as second prize in a lottery. Patchinka's idea was that Sacha must have dropped some hint of what he meant to do, before he had reason to distrust the men; and that later, he had either forgotten, or had changed his plan for the hiding-place to another which the three men would know nothing about. In any case, the trio had met, and had been compelled to unite. They had almost succeeded in obtaining the biplane from Wendela Horden; and though they had failed, they were still determined to wring some measure of success out of apparent failure.

This meant that they intended to get the machine into their power, and to prevent Miss Kapieha or me from protecting it. The question was, how did they expect to accomplish this brilliant result?

At first, they'd evidently schemed to keep me at Monte Carlo, and to tire out my vigilance in the hangar. Now, they realized that this was easier said than done. If I could get petrol, I would fly—with them or someone else. Maybe they still hoped that I would not get petrol, and certainly they were doing all they could to corner the small remaining supply: but on the surface, two out of the three were making arrangements for a flight with me. They were making arrangements financially worth my while to take them where (they said) they wished to go; and there would be nothing "fishy" about the payment.

Several other details, however, struck Patchinka and me as being distinctly of the "fishy" order. For instance, why was Mendez content to stop at Algieras, an easy landing-place from my point of view, but a difficult one from his? He was paying high for the voyage; why not insist on his money's worth by prolonging it a little further to some big city where railway travel was easy to Barcelona, even if he didn't care to fly to Barcelona itself? He had replied to a question on this subject by saying that he didn't like aeroplanes and would be glad to touch terra firma as soon as possible. This might be true; but if so, why not make a point of landing first, and letting me proceed with Dupont alone, later, to Algeria? Instead of this, he—a selfish man—gave Dupont the preference. He waives his dislike to air travel for the sake of his junior, who, it seemed, had "pressing business in Algeria."

By the look of Hamada on the map, there wasn't room for "pressing business" in it. "Pressing business" would stamp the spot out of existence altogether; yet Dupont was keen to get there—just there, of all other places, though he might as well land close to the city of Algiers, or Biskra, thus saving time for Mendez.

Dupont, however, was not without his excuse, which matched in plausibility that of Mendez. He had a partner at Hamada, who was waiting for him to fix up the matter of a "concession." The oasis was for sale, with a magnificent output of dates; and if the partners didn't decide to buy before a certain time limit expired, others would obtain it.

As for Maroni, he too was mysterious. He might be the coward he confessed himself, about air-travel; indeed, he looked it! But I could hardly believe that he would so lightly abandon all his

(Continued on page 50)



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THE terrible loss of life during the Great War meant that interest in all which concerns revelation of a future life should be stimulated greatly. Consequently, spiritualists of many varieties and sooth-sayers of curious brands came forward with nebulous comfort regarding "The beyond." Some of the would-be comforters may have been sincere—many of them are charlatans, making money out of the most pathetic of all human cravings—that which cries—

"Oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

Several well-known Englishmen have had much to say on the subject of our communication with those who are dead. Among these, perhaps the most popular and conspicuous is Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who has recently visited the cities of this continent, relating his experiences by way of spiritualistic adventure and expressing his belief in various "messages," said to be sent from another world. Now, Sir Arthur was delightful as a writer of detective stories; and we shall always regard his Sherlock Holmes as one who has added much to the entertainment of nations; but as an adventurer in the so-called spirit world, we cannot regard him with admiration. His "revelations" can hardly be given either scientific or spiritual value, while the general trend of his "teaching" is not to be called wholesome or helpful. A Toronto journalist, Miss Anne Merrill, deserves the thanks of her readers for having related her own unsatisfying experience in London, in search of such "light" as the discourses of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle could shed. These exploiters of spooks are not to be cultivated by those who wish to gain "daily strength for daily needs," while there are many sad instances of the unsettling effect of a series of seances.

We do not say "there is nothing in it," but we believe that what is in it is of evil rather than of good. In short, the seance is a fine thing to avoid. Canada has had her own share of these specialists in spiritualism. There is Dr. Watson of Toronto, for instance, who wrote "The Twentieth Plane," about four years ago—a book which professed to give messages from the other world. Plato, Samuel Taylor, Coleridge and other intellectual leaders sent through Mr. Louis Benjamin various messages concerning philosophy and psychical progress. The ouija board, of course, came in for its share of compliments, and the makers of these mystic boards must have rejoiced in the large sale of the "Twentieth Plane." It was noticeable, however, that the literary style of the gentlemen who were joy-riding on the Twentieth Plane had fallen off sadly in the course of their spiritual progress and that they indulged in colloquialisms unbecoming their lofty abode and (alleged) celestial manners. Dr. Watson, it is said, has lately withdrawn from the psychical experts, as they have

shown that they have excessively material aims. The doctor is doubtless sincere in his research, but we really doubt the Sunday afternoon talks which have been secured from Coleridge, who was an extremely lazy person while on Earth and who must be extremely bored by all this desire to hear from him in his present environment.

No one who has watched the marvelous development of transmission of sound is going to exclaim "impossible" at the suggestion that there are revelations awaiting us in the realm of psychic phenomena. In that region, however, the wisest move slowly and speak softly. They do not "trumpet" their experiences, nor do they seek to make money out of the recently bereft who are seeking consolation.

A poem entitled, "The Rest is Silence," signed "Mary," which recently appeared in the New York "Sun" expresses the feeling of many of us:—

I do not think the dead can speak to us:
Else would the old man's wife come
back to him
Whose very soul she was, and coming thus
Be comfort to his desolation dim:
Else would the mother soothe the little
child
Who calls for her at night with sobbing
wild.

Or, knowing we shall follow them in turn,
Perhaps they fail to comprehend our
hearts;
Not that their own to us are changed and
stern,
But that with death the temporal
departs:
No more they live in earthly days and
years,
And do not guess how long the time
appears.

The music of the manner of their lives
May waken singing echoes now and
then,
The immortality that here survives
A little while, in memories of men;
But they themselves make answer not at
all—
Are they but slaves, to hasten when we
call?

Wizards we have that peep and mutter
yet,
And women who will work a charm for
pay,
Who catch the foolish in a flimsy net;
Or if indeed they summon, as they say,
Spirits that wander in the world outside—
They are not those who here have lived
and died.

If I could think the great and stately dead,
The dear and gracious dead, degraded
so,
To speak through phantoms of a trick-
ster's head
Or spell out words inanely in a row—
If I could think they suffer such disgrace,
I would arise and curse God to his face.



That Expensive Equipment

(Continued from page 45)

it now, instead of dragging in at the tail of the procession?"

It was a good speech but it failed. Somebody had told those trustees that the Women's Institute was trying to run them, and they laid back their ears and balked, solid. Oh don't think I'm making fun of them—bless you, I'm married to one of them! However, one of their main stumbling blocks was the expense of the equipment, and the fact that our teacher was leaving at Christmas. If the new teacher did not think well of the idea then they would be left a laughing stock, with all that apparatus on their hands.

So we came home discouraged, feeling that we had made matters worse by our interfering. It would not do for the Institute to go ahead in face of this determined opposition and anyway, the Institute represented several school sections and could not be expected to concentrate on ours.

Well, behold you, the trustees went on record at their Annual Meeting, as being distinctly unfavorable to the project, and then we Institute women sat back in thoughtful silence and waited for the moon to change.

It changed sure enough. Our little new teacher changed it. She was speaking to me one day about the school, and voiced her regret at the trustees' unalterable attitude on the hot lunch question. "I wonder why they feel that way?" she said thoughtfully.

"They don't—they only think they do," I said quickly. "We went at them wrongly. We should have talked it up among our families first, and given the men a chance to understand it thoroughly before we set it up to them. We hurried them. And then they were afraid of being left with that expensive equipment—"

"Expensive equipment!" echoed the teacher. "What expensive equipment?"

"The stove, the kettles—whatever the Department has authorized," I said uncertainly. A great light broke upon her.

"There's stove enough there," she said.

"No equipment is necessary—to me. I've handled it before. If I have a kettle to make the soup or cocoa in, and a spoon to serve it with.....and if the youngsters bring each a cup and spoon—but what's the use? The trustees are against it—"

I snapped my fingers. "That for the trustees!" (I'm married to one of them, as I think I told you.) "Come on and tell me what you need."

She told me, and soon the word went abroad. Children asked at home for a cup and spoon. Two or three women sent beans, and cocoa, and sugar and anything they thought suitable. One woman, determined to give the thing a good start, ground up beef and vegetables and sent the "makings" of an appetizing Irish stew.

The trustees if they heard of it, kept very mum. They never batted an eye, or mentioned their absurd motion upon the books. The teacher had one or two enthusiasts at her back who were ready to help her with anything, and so you can see the thing was just running on wheels!

As for the youngsters, they are very cheerful over it. Once, when the teacher wanted a piece of pork to put in with a kettle of beans, children who walked two miles to school brought her, in their zeal, about four pounds of side meat, they tell me! My little folks are very proud over their dishwashings and wipings. Every now and then a dishtowel comes home to be washed. Some mornings they go away with a potato in each coat pocket. They report all sorts of good dinners!

Mashed potatoes seems a favorite dish. Some of us who make butter send down a pound now and then, and I do think that mashed potatoes with milk and butter in them, should please any hungry school child! They have boiled rice, and occasional rice or sago or tapioca puddings: tomato soup, bean soup, potato soup, macaroni soup—it makes our mouths water, at home, to hear of it!

But oh, I must tell you—the trustees solemnly bought a coal oil stove, and I can't tell you what in the line of kettles

(Continued on page 52)

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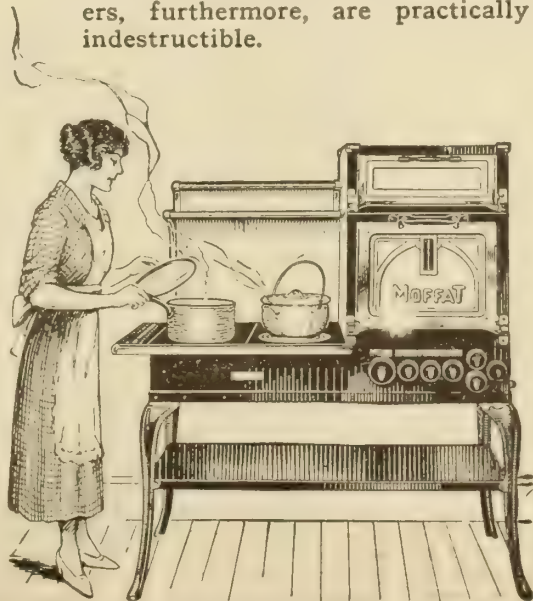


"How I dread the kitchen in this hot weather! It gets unbearably hot, and I get all out of sorts."

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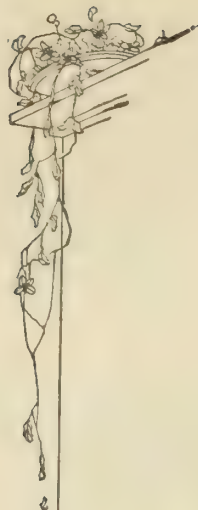
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The Carnation cook book contains the formula of a noted physician for infant feeding. Write the Carnation Milk Products Co., Limited, Aylmer, Ont., for a free copy.

The Idol of Youth

(Continued from page 47)

hopes in favour of Mendez and Dupont, who would not regard the interests of an absentee when his back was turned. No, there was something "fishy" about Maroni's resolve not to fly; just as fishy as the others' plans for flying.

"Has he got in with Doctor Silvestro?" Patchinka and I asked each other. "Does Silvestro know about the hidden petrol, and if he does, can he hypnotize Laurette to tell him where it is?"

This brought us back to the subject of the Villa Persane. Nothing had happened there yet—at least, nothing that Patchinka had heard of. She was awaiting Guiseppe's signal, and the time was right for our scheme; the moon was nearly full. But, yes, one thing she had accomplished! She did not wish to tell me what it was, because I would laugh, and it was not a laughing matter. Only this she would say: the thing accomplished concerned the doll. No—not a question! Let us turn to another subject at once. Was I sure that all my preparations were in order, so there need be no delay when I got the message—that one word "Come?"

I said that I was sure.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

After the Signal.

IT was the next night when it happened—a Saturday night; and Viale's work was all but finished.

In order to keep his promise to me, and spite Maroni, Viale had bribed his men to stick to their job till midnight. Before the clock struck the hour, he vowed dramatically that the last nail, the last screw, the last bolt, would be in place. The Kapiha Mascot would then be ready to take the air with five persons on board; pilot, observer, and three passengers.

I was delighted with the way the work had shaped (would have been completely content had we a hundred, or even fifty gallons of petrol!) and I longed to show the finished product of Viale's skill to Sacha's sister.

At a quarter to seven I was inspecting the transformed machine, with Viale himself; and a smart appearance she made as a miniature air-liner. The newly built cabin filled the space over the rear cockpit, and extended above the fuselage which in the Mascot's fighting days had been devoted to bombs. The three-ply walls, composed of three sheets of thin wood with the grain running in different directions to give extra strength, were jewelled with much small-paned window-glass which Viale had protected as best he could with wire netting.

The window-door was placed directly behind the two adjustable seats (set side by side) of pilot and observer, and the cabin had three chairs, fixed to the floor: two in front, one behind, for passengers. Along one side of the cabin ran a railed rack for petrol tins, protected on top by a bar to be locked to both ends; and there was room under each seat—counting those of the pilot and observer—for two more five-gallon tins, with light bars to keep them from moving.

Nothing neater could be desired. But the sight of those empty racks was tormenting my soul when a waiter from the restaurant Suisse came blowing into the hangar. "Eh bien! Pension says—'Come!'"

It was the "one word" agreed upon between Patchinka and me. The hour was seven. Mendez and a bored detective from Nice were representing the "enemy," and my three understudies had just arrived with knitting, dog biscuits, and "La Vie Parisienne" suited to their several tastes. I was free to go, and I did go at once, but not to take tram (all taxis were gone, or their career checked by lack of petrol) for Cap Martin. I ran hot-foot to the hangar where my baby seaplane slept.

She had just enough petrol (secured long in advance) to fly a dozen miles at most; but that was more than enough for my project. What had to be done I must do alone, but I was equal to it all in theory and—I hoped—in practice.

Since my purchase of the Water Baby I hadn't ventured to take her out lest the Syndicate should see me, and suspecting some secret game watch the seaplane's hangar for developments; but I had gone with the owner for a short flight before buying, and felt a fair amount of confidence in my own skill. If only I dared feel the same in the success of the adventure, I should have been a happy man!

The baby's toilet had been made the day I heard of Patchinka's activities at the Cap. She was oiled, and full fed with petrol. I opened the hangar doors, and looked out through purple darkness on to the smooth water of the Harbour. Beyond the bay were the bright, bunched lights of the Casino terrace, and far away a low-lying shadow, which was wooded Cap Martin, like a huge fish floating on the sea. I could hear sounds of music and the cheerful trot, trot, of horses' hoofs in the distance; but in Monaco Harbour all was very quiet at this hour. I ran the Baby down into the water, and so far as I could make out there was no one to hear or witness our start. In the Mascot's hangar, of course, the tell-tale roar of the Water Baby's engine must have reached the ears of Mendez and his detective, but there was no reason why they should associate the noise with me, or take any personal interest in it.

We—the Baby and I—glided agreeably through the dark sea, raising a plume of spray; then lifted our wings and flew above the surface. I wasn't going far enough to rise to any height, and merely skimmed like a glancing bird till it was time to touch water once more. In front of the line of villas on the Cap, which faced seaward in their terraced gardens, I flew back and forth, making all the fuss I could. Then I slid to sea-level and rushed through the tiny waves with an ostentatious splashing.

My heart bumped in my breast. Was I too early? Was I too late? What was happening on shore? Would the signal Patchinka and I had agreed on, be given? And if so should I somehow miss it?..... This was a case of now or never, I feared. If to-night's attempt failed, no other would succeed.

Now, to make things clear, perhaps I had better tell what other people were doing at this time. Naturally, I did not know till afterwards; but you must know, to understand how events shaped themselves for everyone concerned.

Patchinka's vague fear that Doctor Silvestro and one or more members of the Syndicate had got their heads together, must have been put into her mind by the Fairy-Instinct. Maroni and Silvestro had met at Turin. Now, they had met again in the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo, last night for the first time. They had been mere acquaintances at home, but in a strange place the fact that they were fellow Italians, and of the same city, was an attraction. They chatted, and it came out that Silvestro was living at the Villa Persane. Everyone knew about the Fiumines, and though there had been no scandal concerning Laurette and Sacha Kapiha, the two had been spoken of in whispers. The mention of Kapiha's name, led now to the subject of the biplane. Maroni must have boasted friendship with the American girl who had won it in the lottery, and the thought must have jumped into his brain that Silvestro might have seen Wendela's *bete noire*—the Syndicate's *bete noire*—at Cap Martin.

Patchinka was still known at the Pension Rossi as "Mess Smith;" but Silvestro could hardly have associated Laurette's strange young visitor with the Cap. He had perhaps even forgotten her; but Maroni's description of Sacha Kapiha's sister must have excited his curiosity if not his suspicions. He must instantly have identified her as the girl who had got into the garden with the two singers one morning several weeks ago. He must have wondered what she had wanted with Laurette, since Kapiha was

(Continued on page 51)



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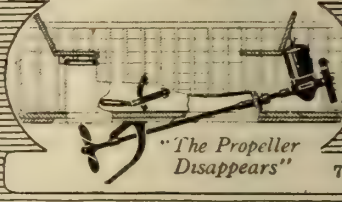
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The Idol of Youth

(Continued from page 50)

dead. If Maroni was questioned about Patchinka he would invent some tale favourable to himself, detrimental to us. She and her "fellow plotter" would be presented to Silvestro as threatening Miss Horden and her friends in some under-hand way.

It was just at this point that my information became definite. I learned, later, how Silvestro exclaimed aloud in Italian: "Ah, at last I understand why this young savage wished to get at the Marquesa! She had heard about the secret of the Persian water-garden. Her hope was to worm the truth out of the poor, demented lady!"

Of course Maroni snapped greedily at this spicy tit-bit. And from there on I needed no longer to strain my imagination after details. They were all supplied to me!

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Persian Garden.

MARONI and Silvestro were talking in the bar of the Sporting Club: and by a stroke of luck for me the waiter in attendance was one of Viale's, the carpenter's men.

He was in the habit of snatching a few hours' sleep when his day's work in the Condamine was over and being aroused by his wife, would prepare in haste for after-midnight duty as a waiter in the Club bar. Freshly shaved, his rough hair sleek, unrecognisable by anyone who saw him only by day, and he could earn as much in one night, if tipping was good, as in half a week at Viale's "shop." He, however, recognised Maroni: and his wits being sharpened by the exciting feud between the Turinese and the cabinet-maker, pricked up his ears at mention of Kapiha's aeroplane.

Hovering about with cocktails, caviare sandwiches and cigarettes, the man managed to pick up several interesting items. If he had passed them on to me next day at the hangar, he would have found it worth the trouble. But he being unexpectedly upon another job, I had left Miss Wellington in charge there before he was able to get off, and report the overheard conversation.

In reply to Maroni's eager questioning, Silvestro entered into explanations. It was rumoured, he said, that the Marquesa and Marquese had, at the beginning of the War, or just before its outbreak, hidden a great store of petrol in this garden, for the use of enemy submarines, their sympathies being Austrian. The French police, (Silvestro understood) had made a night search, but in vain: and the existence of the *cache* was never proved. He—Silvestro—and the Marquese being intimate friends, the doctor had once ventured to ask if there were any (innocent) foundation for the slander. Then di Fiumine had let Silvestro into his confidence. He had never bought or stored petrol at Cap Martin or anywhere else. But just before his internment, in 1914, he had received an anonymous communication. It informed him that "something queer was going on in the grounds of the Villa Persane." A Persian water-garden was being hastily made, with blue tiles in red cement. Under this, the writer believed that many tins of *essence* were stored, in a *cache*, the work having been done secretly at night. A letter to Madame signed "Sacah," asking about the safe arrival of *essence* had been seen, the anonymous correspondent went on. Certain details given led the Marquese to imagine that this person must be a servant employed in the Villa. He would have travelled at once to Cap Martin in order to surprise his wife, but had been caught in the midst of his Austrian "curs," and interned for the "duration."

Maroni was greatly excited by this patchwork story told by the doctor from Turin. The two agreed that the *cache* was probably intact to this day, the water-garden (Silvestro said) never having been disturbed. True, the Marquese had returned after his release, but only for a short time, and to him the *essence* for

itself had been of no importance. All he cared for was the conduct of his wife, and whatever that had been, he now attributed it to insanity.

It was very different, however, with Maroni. To him the *essence*, (if any) was of supreme importance! Miss Kapiha, he was sure, had been plotting all along to find and annex the contents of this *cache*. It was clear now why Malet had calmly gone on with his preparations for passenger flights, in the face of warnings that there would be no petrol to be obtained anywhere.

Work on the Kapiha biplane was practically finished now, Marni explained to Silvestro, and there was no time to waste if the *cache* were to be protected from this unscrupulous couple. He proposed that he and Silvestro should go at once to Cap Martin and make sure that the water-garden was still unharmed. If so, a watchman must guard it through the night, and early next morning gardeners ought to begin letting out the water. Underneath, no doubt, there must be a trap door, camouflaged with tiles; and this once discovered the store of *essence* was at the disposition of the finder.

As he talked, Maroni waxed more and more enthusiastic, Silvestro (who hadn't long since arrived in the Club for his night's amusement) hardly kept pace with him. It was only when Maroni offered at high price for the petrol, if found, that he consented to leave without even a look at the baccarat tables. He did then consent, however, and the pair went out of the Club together.

Luckily for us, it was Guiseppe whom Silvestro ordered to watch throughout the remaining dark hours. The young footman, roused from sleep obeyed sulkily. He did not know why the Persian water-garden had to be watched, but resolved to inform the "Signorina" at the Pension Rossi as soon as possible, of what was going on.

He was not able to get away—as he had hoped—in the morning, for in those post-war times there were not enough gardeners on hand to do the demolishing as quickly as Maroni and Co. wanted it done. Guiseppe, being young and strong, was commanded to assist. He was placated by the offer of extra wages, and perhaps greed and curiosity together resigned him to the inevitable.

The Persian garden contained a large body of water. It consisted of a deep pool at each end, above and below. Between these were shallow, tile-lined tanks, laid on different levels, so that from each a miniature cascade flowed to the level below, until the square pool at the bottom, with a group of fountains in the midst, was reached. It took a long time to get rid of all this water, and it had to be got rid of, because it was impossible to guess on which level was the entrance to the *cache*.

Doubtless Silvestro questioned his patient, but she had had a sleeping draught the night before as usual, and was, apparently too drowsy to give useful information. It was late afternoon before the bedding of blue tiles was clear on all levels, and even then some water remained which had not been drained out of the deep pool at the bottom. Luckily for Silvestro, a feature of the Persian garden was its electric lighting. There were numerous coloured glass bulbs, placed among flowers on the edge of the tanks, therefore the work could go on after dark.

It did go on, but for a few minutes without the assistance of Guiseppe. He contrived to slip off the Pension Rossi about half past five p.m. and report to Patchinka. Why the water-garden was being destroyed he could not tell: but the girl didn't need to be told. She knew that Silvestro had heard about the *cache* and was seeking it. She saw that it would hardly be worth his while to do this, unless the thing we feared had happened. He had met Maroni and one of them had brought up the subject of the hidden *essence*!

(Continued on page 54)

Joys of July

Puffed Rice

with berries



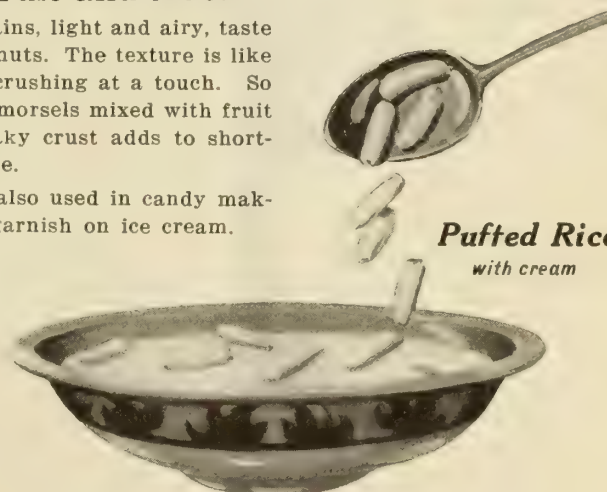
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Puffed Rice

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"Wanted—A Plain Stenographer"

(Continued from page 9)

Was it just two days ago? It seemed ages and ages ago, and Marjorie felt as old as her wig.

"Good morning, Miss Chester," said Kent, seeing her only as "Miss Chester" and Marjorie knew she was safe.

Dictation started in the usual way, but as Kent paused between letters he showed a more personal interest in his stenographer than he ever had before, by asking,

"Did you have a good week-end, Miss Chester?"

Marjorie was almost afraid to answer, but managed to say primly,

"Yes, thank you, did you?"

Kent leaned back in his chair and said in an embarrassed way, "I had the best week-end I ever had," but his eyes glowed at the thought of it.

Marjorie kept her eyes on her book and her head lowered, but she could feel the hot blood creep up her neck and spread over her face. She had her book and pencil ready, and although Kent reached for another letter, he did not start to dictate, and Marjorie could feel his eyes upon her. She was at last forced to look up. Kent was sitting forward in his chair, staring, apparently, at her ear.

Marjorie's eyes widened with terror. Surely he hadn't recognized her. She had had to dress in a hurry and she felt that something must be wrong. Her hand crept up to her ear. Instead of feeling the smooth primness of her grey wig, she could feel some short ends and by squinting round at it she could see that it was her own dark hair. In her haste to adjust the wig she knocked her glasses off, and poor Marjorie dropped her book and ran for the door, but Kent was there before her, and catching her by the arm he snatched off the grey wig.

"Marjorie, little Marjorie, whatever does this mean?"

Marjorie's courage left her entirely, and she covered her face with her hands and sobbed, and as Kent's arms went round her she sobbed harder than ever.

"It means that I am your elderly stenographer, and your fellow-guest at Dale's all in one," she managed to say. "You advertised for an old and plain stenographer, and I couldn't seem to get a start because I had no experience. So, I dressed up and applied here. Please let me go, I suppose I am fired now."

Kent did not take his arms away, but held her closer, bending his head to lay his cheek against the soft silkiness of her hair.

"You certainly are fired; but there's another position vacant that only you can fill, dear heart," and as Marjorie's arms crept shyly round his neck, and the look of tenderness in the brown eyes as she smiled at him through her tears seemed to be proof enough for Kent that the position would be filled.

Peeking Into Houses

(Continued from page 12)

with my fingers, but did not disturb them, for I already knew their color was a greyish white.

There was a clump of white lilacs beside a fence near here, which I am almost as fond of as are the honey-bees. In June I made the discovery that someone else was fond of white lilacs—a ruby-throated humming-bird had built a nest there. I had seen the ruby-throat darting about, day after day, but had not suspected that her home was there.

A visit to the lilacs one morning, however, brought Master Ruby-throat darting, humming, and twittering angrily about my head. I at once began to search for the nest, which I now knew could not be far away. It was not long until I discovered the humming-bird's little home. It was built upon a lilac stem, well hidden amongst the leaves. A finely woven, carefully made, little cup of threads drawn from leaves and grasses, cobwebs and mosses, with shells like decorations of silver-grey lichen over the outside. Within the nest were

two tiny eggs, tiny eggs in keeping with the smallness of the little home-nest.

I have found the home of the Brownies. They are the oddest, little fellows, and they have the oddest, little tree-house. The Brownies are the Tree Creepers, the little brown birds that one may see, summer and winter, climbing and circling tree trunks, always hunting their insect-dinners.

The Brownie, whose nest I discovered, was clinging to the side of a large, old stump. Knowing how tame all Brownies are, I approached the stump quietly, but openly, and I was so near that I could have caught the little fellow in my hand. Packed in behind the loose bark of the old stump, I found the Brownie nest, a cleverly woven basket of roots, moss, and bark-shreds. There were no eggs in the nest as yet, but I knew that there soon would be white eggs with cinnamon-brown specks on them.

For many years a family of Bald Eagles have made their home at the far end of a forest-covered point by one of our great lakes. I saw the nest, it is true, but from a distance. It could be seen quite plainly, a rough, large nest of sticks and dead branches, high on the top of one of the largest of the pine trees. The climb would have been too great a task for me, and I had to take the description of the nest from a lad who had climbed that big pine tree and peeked into the nest when the Highfliers were on the wing, away from home. I was informed that a new nest was built each year, and that the two white eggs now cared for by the old eagles would hatch out sturdy chicks, a noisy and hungry nestful.

This nest-house hunting is one of the most interesting ways of adding to one's store of outdoor knowledge, and to give it an added attraction, I shall take a camera with me, to bring back souvenirs of my visits, without having to rob my feathered friends of their eggs.

That Expensive Equipment

(Continued from page 45)

and spoons, last fall. Nobody reminded them of their change of heart—we were all so glad of it!

It is good for the children, and while it may be sometimes a little awkward to spare the milk when Sammy brings home the pail, still we mothers are free from the daily worry over what we are to put in the sandwiches. It depends most of all on the teacher, this scheme—next, on the mothers. As for saying "It is up to the trustees—" What nonsense! Their chief desire is to carry out the wish of the section. So there you are! They may oppose while they misunderstand, but once make it clear to them, reasonably, and they will help in every way. They always do.

In answer to a letter from his bank calling his loan, a wealthy California rancher wrote this letter: "For the following reasons I am unable to send you the check asked for: I have been held up, held down, sandbagged, walked on, flattened out, and squeezed dry, first by the government, state, and county, for Federal war tax, excess profit tax, merchant's license and auto tax, and then by every society and organization that the inventive mind can invent to extract what I may or may not possess. I have contributed to the Society of John the Baptist, the G. A. R., K. of C., X. Y. Z., the Woman's Relief, the Navy League, the Red Cross, the Purple Cross, the Double Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Boy Scouts, the Jewish Relief and every hospital in town. Then on top of it all came the Associated Charities and the Society for the Suppression of Useless Giving. The government has so governed my business that I don't know who owns it. I am inspected, suspected, examined, reexamined, informed, required and commanded, so I don't know who I am, where I am, or why I am. All I know is that I am supposed to be an inexhaustible supply of money for every known need, desire, or hope of the human race; and because I will not sell all I have and go out and beg, borrow, and steal money to give away, I have been cursed, discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied to, lied about, held up, hung up and robbed. And the only reason I am clinging to life is to see what is coming next."



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Questions about Health, Sanitary Subjects and the Prevention of Disease will be answered in this column from time to time, subject to reasonable limitations.

If requested, replies will be sent direct to the correspondent if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed, but no diagnosis or prescription can be given. This coupon should be enclosed with inquiry.

"I WAS thinking about the Baby" said the Motorman. It all happened in a certain Canadian city on the first real Summer Sunday Morning this year. So warm was the air that it might have been Midsummer. We were all in a street car, only half-a-dozen passengers or so of us, and it was five minutes past eleven. And we had made the usual stop at a junction point. At the left of this intersection, within easy hail of the Motorman, stood two young Canadian women. One of them had a little baby in her arms—a new baby—held as only a mother can hold it. The baby must have been quite new, for you could not see much of it, except its white, woolly, soft, fluffy shawl. The Motorman was not tall, but nature had made that up to him by giving him a squareness and sturdiness of build that few tall people possess. He was a man of weight. His shoulders were broad enough for two: he wore a new uniform and a real moustache. And he had been, not many years before, a New Canadian. But now he was a real Canadian without any adjective or hyphen or anything else—just Canadian.

about the Baby. Not with vain regret and useless tears as Mrs. Gummidge was seen by Charles Dickens—"Thinking about the old'un." But with some perception and with some resolution.

CHILDREN'S NEEDS

What does Canada ask for her children? She asks that their needs should be supplied. Canada wants her children to have every chance to grow up to be God's Own Canadians. The ideal way is that the parents should be able to supply all that is needed for this in their own home, and no Canadian wants to decrease parental responsibility. But the organization of human society is not yet perfect, though it is very complex, and parents cannot always give their children what they need.

THE NATION'S PART

Besides, we are living not in primitive isolation, like the Cave Man, but in communities and nations. The nation and the community have duties and responsibilities too, and every Canadian must



At a Child Welfare Gathering Belleville, Ontario.

Thus spoke the Motorman, leaning over his left-hand open window, to the group of three—"Say, Lady! Dem H. St. cars don't run down here on Sundays." This certain Canadian city is one of the places where they change the Sunday routes, (and quite right), to give more employees their Sunday. Disconcerting to wait for a car that isn't going to come till to-morrow. The Motorman knew, and so did the ladies, that this car was the best one they could get. Rapid movement on the part of the two young women. No difference to the Baby. In the safest, steadiest, and sweetest resting place on earth, the Baby slept on. Seven weeks old the Baby was, so the Mother said. A nice Baby. Nice, red-faced, healthy baby.

"You're a kind man," said the Family Physician to the Motorman on leaving the car. And the Motorman laughed and said by way of apology—"I was thinking about the Baby."

CHILD WELFARE

Thinking about the Baby is a favourite occupation just now. We are all thinking

help the others. There is no responsibility, no duty, greater or more important to the nation or to the community than "Thinking about the Baby."

CHILDREN IN THE HOME.

No one needs to be told what a large part of the home is made by the children. What is Home without Children! Their interests, their needs and their very existence help to make the foundation of the Home, and therefore of the Nation. What do they need?

LIFE AND HEALTH

Preventive Medicine—School Hygiene—Vital Statistics and every other branch of medical work have slowly discovered and driven into the National Consciousness the truth that many of our children do not grow as well or weigh as much, or breathe as well or see as well, or hear as distinctly as they should. Vital Statistics prove to us by name and date and place that out of every thousand children born in Canada, about one hundred, on an

(Continued on page 56)



How Pretty Teeth

affect the smile—teeth freed from film

See what one week will do

The open smile comes naturally when there are pretty teeth to show. But dingy teeth are kept concealed.

The difference lies in film. That is what stains and discolors. That is what hides the tooth luster. Let us show you, by a ten-day test, how millions now fight that film.

Why teeth are dim

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. The tooth brush, therefore, leaves much of it intact.

That film is what discolors, not the teeth. It often forms the basis of a dingy coat. Millions of teeth are clouded in that way.

The tooth attacks

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germ constantly breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few people escape them.

Must be combated

Dental science has long been seeking a daily film combatant. In late years two

effective methods have been found. Authorities have proved them by many careful tests. Now leading dentists nearly all the world over are urging their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been perfected, made to comply with modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two great film combatants are embodied in it.

It goes further

Other effects are now considered essential. Pepsodent is made to bring them all.

It multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth, so they will not remain and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus every application gives these tooth-protecting forces multiplied effect.

These things mean whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. They mean natural mouth conditions, better tooth protection. This ten-day test will convince you by what you see and feel. Make it for your own sake, then decide what is best.

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But it does more than that. Sani-Flush cleans the hidden, inaccessible trap as thoroughly as it cleans the bowl. It eliminates the cause of unpleasant odors and makes the use of disinfectants unnecessary.

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Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lyman, Limited, 344 St. Paul St., W., Montreal.
Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.



The Idol of Youth

(Continued from page 51)

For a moment she thought we had lost the game. These men must know for certain that the petrol was concealed somewhere under those blue tiles, or they wouldn't be tearing them up in such fierce haste. But Guiseppe ventured respectfully to encourage the young lady. If the signor Doctor actually knew something about the garden, why didn't he know all? Guiseppe ventured to believe that Silvestro was acting on mere hearsay—trying to find out what he did not know. As for the Marquesa, the adventure of her escape might be more easily accomplished, instead of rendered impossible, as Patchinka had feared at first. The attention of everyone was now concentrated upon the Persian water-garden. Only the Signor's maid had much thought to spare for the poor lady at present. Guiseppe hoped that this might be the night when he could give the signal.

Patchinka began her walk along the wooded road past the villa that evening at six thirty. This was according to her habit of late, but her heart was not beating according to habit. It pounded in her side, and set her blood tingling. Twice, three times, she passed the wrought-iron gates, and the tower was still dark. But sauntering by for the fourth time, almost discouraged, there was the dim gleam she had looked for so long in vain. Guiseppe had placed a lighted candle in the window. Even as she looked, it was gone. He had not dared leave it for many moments. Something had alarmed him—perhaps a sound on the tower stairs.

Patchinka ran back to the Pension Rossi, telephoned to the Restaurant Suisse in the Condamine that one word "Come" and was ready for the next act on her programme.

The villa Persane had a small gate for tradesmen and servants. Like the great gate, it was always kept locked, its bell being answered from the lodge when anyone wished to enter. No servant had a key of his or her own, but was let out and admitted again by the lodge-keeper or his wife: but the pair were Italians, and Guiseppe—a handsome boy—had curried favour with the woman. He had been able to borrow a key of the side gate on his "day out" a short time ago, and had had two duplicates made in Mentone. One he kept: the other was for Patchinka. It was only three days ago this key had come into the girl's possession, and she had often feared to see the signal before she had a sure means of responding to it. Now, however, she was safe in that regard. Dressed in black, small and light of foot, though weighed down by a huge parcel which she carried, Patchinka slipped through the tradesmen's gate while the pair at the lodge, not far off, ate their evening meal close to a lighted window.

The girl had good reason to know, since her first adventure in the grounds, the room on the ground floor of the villa, occupied by the Marquesa. She knew also that the room adjoining, untenanted then, had now been given to the guardian-maid by Doctor Silvestro.

Laurette's was a corner room. The principal window looked over the Pension garden, where an army of men were hard at work by electric light, but there was another long window at the side. It was from this direction that Patchinka arrived, stealthily and shadowlike as a rat d'hotel.

The curtains were not yet drawn. Standing in a border of night-scented stocks, the girl peeped into the room through a mass of hanging anemones which framed and partly screened the glass.

Laurette was in bed. The maid was moving about. Presently she flitted into her own room, and after three or four minutes returned with a medicine glass on a tray. During the time of her absence, however, Laurette had turned on her side, her face to the wall, and had apparently gone to sleep. This gave Patchinka a thrill of hope. Laurette

knew from Guiseppe that there was to be an attempt at rescue. She seemed to be playing the game!

But, could she be depended upon to carry it through? Just at that instant, —the right instant, the planned instant—came the fluttering roar of a hydro aeroplane.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Patchinka at the Window.

PATCHINKA could have shouted in sheer happiness: yet she was suddenly afraid.

Would the maid be alarmed at the sound? Would Laurette frighten her by some cry or movement of surprise?

But Laurette lay very still. She was being splendid. Or—but Patchinka would not think of the worst.

The maid did start slightly, hearing the noise. She even went to the window (not the one overlooking the Persian garden but that directly facing the sea view)—and peeped out. Apparently she saw nothing which gave her furiously to think. She drew the curtains, but luckily left a wide chink through which Patchinka could spy. Next, she jerked heavy velvet folds across the second window as well, still holding the tray in one hand. Then at last she went to the bedside, but seeing that her mistress appeared to be fast asleep, she hesitated an instant, shrugged her shoulders and placed the tray on a small table within easy reach.

"What will she do now?" wondered Patchinka, while the sound of the seaplane lessened in distance, then increased again.

What the woman did was to go out of the room, not into her own, but through a door which opened into a lighted corridor.

Patchinka would have given much to know whether she meant to amuse herself by a chat with the workmen in the brightly lit garden, or whether she was merely bent on fetching the Marquesa's dinner. But it was early for that. She was sure to stop for a gossip with someone, the girl thought.

Laurette seemed to think the same: or else the sound of the aeroplane, prayed for so long, made her reckless. To Patchinka's joy, she threw back the bedclothes and sat up. Hurrah! she had put on the gown smuggled in by Guiseppe! Down slid a pair of small feet to the floor: they wore stockings and shoes. Under the pillows was bundled the hooded cloak bought by Patchinka at a Mentone shop. Laurette had flung off a tulle boudoir cap, was pulling the hood over her long braids of yellow hair, and fastening the buckle at her throat. (How loud was the noise of the water-plane now! It came like a call. Even to Patchinka it cried: "Make haste! I am here. I wait!")

The girl hesitated no longer. She tapped loudly on the window pane. The French sashes were closed, and she had heard from Guiseppe how, since the day of her first stolen visit, this window and the other were kept locked, only the ventilators at the top being open to give air. But she knew that, as Guiseppe had accomplished so much, he would not have failed to loosen one of those locks with a screw driver, as he had promised to do.

Yes, he had kept that promise! Laurette came running to the window, pulled back the curtains, and after an effort (aided by Patchinka with a push) wrenched the sashes apart. Though she had heard the knock, she seemed surprised and deeply disappointed at sight of the small figure in black, which she did not recognise.

"Only a girl!" she exclaimed. "I thought—I thought he had come at last, to take me away."

"Someone is in the seaplane, waiting for you. I am Sacha's sister," Patchinka temporized as best she could.

(Continued on page 55)



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Keeps the hair soft and smooth. A pure petroleum product. The natural remedy for falling hair, dry scalp, and dandruff.

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The Idol of Youth

(Continued from page 54)

Laurette accepted the explanation. "Then take me to him quickly," she said. "They're driving me mad here. I'm not quite mad yet—at least I think not. But soon I shall be. That's what they wish. Why don't we start?"

"I've just one thing to do first," Patchinka said. "We want them to think you're asleep, or they may follow you too soon."

As she spoke, she unwrapped the great parcel she had brought. It was the big, almost life-sized doll I had won in the lottery—our hated "Wendela" which the Iron Duke had carried away for some mysterious purpose. Now, the girl came into the room with it, while Laurette hovered outside the window, eager to get off. The doll was dressed in a delicate nightdress of the Marquesa's, which Guiseppe had cleverly stolen out of the laundry basket the week before. Patchinka covered its head with the boudoir cap just discarded by Laurette, slipped the figure into bed, pulled down the coverlet up to its neck, turned its face to the wall, and fluffed the golden hair over an up-turned face. The size of the head was increased by the bunched curls inside the lace cap; and in the soft light of the purple shaded bed lamp, the illusion was perfect enough to deceive a totally unsuspecting person, at a distance. Of course the doll would betray our complicity in the end. But we had our own reasons for indifference to that fact.

"Hurrah for Wendela!" the girl said to herself, as she drew the curtains, sprang down among the sweet-smelling stocks, and pulled the window shut.

For an instant she stood still there, holding Laurette by the hand. Through the "tch-tch-tch" of the hydro-aeroplane, could be heard the sound of many pick-axes.

"They're working late in your Persian garden," she told the Marquesa. "We mustn't go where they can catch sight of us. They're digging up the tiles, trying to find the essence, and we can't get it anywhere unless from you."

"No, it's not there," answered Laurette. "When the essence came—Sacha sent it to me, you know!—there was a servant in the house I didn't trust—always spying on me. I had the water-garden made on purpose to deceive him. But the essence is hidden in the Dragon's Hole down by the sea. I'll take you to it now. There's a quiet way. We needn't pass the Persian garden."

"But we can't go through your place," Patchinka said. "They've fastened up the way that leads to the Coastguards' path. Can we get out through the tradesmen's gate, and then down to the Moorish pavilion on the shore? We could get to the beginning of the Coastguards' path there, and perhaps you could show me—"

"Yes—yes, we can do that," Laurette broke in. "Only it is a long way round. We'll have to get back to the rocks below the grounds of my villa. The Dragon's Hole is close by our private harbour, you know."

Patchinka did know that one of the many miniature caves honeycombing the red and grey rocks of the Cap was called the "Dragon's Hole," or "La Dragonniere." At the Pension she had heard an old legend concerning it, and had laughed because to this day, peasant mothers frightened their children indoors at sunset, whispering that the Dragon would come and catch them. Once the cave had been a "blow hole" but the noise had disturbed the ex-Empress Eugenie; and—so the girl understood—the opening had been filled up or screened with stones.

Patchinka smiled with joy because the cache of petrol was safe from Silvestro and the Syndicate—at least for the moment. She rejoiced that the stuff was within easy reach of the sea, and so near the little private harbour of the Villa Persane that it could perhaps be taken out to the seaplane in a few journeys, by the boat from the Marquesa's boat house which Rossi would row. She might have guessed, she thought, that the story of

the cache under the water-garden was nonsense! But who would have thought of the filled-in "blow hole"? Maybe, (she told herself quickly) the filling in wasn't so solid and serious an affair as it had seemed.

The girl had ordered Guiseppe to open the locked boat-house in the little harbour, at all costs, even if he had to smash the doors; because the seaplane could not enter the harbour, and it had been necessary for Laurette's escape to have a boat at her disposal. Rossi, from the Pension, was supposed to be at hand ready to row Patchinka and her charge out to the waiting Water Baby; and now the girl prayed he might be there not only for that purpose but for another as well. It would be gorgeous to make sure that the cache was really where Laurette said it was, and still intact.

The two slipped like shadows to the servants' gate, and out. So along the moonlit road, though not fast enough to please Patchinka, for Laurette was weak. But soon they reached the turn that led down to the sea-level, and near the Moorish Tea Pavilion belonging to the Grand Hotel. There began the ascent of the rough narrow way known as the Coastguards' path. Patchinka wound an arm round the waist of Laurette, and helped her on, encouraging her at every step with cheery words. It was not necessary to deceive the poor creature, even for her own good. She took it pathetically for granted that in the seaplane she heard, whirring and roaring, she would find Sacha Kapieha. Except for believing him alive, she seemed sane, and even though it would be grief to meet a stranger instead of the man she had so loved, at least it would be a rescuer. It was this fact with which Patchinka soothed her conscience. She was trying to save Laurette from a fate worse than death. But—could she save her? Would they reach the harbour, and would the boat be ready to row away from land before the hue and cry was out?

Which brings the tangled skein to me, riding the tiny waves in the Water Baby, and wondering whether my meagre supply of petrol was going to see me through the whole adventure.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Cache

WELL, it was true about the Dragon's Hole!

We didn't make sure of this for ourselves, Patchinka and I, until we had placed the Marquesa in a place of safety. This we did (when Rossi of the Pension had rowed Laurette and the girl from the little private harbour out to the Water Baby) by flying back to the seaplane's hangar. Not far off lived Viale; in one of those big, bourgeois apartment houses which are like respectable boxes. The ground floor flat on one side the door was his: that on the opposite side was occupied by his mother-in-law, who had room for a lodger. I had already arranged for an "invalid lady" to be accommodated there, and Madame Viale had engaged a nurse, who for three days had been awaiting the arrival of her patient.

This was to be but a temporary shelter, of course; and I meant, as soon as we had freed Laurette to hand her over to a skilled doctor at Monte Carlo who would be told the story of her persecution and virtual imprisonment. Enquiries I had quietly made had put me into touch with just the right man, I thought, and there was no danger that di Fiumine or Silvestro could succeed in getting her back again.

By seaplane (even a poor, out of date Water Baby) the journey from Cap Martin to Monaco Port can be done in about three minutes, or four at most. From the hangar to Viale's apartment house we had to walk with the dazed and tremulous Laurette; but even so we were not ten minutes on the way. Ten minutes more for soothing words, and promises on Patchinka's part to return; five minutes trot back to the hangar

(Continued on page 58)



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Health and the Home

(Continued from page 53)

average, all over the Dominion, die before they are a year old. Canadian Infant Mortality is about one hundred (New Zealand Infant Mortality is about fifty). These lives could be saved and these defects could be prevented by proper care given to the Mother and Child. All of them saved? No, not quite all. But the greater part could. And when we have saved half these lives, and got our Infant Mortality down to 50, we shall probably know a good deal more about how to save the other fifty lives.

HOW TO DO IT

How can it be done? Put the skill, knowledge and good-will of our Doctors and Nurses within reach of those who need them. Mobilize the resources of the community to redress the balance of the children's fate, so that they shall live and not die. We need some community organization to do this. We cannot do it singly any more than we can build our roads, our sewers, our houses and our waterworks with our own two hands.

THE M. O. H.

Who is the Director of the Organization? The Medical Officer of Health. He has a great deal of the work done already, and he only needs to increase here, and develop there, and construct, and persuade, and inspire, and lead. But it all depends on you and the Motorman, Dear Reader. You are the private soldier and the M. O. H. is your General. It takes the General and the Officers, non-commissioned officers, and private soldiers to make an Army. There is no discharge in this War. Canada is a civilized nation. And no civilized nation lets its Mothers and children die. We must save them alive. If this is your will and pleasure, tell your servants in the nation and the community to carry it out.

THE PUBLIC HEALTH NURSE

The best person yet discovered to do this work is the Public Health Nurse, acting as the assistant of a physician. And the place where the work can best be done is a convenient centre—two or more homelike rooms, with some simple, comfortable furniture, and the necessary equipment—not too much, and nothing to frighten anybody.

THE CHILDREN'S CLINIC

Such a place is called a "Babies' Centre," or a "Children's Clinic," or some such name. It will be described more fully in our August Number. Meantime there are two points you might think over. First, the success of the Clinic will depend on the kind of Doctor and Nurse you have. If they are A1, the Clinic will be A1. If they are C3, the Clinic will be C3. Second, You can't do everything for everybody at the same place and at the same time. It is *Well Babies* you want—to keep them well. Take the *Sick Babies* to the Hospital where they will be made well.

A post-war French story of hotel exigencies is as follows: A motorer through Touraine complained at *petit déjeuner* about his coffee. It did not taste like coffee. He told the waiter, "It has a kind of cocoa taste." The waiter smelled and sampled the beverage. He was covered with contrition. "I'm sorry, sir. A most unfortunate mistake. I've brought you tea."

On the occasion of her hundredth birthday the village centenarian received a visit from the vicar. Being anxious to hear from her own lips what she considered had been the source of her strength and sustenance, he said: "My dear Mrs. Adams, pray tell me, in order that I may tell to others, what has been the secret of your longevity?" The vicar waited with unusual eagerness for the old lady's reply, but he was hardly prepared for it when it came. "Victuals!" she answered.



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 Clark's 3rd Cruise, January 23, 1923
ROUND THE WORLD
 Superb SS "EMPRESS OF FRANCE"
 18481 Gross Tons, Specially Chartered
4 MONTHS CRUISE, \$1000 and up
 Including Hotels, Fees, Drives, Guides, etc.

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 TO THE **MEDITERRANEAN**
 Sumptuous SS "EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND"
 25000 Gross Tons, Specially Chartered
65 DAYS CRUISE, \$600 and up
 Including Hotels, Fees, Drives, Guides, etc.
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 Frank C. Clark, Times Building, New York.

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Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist and apply a little of it at night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful, clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

—Advertisement.

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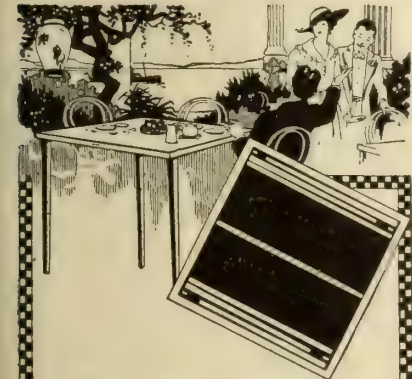
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Anecdotal



One of the most frequently quoted arguments against prohibition is that it is hard on dope fiends. Not being able to take an occasional holiday from drugs with booze, the drug fiend is rapidly going to pieces. Prohibition Commissioner Haynes said at a luncheon in New York: "Well, now, if prohibition is hard on the drug fiends I'm sorry, for I don't want to be hard on anybody. But, friends, did you ever look at a drug fiend—his shifty eye, his lax mouth, his receding chin? It is hard to look at a drug fiend without repeating in utter discouragement the old Chinese proverb: 'Rotten wood can not be carved.'"

Judge Oscar Hallam in his address before the South Dakota Bar Association told this good one: "I recall a case of assault and battery against the Koltski family, and in the course of the examination it developed that the Koltski family

delivery. The postman stamped into the doctor's office with the card, threw it on the table, and exclaimed angrily, "He's a liar! I don't read 'em."

Ben Turpin's press agent is said to be responsible for a story that the comedian's admirers enjoy, whether it is true or not. Turpin approached the teller of a strange bank with a check to be cashed. The teller did not recognize him. Such is fame! "Have you any way to identify yourself?" asked the non-movie-attending teller. "Sure," replied Ben, and he became cross-eyed and did his great film fall. "Now, do you know me?" he asked confidently. "No," answered the teller, "but here's your money. You have earned it."

In these days, when England is overrun by the proletariat, anything may happen. The English waiter, always a professional



Booking Clerk: Change at Pairth.
Mr. McTavish: Pairth be bothered; I'll have my change here and noo.

dog had taken an active part. Mrs. Koltski, when on the stand, was asked if she didn't instigate the activities of the dog. She insisted that she did not. The attorney said, "Didn't you say, 'Sic 'em, Caesar'?" for that was the dog's name. She said, "No, I did not." The attorney said, "You said something to the dog?" She replied, "Well, what if I did?" He insisted: "Tell us what you said to the dog." She answered, "Why, I said, 'Don't sic 'em, Caesar.'"

A rural minister was bothered by the postman not only reading his postcards, but communicating their information to others. One day he wrote a postcard to a medical friend who lived at the other end of the village. It read, "I would tell you more only I know the postman will read it." Then he put the card in the letter-box, whence it was collected, and taken to the postoffice and sent out for

snob, has lost some of his old-time finesse. A profiteer was lunching at Claridge's the other day, and preparatory to the ordeal had knotted his napkin about his neck. The waiter hurried forward with a wink to the more knowing patrons and inquired in a carrying voice, "Haircut or shave, sir?"

A Pittsburgh bellboy is credited with an ingenious method for calling sleepy guests. A man leaving instructions to be called early is awakened on the following morning with a loud tattoo on the door. In answer to the sleepy guest's inquiry the bellhop answers, "I have a message for you, sir." The usual reaction is for the sleepy one to jump, however reluctantly, out of bed, stumblingly reach the door, and grab the envelope tendered him. The message, of course, reads, "It is time to get up."

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However light your food, you are sure of being well nourished if you take plenty of Bovril. Bovril contains the goodness of the beef.

Add a spoonful of Bovril to all your meat pies. It imparts to cold dishes a rich savouriness.

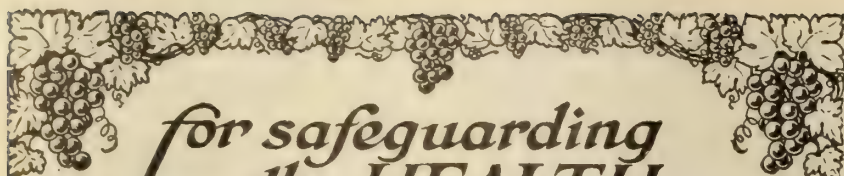
Use Bovril with a little gelatine dissolved in it as a savoury jelly for meat shapes, jellied salads, and "aspics."

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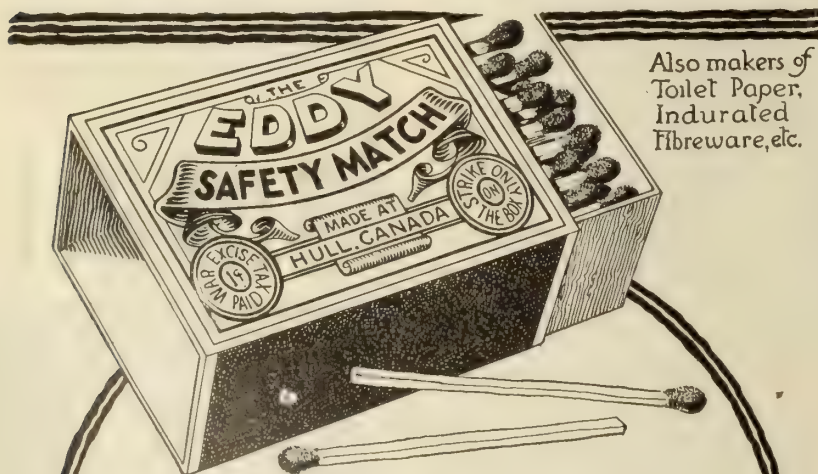
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The Difference In the Matches.

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Made in Canada for Canadians

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The Idol of Youth

(Continued from page 55)

where I picked up a coil of rope; the last of the Baby's petrol poured into her, in haste: a wet rush to Cap Martin again: Rossi waiting: and you can see that the whole adventure hadn't taken half an hour.

It was a toss-up whether or no Laurette's escape had been discovered. She'd been feigning sleep when her maid went out; and it wasn't likely that the woman would hurry over the task of fetching dinner. In any case, even if the alarm had been given, Silvestro wouldn't connect his patient's disappearance with the noise of a hydro-plane. Rossi, sitting in the boat within the harbour, had seen no one, heard no sounds of pursuit during our absence; and we prepared to make the best of our time—such time as might be granted.

Laurette, whose sole delusion (so far as we'd discovered) was a belief that Sacha lived, had described to me quite lucidly how the petrol was concealed. I'd asked no question, till she was safely housed in the flat at Monaco; but a few words had been enough to make me understand.

The small cave or "blow hole" had been already filled up, to please the ex-Empress, before she—Laurette—and Sacha conceived the idea of storing petrol for seaplane trips. At night, some of the stones were removed by Laurette's orders, tins of petrol replacing them, and the cache concealed, not with bits of rock (which would have let in water) but a door so well camouflaged with imitation stones on its surface, that none save those in the secret would ever have suspected the trick.

The tiny steel key of this door was hidden inside a Russian Cross, on a bracelet which Laurette wore by day and night. She gave it to me, believing—poor soul!—that "Sacha wanted it." An electric torch brought by Patchinka showed me the keyhole after a little search, when I had climbed out of the boat on to the grey, red-scarred rocks. The iron door, with its false stones of painted cement opened easily, though six years or more had passed since the making of the cache. Once more the torch was in requisition. I crawled into a dank-smelling hole, and saw behind a screen of pebbles, a stack of five and two gallon tins with a well known label showing freshly upon them. There must have been, I calculated roughly, at least a hundred—not as many as rumour said, but a godsend for us. I could have kissed the tins! And I laughed aloud as I thought of Silvestro's men digging in the Persian garden!

Though the Mediterranean is called a "tideless sea," there is a rise and fall of about three feet, each four and twenty hours. Had our visit to the old "blow hole" been made in a storm, or even when the tide was high, I should have got a wetting, and the cave—when open to the sea—would have been flooded.

At present, all was safe; but we dared not trust to luck and leave any part of the store behind us in the cave. Silvestro and Co. might suspect that the Marquesa had escaped by boat and follow down to the harbour—which would mean a fight with the odds against us.

The three of us—Patchinka, Rossi and I—worked like pantomime demons. Four times we piled the boat with five-gallon tins, ten of which were all we could load on the Water Baby. You see, the weight of petrol would sink the plane in the water. In fact, the floats would be nearly submerged, especially the tail float, owing to the position of the drums down the fuselage. These could, however, be placed on the wings, two on each side of the cockpit, two more at the rear of the latter, and the remaining six Rossi and I disposed on each side of the fuselage. Here was where I made use of the rope I'd brought from the Aeroplane's hangar. We passed it through the handles of the cans, slinging them pannier fashion. Thus they were locked to the fuselage to prevent their rocking, for unsecured they might have endangered the fabric. The

rest of the petrol Rossi would look after, and smuggle to Monte for me when he could, having fastened up the cave as before. Loaded thus, with the weight wrongly balanced as it had to be, I couldn't fly to Monaco, but was able to taxi back along the smooth surface of the sea, having reluctantly left Patchinka to be chaperoned by Rossi and the remaining essence.

Arrived at the Water Baby's modest bungalow, however, my heart quailed at the thought of abandoning my precious load there.

Not far off was that hive of activity where the Mascot was being transformed. Mendez, or some other member of the Syndicate, and a detective were always there. Until to-night nobody had guessed that I possessed a hydroaeroplane, or even that one was present in the adjacent hangar. But now, if anyone had noticed the noises and concerned himself about them I might be seen sneaking in or creeping out. It was even possible that I had been seen already: but, as on several occasions Viale was my sure refuge. His dislike of Mendez had been fortunate for us from the first. What he could do for me was done against Mendez: and now I recalled with pleasure the fact that he had a basement storehouse under his shop and place of business. There he kept furniture sent him for repair, and a hundred odds and ends. There, I hoped, he would also be keeping my petrol before I was many hours older; not only what I had brought to the port, but what Rossi would bring later in the night.

"Yes, I thought of it as my petrol now!"

I walked into the Mascot's hangar at eleven p.m. to relieve the Iron Duke, Petro and young Viale; also to see how work on the biplane was going on.

Although I hadn't slept a wink, and had eaten nothing more than a sandwich, I was so delighted with life in general that I felt—and probably looked—rested and well fed. Old Viale and I exchanged greetings as though we had not lately met on the strength of a note from myself delivered by the hand of his wife. If our eyes twinkled (as well they might, considering that the transfer of petrol had been effected between the hours of nine and ten) our gaiety was attributable to progress on the Mascot.

"In half an hour, Monsieur, I assure you, we can all fold our hands!" announced the fat cabinet maker. "I, myself, was called away for a time on important business (none knew this better than myself!) but my men have worked well. I think Monsieur will have no fault to find. And tomorrow, if he can provide himself with essence, he may depart with his important passengers."

Two of the "important passengers" were present, in the shape of Mendez and Maroni. The latter had lately arrived, if one could judge by flushed face and hurried breathing. I chuckled internally and wished that I had someone to bet with that he had blown in as a bearer of bad news.

"Splendid!" I answered Viale. "Each of your men shall have something from me to drink luck to the Mascot and her first peace-flight." Then I turned to Mendez. "You'll be glad to hear that I've contrived to wangle a little petrol," I said. "Nothing big, to write home about, maybe! But a matter of—well, over a hundred gallons at least, which will do all the work you want done, and more. Why, Senor Mendez, you don't look very jolly over the prospect of leaving Monte?"

"I shall look jolly," retorted Mendez, with the air of one about to weep, "when I'm sure (he said as nearly this as one can say it in French)—sure you're not pulling my leg."

"Far be it from me to take such a liberty," I replied. "I shouldn't dream of deceiving you. Monsieur Maroni are you as determined as ever not to trust yourself to an amateur?"

(Continued on page 59)

The Idol of Youth

(Continued from page 58)

"Quite as determined," he echoed, in a tone sharp enough to nip off my nose.

"Well, then," I said, "we shall have that comfortable chair behind the others in our beau-ti-ful cabin empty. Unless I can find someone else who wants to fly to Algeria and Spain tomorrow. For of course, we will go tomorrow. I suppose you and Monsieur Dupont are really as anxious to get off as ever, Senor Mendez?"

"Oh yes," returned the Spaniard. And my impression that he'd been hoping against hope not to get off at all, was confirmed. "We—Dupont and I—shall rejoice to be no longer idle. But—this sudden move is a surprise. We thought—feared—you could not beg, buy or steal any essence. We have not therefore finished our preparations. I will see Dupont. It may be we will find it more convenient to leave the day after tomorrow. Besides, to-morrow is Sunday. In some eyes it is not *convenable* to start such an expedition on a Dimanche."

I reflected for an instant, and then said "All right, Monday will suit me well enough; though of course it's my object to get back here as soon as I can and pick up other passengers I'm engaged to for a second trip."

I said this slowly, thinking as I spoke. In some ways, I should prefer to have all to-morrow at Monte Carlo, because of the Marquesa, who couldn't be left long in her present humble quarters. But, on the other hand, I guessed that Mendez was "up to something."

"So they hope to prove that Patchinka and I have kidnapped the Marquesa?" I wondered. "Do they think Silvestro can have us arrested, and that with us disposed of, they can get a free hand here with the biplane?"

It was possible that they hoped and thought this. But it struck me that Silvestro would dare do anything. Even if he wired the Marquesa there would be a long delay before the latter could appear upon the scene. Besides, would he appear? He was worse than unpopular in France. There might be a demonstration against him if he came. On the whole I thought myself safe in consenting to put off the flight for one more day.

Now that I look back from a little distance of this time, I wonder that I concentrated my suspicion wholly upon the Villa Persane. When Mendez and Maroni gave each other that glance, why didn't I think—but never mind! It's too late to hark back now, and blame my denseness of perception.

Even the fact that Maroni didn't show up to take his turn at the Hangar on Sunday told me nothing. I was too busy, too happy, to waste time wondering about him. It seemed to me that things were going well with us. Laurette had not been disturbed. Miss Wellington and Patchinka spent much time with her. I had found the right man to protect her interests. Success smiled on all our undertakings. I derived much joy from the use Patchinka had made of my hated doll. Every prospect pleased, and if man were vile, his vileness didn't, at the moment, interfere with us.

That was my attitude towards life up to the Sunday afternoon, when Miss Horden discovered that Patchinka was to be a pilot on board the Mascot.

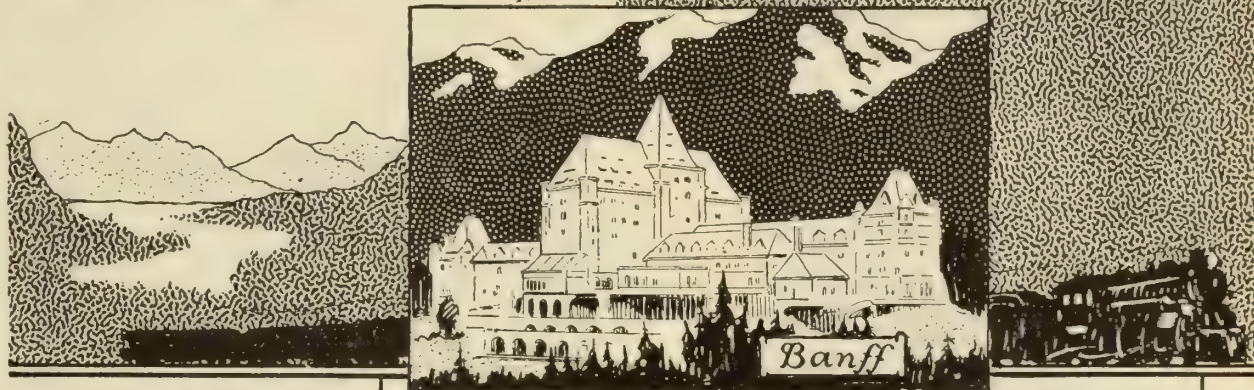
(To be continued)



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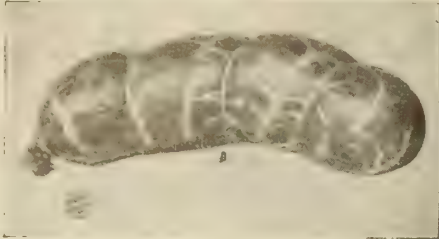
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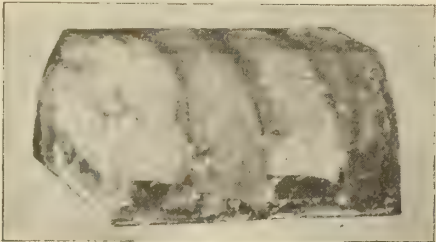


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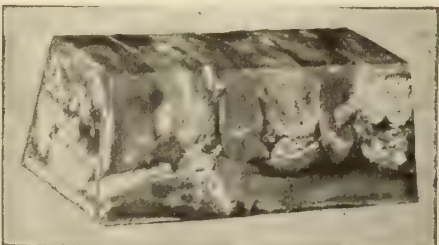


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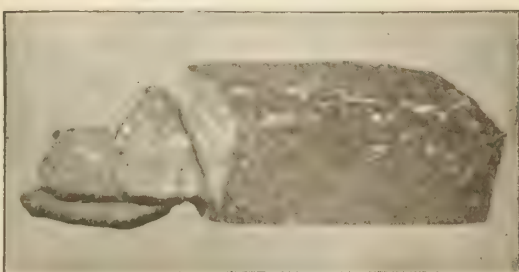
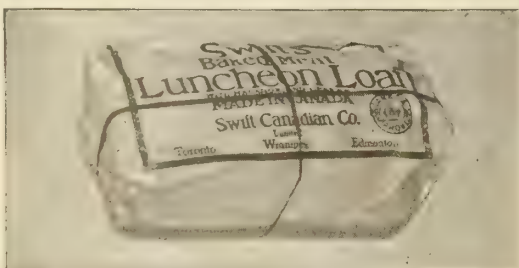
Other Cooked Meat Specialties



Swift's Jellyed Beef Tongue



Swift's Jellyed Pork Tongue



Swift's Baked Meat Lunch Loaf with Macaroni and Cheese (as it appears wrapped and unwrapped)

Swift's Premium Cooked Meat Specialties

For Hot Weather and Summer Outing Lunches

CONSIDER the delightfully varied summer menus you can prepare from the delicious Cooked Meat Specialties illustrated on this page. What *could* be nicer for that long-anticipated picnic party, or the impromptu luncheon where a dainty meal is desired with least trouble.

When Summer whets the appetite for lighter and more finely-flavored foods, your meat problem is happily solved from an assortment of these ready-cooked hot weather delicacies. Not only are these the choicest of selected meats, cooked in the superlative Swift manner, but every step in their preparation is under the direct supervision of Dominion Government Inspectors. For your convenience and protection they are carefully wrapped or otherwise marked so that you can readily distinguish them as "Swift's." Whatever the occasion or the need—they are ready to put on the table or place in the picnic hamper at a moment's notice,—no work, no worry, no cooking, no heat!

Why not serve these Swift Cooked Meat Specialties often this Summer? They furnish appetizing menus, varied every day in the week. Your grocer or butcher has them or can easily get them for you.

Insist on "Swift's" when ordering from your Butcher or Grocer.

Swift Canadian Co.
Limited

Toronto Winnipeg Edmonton



Swift's Premium Cooked Ham—boned and moulded into a flat compact shape, just right for sandwich slices

Are you giving your hair the right treatment?

Different types of hair need different treatment to bring out their beauty and lustre—there is a tested treatment for your individual type of hair.

This is the danger signal. For Sebum, if neglected, becomes the chief source of harm to your hair. It clogs the roots—it stops the natural flow of this oil. Your hair becomes dry and brittle.

And this Sebum, if neglected, quickly decomposes, forming fatty acids, which inflame the scalp, burn away the tissue, and if left unattended to, generally kills the hair roots.

The first step is the same as with any skin surface. Remove the surplus, purge the pores and follicles.

But not with ordinary soaps and cleansers. For you must aim at the Sebum. You must remove it—dissolve it—clear it from your scalp, in a way that will not harm the delicate tissues.

Once the cause of hair trouble was known, our chemists began their search for an effective remedy.

They have developed in Palmolive Shampoo, we believe, the best way yet known to combat Sebum effectively.

The next thing is to care for your hair as you would your complexion, to bring out its beauty and lustre. Together with the Sebum combatant our chemists have blended Olive Oil. Nothing throughout the ages has yet proved the equal of Palm and Olive Oil for bringing out the lustre, sheen, and silky softness of your hair.

To show you the effectiveness of this

shampoo treatment we will send you a treatment to try.

With it comes a book that tells you exactly what else to do for your own type of hair. In addition to Palmolive Special Shampoo treatment it tells you the other aids to give your hair—how to help you restore hair that is oily, dull and brittle, dry, full of dandruff, or thin and falling.

Each treatment has been tested by well-known medical authorities. The results have already been proven.

So, for your own sake, stop hit or miss methods. Adopt the Palmolive Shampoo, together with one of these tested treatments, that is right for your type of hair.

Then see how soon your friends begin to note the remarkable change and the softness and beauty of your hair.

If your hair is not all you want it to be, start today to learn the best way to beautify it and preserve it.

Write your name and address on the coupon and send it to us. Address Dept. B-330-

The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited

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NATURE intended every woman to have beautiful hair—hair that is full of lights and lustre—hair that is soft and silky to touch.

This is a message to women who wish to keep this beauty or who would restore it.

For the cause of most all hair troubles is now known. And there is now an ideal method of treating your hair that deals directly with the cause of these troubles.

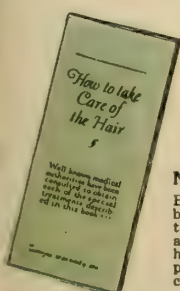
There is an oil in the scalp, secreted by the glands of the hair, called Sebum. It is nature's beautifier. It is this Sebum oil which gives your hair its natural beauty and lustre—when your hair is healthy.

But, like all skin secretions, its flow is often excessive. Then your hair becomes oily, or full of dandruff and later scales.

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Be sure to get this new booklet on the care of the hair, which explains authorized scientific hair treatment, supplied by leading specialists.

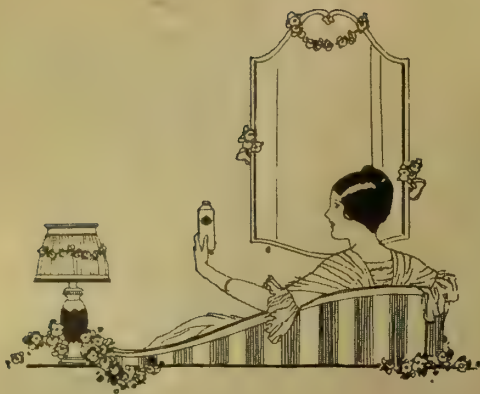


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Please send me, gratis, your book, "How to Take Care of the Hair," and a trial treatment of your Palm and Olive Oil Shampoo.

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COLGATE'S

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



The Grove of Venus

Painted by Carl Ahrens.

Published by Consolidated Press, Limited, Toronto, Canada

PRICE TWENTY CENTS



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This is the real test. The girl who wakes fresh and radiant, with a clear, smooth skin which has no defects to conceal, need not worry about her looks. She possesses the greatest of all attractions—the one which outshines all others.

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The secret is simple and about 3,000 years old. It was discovered in ancient Egypt and practiced by Cleopatra.

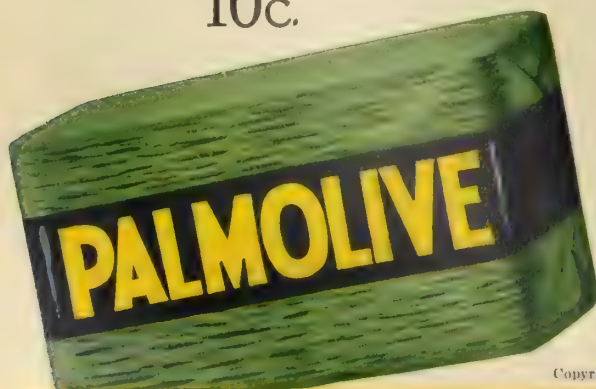
Simple—Beautifying

The remedy for a coarse skin, for one disfigured with blackheads or ugly blotches, is daily cleansing with a lather blended from palm and olive oils.

Volume and efficiency produce
25-cent quality for only

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This beautifying was not confined to face alone. The bath was a daily ceremonial with all ancient peoples, palm and olive oils the cleansers used.

Bathe with Palmolive and keep your skin smooth and white. It is a luxury all can afford.



CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

A Monthly Magazine of Interest to All Progressive Canadians

OFFICE of PUBLICATION

RICHMOND and SHEPPARD STREETS
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EDITORIAL CHAT

THE last month of summer usually means a holiday for most of us:—a breathing-space or a resting-place somewhere near the lake or in the woods. What a lucky land this is, with its many camping-grounds, its myriad spots, any one of which would be a paradise for a picnic! There is hardly a town or village in Canada which is entirely remote from a broad sheet of water. A Canadian who has been deservedly successful in England, Mr. Arthur Beverley Baxter, was recently in Toronto on a visit to his old home and, in the course of a few remarks, told a Toronto audience that the St. Lawrence River impressed him anew with its vastness and beauty as the steamer proceeded from the Gulf to Quebec. A visitor from India once called our St. Lawrence a "lordly river" and expressed wonder that Canadians did not worship such a stream. With the proverbial blindness of those who stay at home, we do not recognize the grandeur of our own scenes until we return to them, after an absence in other lands. Now, of course, Canadians cannot claim the credit of the mountains, the forests and the mighty rivers, but they can be deeply thankful, especially in the golden summer days, for the vast playgrounds which have fallen to their lot.

The cover design which our issue displays this month gives us the very spirit of the woodlands in "The Grove of Venus." Mr. Carl Ahrens has long been noted as one of our leading artists:—none more sensitive to the strength and beauty of our forest depths. This reproduction of his painting we are sure will be valued highly by all lovers of art.

For our September issue, Mr. J. E. Laughlin has returned to the subject so popular with readers of the magazines:—the pretty girl. We are showing you on this page a reproduction of our September cover, which gives a foretaste of our first autumn number. Of course, the

black-and-white reproduction can give you no idea of the richness of coloring in this study of the September girl, but, even in the half-tone the brightness of treatment is suggested. In October you will have a delightfully fantastic and witch-like cover, which will give you Hallows'even sky, at once, and which is the work of Emily Hand, another Ontario artist. But here we are, looking forward to October, when our immediate interest is with August.

Mr. Collier Stevenson, who was almost severely practical in July and wrote about "Those Utilitarian Rooms", such as the pantry and the bath room, has fallen upon a more casual subject this month and writes a highly interesting article upon "The Little Extra Rooms." Of course, we do not mean to say that the practical rooms which were discussed in our July issue are not of the greatest importance. They are, indeed, essential to every well-regulated household, for we cannot live in comfort without cleanliness and good cookery. The picture of the bathroom in the July article was especially attractive and made us feel that we do not spend half enough money, time and thought on that feature of the house. However, in this issue, Mr. Stevenson regards

rooms which are the luxuries rather than the necessities:—the music room, the "den," the breakfast room, the sewing room, etc. These articles are written with a genuine sympathy for the housewife or homemaker who wishes to have everything about her (or his) abode just as beautiful as it can be. We wish that the extremely good photographs which Mr. Stevenson sends us could be reproduced in color, but his descriptions give us a very tempting picture of many a decorative scheme. Wouldn't you like the room with the wonderful Chinese rug, or the little grey reception room which has shades of silver gauze with orange lining?

We know that you are taking an interest in the articles of our culinary department and that you appreciate the discourses on food values which Miss McNally writes in such an interesting fashion. It is difficult, indeed, to keep up with all that we should concerning what we eat. Just as we thought we understood about the calories, along came the vitamins, and we had to begin all over again to find out what we needed most. However, Miss McNally understands your problems and can give the solution: so that, if you follow her instructions, the menu of the household will be properly balanced and you'll be able "to slam the door on the doctor's nose."

Speaking of the health of the family reminds us that the Family Physician has written some excellent articles this summer on the health of the Small Person. You see, if Canada is going to become the kind of Dominion which it certainly ought to be, then the smallest citizens, the babies, must be given every chance. There is another Dominion in the British Empire—New Zealand—which has a marvellous record in the care of the babies—and we do not see why Canada should not overtake New Zealand in the standard for the nursery. So, be sure

to read all that the Family Physician has to say, on the subject of baby clinics and the care of the Newest Citizen.

We are sure that you will approve of the way in which our serial, "The Idol of Youth," comes to a conclusion, and we know that you have admired Patchinka and her gallant lover, Captain Malet, to say nothing of the dog, Petro. We are fortunate in having secured the Canadian serial rights for "Pamela Pounce, a tale of Tempestuous Petticoats," which is one of the latest works by Agnes and Egerton Castle. The latter died some years ago, and Agnes Castle died this spring. Their collaboration in many novels proved highly successful and it is interesting to note that James K. Hackett, the Canadian actor, played the part of hero in "The Pride of Jennico," their first popular achievement, which made an attractive play. "The Bath Comedy" and "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" were highly approved by all readers of light romance, and "Pamela Pounce," the serial which begins its course in our September issue is a continuation of these stories of Bath. Kitty Bellairs, now Lady Kilcrouney, enters the scene once more, as charming as when she was a distracting young widow and the belle of Bath. It is a tale of the gayety of long ago.



The September Girl.

With children about the house, there is many a cut finger—many a bloody nose.

Fels-Naptha takes out blood-stains quickly, thoroughly, safely.

For your most personal laundering FELS-NAPTHA, the Sanitary Soap

The exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha enables this great, sanitary cleaner to do the most disagreeable washing jobs in a jiffy, and with the least possible handling.

In no other soap do you get the same double-cleaning—the soap-and-water cleaning, and the naptha cleaning. Either the soap or the naptha in Fels-Naptha is a wonderful cleaner alone. But *together*, you have the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend that has never been successfully imitated!

The test of Fels-Naptha Soap *before* using is to *smell* it. The test *after* using is the white, sweet, sanitary cleanliness of the clothes, free from any odor. The *real* naptha does its work, then vanishes.

And in "the golden bar", naptha is *held* to the last sliver until released by the wash-water. Fels-Naptha has real naptha in it and *holds* this dirt-loosener for the work on washday. Put Fels-Naptha to the hardest tests. It is *safe* for all laundry work. Begin now. Directions for using are printed inside the wrapper.



Real naptha!
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The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red and green wrapper.

FREE If you haven't seen or used Fels-Naptha lately, send for free sample. Write "Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia."

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

THE FIRE FLOWERS

BY JUDITH KINGDON

Illustrated by Maude MacLaren

It was the beginning of August when he first saw her. He had been pulling stumps in his clearing—charred stumps that blackened his hands and, in turn, his face. To the west along the river bank mile upon mile stretched an old brule, the whole a great garden of glorious, pale purple flowers, long spikes of phlox-like blossoms,—the fireweed with which the Earth, after the flaming scourge of the bush has passed by, seeks to cover her black barrenness and desolation.

She was standing among the flowers watching him. Her dress was plain, of print, and in her hand she carried a big "cow-bite" hat. But her hair, oh, the beauty of it,—her hair was crinkly, shining gold. There was a halo around her head in the light of the westerling sun. At first he thought her unreal, the Spirit of the Fire Flowers, or a sister to the clumps of goldenrod scattered here and there among the purple blossoms.

Pulling a huge spotted red handkerchief out of his overall pocket he wiped his dirty face. He took off his battered straw hat. He stood and stared at her with delight. She smiled at him frankly. "I'll help you get that out," she said. She came forward, moving with ease and grace. She swung on the end of his pry with him after he had first adjusted the block under it, and with her added weight the stump quickly turned over. And that was the beginning of it.

Towards the end of September, when the moosemissi was decked in yellow and red, when every little bush and vine vied with its neighbor in vivid colorings, when the birches and the poplars glowed golden against the dark green of the fir trees, Russell Dennison and Hester Morrow were married.

* * *

Russell and Hester were wonderfully happy in the beginning. They were intensely interested in everything about them and in each other. Their clearing and their log house seemed to be a little bit of Paradise dropped down in the bush. It was an endless source of delight to Russell to watch his new wife working about the house. His eyes never tired of following her busy fingers. Sometimes he wondered how he had ever existed before she came to him. And she in her turn adored him.

The long northern winter settled down upon them. At first the snow was soft and wet, the skies were dull. But by the new year the cold grew more intense, the days were brilliant. Russell was chopping bush. Sometimes Hester went out and helped him with the underbrushing for company's sake. In the evening they sat by their big round-barrelled camp stove which they plied with three-foot tamarac logs. Sometimes when there was a moon they would take a short tramp up the river on their snowshoes.

It was the middle of January. Russell came home one afternoon to find Gordon Patton there partaking of afternoon tea and cookies. Patton was a very likeable fellow and delightful to talk with, but of no use to anyone in the world, for when there was any whiskey within reach everything else went by the board. In fact, that was why he was living by himself in the bush, because his people would not have him at home where he was continually disgracing them. So they paid him to stay up there. When he found Hester made him welcome he came often, for a man living all by himself in the bush grows lonely. In his bachelor days Russell had liked him well enough, but now, with Hester there, and Patton being what he was.....

Life in the bush is monotonous in the winter, neighbors far away and friends few. Hester was always glad to see Patton. But Russell, coming in tired from his chopping and finding the man there once or perhaps even twice a week, felt outraged. Finally he expostulated.

"But I like to hear him talk. I like to listen to him. He tells such interesting stories. He's not like anyone else around here. And he's not doing any harm." Hester refused to see any reason why he should not come.

"Do you think I'm going to have him lazing around here, saying pretty things to you while I'm out working hard?"

Russell worked long hours. Now he worked longer. He stayed away in the bush. He grew sullen and suspicious. The little house became silent as their intimate conversations dwindled and the songs died in Hester's heart before they reached her lips. Hester resented his

attitude. She liked Patton only for the change and entertainment he afforded her. But she was a bit stubborn. She would not have it that he should not come.

Finally, one day Patton came when he was not quite sober, very talkative and red of face. Hester was disgusted and perhaps a trifle afraid. Russell had seen him coming and returned to the house. Hester felt grateful for his protecting presence.

But Russell was more under the influence of his anger and jealousy than Patton was of drink. He told Hester to leave the room. Hester, being unused to taking such brusque orders from anyone, refused to go. He glared at Patton belligerently.

"Whadda ya wanta send your wife out for, eh? Nice li'l girl. Pretty li'l girl. She—she makes good cake.

man she had known,—the man she had first seen that summer day struggling with the blackened stumps, the man who later had adoringly watched her willing hands performing their homely domestic duties, the man who won her love twice over with a hundred tendernesses. He was very pale. His eyes were wide and staring. His breathing was labored. She did not know this man.

He came across the room and stood in front of her. His hands were clenched tight. He gave her a smile; she thought it a ghastly smile. She hoped to never again see such a smile as this strange man gave her.

"We've been married four months," he said, "and already you're running after a new face and fine manners." His voice was strained, he seemed to speak with an effort. "I hope you're satisfied now you've seen what a little whiskey does for



At first he thought her unreal, the Spirit of the Fireflowers, or a sister to the clumps of Goldenrod.

Let 'er stay, Russ."

Russell's face was white. His mouth was grim. He took a couple of steps forward. Patton objected to being looked at in that way.

"Say, you lookin' for a fight?" he asked thickly.

Russell controlled himself with an obvious effort. He held the door open. "I wouldn't fight with a drunken swine like you! Get out!"

"Aw, say, am'cha bit hard on a fella?" queried Patton, plaintively, his fighting spirit quickly subsiding.

"Get out!" repeated Russell, savagely. "And if I ever find you hangin' round here after my wife again I'll break your damned neck!"

Patton looked at him with a sly leer, then gave a maudlin chuckle.

"Can't do it," he grinned. "Y'ain't big enough!" He went out amiably and made his slightly unsteady way up the river trail, singing and hallooing at the top of his voice.

Russell shut the door and turned to his wife. He was a different man from the

your pretty friend.....friend? Say, isn't one man enough for you? What are you anyway, a light-o'-love? To think I ever wasted any love on such as you!.....and me working out my soul-case here for you! What do you know about love, a light thing like you?"

Hester was frightened; every atom of her was quivering. She edged away from him. He didn't love her any more. He thought such terrible things about her.

"Oh, you don't need to run away from me." He laughed harshly. "I wouldn't lay a finger on you. No. I wouldn't touch you with a barge-pole!" He turned from her with a sneer. He went out, banging the door to after him. He went back to the bush where he had been chopping. He sat down on a newly-felled spruce trunk, put his arms on his knees and buried his face.

* * *

HE sat there till the sun was setting, till the cold was penetrating to his very bones. Then he lifted his face which no longer looked grim. "I hate myself like poison," he said, in a

whisper. "I know she didn't mean any harm. I'll go home and perhaps she'll forgive me and kiss me and make up with me again."

So Russell went back home. But he arrived to find no Hester. She had gone. Later, he found she had left on the train from the little station down below, but no one knew where she had gone for she bought no ticket at the station.

Left to himself the winter seemed to close in upon him. By night the stars glittered overhead; the great Orion swung from east to west. By night the northern lights marched back and forth across the sky; the moon shone and the snow, every crystal alive, shone back at it. The tree trunks snapped like pistol shots with the cruel frost. The great horned owl, secure in the black shadows, drifted on wide wings through the trees and cried its melancholy music to the lonely bush—not more lonely than this man.

After a long, long time the spring came. The bare, brown patches of earth smelled sweet. The river was swollen with the melting snow.

"Perhaps she'll come back now, along with the birds," thought Russell wistfully. "I must get a garden in for her."

He planted the garden carefully with everything he thought she might like. Around the house he had pansies and sweet williams and by the south wall where he thought the summer frosts would not catch them he put in nasturtium seeds. By the door he planted larkspur roots. He kept the house spick and span in case she might return. Everything he did was for her. All his thoughts were of her. The sudden flicker of a bird's wing made him catch his breath,—it might be Hester's dress fluttering in the wind! When a song-sparrow sang from the roof of the house, day after day, when a white-throat whistled with exquisite sweetness from the big stump by the river bank, he wished that Hester might be there to hear. The first tiny violets growing in the moss he picked for her and put in water. Sometimes he grew desperate with longing and rushed out and threw himself into his work so that he might be too tired to think. He hoped against hope. Yet Hester did not come.

The bud of spring blossomed into summer. July wore away, August came. The fireweed was in bloom again. Acre upon acre, mile upon mile, the old brules were alight with the glory of pale purple flowers. This was the time she had first come to him. He felt that if she did not come soon she would never come at all. He went back to work among the blackened stumps beside the brule.

"Oh God!" his heart cried in an agony of yearning. "Oh God! Give Hester back to me now the fire flowers have come again. For me—I have no fire flowers to grow in me and cover up my black desolation!"

He could not be idle. He fell to work on the old, half-burned stumps. The solid roots he chopped with his axe. He worked arduously. Stump after stump turned over before his fierce energy. Now he was working right in among the flowers. Here was a bad stump. It did not want to come. There must be a root holding underneath. He fell to work with his mattock, his axe, then back to his block and pry.

As he was straining every muscle, a voice with a little break in it spoke to him. "I'll help you get that out—if you'll let me," it said, hesitatingly.

There, standing among the tall flowers, was Hester in a plain print dress and with her hat in her hand. Her hair had caught the light out of the sun in its crinkles, outrivalling the scattered clumps of goldenrod. Her face was wistful. She smiled at him uncertainly.

"Hester—Hester!" he whispered hoarsely.

"I thought perhaps you might have got over being mad at me by now," she said, "and I wanted to come back when the fireweed was blossoming again. I felt I had to come now or I never would have had the courage again."

He was all clay and charcoal dust and sweat. As he crossed the intervening pace, half-unconsciously he pulled out his big red handkerchief and made a rough pass at his face. He held out his arms to her. She saw the look that was in his eyes and she did not mind the clay nor the charcoal dust nor the sweat.

"Hester.....Hester.....you have come back to me.....oh, thank God!.....you've come back to me.....with the fire flowers."

THE IDOL of YOUTH

CNE-AM WILLIAMSON

Illustrated by G. W. L. Bladen

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Captain Malet, a young officer returned from the war, is at Bournemouth with his Aunt Sarah when the beauty and distress of a young foreign guest at the hotel win his interest. In the guise of a waiter he makes her acquaintance, persuades an American millionaire, Henry S. Horden, to give him some caviare for the starving girl, and, before the evening is over, saves her from suicide and makes a friend of her dog, Petro. The girl is Patchinka Kapiieha, a sister of the heroic aviator, Sacha Kapiieha, who had lost his life in the war and whose plane is even then being offered as second prize in the lottery at Monte Carlo. Patchinka is taken to Mr. Horden, who had known her brother and who had wished to buy the aviator's secrets of invention. He adopts Patchinka as his niece and suggests that they should all go to Monte Carlo to buy the plane. In the meantime, Captain Malet is sent to buy a wardrobe for Miss Kapiieha (known as Miss P. Smith) and is having difficulty explaining his needs to the saleswoman, "Miss Forty."

The latter (who is Miss Victoria Wellington) helps him effectively and becomes chaperon to Patchinka on the Monte Carlo expedition. They arrive and discover that three members of a syndicate, Mendez, Dupont and Maroni, are planning to secure the plane. Mr. Horden's wife (Dutch by birth) has been living at The Hague, but the daughter, Wendela, arrives at Monte Carlo, unknown to her father. The woman whom Sacha had loved, the Marquesa di Fiumine who is unhappily married, is at Villa Persane near Monte Carlo. Wendela introduces a complication, becoming attached to the reluctant hero.

Patchinka manages to reach the poor Marquesa, who is in the power of Dr. Silvestro, who tries to represent her as insane. She tells of a wonderful "essence" which Sacha had hidden and which might give the secret of the plane. Captain Malet learns to fly, although his instructor, Gauthier, dislikes him as a rival. The lottery comes off. Patchinka had made a present of the ticket, 1717, to Wendela, and, by a wonderful coincidence, this ticket wins the plane. Dupont then insists that Wendela had promised to sell the plane to him.

Wendela promises to "lend" the aeroplane to Captain Malet. The rescue of the Marquesa is deftly and secretly managed:—also the securing of Sacha's "essence." Captain Malet agrees to take Mendez to Algieras, while Dupont decides to go to Hamada in Algeria. Maroni refuses to fly, saying that he has no trust in an amateur. Wendela discovers that Patchinka, whom she had debarred from being a passenger on the "Mascot," Sacha's aeroplane, is to act as pilot.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

All Aboard!

OF course Wendela said that I couldn't have the biplane. Then she said I was a traitor. Then she cried, she cried so hard that for the first time I had a chance to get a word in—no, two words. They were: "Shut up!"

Miss Horden was so surprised that she ceased sobbing.

"Sorry," said I, "but I had to stop you somehow from having hysterics, and not having a Mills bomb—"

"Brute!" she choked.

"Just so," said I, "but even a brute has rights, and can stand on them—or fly with 'em, as the case may be. Now, you must listen."

"I won't, while that girl's here!" she choked.

"The girl!" was, of course, Patchinka, and the scene of our unrehearsed drama was the hangar where my pilot and I were looking over the Mascot after a wonderful little lunch of celebration at the Paris. Present also was Dupont with one of the Syndicate's detectives; also Viale, beaming joyously in his Sunday-best clothes.

"This is the first time Miss Kapiieha has entered the hangar," I said sharply.

"She stayed away, while the work was being done on the biplane which would now be hers if she hadn't been quixotically generous to you. She stayed away out of deference to your feelings, though your—er—prejudice is absurd. Now we both consider that, as we've fulfilled all your conditions, it remains for you to fulfil ours. You've turned over the biplane to my command since she's ready for flight, and as Miss Kapiieha is the only pilot I can obtain or work with, she must fly with me. You objected to her as a passenger, but you didn't object to her in any capacity, and now it's too late. Don't forget that you and I have a written contract. As you're your father's daughter you must abide by it."

Wendela swallowed a sob as large as an egg. Then, with a flash of rage at Patchinka and a tear of reproach at me she gurgled "Very well, if Miss Kapiieha flies with you as pilot of my aeroplane, I'll fly with you as a passenger in it. It's part of your horrid old written contract that I can be a passenger if I like. And I do like. So there!"

I was struck dumb. What she said was true; and the agreement was in black and white. Since Maroni had backed out, and so curious a destination as Hamada had been proposed, I had been planning to take young Viale or some other fairly trustworthy bruiser in the free seat in order not to have two men against one, if Dupont and Mendez tried any devilry in the desert. Still, there it was! I couldn't dispute Wendela Horden's right to fly as a passenger in her own aeroplane. Things being as they were I would have to abandon the trip or yield to her wishes.

Thinking of Patchinka's danger, I was ready for a moment to throw everything up—money or no money; but the light in the girl's eyes as they met mine promised a man's courage and resource, rather than a woman's, and thrilled me to the heart. In a way, I reflected, Wendela's presence would be a protection. What happened to us would happen to her; or, if not, she would be a dangerous witness against doers of evil deeds. She could neither be destroyed nor even suppressed with impunity, it would seem. Miss Wendela Horden was the daughter of a famous millionaire; and the murder of a millionaire's daughter would make a very bad mess in the newspapers, if not in the desert.

I had no intention of letting anyone be murdered on this expedition, and was already hatching one or two little private counter-plots of my own, in case of trouble with the Syndicate—who must be landed at their destination if possible now that

I'd elected to accept their money. Any extra protection thrown in, however, would be welcome, and maybe little Miss Horden of Buffalo, U.S.A., wouldn't after all be such a bad substitute for a Monegasque athlete!

"Righto!" I pronounced at last. "I'm sure we'll all be delighted to have you as a passenger if you think it will amuse you to fly to Africa and Spain and back this windy weather. You haven't any business there so far as I know, and you hate cold like poison; but Miss Kapiieha and I will try to give you a 'joy ride' if you want one."

Wendela replied frigidly, that she was very much obliged.

* * *

I'd been right in believing that no fuss was to be made about the Marquesa di Fiumine's escape from the Villa Persane. Once she was out of the house, she was too sane and could tell too much to be tackled safely by Dr. Silvestro or his employer. She was also too influential and too beloved in the neighbourhood, for force to be attempted. Though the doll must have given Patchinka and me completely away if Silvestro had seen it in the Casino, or compared notes with Maroni, I neither heard from the Doctor nor was visited by him. The game he and the Marquesa had been trying to play was "up" that was all; and if Laurette would let them alone it was evident that they would not try to molest her.

To add to Silvestro's discomfiture at losing his patient and his job, there was the affair of the Persian water-garden. He had been made a fool of, and had destroyed the Marquesa's property without gain to himself. What must have been his point of view was the situation: but the disappointment of the garden was a heavier blow for the Syndicate than for him. They must have guessed by this time that where they had failed, I had succeeded. As proof of that, the Mascot's petrol tank was being filled, and the tins stored in the racks prepared for them, though days ago the French Government had commandeered all the essence-known to them to exist in the South of France.

I would have given something to see Maroni's face, but he had taken it away to parts unknown, and I was too busy to wonder much over the man's disappearance. Mendez had an un-Latin control of his own countenance, and Dupont, (her "flirt") whatever he might fear, was bound to conceal it under assumed delight at having Miss Horden for a fellow passenger.

I'd been studying maps; and I calculated that, as the town of Algiers itself is distant from Monaco roughly about four hundred and twenty-five miles, the flight there and on beyond to Hamada ought not to take much over four hours. Departing in the morning, even with a hitch or two we should reach the end of our first day's journey well before dark. Dupont had explained that the neighbourhood of Hamada was perfect for landing, and for "taking off" when a new start should be made. The desert surrounding the oasis town was practically flat for miles, he said, with a few low sand-dunes here and there. A "borj" or desert inn on the outskirts of the village would give us decent accommodation for the night, and as the place was kept by a Frenchman

with two sons, if I wanted help about getting away next day I could have it.

All this sounded ideal, and would have been so in ordinary circumstances with ordinary passengers. But Patchinka and I were convinced that the whole purpose of the flight was to take us at a disadvantage at a spot where Mendez and Dupont could probe the secret of the aeroplane. They had intrigued to find it without leaving Monte Carlo. The didn't want to fly, and they'd tried their best to stop me from flying. But now they were forced to go, or lose the game as di Fiumine and Silvestro had lost theirs. They were dangerous as animals caught in a trap. But they took me for a fool, which without too much conceit counted as a slight mistake. The thought me idiot enough not to suspect their intentions, a sort of male Red Riding Hood, in fact: otherwise they could hardly conceive my risking Patchinka and myself in their hands. This error counted as a point in the game for me and I meant to make the most of it, in my own way.

Part of that way was to be rather more friendly in my manner to Dupont and Mendez than before the flight had been made possible by our luck at the cache. I let them help me stow away the tins of petrol in the side rack under the seats (seventy gallons, enough to get us to Spain, where we could buy plenty) and I didn't discourage Wendela from spending as much time in the hangar during Sunday, as she liked. I was nicer to her than usual. I praised the utterly unsuitable costume of ermine cloak and wrap which she intended to wear for the trip. But it was not till we were ready to start at ten o'clock on Monday morning that I shot my first arrow into the air.

There we stood grouped round the Mascot, the six of us, not counting two mechanics I'd got hold of to send us off. Wendela looking just right for a cold day's shopping in Bond Street or Fifth Avenue; Dupont and Mendez in odorous goat-skins, the only proper part of their get-up being on their heads. Patchinka looking like a slim, adorable boy in her leathers: I looking it doesn't matter how; Petro looking like nothing on earth, in a home-made fur coat and immense goggles twice the ordinary size. Patchinka and I—pilot and observer—in front, with Petro squashed between us on the floor; Dupont and Wendela at liberty to flirt if they chose in the adjacent front seats of the cabin just behind us; Mendez equally at liberty to spy and eavesdrop in the chair behind. Suddenly before helping Wendela to mount, I stopped proceedings, and said: "Oh, by the by, I wired your father in Paris, Miss Horden."

"You wired my father!" she echoed. "Why—why—why you don't know him—personally. —do you? You never said you did."

"It wasn't necessary to mention it," I replied. "I've met Mr. Horden in a business way—business about the aeroplane and—er—caviare. I didn't feel like taking this responsibility over his daughter without telling him what's up, and the destination we're bound for, especially as one of them is in an out-of-the-way part of the world. That it's out of the way for ordinary folk like us, but not for a man like your father."

He's known everywhere—even at Hamada, I expect; and there seems to be telegraphic communications all over Algeria, even in the wildest oasis towns."

"Well, you needn't have done that, Mr. Smart Aleck!" snapped Miss Horden. "I'm of age!"

"Oh," said I, "I thought you told me one night at the Casino you were only nineteen?"

"Eighteen is of age in America for girls—at least, in some States," Wendela hastily explained. "But anyhow, it doesn't matter. Dad can't stop me now. It's too late for him to wire here. And the next thing we know, we shall be at Hamada."

"I hope so," said I.

Then we all bundled into our places, Patchinka and I just behind the engine; and there was only time for her (whom I'd not seen alone since Sunday noon) to whisper, "I've something to tell you when I get a chance, Duguesclin; something important, but not good—about Laurette and about the secret," before her voice died in the noise of our start.

The Mascot's nose pointed into the wind, which blew strongly from the south-east. The engine was "run up" for a test, making a hideous row: we took off (which the Mascot could do in 20 yards), circled round to obtain necessary height, about four to five thousand feet, then headed south-southwest for Algeria.

CHAPTER XXXIX

WHAT PETRO KNEW

I WAS so wildly happy with Patchinka by my side—my Lady of the Air!—that for a while I forgot all our doubts and difficulties.

How I laughed at my old self, picturing that first day at Nice when I wrestled with the cold-boiled-potato in my chest, and decided that it was all bunkum about any man or woman liking to fly.

Only a few weeks of practice had passed since then, yet now—with a perfect pilot such as Sacha Kapiéha's sister—I felt as gloriously at home in the air as a bird. It would be divine, I thought, to start thus for a honeymoon alone with her. "Contact!" I would say, and kiss her, as we set out for heaven.

I recalled the look in her eyes on a certain night, standing on the Casino steps (wasn't I always recalling it?) and then came the pang which was never absent from that memory: my word, pledged to Wendela. To get for Patchinka what she wanted most I'd had to give up what I'd wanted most—the right to ask the girl I loved if she would be my wife. But that pang wasn't quite so sharp in the sky, as on earth. In these high spaces we belonged to one another. It was only down there on that far off flat thing, that anyone had power to part us.

Besides, here we were side by side, playing this wonderful game together, and the obnoxious female Fate who wished to separate us was enclosed in a stuffy little cabin behind our backs with two detestable men. The three had a strangle hold over us down below, perhaps, but up here we could juggle with them as we liked: make them seasick and scare them blue with "stunts".

I chuckled to myself at this thought: but if I did any "stunts" it mustn't be now. The time for them would be later.

While we two, seated just behind the engine and in front of the cabin, could see a hundred miles in any direction, those in the wooden enclosure couldn't see at all except out of Viale's well-made small-paned windows.

We saw the Mediterranean like an illimitable floor of turquoise, touched with dazzling gold by the morning sun. Baby clouds floated past like lace handkerchiefs the angels had lost. The wind in our faces was cold, but its tingled breath was sweeter than can be imagined by earth-dwellers who've never flown. The mere touch of it was like the magic gift of life. I was a body of flesh and blood no longer. I was an astral body on an astral plane, flying beside Patchinka's astral body. And I'm afraid my joy was half unconsciously increased by my knowledge of what the cabined one must feel.

Their sole advantage over us was they didn't need to pull their goggles in front of their eyes. But they would be almost stuffy in there. They would long to know just what was being done with them by the pilot and observer-mechanic. They'd be afraid that in some way they

were being deceived as to direction—yes, even if they held their compasses in their hands. They would fear some awful accident of which they would have no inkling till too late to save themselves from dying like rats in a trap: and worse than all, each would have that bug-bear sensation of passengers who must sit idle thinking of themselves that he (and she!) had some vague peculiar responsibility for the balance of the machine.

In Patchinka's ears and mine the drone of the engine had become sweet, but I was sure I was giving Mendez and Dupont a headache, even though Wendela was immune.

Into a cloud we plunged. Patchinka and I loved it as we would have loved a pillow fight, because she had taught me to love the Air in all its moods. But—ha, ha!—I guessed *les autres* in there weren't loving it! They must feel as if they were being smothered.

As for Petro, though he crouched warmly, closely against our legs, I knew he wasn't shrinking. He was hugging

something *was* wrong with the mechanism of his beloved 'plane, but that something *was about* to go wrong!

Of course this was nonsense—must be; just the credulity of an adorable girl who believed her dog a super-dog. Why, some of the stories Sacha had told her of Petro must have been fairy tales, I thought such as his anguish and refusal to eat if Kapiéha made a flight without him; his attempt to hang on by his teeth to the tail-skid rather than be left behind; his haughty lack of interest in other machines, not his master's. Nevertheless, nonsense or no nonsense, Petro's new restlessness was a little odd, and a quick nod of Patchinka's head, indicating the dog, suggested that the same thought was in her mind.

The strong wind had drifted us slightly out of our course, which headed straight for Algiers; and the Island of Corsica (often I'd admired it from Monte or Cap Martin as a glittering mirage) now shaped in material form on the sea.

Just at this moment, when Petro was

proposition; but it had to be worked out in a hurry; and though neither Patchinka nor I concerned ourselves with them, we knew that frightened faces must be pressed against the window close behind our backs.

We were down so low that we could see groups of buildings. There was one largish town by the sea—Ajaccio, we judged by what we knew of Corsica through study of our map. A strip of shore there was near by, which looked to be sandy and fairly smooth. With some machines one would have known this strip too small to give hope of safety in landing, yet with the Mascot it might be chanced. And things were getting ticklish. There was nothing else to do but try.

CHAPTER XL

A Bit of Fluffy Wco!

THE world rose up to meet us, not with a smile of welcome but with a threatening frown.

The strip of earth which was our one



The strip of earth which was our one hope of landing without a crash showed rocks fierce as a black bull . . . ready to toss us on his horns.

himself against us to tell us silently of his joy, the air was his element as it was Patchinka's.

Many animals, they say, can't comfortably go beyond an altitude of five thousand feet—about the height of which we were flying now. But Patchinka had told me that, with Sacha Petro had achieved the record of altitude for any dog or other animal, unless a mascot eagle. He had been up with his master thirteen thousand feet and hadn't turned a hair. Also there were few stunts he hadn't shared, from looping the loop, to the "falling leaf".

Some dogs, Patchinka had scornfully said, "hadn't the imagination" to look over the side of the machine; but Petro stolid British bull-dog as he was (and is) on the surface, has the heart of a sportsman and an explorer. He gazed down at the sea through his goggles; he snapped at clouds; he stared fascinated at the propeller, a mere whirling haze in its speed; he looked up prayerfully at the zenith, seeming to thank heaven that he was in his master's dear old 'plane again. And who could tell, perhaps he saw what we couldn't see—his master's spirit? Oh, this Petro was not a bad sea dog. He was a glad air dog, if ever there was one!

We had been flying to perfection for some time—despite the wind, which would blow us a little out of our course—when suddenly Petro's evident joy decreased. He became uneasy. I wondered why. We had dropped a little on account of the clouds. Perhaps he found the going a bit bumpy. But I remembered Patchinka's theory that the dog had a queer "sixth sense" which told him, not that

fussing, and Patchinka glancing at me, the engine began to misfire, and the "revs" dropped.

Could it really be that the dog had known before we knew? Was Sacha's spirit with us on this flight, and had he prompted Petro to give this warning which Patchinka, at least, was likely to understand?

We shall never fathom that mystery while we live, and can believe the dog's nervousness a mere coincidence if we choose. What we did know was that something odd and unexpected had happened, and that it was a jolly good thing to have Corsica spread out like a convenient rug to land on.

Not that the formation of Corsica in the very least resembled a rug, worse luck! As we approached, and dropped, we could plainly see (what we know already from maps) that the island bristled with mountains. In fact, it consisted of mountains, with here and there a narrow belt of beach or level land. Still, any land is better than no land when you're flying over the sea, and get engine trouble.

It seemed, I thought, too bad to be true that we should have this trouble or any other! The machine had been in perfect condition, and nothing had been taken out of her since our start about an hour ago. We ought to be all right, unless we had a Jonah on board. But we weren't right, and—there it was!

Suddenly, the engine cut out altogether, and as the Mascot glided down, down softly yet swiftly, towards that bright lump of mountains in the sea, our eyes sought anxiously for a possible landing.

It seemed at first sight a difficult

hope of landing without a crash showed rocks fierce as a black bull roused at sight of us, ready to toss us on his horns. But my Lady from the Air was Sacha Kapiéha's sister. Because she loved his machine she could coax it as no one else could, except Sacha himself. It was beautiful to see (and feel) her pan-caking down with the most exquisite skill, avoiding the rocks and rough ground, to alight with scarce a jar on the one bit of decent sand within reach.

I heard myself shout "Hurrah!" leaping out almost as we touched. After a stagger I steadied myself and went to examine the under-carriage which, slight as the shock had been, I was afraid might be damaged. If it were, the outlook for a quick restart would not be brilliant. I could find nothing wrong, however, nor could Patchinka, who wasn't six seconds behind me in springing onto terra firma. I blessed the riggers of the machine, and Sacha the designer.

"We don't seem to have come a cropper landing," said I. "But what knocked us out like that, to begin with? We were going too sweetly! Have you the faintest notion of the cause?"

"Just that—the faintest notion," she echoed, in an odd, excited tone. "There's a thing which might—but oh, here they come! I can't tell you anything now. They'll want to know what the trouble is. We must say it may be serious."

I gasped slightly, yet asked no questions. For one thing there wasn't time. For another, I wouldn't have done so if there had been. I trusted the girl completely.

Our passengers had come trembling out of the cabin, and even Dupont had

forgotten that one should always, in every circumstance, be charming to a millionaire's daughter. The two men pushed past the crumpled Wendela as if she'd been a sack of potatoes that had got in their way. Dupont's face was like dough, and Mendez was gray-green as the olives of his own Spain. The pair had doubtless been in a frightful funk about the safety of their skins, but now the old obsession of greed had conquered physical fear.

One backward glance when they'd scrambled down to earth showed me the thought behind their anxious eyes.

The men believed now that we'd tricked them; that we had landed not because of a genuine accident, but for some dark purpose of our own. They were wild lest we should do in a minute, almost under their noses, what we'd been trying to do in the hangar each day and night of the last week at Monte Carlo. That was why they forgot the importance of Miss Horden, thinking only of themselves—and the presumed secret of the aeroplane.

"What's the matter?" panted Mendez. "Don't know yet," I grumbled. "The principal thing is, we all seem to be alive and unsmashed."

Patchinka was peering at the undercarriage, already closely examined by me. "I'm afraid this will—er—hang us up for a while," she announced, her accent delicious as always, when she drops into slang. "There is something" (she made it "somesing") "very funny here."

The two men were at her back as she spoke, and instantly I knew that this was what she wished. She wanted the pair to be glued to her. She wanted to leave me free. But Miss Horden had clumsily reached earth at last, with much display of silk stockings. She wouldn't go to see what Patchinka was up to. No such luck as that! I murmured a word in Polish (learned from Miss Kapieha) and Petro placed himself stolidly between me and the figure in ermine.

"O-oh!" squeaked Wendela. "That awful monster! He's growling at me. Call him off, Boy, call him off!"

"He doesn't like all that white fur of yours," I suggested. "Better keep a bit in the background. I haven't time to deal with Petro now."

The young lady retreated a few steps, and I asked myself what definite thing it was that Patchinka had freed me to do. That it was definite, I felt sure. But—why, it must be the obvious thing, of course!

We'd been having engine trouble of some sort, and though the carburettor had been right as rain when we started the symptoms suggested that thereabouts lurked the mischief. Patchinka must know this as well as I did. She was keeping the two men off while I looked over the petrol system; that, I told myself eagerly, was her object.

The pair suspected us both, but probably they'd argued it out between them that, if indeed one of us knew the Secret, that one was doubtless the designer's sister. And now she lured them to go on thinking so, the young siren! What a great little actress she was! Her air was so stealthy, her small hands so tremulous that any gallery god would have spotted her for the villain of the piece.

Answering silly questions from Wendela, at her Petrobound distance, I worked inconspicuously. Chatting as if what I did was of small significance, I unscrewed the union of the petrol pipe, under the tank, and found as I expected that it was tightly blocked. Scarcely a drop had been reaching the pressure-fed carburettor. But what was the obstruction blocking the pipe, and how could it have got into the petrol, 30 crystal-clear gallons of which I myself had poured into the tank before our start?

The object felt like a small stone—very smooth—very round—or more like a boy's marble than a stone, perhaps. I fished to get it out, but it was closely wedged. Then I remembered a knife Aunt Sarah had given me when I was fifteen: one of those knives you think at that age, you'll use a dozen times a day all your life, whereas you use it once in a blue moon, if ever. You know the sort, bristling with blades and corkscrews and gimlets and even metal tooth-picks! It had gone with me through the war, and was still virgin. It had become a fetish. I'd always thought I might want it, and certainly would if I ever left it behind. This morning I'd almost given the thing to my waiter at the

British Hotel, in far off Monte Carlo. But not quite. It was in my pocket now. And a wirelike glove-buttoner did the trick.

When I'd forced the obstruction out and hastily screwed up the pipe to stop the sudden flow of petrol which gushed forth, I got the shock of my young life. If I had been a woman, but not a "real lady," I should have bellowed. If I'd been a lady, but not a real woman, I should have squeaked. For the thing I'd picked out of the petrol pipe was a great, creamy pearl.

"What's that you're staring at in your hand?" bawled Wendela, across Petro. "Er—something that stopped up the petrol pipe," I evaded her—and itched to choke the girl instead.

"Ah, but what? I asked you what?" Confound the female, she'd not have been Wendela Horden if she hadn't persisted. And I knew she'd go on persisting till I satisfied her fully.

The sharpness of her tone caught Dupont's attention. He turned from Patchinka's tinkering to mine. But I

secret receptacle. Each would be a new danger. They must be sought for and somehow got out. As for the secret receptacle itself, extricating that would be far more difficult, unless there were a manhole in the bottom of the tank. But there must be a manhole! Sacha would have arranged that, and anyhow, I should soon see. At present, however, we need worry only about loose pearls, which by draining the tank I could seek without my real object being detected. The receptacle (I pictured it as a metal cylinder) I couldn't take out through a manhole without fear of being caught by Dupont and Mendez. Though they could know nothing of the pearls, they did know about the papers. They knew also that our whole purpose was to obtain them, just as it was theirs. The sight of anything larger than—let's say, a pearl, emerging from the fastnesses of the plane would be a signal to attack.

Thinking this over quickly, I decided that the "scrap" I looked forward to had perhaps better come in the Algerian

"I hear," I said, "and to hear would be to obey, only when flying though man may propose, in the end the aeroplane disposes. But—Ajaccio's close by. You must have seen the big Naval Port as we came down, with all the torpedo boats looking like rows of black water bottles fast asleep? Well, you can get a ship of sorts at Ajaccio, and—"

"A ship!" mocked Mendez, who had torn himself from Patchinka and joined Dupont. "A ship is not quick enough for us. It would not take us where we want to go. To me, there seems nothing much wrong with this machine. But there will doubtless be expert airmen in Ajaccio who can tell us the truth if you can't. At all costs, we must start or again and reach Hamada before night."

"You are most unselfish, Senor Mendez," I said. "One sees it is for your friend's sake you speak, since Hamada is nothing to you, I understand."

"It is something to me," he contended. "It is a stage of my journey. The sooner I am there the sooner I shall get on further."

"I see," I said. But I didn't see, quite, and privately I wished I could. What I did see was how right and easy everything would be if only this aeroplane hadn't been won by Wendela.

The blighters shan't get to Hamada before night, anyhow, I resolved, since that's what they've set their hearts on—at all costs. Those costs are meant to fall on us, I'd bet every dashed tin of petrol we've got on board!

Nevertheless, I realized that we should not gain much from remaining indefinitely in our present position. The whole town had beheld us descending, and now the whole town was turning out to see for itself why we had descended. There were women and children as well as men and some of the men had the look of being gendarmes. On the blue bay of Ajaccio little boats moved swiftly in our direction. One would have thought we were a wrecked liner, packed with millionaires ready to offer bribes beyond the dreams of avarice!

CHAPTER XLI.

The Blessing of the Crowd.

JUST one blessing the crowd did bring. After we'd explained what our knowledge of Italian ran to, with additions in French, (splashing ahead of Mendez and Dupont) we snatched a few words together.

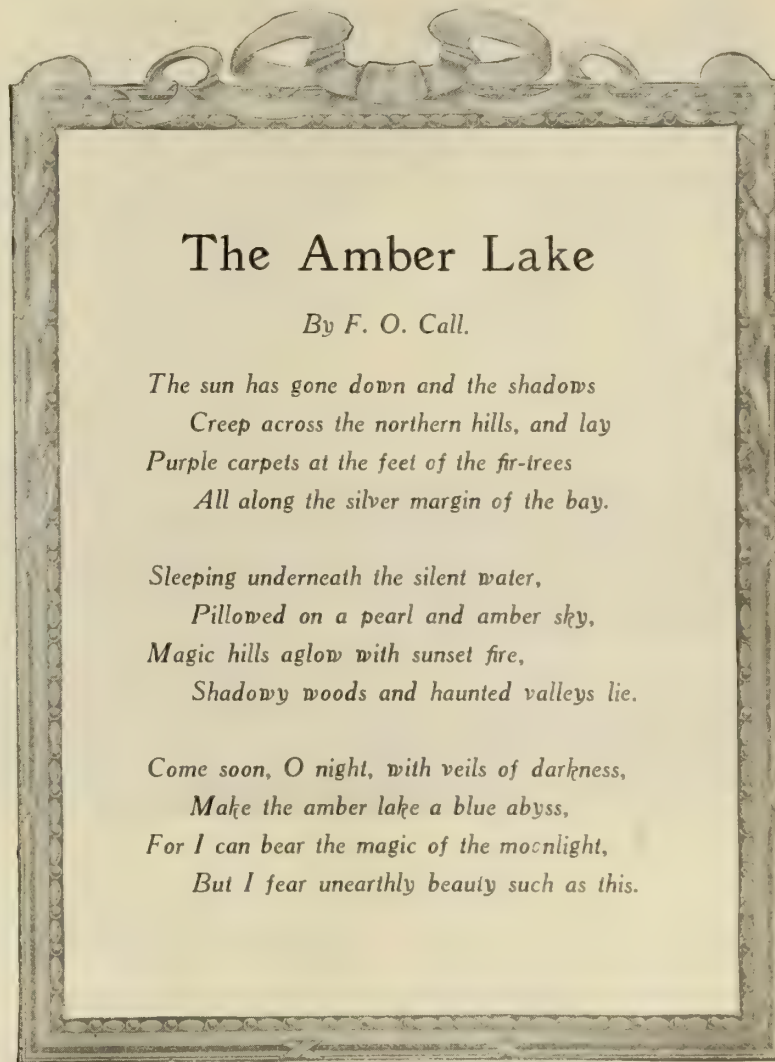
"'Twasn't fluffy wool in the petrol pipe 'Twas a pearl," I whispered to Patchinka.

"Ah, I knew Sacha meant to hide his papers in a cylinder of metal at the bottom of the tank!" she breathed. "I vowed to him I'd never tell the secret. But every thing's changed now, and I can speak. He must have put the pearls in with the papers. I always hoped he had, and—told you before we started this morning there was bad news from Laurette about the duplicate plans. She *did* have them to keep for Sacha, though never the pearls. The papers—very thin and small—were in a letter of Sacha's to her—letter in a secret drawer of her desk. All his letters were in the same place. He husband guessed there was such a drawer. When he came back from Austria he broke the desk to find it. Laurette seized the letters from his hand and rather than he should read them, she burnt the whole packet before his eyes. So, if there are no duplicate plans hidden in this machine the papers are lost to me forever, and our fight has failed. It's glorious about the pearl, though! That looks as if the cylinder has been safe all these years, thank the Saints! But it must have shaken loose—it must have opened and if the string of the pearls has broken there may be lots of them rolling about in the tank."

"Maybe," I agreed. "In that case, we restart, history'll repeat itself and the engine will go 'dud' again when there's no right little tight little island to land on."

"I thought of this," murmured Patchinka, "when I said I had lost the faintest notion what our engine trouble might be. Only it seemed too good to be true. It's why I wanted to rest long enough where we are, for a thorough search if possible. But will it be possible with all these people about? They're capable of stopping as long as we do."

"They are capable of it," I prophesied. "I'm afraid there's no hope of that alleg-



The Amber Lake

By F. O. Call.

*The sun has gone down and the shadows
Creep across the northern hills, and lay
Purple carpets at the feet of the fir-trees
All along the silver margin of the bay.*

*Sleeping underneath the silent water,
Pillowed on a pearl and amber sky,
Magic hills aglow with sunset fire,
Shadowy woods and haunted valleys lie.*

*Come soon, O night, with veils of darkness,
Make the amber lake a blue abyss,
For I can bear the magic of the moonlight,
But I fear unearthly beauty such as this.*

was just a little too quick for him. Pretending not to notice his move, I replied to Wendela.

"Bit of fluffy wool," I explained, producing a ball of the said stuff, which I'd taken from the pocket of my leather coat to wrap round a torn finger-nail. The wool was realistically wet with petrol as well as blood; and inside it was—the pearl.

"Funny how it got into the tank," I went on innocently, "but queer things do happen when you fly! I must keep this as a souvenir. Chaps would never believe me if I told such a tale and couldn't prove it."

"Well, if you've found the source of the trouble," remarked Dupont in French. "It will be unnecessary for Miss Kapieha to continue searching, and we might try to restart. My friend and I—particularly I—wish to arrive at the end of this journey without more delay. We supposed that the young lady was an expert, even if—"

"If she weren't an expert, we'd have crashed on the rocks, and perhaps the petrol tank would have exploded, and by this time we'd all have been in Kingdom Come, after being burnt to cinders," I harrowed the cad, as a Roland for his Oliver. The pearl in its protective wool was now safe in my pocket, but if there'd been one in the tank there might be more, which had escaped from some

desert than here in Corsica. For an excitable crowd of natives was thronging to the scene of action at this moment. Corsicans are more Italian than French in language and ways, although French citizens by law. Mendez and Dupont could both speak Italian. I could not. And they were far more fluent than Patchinka, though she had some knowledge of Italian as of all other languages which I'd yet come across. The men might cook up some story, and have us clapped into prison in Ajaccio, if we gave them the slightest shadow of excuse. Besides, certain preparations I had made were more suited to the desert than our present situation.

"If Miss Kapieha had been an amateur—as your friend Maroni called her and me," I went on, "if she hadn't been used to all kinds of stunts, she'd have ruined the machine, even if she hadn't killed us, landing in such small space. She'd probably have glided down, instead of putting the plane into a steep side-slip till nearly the last, then flattening out and dropping onto this hearth-rug of sand with barely a few yards run. Even if we don't get off again till tomorrow, you ought to be thanking her on your knees instead of grumbling."

"Don't get off till tomorrow!" Dupont flung the words back in my face. "But we must get off. Do you hear, sir, we must!"



Dupont's face was like dough and Mendez was grey-green as the olives of his own Spain.

cylinder is knocking around inside the tank, of our rescuing it unnoticed. But after all, it's yours by every right, and—

"Miss Horden wouldn't think so. She hates me worse than ever because I came as pilot. She says it was a 'mean trick.' Perhaps even the law would give Wendela all the contents of the Mascot, as it's her property. And then Dupont would somehow make her marry him, so the plans for the new inventions would be his."

"Heavens! What a beastly idea!" I almost laughed at its grim grotesqueness.

"Not too beastly for him. Do you think anything—that he can get a chance to do—is too beastly for those wretches?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't," I felt bound to admit. "But the pearls—why, they're Miss Horden's anyhow, I suppose. At least they're her father's, if Kapiha got money to build his Mascot on the promise of them. Rather complicated, this business, as it's turning out. What?"

"It won't be complicated if those men get their way," shrugged Patchinka. "It will be quite simple. It won't matter to whom the things belonged at first. In the end they mean that all shall belong to them. That's why we're to land at Hamada, of course; you and I have guessed that from the first."

"We have. And we've prepared to act accordingly. Still, landing here in civilization would be providential if only we could make proper use of our accident."

"Ah, if!" she echoed. "It was what I hoped for when we came down here. But I hadn't counted on this crowd. As it is, do your best, my Duquesclin. But it's in my bones that we shall leave here—defeated."

"Not utterly," I cheered her. "At worst we may collect a few more pearls. And we're no longer uncertain. We know there's the whole lot for us to find later."

"For us—or for others?"

"You're not losing courage? Not you!" Her eyes flashed green. "A Kapiha doesn't lose courage. But—"

"What is the 'but'?"

"I wasn't to hear, however, unless Wendela heard, too, for Petro, excited by the crowd, in an absent-minded moment had let her slip by his barrage."

With an eye on the dog she sidled up to us. "You're talking secrets!" she accused me: "secrets about my machine. I can tell by your faces. I believe Dupont's right about you, after all, Boy, though I defended you to him. He says he and his two friends know you and Miss Kapiha are plotting to get hold of something valuable which is hidden in this aeroplane. That would be plotting against me. Because the plane's mine, you know perfectly well, and everything in it's mine, too."

"I think you might trust me to not defraud you," I said. "As for Miss Kapiha—"

"Nothing you can say will make me trust her," cut in Wendela, her voice like an ice axe. "That's why I came to-day. But I'd like to trust you. I should feel real sick if it turned out I couldn't. But here's just one thing I want to remind

you of here and now, Boy. Remember your solemn promise to me. Remember why and how I lent you this aeroplane."

"I remember distinctly," I replied.

"You've kept your word—honest Injun?"

"I have."

"And you will keep it?"

"You can depend upon that, Miss Horden."

Apropos of "remembering," just then Petro remembered his charge. He tore back like a condensed whirlwind and blew through his nostrils at Wendela's ermine coat.

She jumped back with a screech; and retired into the background, or at least into the middle distance, where she was joined by Dupont. Something in the expression of his face made me wonder if Patchinka's suggestion was so absurd after all. He was trying to make up for his late rudeness in taking Wendela for a potato sack. He was all eyes—all graces. She simpered under her light lashes in my direction. If I'd been the conceited ass she tried to make of me, I'd have thought her aim was to rouse my jealousy! By and by she stopped simpering and seemed to grow excited. She looked as if she thought herself a figure of romance.

"If Dupont isn't proposing, he's working up to it," murmured Patchinka, her air sophisticated as that of Lilith the Serpent. "He's counting us out, you and me, Duquesclin,—after Hamada."

"That's where he gets left," said I. "Hang Hamada!"

Patchinka shrugged slim shoulders, looking more grave than on that night when she had but one dress and her last dinner. Smiles would come, however, for the Corsicans were playing a pretty comedy for our benefit. The scene was set as if for light opera. We, and the Mascot, were the leading characters, and the dark, proud-faced natives of the neighborhood were the chorus. But did you ever see a chorus bent on selling cheese and chestnuts, especially cheese, to the hero and heroine? I never did, till we landed near Ajaccio.

It was wonderful cheese they had brought; white and solid looking, pressed into half-round baskets which marked it queerly; and handsome women explained that it was the national dish, druccio, very famous and better to eat than anything else on earth. To ingratiate ourselves we bought some, also roasted chestnuts almost as large as eggs. Patchinka drank goat's milk and liked it, and Wendela wished to purchase a rare baby moulon as a rival to Petro, but abandoned the idea when the creature butted her.

Thanks to varied excitements, I snatched a second now and then, unobserved by Dupont or Mendez. Having already drained the tank by disconnecting the tap, I'd paved the way for lightning investigations. The first detail of importance I hit upon was the hoped-for manhole in the bottom of the tank. This, had I ever got an unwatched opportunity, I should have found during work in the hangar; but even so, under the mass of

syndicate or Wendela I could have done nothing. Now, the excuse of tinkering at the machine did give me a chance and I made the most of it. I even touched the secret container inside the tank, that had been attached to the plug, supposed to be used for draining petrol. It had been reinforced as well as hidden by a support, but had worked loose, though to my disappointment had not entirely parted from its moorings. Had it been completely freed, I might have drawn it out through the manhole, beneath which Sacha had arranged a clear space of more than twelve inches. The fastening held, however, and all I dared do was to stuff up the broken end with a small wad of my fluffy wool. The cylinder, which I could only feel—not see—was about two inches in diameter, and my guess was that Sacha had divided the interior—an outer part to contain the pearls, an inner space to hold thin and closely rolled papers. I fished two more pearls, and two only, from the smooth depths of the drained tank, and hid them as I had hidden the first, in a bit of soaked wool. After that I could but trust that all might go well—till Hamada.

That was what I said to myself; "till Hamada." After Hamada—but it seemed useless to make little snug plans for anything after that. What I had done, with Patchinka's help, was first to prepare for Hamada. Beyond, my mind refused to go.

Mendez and Dupont wished to reach Hamada before dark, consequently I determined that the veil of night should fall over the desert before we reached there.

By dint of tinkering, seeing to nuts, bracing wires and interplane struts, Patchinka and I contrived to delay our start till towards sunset. When at last I'd refilled the tank with the carefully saved petrol which had been drained out, the sky was aflame and red-purple as if spilled wine had run into the blues of the sea.

Just before we rose a land breeze brought to our nostrils the balsam scent of far-off *maquis*, aromatic bushes, wild rose and myrtle which is the famed perfume of Corsica, and Patchinka and I looked into each other's eyes, as yet ungoggled.

"What beauty, what sweetness!" she sighed, with a new wistfulness. "I drink it. Do you remember my 'Ave Cæsar'?"

"I do," I answered. "It was the key to the puzzle of you. Do you feel—er—that way now?"

"I don't want you or me to die. I don't mean for us to die," the girl said. "But we know there's something hanging over us. It comes into my mind—I can't help it—that this wonderful sunset may be the last we will ever see."

"Anyhow, it's a jolly good one," I said cheerfully, "but I expect to see lots of others just as fine. Don't forget, we're giving the Syndicate plans a jolt by starting late. Whatever the show is that they've ordered in our honour, it was due to open early. And it won't."

Patchinka smiled. "If you think I'm afraid you make a mistake. I'm not. I'm only thoughtful. That's all."

And we had time for no more. Already Wendela wanted to know what we were "mumbling about." She wanted me to help her get to the cabin. She wanted an assurance that this time everything would be all right. I gave it; but there was much more confidence in my air than in my heart. We had a long flight over water before us. And if more pearls worked out through that wad of fluffy wool—well, Patchinka's "Ave Cæsar" would be an appropriate as well as a polite salutation from "those about to die."

CHAPTER XLII

The Desert Welcome.

THERE ought to have been no fun in the thought of a night flight across water, with a two-to-one chance of "pearl trouble" any moment. But somehow there was fun in it, even with Patchinka at her most temperamental, and in the throes of a presentiment I had heard her say she had "night eyes," and I trusted them; my own, too. Besides, any known danger was better to face than the vague menace of keeping the Syndicate's schedule, and their impotent rage at our delay did me good. They weren't quite sure whether we had had an accident or a fake; and they suspected every word, every move. But we knew how to manage the machine and they didn't; so for the time we had them at our mercy, as they hoped later to have us at theirs.

Both men refused to help our start by holding the Mascot's wings while a Corsican Brother held the tail. They feared we would fly away and leave them in the lurch, a trick I should have loved to play if I hadn't accepted their money and bound myself to see the adventure through.

Nothing would persuade the couple that we meant to play fair if they played fair with us, so I had to think of a compromise. While Patchinka started the engine I took the tail, with a Corsican (paid in advance) clinging to each wing. It was toss-up whether the amateurs might let go, scared by the noise, but they hung on and we taxied along the short strip of sand. The anxious moment passed. The engine went like a dream, and as I scrambled on board, the Mascot performed her great speciality. Her speed on the ground increased. Avoiding the rocks, her tail lifted, and while a common machine would still have been earthbound, she took her flying attitude.

Corsican cheers followed us skyward, Petro answering. Then we lost all sounds save our own. Our compass-steered course set to suit the wind, we gradually ascended, headed for Algiers. The sea sank down, down, like water running through a sieve, as we rose. The wind-red waves were smoothed to a shining floor of tinted glass. We soon lost the shape of the long island with its

(Continued on page 46)

THE proprietor of the boat-house waddled towards us. His pink and puffy cheeks bunched up into a smile of welcome—rolled up under his eyebrows over the two slits which did duty for eyes. In a voice that was faint and high-keyed he inquired:

"What c'n I do fer you, Ladies?"

We told him we should like to look at his power boats.

"We have a canoe," I explained; "but we haven't a motor boat."

"I see," he nodded shortly. "Y've got a camp an' y'ain't got a motor boat!"

His expression was one of infinite pity; his voice sounded like the refrain of "Rescue the Perishing." He turned briskly to his motor boats.

"My stock is a little low," he went on apologetically. "I sold three just yesterday. But these here three's just as good. The others were bigger, that's all. I s'pose now you ladies don't want one that will hold say fifteen or twenty people?"

"We're not going into the Sunday School excursion business," I informed him. "We want one for our own use—if we buy at all."

"Exactly. You want one 'to hold anywhere from five to fifteen people in a pinch an' that'll ride the water as well with one in it. An' y'don't want her skittish. Now these here two boats's first, class boats but I'm goin' t' risk losin' a sale by bein' honest with you. These here two's too skittish fer ladies."

Then he dropped his voice an octave. "But this here one—ah!" He laid his hand on the gunwale of the third. "This here one has ally' want in a boat. She's steady an' reli'ble an' not too fast. I hate t'part with her, honest. I c'n sell her any day easier'n I c'n sell these here other two. She's what people are lookin' fer. But I'll always give'n honest opinion t' ladies."

He paused and beamed again.

"I'll tell y' somethin' else," he squeaked on; "but it's nothing against her. She's a bit second-hand. The man that owned her moved t' Toronto. He just hated t'part with her, but he wanted one that would do fer Lake Ontario. So he sez t'me, 'Sacrifice her fer a quick sale,' an' that's what I'm doin'. But somehow I hate t'part with her, f'r I've become sort of attached t' her. Seems almost's if she was human."

My desire to own this boat that was almost "human" increased in ratio to the regret in his voice. But, like a good buyer, I tried to keep that desire from showing in my face.

"Suppose," he suggested, "y'take a little spin out in her an' see fer yerselves how easy she runs?"

ALMOST HUMAN

BY AIMEE D. LINTON

Illustrated by Arthur Drummond

It sounded honest and we were impressed. Our faces, no doubt, admitted that much. He helped us into the boat.

As we swung out into the bay, I had already a far-advanced sense of possession. To hear her "put-a-put" through the water was an inspiring thing—a gas chant of triumph. She obeyed the obese man at the wheel in a model feminine way.

"Most motor boats have self-starters nowadays, haven't they?" I asked, more from a desire to suggest I knew something of motor boats than from any desire to find fault with this one.

"Just a mattera taste, Lady," he shrugged indifferently. "There's some wants those new-fangled things, but I c'n tell y'in confidence, Lady, there's mostly always somethin' goes wrong with 'em. An' when somethin' does go wrong with 'em, y've t'take t' the wheel anyways. So y'see, there's not much use havin' a self-starter, is there?"

Against the din of the engine his voice was low and soft,—that excellent thing in woman—and salesmen. I strained my hearing to catch all he said, for I wanted to know all the features of this desirable boat. In a few weeks they were so engraven on my memory that no shock could efface them.

"A child c'n turn this wheel," he went on as we turned again for his boat-house. "An' this engine can't be beat. She's as reli'ble as the Banka Montreal."

Then back at his boat-house the Fat One looked us over with seeming carelessness and remarked with "assumed casualness,

"I'm not goin' t'urge you t'buy this boat. She'll sell like Vict'ry bonds. But I don't mind sayin' that if you're goin' t'buy, I'd do it quick."

But I was cautious. I said that we'd consult with my brother first.

"What might your brother's name be, Lady?" he wanted to know.

I told him what it might be—and was. "Is Charlie your brother?" The tone in which he asked the question gave one the impression that he'd be glad to meet with any connection of Charlie's, even unto the third and fourth generation.

"Well, well!" he ejaculated. "I know Charlie well. Good scout, Charlie. Fine head on him. Tell you what I'll do, Ladies: I'll take a run out t' Charlie's to-morrow an' let him see the boat. He c'n have a spin in her an' see how she works."

We accepted his apparently generous offer and agreed on three o'clock next day.

Accordingly the next afternoon he arrived—some fifteen minutes late.

"Met a friend up the lake," he apologized effusively, "an' had a minute's chat with him. Guess I'm a bit late."

We said it didn't matter. It didn't—then.

With her engine cleaned, brass and grease cups shined and new oilcloth on the floor, she had little about her to suggest that she might be of an antique vintage. A new pennant fluttered from her stern.

My brother looked impressed. I guess we all did.

As I look back on it now with a memory sharpened by expensive experience, I can see that as much as anything it was that flag that sold that motor boat—and us. It's not, as a rule, the article as a whole which impresses the novice buyer; it is some one thing that will stand out from the ruck of attractions in bold relief. Red is popularly supposed to excite animals and lunatics. I hold that flag responsible for much!

Out on the lake, the Fat One duly instructed my brother in the mysteries of power boats. I stood at the wheel whose brass spokes shone and in a way which no one who was not a school teacher, such as I was, could perhaps fully appreciate, became entranced with the ready obedience it yielded to my hand. Later, I decided, I could learn from Charlie all there was to know of motor mechanism.

Charlie appeared to be progressing beautifully. He started her ahead and reversed her; he filled gas, priming and grease cups with facility and despatch; he turned off the switch and stopped her; he turned it on again and started her. The heavy wheel seemed to need only the touch of his hand to start her.

"Simple as A B C, ain't she?" the Fat One asked cheerfully. "Course now, it'd take some fellers a day'r two t' ketch on t' her workin's, but you seem to be a born mechanic."

"She doesn't seem too difficult," Charlie admitted, and there was a pleased grin on his face—like that of a cat when it is tickled behind the ears.

Then I remembered that Charlie knew as much about machinery as he did of Sanscrit.

On the run back to shore, the Fat One sat in the stern and discoursed feelingly to Molly on one's attachment for boats.

"Y'get t'be fond of 'em same's if they was human like," he stated among other things.

With Charlie as engineer and myself as pilot we ran into our harbor with a triumphant swirl. Just then we felt equal to running an ocean liner. But all exhilaration brings its penalty—and we paid for that.

In the pudgy palm of the Fat One we placed a cheque and he stepped into the trailer he had brought with him—a small skiff with an outboard motor. Afterward we realised that the presence of the trailer was sufficient evidence that the Fat One was an expert salesman. Too late we also realized that the trailer was the kind of boat we should have bought.

"A power boat," he admonished us at parting, "is just like a human bean an' their insides's about the same. Feed her with gas, flood her with oil, keep her carburetor clean, see that she gets water an' she'll go. That's all there is to 'em."

It sounded easy and oh, so very, very human!

"We can have some interesting times in this boat," Charlie remarked, as the Fat One disappeared round the point.

We had them all right, but they were not the kind we had in mind just then. Visions of fishing excursions, picnics and exploring jaunts stretched before us in dazzling array. The summer lay ahead in one long vista of cool, green retreats flanked by picnic baskets. Dreams—pipe dreams!

"We shall have to give her a name," I suggested; "something unusual."

But we never found a name unusual enough for her unusualness. There never was a name under heaven that could do justice to her vagaries. We started with "The Waterbaby" and ended with "The Diable."

At last we tore ourselves away from our new possession and paddled to camp in our excellent canoe, "The Suffragette."

And the evening was the first day.

NEXT day Charlie hurried through his work to take us out in the evening for a run in "The Waterbaby." With him came his wife and two little girls, the youngest of two tender years. I mention the fact not as merely in passing. What that motor boat failed to do for us by way of teasing uncertainty, young "Billy" provided in the matter of absolute certainty.

"Billy," corrupted from Wilhelmina, was a name not more than half suggestive of her hectic, meteoric temperament. Her years were the only tender thing about this small niece of mine. In form she was round and rugged; in movement she was a combination of an angle worm and a comet. Also, she possessed a terrifying originality and a fatal gift for inquiry.

For the first mile all went merry as a marriage bell—but much more noisy. At the time I accepted the roar of the engine as a manifestation of her perfection. Now I know that noise and perfection are no more associated with power boats than they are with human "beans." We were quiet and happy. Billy also.

For a mile she sat quite still. Perhaps she was overawed by a noise greater than any she had yet been able to produce. At the end of the mile, however, her subjugation broke down.

Unnoticed by any of us, she squirmed down and in a flash was on her way to her father at the engine. But she stopped at the revolving piston to investigate, hands outstretched to catch it.

Then Molly and her mother saw her. With a united shriek they made a mad dash for her. The father's eye caught the flutter of fast-moving figures and alighted on his baby. His arm shot out and down and Billy was grabbed by the seat of her rompers and laid face downward on the seat.

Billy lifted up her voice and wept. "Holy cats!" exploded Charlie, his eyes returning to their normal size. "That was a close one! You'll have to keep her caged up down there. I've all I can do to attend to the engine."

He had more than he could do—but he didn't know it then.

As for Billy, it would have been just as easy to keep a lively young gorilla confined to the restricted area of the stern of the boat. With tiny, intimated fists she pounded the wall of two pairs of legs placed across the seats to keep her in. She



"We are all right," I answered shortly, "but I'm sorry I can't say the same for that boat you sold us."

opened up the throttle of her lungs and rent the din-burdened air. She tried every sort of specious collusion known to her tender years and wore her two jailors to a frazzle. Though not in the storm centre, I felt my nerves crack.

"Let's go in!" I screeched to my brother, two feet away.

He wearily agreed.

As we entered the channel of the creek which was our harbor, there was a bump. We had struck a sunken log in the creek bed. Charlie met my look of dismay with.

"That won't hurt her; she has a steel keel. This boat could hit a rock and not be hurt."

Her future career proved that rocks were of little account to her.

We all felt that our first cruise had not been one of unalloyed ecstasy. But perhaps the bad beginning augured a good ending.

We took them, as a concession, but we laughed. Her fear of the water was a joke in our family.

Charlie took several turns at the wheel and rose from his knees with a red, hot face.

"Seems to me that running that wheel is a man's sized job," Louise remarked sardonically.

"No, there's a knack to it," Charlie replied modestly; "I don't know the boat yet." Which was true; he didn't.

Two minutes later, in a sudden tipping of the boat, I thought I heard water rush to one side of her. But I dismissed the idea as absurd. Our "Waterbaby" could not have water on the inside!

When we had gone two of the five miles to town, the engine stopped. Then the boat stopped. Charlie looked puzzled, Louise both triumphant and dismayed.

a terrified screech. Learning that the explosion arose from natural causes, she delivered herself of a piece of her mind that passed understanding.

At the end of thirty minutes, the sweat rolling down his face, Charlie gave it up and we paddled to shore.

"Oh no, we didn't need the paddles, did we?" Louise jeered.

We reached the town in job lots by autos. Molly and I headed for the boat-house of the Fat One.

"Hare yuh, Ladies?" he inquired genially.

"We are all right;" I answered shortly; "but I'm sorry, I can't say the same for that boat you sold us."

His optical slits opened in innocent surprise. "Wot's happened?" His voice oozed anxious inquiry.

"That's what we want to know," Molly snapped. "We are not the doctor."

"Looks like a fit of the sulks to me,"

date, I fancy she'll run quite as well on land as on water," Molly made cryptic answer. "For the present, at all events, she seems to have a decided aversion to running on water."

"Do you know how to run it?" was Teddy's next question.

"There are some things hidden from the wise and prudent," Molly replied; "but we are living in hopes of learning something about her."

Nor were we disappointed in this—though how to run her was not one of the things we learned.

The Fat One stowed the five of us in his fast launch and while we drew three breaths we covered the three miles to the "Waterbaby."

"Is your boat as fast as this one?" Teddy asked between breaths.

"Temperamentally," Molly explained, "her nature isn't as fast as this one. The fat man in the bow says that ours is a human motor boat," she added.

Arrived at our boat, the Fat One began his diagnosis. He felt her pulse, looked at her tongue and took her temperature—or so it seemed to us.

"Y'don't think she got overheated, Charlie?" he asked finally.

Charlie took off his hat and scratched his head. "The sun is pretty hot," he admitted.

The Fat One's face expanded in a broad grin. "I don't mean that way. When y'run her full steam ahead all the time her engine's apt to get overheated."

His porcine form circumnavigated the engine a few times more. Finally he straightened up with a jerk.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "y'haven't the switch on?"

Under his breath Charlie said he'd be—something, which the others did not hear. I protested that the switch was on when she stopped. The Fat One explained that motor boats take a notion sometimes not to run, "but the spells don't last long," he added. "They're just like human beans."

"The point is, I snapped, "is she human enough to be made to go when the 'spells' are not on?"

He explained, with infinite gentleness in his voice, that one had to have patience with a power boat and, with a triumphant grin, admonished Charlie always to make sure the switch was on if he wanted her to go. Charlie looked foolish. But I wasn't satisfied and I entered another complaint.

"There seems to be water in her," I announced.

His expression of surprise showed every tooth he had. He took up the lovely new oilcloth on her floor and exposed her ribs. There was enough water inside her to drown a pup.

"Must of struck somethin'!" he declared with conviction.

I remembered the sunken log in the creek bed and spoke of it.

"That was it!" he ejaculated eagerly. "When y'hit that log, y'jarred her insides some ways. Acourse, all motor boats's more or less water in 'em."

"This one," I reflected, "seems to belong to the class which has more."

"It's their nature," he went on, "same's a dog's got fleas. Some says it's the vibration of the engine. But a little water don't hurt none; it does fine for ballast, but there's too much here. Y'see, a boat's more or less delict an' y've got to handle 'em bout's careful as if they was human."

"Do you suppose we broke one of her ribs?" I interrupted tartly. I was becoming tired of the human analogy.

"I don't hardly think so," he assured me. "It's just some triflin' thing that'll get all right in time."

I wondered if, on the principle of the old nursery rhyme, another bump in the same place would set it right.

THE Fat One saw us go merrily off and waved after us an insouciant hand in the dimpled palm of which lay a two dollar bill. Then he shot out of the bay in his own catapult craft.

In half an hour we had disembarked at the creek.

"What do you say, girls, to a trip to the north end of the lake to-morrow?" Charlie asked as we parted for the night.

We didn't say anything to it, for awhile. Already we felt fed up on the boat. But in the end politeness forced us to a display of eagerness we were far from feeling.

And the evening was the third day.

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"If we are to keep cold wet cloths on her forehead," she remarked, "I see where my nursing talents may be turned to good account."

And the evening was the second day.

The next day, two friends being expected to visit us at camp, my brother and I decided to meet them in town by "The Waterbaby." It would be, we felt, the equivalent of a whole brass band. But my eldest sister advised going into town by auto. She had opposed our buying the motor boat in the first place.

"If you are tired of life, drown yourselves decently instead of risking death in a thousand horrible ways in a thing like that," she advised testily.

I resented her calling our "Waterbaby" a "thing" and, like Pharaoh of old, hardened my heart against her advice that day. But we all had to get to town. So, after many weather-searching looks at the cloudless sky and much loathing in her heart, she stepped aboard with the grim advice.

"Take all the paddles; we may need them."

"I told you that you can't depend upon these things!" she snorted. She would call it a "thing!"

"It's just stopped for a rest," I explained soothingly. "The man said it was just like a human being and I've read that machinery has to have a rest just like people."

"If it's so human, you might explain to it that this is a very inopportune time for it to take its rest," Louise sniffed sarcastically.

With infinite patience Charlie turned at the wheel. He turned seventy times seven—and then some. Finally he gave up turning and directed his attention to cups. He screwed the grease cups down; he glutted the oil cups with oil; he fed the priming cup with gas and opened it up. The engine expelled the gas with such force that Louise, who was then anxiously scanning the cloudless heavens for some sign of a storm, leaped into the air with

I appended. "We tried her with everything but candy and she wouldn't budge unless we paddled her. Do you suppose it's sunstroke she has?" I asked in an attempt at being facetious.

For a "slight consideration" he agreed to take us out after the train came in to where "The Waterbaby" reposed and declared we should find the trouble "some triflin' thing."

To our two friends just off the train, we explained the situation.

"A motor boat!" Judy exclaimed. "Well, you're not likely to find life either flat or stale from now on, though I predict you'll find it decidedly unprofitable."

"A motor boat!" Teddy was from an inland town and her ideas on anything connected with boats were more or less nebulous. "Is that one of those things that will run on either land or water?"

"Well, from what I've seen of ours to

OF all the intimate associations that flash upon memory's screen as we think of old times and back to "The Old Place" in the country or by the sea-shore which we called "home" in childhood no one thing stands out so distinctly as the old Well and the old well-sweep, and the "oaken bucket that hung in the well."

(Peradventure there were these accessories)

No path lives so vividly or so dearly in that same memory treasure-house as the little old winding path that led from the kitchen door to the well and back.

No journeys made since, whether great or little, at home or abroad, compare for impression with the journeys made along that same path, dewy and fresh in the early morning, cool and calming in the evening when first the misty shades of night began to look down upon the world out of cloud and over the hills, or if by the seashore over the soft and brooding bosom of old Ocean with its homing boats.

Wells! To many of us these may be nothing but dreams. But these dream-thoughts are the ladders of the soul. All through Canada from sea to sea, hanging on the well, they will awaken responsive memories and responsive hearts. For the Well not only was everywhere but IS everywhere. No home into which the Home Journal comes but will feel itself touched by memory of the old Well somewhere in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta or British Columbia.

Then there is the universality of the Well. It literally sweeps through the land from Atlantic to Pacific giving way as it were only to the Ocean.

Nor in reality does it stop at Canada but the Well sweeps around the world under the British flag uniting in a bond of well-being the many links of our great nation. Moreover the memory of the Well in their respective homelands is not forgotten by the New Canadians. It is in their treasure-house as in ours. It is a bond between us. Did we all but realize how in fundamental things we all share the same common things, so in memory's storehouse we have the same simple treasury we should feel ourselves nearer drawn to folk everywhere, whether they hailed to Canada from Iceland or from Timbuctoo.

Well, again. It must not be thought that in becoming so universal the wells of Canada sink their individuality. Far from it. Journeys here and there in Canada will show, if they show anything, that the well of Nova Scotia is as individual and different from the well of Quebec or the well of Ontario or the Far West as it could well be. And so there is never about the well that we remember the tedium of sameness. And in going about the country this summer it will be one of the things that "strike" us; this individuality and difference in "Wells" that neighbor each other.

There is the round "well" and the square, the deep and the shallow. The well that grandfather dug, the well that just seemed to grow. There always having been a "well" in that place Well! And what changes and what stirring events, dramatic to the degree that never seems to creep into plain history. How many a Canadian Rebecca has been possessed of a beauty surpassing Evangeline's yet for lack of a Longfellow has gone unsung. How many a "well" that we remember has yielded sweeter water than that by the willows of Grand Pre!

Yet because of the central place in the stage held of these we cannot do better than to look upon the Well at Grand Pre as godfather of all the wells in Canada

Yet of course before this Well there was a line of Wells and Well-sweeps reaching back to the dawn of Canadian history. Back to the Norsemen, the Basques, the Portuguese, the Gaels, the Colonial French in Cape Breton and Annapolis Royal, back to the aborigine Indian. One could take the well-sweep in hand as a huge quill pen with which to write the history of this great country of Canada from the earliest times down to now. The thought for us women in this sweep of time as well as in this line of wells is that for every "well" there has been at least one woman. And for the common well shared by a community many women. Women who have come and gone but while they went back and forth down the little path gave the human interest touch

WELL, WELL

BY VICTORIA HAYWARD

Photographs by Edith S. Waison

to these inanimate but atmospheric appendages to the households of Canada.

And as the well at Grand Pre reaches back so it reaches forward till now and continues with outstretched arm to project itself into the Canada to be. For we cannot imagine there will ever come the day when it will not be "well" with Canada.

* * *

HOW interesting and how dramatic a picture is presented by the many and various women who have tripped it back and forth to these wells, pails in hand. How many languages of heart and tongue have these old wells not heard. How many and various the women of the future who will seek to peer into the crystal

Running water in our houses has come to be looked upon as a necessity. And remotest farm houses now boast labor and time-saving devices in connection with the water supply. And yet, and yet who wants to see the day when there is no "well" in Canada? Who wants to see the day when the well that grandfather dug and the well-sweep that he set up is no longer there in the old place?

Progress will get beyond being progress when we cease to care for the old well and its weathered arm against the sky-line. And when summer comes and the call of the out-of-doors is strong upon us, how pleasant it is for city dwellers following the call to hark back to "the old place, if for nothing else, 'just to see the old well,' just to wind up the old windlass and drink of the clean, cool water brought to hand in the old bucket.

The "well" is always of the country. Nothing in or of it breathes of the city. "Country" and the peace of the country is written in the "Well" and we only run across them far from the maddening crowd of city streets. The well-sweep is therefore to threadbare nerves and tired minds as a sweet magical wand, beckoning further and further to forgetfulness of the stress of life and business.

"Come with me, follow where my beckoning finger points" say the old well-sweeps of Quebec. "Follow me, and me," echo those of Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and the far Madeleine Islands. "Come out and see us" pipe the variations and modifications of the West.

So if one listens to these voices and follows the inclination and pull of memory we shall find ourselves in time hiking a

most alluring road. The road of the Wells. It being one and the same as the road to health.

In the wake of the Wells, boon companions with them, in fact, one discovers good things to eat. The country that has wells has wild strawberries, raspberries, black-caps. Together with these go cows and plenty of milk and cream. A home-made churn sits under the benediction-arm of the well-sweep. They eye each other knowingly, these two of what we are pleased to call "the Old School."

In Quebec and no doubt elsewhere the old well is frequently made to serve as refrigerator by the market woman; and many a good thing besides water we have seen wound up out of the old well when Madame was bound to market, and in to town in her cart to sell her butter and eggs.

But of all the wells, give me the sea-coast well with half an eye cocked to windward. Its "sweep" aslant like a ship's Royal cleverly spilling the wind; or doing entirely without the well-sweep in the most exposed places because no "stick" could stand the gales the old "well" weathers.

In the wake of these sea-coast wells in addition to berries there is always fish. Nice fresh codfish and mackerel just caught and brought in by the boats. Live lobsters out of the lobster pots hauled every morning.

* * *

IT would seem that the sea and the wells must have a compact. Many of the wells are so close to the sea in the Madeleine Islands the spray must dash into them on stormy days were it not for box-covers, yet the tang of the salt never gets into the water as one would think. The well on its part always stands ready to serve those who go down to the sea in ships and—boats. When the fisherman's wife comes down to the well with her pail she stands a moment with hand shading eyes that the length of her vision may be extended to the furthest verge, trying to 'pick up' the little sail of her man's boat.

How many a tale of love and sorrow is dipped from the bucket of life by the women waiting on these wells. Imagine the flow of French that here wells from the lips of matron and maid when the storm brews and the mackerel fleet is still out!

But in summer weather when the sea is smooth and all the channels of the habitant life "running easy" how many a bit of gossip and news is here dispensed. How many a gay chanson is sung along the little path from the kitchen door. The path that is lost in the shingle of the beach or that leads across the fair rounded bosoms of the Demoiselles, where one picks mushrooms.

The wells of the West differ from the wells of the East in one particular. They are far removed from the path of the sea. Nevertheless they serve the Prairie home with the same rare faithfulness. However dry above, below the surface there is a well of water on tap.

To all the picturesque little homes of the foreign folk sprinkled in remote sections one finds the faithful "Well" the better ones looking as if they had been caught up as in the Titan hand of a giant Memory from among the parent wells of homes tucked in the country about the Carpathians and many a countryside from there to Iceland.

The New Canadians, dipping from these wells, find life as full as their sisters in every other part of Canada. But they might find it a little easier if like the women of Quebec they carried their two pails of water suspended from a wooden neck-yoke. Carrying water from the well with one of these homemade yokes leaves Madame et Mademoiselle's hands free to knit if they so desire. But chiefly it relieves the pull on the arms.

In British Columbia there is no dearth of water. If the old saying that "God loves the country to which he gives water" be true then indeed does He love British Columbia.

If it be Switzerland in its mountains, it certainly is in its beautiful lakes. And in the matter of rivers it would seem to have borrowed the map of Europe. The well in British Columbia under these conditions is not the same. In fact at first glance one might say it is not here at all. Nevertheless its machinery is here. The swift river whose torrential flow has worn itself a neat canyon cannot be reached easily with a bucket. And so the well's windlass has been set up on many a bank and the bucket guided by a wire travels back and forth between the river and the bank with the water welling in a rushing stream.

These are pioneer contrivances. The well in the original, was a pioneer contrivance in the Eastern and older settlements of Canada. That the same pioneer contrivance has been used in all ages and in all climes shows Canada in line with her wells with the best development. The well, just, grew naturally out of the need of the settler and the material at hand. A better contrivance could not have been arrived at. And despite improvements and changes the well and its usefulness still holds, not in one section but in every section. For picturesqueness on the countryside nothing is more attractive than an old well-sweep. And what appeals more to the imagination than a maid at the windlass on the bank of the Kootenay or the Columbia?

Through what fair scenes a quest of the wells of Canada has led us. Sitting by the well to talk awhile or asking a drink has often paved the way to acquaintance with most charming country folk of the old school. In Quebec there is the additional atmosphere created of the French language and the pails suspended from the homemade wooden neck yoke gracefully thrown over the shoulder. In Quebec the old wells melt in with the life and the landscape like the old Seigneurie mills and the wayside Crosses.

In Nova Scotia the Well-sweep with its weathered arms blends in just as artistically with the weathered shingles of the sea-side homes and the grey out-creeching rocks. All sketched in against a background of silvery sea. Were a questionnaire sent out as to the Province possessing the greatest number of Wells, I should think the heat of competition would be between the Provinces of Nova Scotia and Quebec. But after many years of interest in this subject of picturesque Canadian wells I cannot tell which of these two is the ranking Province.

And apart from usefulness, what could be more picturesque on the sea of grain as it rolls away from the train window or the flying motor car? If against the picturesque Silos in the landscape were seen the sails of an old Dutch windmill or the slanting arm of the weathered well-sweep from down Nova Scotia way?



The windlass on a river bank in British Columbia, drawing from a well that never runs dry.



Picturesque and Practical Wells in East and West

At the upper left will be seen an old well which has known much service in Manitoba. To the right is seen another Manitoba well at Conor, where an old Bukowinian is drawing water. The small scene beneath it is from Saint Margaret's Bay, Nova Scotia, and, if you look closely, you may note the little path leading to the well. The lower picture (left) shows a box covered well near the sea, at the Madeleine Islands. On the right is shown a sea-coast well of sentry-box type. Note the knotted rope which helps to keep the bucket from slipping back through old fingers. Below, is seen an old well-sweep in Nova Scotia. One of the beautiful old trees for which that province is famous, supports the sweep. These photographs were taken by Miss Edith S. Watson.

The Journal Junior's Page

BY BERTHA E. GREEN

TAMARAC TURNPIKE

SNUFFLER, the cottontail, wasn't really hungry, but he kept nosing around in the little patch of white clover, trying to find a four-branched leaf.

"I see that you have lost something, Master Snuffler," said Chut-Chut, the black squirrel. "Don't worry. I'll help you to find it."

"I haven't lost anything," said the cottontail, "but I'd like to find something."

"Then let us go where there is something worth while finding," said Chut-Chut. "There is always something new along Tamarac Turnpike."

The little patch of white clover where Chut-Chut and Snuffler had met, was just at the upper border of a grove, a tiny forest, not more than a hundred yards across. There were trees of many kinds, but the tallest of these were the evergreens. The underbrush was dense, and across and through the grove a brook wound a lazy way.

As the two furry fellows turned and walked under the first branches, they entered upon a narrow path where the leaves, the grass, and the soft earth were padded down by the feet of the Little People of the woods. This pathway was Tamarac Turnpike.

The cottontail and the squirrel had just set foot upon the path when a dark nose was poked out through a grass clump, and a gruff voice said:

"There is no use in looking for anything, unless I tell you what to look for."

Snuffler knew that nose to belong to old Blinker, the mole. He did not believe that Blinker could tell him anything, but, knowing that it would please the mole, he asked: "Whom will we see if we keep our eyes open?"

"There is a wolf, an eagle, and a Daddy-Long-legs," replied Blinker.

"Not in this little woods," laughed Chut-Chut.

"Well then, there is a moose, a mouse, and a martin," said Blinker.

"That's more like it," said Chut-Chut. "But I don't think those are the ones we will find this morning along Tamarac Turnpike."

"I didn't say they were in the woods at all," said the mole. "But never mind, you have seen me. I'm the important one."

Blinker's nose disappeared in the grass-clump, and Snuffler said: "I wonder if we will see anything besides noses this morning. I hope we don't, for it would be such fun to guess to whom each one belongs."

The path was just wide enough to allow Snuffler and Chut-Chut to walk side-by-side. A branch of wild gooseberry bush brushed Snuffler's face, and as he held it to one side, he saw a nose, a tiny nose, a strange nose—a very funny nose, indeed. It was thin, and round, and shiny, and there was a little mouth right at the tip of it.

"Don't be so rough, Fuzzytail. You nearly shook me off."

The voice came from the little mouth, and Chut-Chut exclaimed: "He's talking through his nose, just like Coalie Crow. Who do you think it could be?"

"I know what it is, but I don't know who it is," replied Snuffler. "It's a weevil beetle."

"I'm the weevil beetle," said the chap with the long nose. "I am the Oak Weevil but just now I am visiting in the gooseberry bush."

"Yes," said Chut-Chut, "he talks through his nose."

The Oak Weevil was offended, and the long nose disappeared, but Chut-Chut only laughed as he and Snuffler walked on and along the pathway.

"This would be a nice, quiet place, if it wasn't for the squirrels and cottontails," said a sharp little voice, that Snuffler was sure came from a sharp-pointed object sticking out from amongst the leaves like a thorn.

"Squirrels and cottontails are such chatterers," continued the voice mischievously.

"You can't fool me," cried Chut-Chut. "You're Dodger, the woodcock, and you're just teasing us."

It was Dodger's long, sharp bill they had seen, and as that bill disappeared amongst the leaves, Chut-Chut and Snuffler heard the little bird chuckling to himself.

A small nose with bristly cat-whiskers almost frightened them as it popped around a small stump at the path's edge.

"I do believe that nose belongs to Old Judge Fuzzer, the bobcat," said Snuffler, and he winked at Chut-Chut.

"Oh, no!" said the black squirrel. "I think it looks like Master Marty Waddles, the toad, with whiskers."

it clung, a butterfly, the upper side of whose wings was almost as gay as a rainbow. The butterfly was a Crimson Underwing, and for a nose he had a long, slender trunk that curled up under his chin like a watch-spring. The butterfly said never a word, and the cottontail and his friend, the black squirrel, halted as Jewel, the ruby-throated hummingbird, called to them:

"I am the keeper of Tamarac Turnpike, and I warn you both that you can take no noses except your own with you from this woods."

Chut-Chut and Snuffler looked back at the little path, and Snuffler said: "Funny people, funny folks, Funny feet, and funny toes, Funny barks, and funny croaks, Always, too, a funny nose."



They entered upon a narrow path . . . padded down by the feet of the Little People of the woods.

The nose began to turn up more and more with indignation, until its owner could stand the teasing no longer and exclaimed:

"My nose like Warty Waddles? You'll tell me next that I look like Paddler, the tortoise."

"Why, if it isn't poor, little, homely Whitey Weasel!" said Chut-Chut. "Keep your nose out of sight, Master Whitey, and you won't hear so much said about it."

Chut-Chut spied the next nose. It was poked boldly out of a tree-hole some distance from the ground, and the cottontail guessed rightly the very first time. It was the bird-bill of Reddy Tip-Tap, the red-headed woodpecker. Reddy was at home, and must have been very busy, for he paid no attention to Chut-Chut and Snuffler, and never showed his red-head once.

They had almost finished their little journey along Tamarac Turnpike, when what seemed to be an old leaf fluttered down from a tree. It alighted on the bark of a stump beside the path. Here

Noses long, and noses thin,
Noses turned up, noses flat,
Noses pointed like a pin—
Who would want a nose like that?

Noses white, and noses blue,
Noses furry, noses bare;
But the nose that best suits you
Is the one you have to wear.

* * *

WHAT THE NESTS HOLD

THERE are few birds whose eggs are of the same color as the bird's feather coat. I often wonder which color they like best.

There is a charming way to plan a hunt for birds' eggs, not to take them from the nests, but to leave them in the surroundings where they are most beautiful. This plan is to search for nests which will contain only white eggs. After that, one may follow the rainbow colors from red to violet, the color chosen to be the most noticeable on each egg

Such a search takes one into all sorts of places. This you will find true as soon as you begin your first round of visits, which, as you have chosen white eggs to hunt for, may be in owl's nests. The little prairie owl who lives in a burrow the horned owl and the hawk owls who nest like crows in tree tops, the snowy owl who makes its home like a wild duck in the marshes, the noisy screech owl in his tree-hole home, and the barn owl with its nest under a roof or in a cave—all of them lay pure white eggs.

Tree swallows, and the tiny bank swallows, too, have eggs of pure white, while those of the purple martin, though white, are dull as if they had been rubbed so that they were no longer glossy. The search for white eggs would not be complete without a visit to the dainty home of the ruby throated hummingbird, and the sight of the two tiny, snowy eggs in the little nest should banish any thought of "egg collecting."

Who ever saw a red egg? When you begin at this end of the rainbow of color you must not look for scarlet shells, or globes of vermilion—you won't find them. The ground color of few eggs shows more of red than a pinkish tinge. Many are spotted and lined with brownish red or reddish brown, but we will not include these among the "red" eggs.

One of the best examples is the warm-hued egg of the osprey, or fish hawk.

Among blue eggs, that of the robin is the one we are most familiar with. It is not a true blue in color, like that of a bluebird, having, as most other "blue" eggs, a greenish tinge.

Green as a ground color seems to be, next to white, the most popular with the birds. The most sought after is that of the crow, perhaps because the nest is so hard to reach.

Your search will take you everywhere, and in addition to increasing your knowledge of birds' eggs, you will become better acquainted with the birds themselves, their habits, and their homes.

* * *

SOME TREE-HOLES

TREE-HOLES are always objects of interest and curiosity to me, as they are to my friend, Whitey Weasel, who, when he sees one, is never satisfied until he finds out what is in it.

You cannot always tell by looking at the tree-hole doorway who lives within. The woodchuck sometimes likes a home on the ground-floor of a hollow tree or stump, and the raccoon family prefer a tree-hole for a home.

The smaller tree-holes are by far the most interesting, because there are so many of the little outdoor-people who make their home in just such places. The squirrels, black, red, and grey, never think of choosing any other place in the woods for a winter store-house. The mischievous little chipmunk may usually be found at home in a hollow tree, and his store-house as well.

The birds who use a tree-hole doorway range from several of the owls, the little screech owls particularly, to the woodpeckers. In a class by himself as a tree-hole householder is that cheeriest, bravest, friendliest, little bird, the black-capped chickadee.

A tree-hole may be an entrance to a bees' nest where the wild bees build their honey storehouse. Such a tree-hole has a great attraction for old Paddytoes, the bear.

There is one inhabitant of hollow trees rather difficult to find, because he sleeps most of the day, and stays out most of the night. A hollow tree just suits Flitter, the bat, who spends most of the sunshine hours hanging from the ceiling of his house by his toes.

Of course, tree-hole doorways are most attractive when their owners show themselves to be at home. Grimmer, the woodchuck, sits by his doorway in the warm sunlight, combing his whiskers. A funny, little raccoon-face peers mischievously from his tree-hole window, or perhaps it is Reddy Tip-Tap, to see if any other "red head" is perching up on his favorite dead limb.

They're well worth looking into, these tree-hole homes, for most of those who live there are outdoor folk, the study of whose habits will repay over and over, the time and effort you may expend



These two beautiful photographic studies are taken by Mr. I. T. Parker, High River, Alberta, who has succeeded in catching the very spirit of pastoral charm. The upper scene is one of a characteristic Canadian atmosphere, showing the trees and water by which the cattle love to rest. The lower is a quiet stretch of stream "where patient willows keep a silent watch."



ONE evening, in early August, a sweet-faced young woman sat on an upturned soap-box at the door of her little home, in the far northern part of the Province of Manitoba.

There was no verandah. The transition step from the prairie to the shack was a low platform composed of five, long narrow boards, sun-beaten by seven summers, frost-eaten by as many winters save one.

On this platform, near the screen door, facing the south, sat Jean Alwyn. Away to the left were some dilapidated buildings, a stable, cow-shed and chicken-house. Beyond these, a sea of softly-waving grain grew dark and still.

A warm gentle wind played around the woman's fair hair and ruffled her tan-checked apron, as she sewed and dreamed.

She was mending a wide roll of old grayish-looking canvas which lay partly at her feet, partly over her lap. On the box beside her was a sweet-hay work-basket woven in soft shades of tan and green. It was an Indian basket she had brought from her old home in Toronto.

She stitched patiently in the twilight, strengthening here, patching there. When she stopped occasionally to refill the needle with strong linen thread, she would gaze for a moment at the endless acres of wheat that stretched into the serenity of the evening sky. The sun, a fiery ball, dropped lower and lower on her right. Something—it may have been the sweet hay basket—drifted her restless thoughts eastward.

It was just one short year since she had left her home in Toronto, full of youth's enthusiasm to make this little three-roomed shack the sanctuary of the Western song. She was prepared to miss many of the city conveniences, many of the city attractions. Instead of electricity's quick response to the light touching of a button, there would be old-time lamps to clean and trim. The nearest drop of coal-oil—the nearest store—would be six miles away; the post office, four. Mail would only come twice weekly. Neighbors would be few and distant. The shack would be isolated, but—with love brooding there—

She finished the last rent and let the canvas cover drop from her lap. It was all ready for the old binder, that wonderful bit of machinery that mows the ripened grain, gathers it up, rolls it around and ties it into bundles, tossing them out upon the ground, where they lie awaiting the stooker.

Arthur Alwyn had been devoting much time to his binder, spending hours on its examination and renovation. Often he called upon his wife to lend a hand for a minute. The hand always meant two, the minute never less than thirty. Time, a woman's time, means nothing in the West. Though it meant leaving her own work, Jean liked to help.

"Why do people have binder troubles?" she had asked that morning, while she stood in the hot sun, holding something in place for him. Man is a helpless individual when he has a wife.

"Weather," he answered briefly.

"Couldn't you put the machinery under cover when not in use?"

"Where's the cover?" He glanced at the cloudless pale blue ceiling. "If we were to buy lumber at its present sky-high price, haul it from town, pay Wilkins to help put up a shed, it would cost more than a new implement."

"But you would have the shed," she reasoned. "It would save all the machinery. I should think if it's worth having, it's worth protecting." She looked at plough and harrow, rake and seeder. They were being worn out without work.

"Nobody does it around here," he replied. That answer settled every point. It had, for months.

As the little woman mused, darkness fell. She entered the shack, groped around for the matches, took a lamp from a bracket near the door, lighted it and set it on the table. It cast a dazzle on the white oilcloth cover and a soft glow over the whole room.

THERE was a homey look about the apartment which did triple duty as kitchen, dining-room and general living room. It was large, about sixteen feet square. A few good prints graced the buff-coloured walls.

A big kitchen range occupied the centre of the west wall. On each side of the

THE BINDER

BY ELIZABETH GOTTO

Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore

range was an open door. One led to a bed-room, the other to a tiny store-room. Opposite the range was an old-fashioned cabinet. An old brown lounge on the south side was banked with pretty cushions. On a little table near the lounge were some plants, sturdy dependable red geraniums and bright fuchsias, flourishing in tomato tins dressed in green tissue paper. There was a large table in the centre of the room and there were five plain chairs.

To the left of the window on the north side was a book-case, homemade of boxes. To the right was a low bench on which stood a couple of water pails. Jean walked over to look at them, though she knew their contents to a drop. One was quite empty, the other almost so. She thought of the barrel outside. It also was empty. She had taken the last painful two hours ago. She thought of the well. There was clear cold water in the well, and for the thousandth time the little woman wished it were nearer the house.

She heard wheels scrunching. The sound grew clearer as a waggon neared the house—then faded, as it proceeded stablewards. Presently a step sounded on the platform. The screen door creaked opened and her husband entered. He had been to the store for harness repairs. He was a man of medium height, thin and dark with fine clear cut features. The somewhat low narrow forehead, indica-

"We'll have to afford it. It's cheap to the grain. Last year McDonald lost his whole summer fallow crop, dangling around with his old binder, rushing to town three times in four days for repairs just when weather and wheat were a perfect combination."

He sat down to read the newspapers. She lit another small lamp, went into the bedroom and seated herself on a low rocker near the bureau. Presently she drew her chair closer, opened the lower drawer and gazed long and wistfully at the neatly arranged piles of little things—all white—dresses, nighties, slips and bands. Only the tiny crocheted booties and knitted sacques had a touch of colour, pale pink and baby blue. Most of these things had been bought with the egg and butter money. A few were presents from friends in the East. She fingered the outfit reverently. She looked up as her husband came in.

"It's a pity you've spent so much money," he said. "The things mightn't be needed, you know. First babies don't often live—not around here anyway."

It was mail night. Arthur Alwyn stabled his horse and entered his house. He tossed the Grain Growers' Guide and several newspapers on to the kitchen table, lighted the lamp and blew out the smoky lantern. He sat down and gazed at the



She held the baby, while the man struck a light and lit the lamp.

tive of a slight narrowness of mind, was offset by the eyes which were singularly good.

"Binder twine's coming tomorrow, Jean. I'll have to make town again in the morning. Thirsty as a fish. Where's the dipper?"

"Here, but there's no water, Arthur, except a little in the kettle. The barrel is empty too."

He felt the kettle, found it cold and poured himself a drink.

"Empty again! Only three days since I filled it. I can't imagine how you use so much water. When I was alone, a barrel lasted me for weeks."

"The butter drinks it up. I churned this evening."

"Well, I'll draw some before I leave, but there won't be much time for chores like that now. The grain is beginning to ripen."

"Yes, I've been noticing its golden tinge. The canvas is finished—rolled up outside. I think it will hold splendidly."

"Too bad you mended it," he replied. "I'm going to get a new binder."

She looked her amazement. Arthur had money—but not to spend.

"A new binder! Can we afford it?"

cluttered room. The place seemed lost. The floor was unswept—the stove red rust in circles. Unwashed dishes were heaped on the table in a great disorder. Though this had been the chronic condition of the room in olden days, it had somehow then never seemed quite so empty. Something was missing now.

He thought of his wife in the hospital. He wished she had stayed at home. He had been somewhat averse to her going away, but when they had talked the matter over, they had decided that the little hospital, eighteen miles to the south, would be better, perhaps cheaper in the end. She was doing nicely now. He had phoned daily since leaving her. She would soon be home. He must find out when she could come. Perhaps he might write to her. That brought to mind the letters in his pocket. He pulled them out. There were three. Two were uninteresting, mere advertisements, boldly proclaiming on the outside, their internal affairs. The other was a small plain envelope, addressed in a clear, neat handwriting. He could make nothing of the blurred postmark. He opened the envelope deliberately and drew out two double sheets of closely written note-

paper. The letter began without the usual statement of time and place.

Dear Father,
The man started. This wasn't for him after all. It was a mistake. He drew the envelope towards him and read again—

Mr. A. R. Alwyn,
Prairie town,
Man.

Puzzled, he returned to the letter—Dear Father,—

That's a pretty big word!
I keep saying it, Father, Father.
I like the wonder of it.

Well, Father, here I am at last. I arrived on a Sunday morning, about five o'clock. At least the nurses say so. I don't know very much about it. For awhile nobody knew whether I was going to stay here or not. I didn't know myself, but after a bit, I decided to give this cold, queer old world a chance, and I wailed feebly.

I've got rather a nice little cry. So they say. I am working hard at it, getting it stronger and more insistent, so I think by the time I come home, you'll consider it a mighty howl.

The word "Home" feels good. I don't know what it is yet, but it sounds safe, safe and comfy. At first I thought it was just being close to Mother, but now I know it isn't. She whispers to me so much about "Home" that I'm longing to see it.

I've been wondering a great deal since I came here, Dad, about ever so many understandable things—where I came from and why, and if—if you really, really wanted me. You see I'm quite a little philosopher. I hope to be a bright, cheery one and do my best, now that I am here, to be a good son to you and Mother.

I'm like you in looks and ways. Mother says so, and she ought to know. I've torn the sleeve of one nightie already. "Just like your father," she said, "and not even the barbed wire excuse!" But she said it as if she would just love to stitch it up. I think I'll tear the other sleeve to-night.

Mother seems to like me very much and she dreams so often about you that I think she likes you too. She likes my ears, because they're small and dainty. That sounded like a very foolish remark to me, Dad, but feminine! you know, and so motherly. This understanding of people is going to be quite a business. Now even though they are my very own ears, I don't care whether they're big or little. What I like about them is that they let me hear.

You'll be surprised at all I've heard. The night nurse says I'm a fine little fellow. The head nurse says I'm a prize baby. The lady in the room across the hall says she would love to keep me. (Her little baby didn't stay—not even a minute!)

The Doctor comes in every day to see Mother and me. He says every farmer's wife in Manitoba works too hard. He says the men don't realise it. One day I heard him mutter something low-down about wheat. What is wheat?

It is half-past ten now. The lights will soon be out, so I must hurry. I am very anxious to see you, Dad, for, after Mother, I love you best of anybody. I'm going to need you very much. There is a great deal to learn, but with Mother and you to love and lead me, I'll be all right. I just know I will.

The head nurse is writing this for me. She cuddles me very often and seems to understand what I want to say.

Good-night,
From your own little Son

Two days later Jean Alwyn propped up with pillows sat in a Morris chair at the open window of the hospital ward, looking out upon the bare attempt at a garden.

The head nurse entered, the usual bright smile on her understanding face. She had a letter in her hand. She dropped it into Jean's lap, with a laughing word, moved her chair slightly, lowered the blind a few inches, and walked away. Jean looked at the familiar writing, then tore the envelope open in eager haste, and read—

Dear Jean:
I phoned your doctor this morning and made arrangements for you and Baby to stay on at the hospital for another few days. Glad you are both so well. Keep gaining. I'll be over for you in Watson's car on Wednesday afternoon.

(Continued on page 58)



When men take the sky-trails

CAMP-FIRES are burning by a thousand starlit lakes and streams.

On birch branches and maple twigs the day's "wash" hangs—white under the moon.

Tired sleepers dream.

Ivory Soap has bathed away their aches.

Ivory Soap has washed their slummy clothes clean and fresh for a new start at sunrise.

Ivory Soap has cleaned the camp-

cookers of every trace of burnt bacon and beans.

Everyone who has been out with a knapsack knows how many times a day he needs Ivory Soap—and how well it responds to each call!

You who are "camping" at home these midsummer days can use Ivory just as often, and with the same friendly feeling, because in seven different ways Ivory makes known its goodness:—It is pure, mild, fragrant, white; it lathers abundantly, rinses quickly and "it floats."

Whenever soap comes into contact with the skin—use Ivory

IVORY SOAP



99 $\frac{44}{100}$ % PURE

*Made in the
Procter & Gamble factories
at Hamilton, Canada*

*Ivory Soap comes in a convenient
size for every purpose*



Small Cake

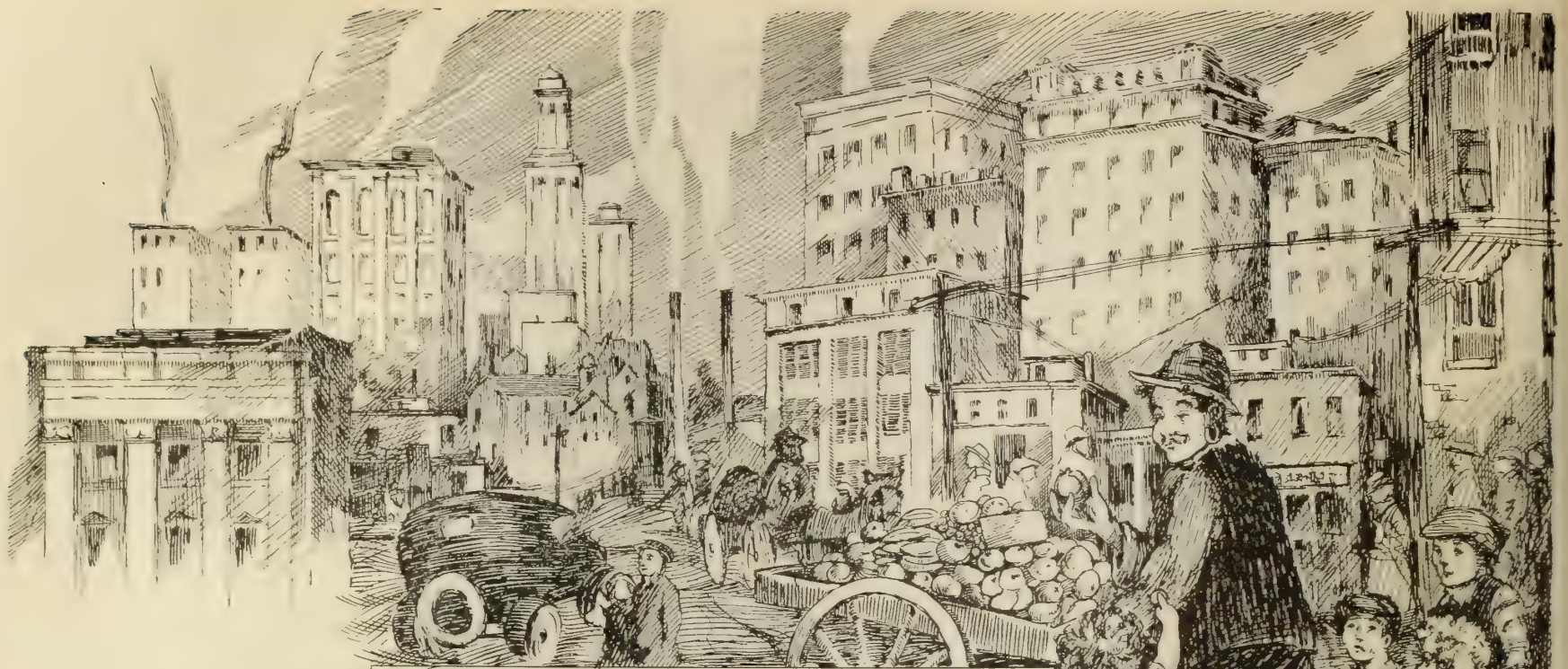
For toilet, bath, nursery, shampoo, fine laundry. Can be divided in two for individual toilet use.



Large Cake

Especially for laundry use. Also preferred by many for the bath.





THE FRUIT VENDOR

By Frances Beatrice Taylor

Illustrated by Paul Sheard

I.

*The red-kerchiefed fruit man
Cries his gay wares,
Up and down the city streets
Through the quiet squares;
Over every door-sill
The little children run
To beg pomegranates
Ripened in the sun;*

*Ruddy-throated pomegranates
Mellowed in the sun,
Veined in moon-mist gossamer
By fairy spiders spun,
Webs of dewy gossamer
Along the branches run!*

II.

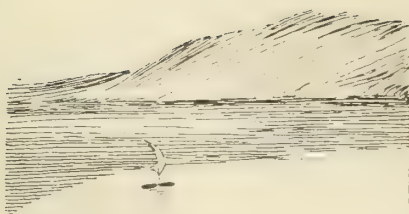
*The red-kerchiefed fruit man
In the busy street,
Treads the rough cobbles
With weary feet,—
Hears far waves calling
Along a sunny beach,—
And one buys a yellow plum
And one a rosy peach;*

*Velvet warm peaches,
In rosy damask rolled
And great round melon globes,
Hollowed in gold,
And wine-ripe cherries
For a penny sold.*

III.

*The red-kerchiefed fruit man,
At a stranger door,
Hears far waves crying
Along a summer shore,
Offers clustered grapes for sale,
Ripened headily,—
And hears birds calling
Beside a summer sea!*

*Hears a flute calling,
Very far and sweet,
In moon-white orchards
The lilt of dancing feet,
And bargains for silver bits,
Along the dusty street.*



PAUL SHEARD

Your hair can be improved by one of these tested treatments

Different types of hair need different treatment. There is a special treatment that will bring back beauty to yours. Are you using the *right* treatment?



HAIR that is oily, dry, brittle, dull and without lustre, full of dandruff, or thin and falling — one of these may be your misfortune.

But now it is known that practically all hair troubles come from one source—that oil in the scalp called Sebum.

And now that the cause is known, its ill effects can be removed. There is a special treatment for your type of hair that should make it respond almost at once.

Your general health, of course, affects your hair, but it is now known that most of all hair troubles come from a local scalp disorder.

For many people in good, general health, suffer unattractive hair. Your scalp is a separate organism and must be treated separately.

Sebum—that oil in your scalp which is the cause of most hair troubles—is the oil that nature uses to give your hair its silky gloss and life.

So, when your hair is healthy it is the boon of your hair and Nature's beautifier. But like other skin secretions, it is often in excess. Then your hair gets oily and dandruff and scales may follow. This is the danger signal. For

Sebum, once exposed, decomposes quickly. If neglected, it becomes the chief source of harm to your hair. It forms fatty acids which, held in

contact with the scalp, inflame it and in most cases if allowed to continue, burn away the tissue, and kill the hair root.

Scales and dandruff choke the hair follicles. This, with lack of stimulation, suppresses the oil. Then comes dry hair that is brittle and dead looking.

The first step, of course, is the same as in any skin disorder. Remove this surplus and purge the pores. But you must dissolve the Sebum—remove it. Not with ordinary soaps—they are often too harsh—but with scientific tested methods.

Our chemists have evolved in Palmolive Shampoo the best way that is yet known to do this. This is the first essential. Combat this Sebum oil regularly, scientifically. Don't rely on guess-work or untested treatments. Your hair means too much to you.

The next step is to bring out the natural lights and lustre in your hair. To give it a softness that makes it feel

like silk when you touch it.

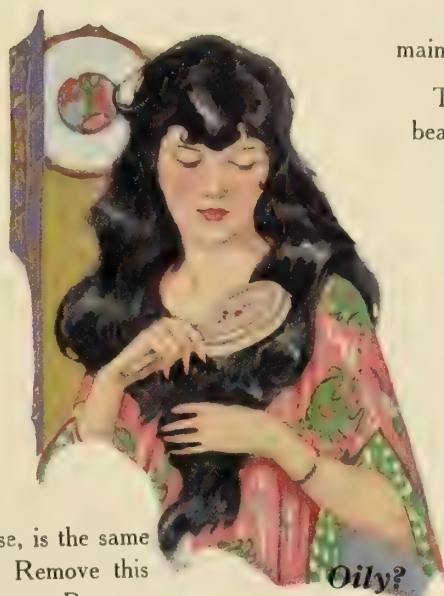
To do this our chemists have mixed with this shampoo a matchless blend of Palm and Olive Oil. Nothing throughout the ages has ever compared with these, as Nature's aid in bringing out the glories of your hair. And in fitting the scalp to



Dull?

maintain healthy hair roots.

To bring back youth and beauty to your hair more rapidly, we have gone still further. We have prepared a book of tested treatments, approved by leading authorities. It will tell you exactly what else to do for any **wrong** condition of your hair. It will tell you exactly what to do for dandruff, dry or oily hair, or



Oily?

thin or falling hair.

So, if you have been using hit or miss methods, for your own sake, stop them at once. Select and use that *one* treatment for your type of hair, which will restore the crowning glory that nature intended you to have.

We make it easy for you to start.

Just fill in the coupon, mail it to us and we will send you this book, clearly indexed, together with a sample treatment of Palmolive Shampoo free.

For whether your hair is dry or oily, afflicted with dandruff or falling out, scientific shampooing is first aid to correct the trouble. This palm and olive oil blend puts your scalp and hair in the proper condition to benefit by the needed scalp treatment. Mail coupon today to Dept. B-350.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
OF CANADA, Limited

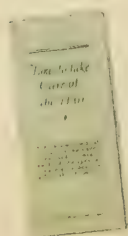
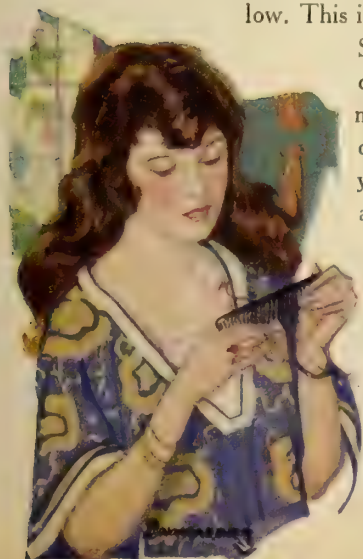
Winnipeg Toronto Montreal

*Also makers of Palmolive Soap and
Palmolive Shaving Cream.*

You Need this Book

This book explains the scientific treatment each different type of hair needs to restore it to health and beauty. It was prepared under the supervision of leading scalp specialists and is approved by them. Your copy, sent free, is waiting for you. Mail the coupon.

Falling?



GENTLEMEN:

Dept. B-350

Please send me, gratis, your book, "How to Take Care of the Hair," and a trial treatment of your Palmolive Shampoo.

Name

Address



WHAT luxury for any member of the family is a bath with the Fuller Flesh Brush! Or the restfulness of a dry-rub, when tired or nervous! This brush is curved to fit and easily reach the back. It's all bristle—gentle, yet firm enough to invigorate and stimulate the circulation. No harsh back or uncovered end.

The 45 Fuller Brushes are, likewise, all designed for their purposes. They are not imported products. They are made in Canada—by and for Canadians—of materials bought in Canada.

Fuller Brushes are not sold in stores. It is only from the Fuller Man that you

may learn of the many ways these brushes lighten the daily home duties.

The Fuller Man brings them to your home and explains how each brush is designed and shaped for one—or more—personal, or household, uses. He assists in your selection of the required brushes, then personally delivers them.

The Fuller Man is a Canadian, a resident of your community. He is a gentleman, and will not waste your time. Write to have him call—and welcome him. You will know him by the Fuller trade-mark button he always wears.

May we send you a free copy of "The Handy Brush Book"? Write to us.

Fuller Brush Company Ltd.

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FULLER BRUSHES

69 USES — HEAD TO FOOT — CELLAR TO ATTIC

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION

AWAY back in the year 1879, when Queen Victoria had been reigning for forty-two years and the Dominion of Canada was only twelve years old, the city of Toronto determined to acquire an Exhibition Park. Of course there had been fairs in Toronto which had delighted those who dwelt there in the 'sixties. Tom Thumb and the Wild Men from Borneo had been among the attractions and many an old Torontonian can tell you tales of the days when there was no grown-up Exhibition.

Let us turn our attention to cold facts for a moment, since, to speak in paradox, they will warm the heart and the imagination. In the year 1879, the Exhibition property included one-hundred-and-twenty acres of land and buildings worth about \$120,000. Now it means an expanse of two-hundred-and-sixty-four acres, valued at \$5,000,000 and eighty buildings worth \$6,000,000. Wrought in stone, brick, concrete and steel, the massive structures command admiration through the impression they give of beauty and permanence. Cupolas, minarets, spires and domes lend them an inviting aspect and the buildings look what they are, vast show cases of a nation's product. Perhaps the most striking of the newer structures are the Pure Food building and the Coliseum, the latter the largest single building ever erected on a permanent fair grounds, having eight-and-a-half acres under roof. Its total cost, including equipment, was \$1,500,000.

Now that you have imbibed some of the stimulating cold facts, let us turn to the picturesque background for all the shifting scenes of a nation's work and play. There is a stretch of a mile of waterfront, with the broad sweep of Lake Ontario, smiling in sapphire serenity or turning to stormy grey beneath a cloud-swept sky. "Silver sails, all out of the West" come swiftly across the waters or the swifter and more practical motor boats leave a foamy path. If you become bewildered by the variety and vastness of the human achievement, as shown in the swarming buildings, you may wander down to the waterside and enjoy as fair a prospect as Ontario, the province of wide waters, can spread before you.

The grounds have been carefully and picturesquely planned by landscape gardeners who were artists and who understood the greatness of their undertaking. The Exhibition opens on the second Saturday before Labor Day and extends

into September, wherefore, it has the richest coloring of the year in crimson, purple and golden blooms, with the fresh green of foliage giving us to realize that it is summer still. There is always a wonderful flower exhibit in the Horticultural Building; but nothing is more glowingly impressive than the floral display in the park itself. For this reason, no one feels that the Exhibition is a mere "show." It has the suggestion of rest and home, as well, in its shady paths and spreading flower-beds.

How has "the Exhibition," as Torontonians always call it, developed into a national, virtually an international affair, from its comparatively modest beginning? The citizens of Toronto, themselves, will be the first to admit that the Exhibition has owed much to the spirit of the Dominion. Canada does not easily become enthusiastic. If not always "Our Lady of the Snows," she is certainly a Lady of Deliberation, who weighs the merits of any movement, before affixing the stamp of her approval and buying a railway ticket in proof of her belief. However, when Canada is convinced,

she has the courage and the practical co-operation of her conviction and will go far and spend much, in support of an enterprise which has proved worth while. Hence, every year sees increasing numbers from the nine provinces, pouring into the capital of Ontario for the fortnight of the Canadian National Exhibition.

A word or two might be said here, as to the especial advantages of Toronto as the scene for such a super-show. Toronto is within a night's ride of the large United States centres, from Chicago on the West to Philadelphia and Boston on the East. It is only three hours' journey from Niagara Falls, by steamers of palace proportions. So, many can enjoy a summer trip to Toronto, the spectacle of a World's Fair and a pilgrimage to one of the marvellous expositions of Nature's force and majesty:—all during the same fortnight. The "sights" of Toronto themselves are worth seeing:—and among them, please do not forget the Royal Ontario Museum where treasures from many lands and centuries form an historical exhibition of which any province or country might be proud.

THE "public" nature of the C.N.E. must not be forgotten. It belongs to the people, is owned by the city of Toronto, and the surplus revenue goes into the public treasury. It is directed by men of prominence and probity, including some of Canada's greatest workers, who give their services gratuitously. To be a member of the Exhibition Board is to receive a certificate of business ability and civic honor. It is interesting and gratifying to notice with what enthusiasm the members of the Board toil for the Exhibition and how fervently their efforts increase as the figures of attendance rise to the million mark and pass it.

Many distinguished visitors have left an abiding impression on those who have attended the Great Fair:—and many a man, great in the councils of the Empire, has opened the long-awaited event. In the romantic interest, the visit of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, in 1919 was the most memorable inauguration the Exhibition has known. No one who saw and heard those cheering crowds and witnessed the gracious and appreciative response of the golden-haired Prince will forget those thrilling August days. There was the reaction from the long war strain in the tumultuous gladness of the welcome:—and the Exhibition of that year saw an imperial greeting to a royal guest.

The long list of those who have opened the Exhibition would show the variety included in the various departments of the C.N.E. Statesmen, soldiers, manufacturers, legislators and inventors have launched the annual fair, to the cheers of assembled thousands. Last year the attendance was 1,242,000 people in thirteen days. Who will say that thirteen is an unlucky number after such a record? In this immense crowd, nine Provinces of the Dominion, thirty-six States of the Union, New Zealand, Australia, the British Isles and several countries of Europe were represented. Does not such a wide and varied display of interest prove the mettle of the Board of Directors? Only ability, enthusiasm and integrity could have produced such results:—and the future of the Exhibition will be assured only by such efficient and loyal service as the past has known. The President, Mr. Robert Fleming, and the Managing Director, Mr. John G. Kent, are worthy members of a long line of notable officials.

THE progress of Canada is mirrored in the show case of the C.N.E. Think of what it was like, back in the 'eighties (if you can think so far back) when we regarded it chiefly as a paradise of popcorn and bright balloons. Canada has travelled far since then and the journey has been marked by the mile-stones of

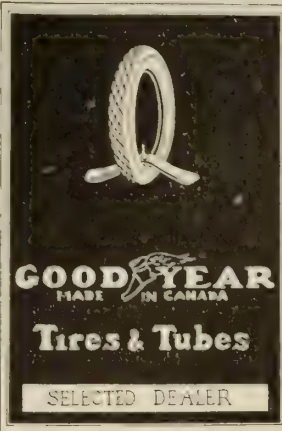
(Continued on page 20)



When the Exhibition is at its Height



The Gooderham Fountain and the Manufacturers' Building



Outdoor Wall Signs



Window Signs



Outdoor Flange Signs

GOOD YEAR Selected Dealers

*Render courteous, valuable
service specially appreciated
by women because it saves
money and worry. Each selected
dealer shows one or more of the
above signs on his building.*

**Goodyear Cord Tires are
lower in price and higher
in quality than ever
before.**

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
of Canada, Limited



Canadian National Exhibition

(Continued from page 19)



The Main Entrance

the C.N.E. We have no desire to take a fling at the past, but it is generally admitted that the last thirty-five years have seen an unprecedented development in scientific invention:—especially in all that relates to agriculture, transportation and transmission of sound. The telephone was a mere infant in 1879 when Toronto put her hand in her pocket and made the Exhibition all her own. To-day we are talking across continents and radio concerts are ours for the "listening in." Think of the housewife of 1879 standing before the modern electric washing-machine and wondering why this labor-saving aid to good housekeeping had not made an earlier appearance!

Machinery Hall is a revelation of how the wheels are going round in the world of industry, and you find the latest devices, to save toil and increase production, in this vast display. However, the machinery is but one feature in the great show of modern industry. When you visit the agricultural buildings, you feel as if Canada were one huge farm with barns filled to overflowing. When you come to the building which shows our wealth of minerals, you are astonished to find what the Dominion possesses in such wealth:—and in such varied forms. To attend the C.N.E. should be, for any thoughtful Canadian, a revelation, such as would not make him foolishly boastful, but properly sensible of his heritage and his responsibility.

Let no one imagine, for a moment, that the lighter side of life has been forgotten. It is not an easy matter to have a Midway and side shows which will please all and offend none! The Exhibition authorities have had wonderful success in securing clean entertainment, and seldom is the voice of the censor heard from the grand stand. Every year, the youngest citizens look forward joyously to the "fun of the Fair," and are never disappointed

ONE of the most educative features of the C.N.E. has been the development of its art exhibition. The building devoted at present to art has admirable galleries where hundreds of pictures are exhibited every year. Paintings of great merit have been brought annually from abroad and have proved a delight and inspiration to thousands of spectators. Collections of various kinds have also been shown, and authorities in many lands have shown remarkable generosity in lending articles of value. Applied art also has its place, and a marvellous advance in artistic ideals may be noticed from the early displays to the dignified productions of to-day. In painting and sculpture the work is of a high order, and Canadians need not fear for the future in artistic achievement. Artists have been generous in advice and assistance that the Exhibition might be worthy of a national and international place:—and they have their reward in the steady advance of creative and original type.

Music has always been a feature of "the Fair"—and that subject is appropriately dealt with in another article in this issue of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL in which Mr. Hector Charlesworth tells of how the C.N.E. has contributed to the melody and harmony of the Dominion.

There is, naturally, a great educative side to the C.N.E., but there is no ostentatious effort to "bring up the public" or to force the information side of any display upon the spectator. Competitions of various kinds add interest to many exhibits. This year there will be motor boat and yacht races, automobile races and auto polo; hippodrome and vaudeville performances; a giant midway; the most picturesque fireworks and other spectacular displays. In fact, the C.N.E. is a wonderful combination of general interest and special attractions. In front of the grand stand is given each night a

(Continued on page 24)



The automobile has made the farmer a country gentleman and the farmer's wife a woman to be envied by her city sisters. "The isolation of the farm" exists today only in the imagination of those whose travels are confined within the narrow limits of some urban centre, or whose knowledge of the country is gained from the windows of a Pullman car.

All over Canada the farmer and his family take full advantage of the automobile to enjoy pleasures popularly supposed to be the sole prerogative of city dwellers.

Nor has the hired man been forgotten. The efficiency of the Ford car has paved the way for the Fordson Tractor, which shortens working hours on the farm.

There are those who from purely sentimental reasons, regret the passing of the horse, but in farming, as in every other business, results count, and results are so overwhelmingly in favor of the automobile and tractor, that the motorized farm is here to stay.



Those Little Extra Rooms

BY COLLIER STEVENSON

INTO the planning of the average home, however small, certain rooms invariably enter. A kitchen, for example, and a living room are quite inevitable. Halls and bedrooms, too, must be included; whether or not a dining room, a laundry or a billiard room be provided at the outset. And that is all quite as it should be—for is it not distinctly the part of wisdom to first make sure of the actual necessities before striving for the more luxurious things of life?

In the case of a new house, when all the various rooms that cannot be dispensed with have been definitely planned

furniture that never was and never could be beautiful, of utter banalities in bric-a-brac and pictures. If, then, sentimentality be responsible either for any unused rooms or the continued use of furniture and furnishings that offend our sense of good taste, let us stifle it, once and for all! For, unless we do, sentimentality is apt to run riot and measurably lower both the decorative standard and the general livableness of the home.

In determining the function which any existing room is to perform or in planning a new room to serve a definite purpose, it is desirable—necessary, indeed, if the room is to be truly successful!—to consider



The walls and the ceiling of this little dressing-room are covered with canvas and painted to a lovely old-ivory tint, only a shade or so deeper than the ivory-white of the enameled wood-trim. The entire floor is covered with a plain velvet carpet in a subdued ashes-of-roses shade; and, upon this background, is laid one Oriental rug in faded pinks, blues and yellows with darker touches of mulberry. These alluring hues appear in the block-linen that covers the one arm chair in the tiny room. For the day-bed and for the window-hangings, a changeable taffeta in rose-and-gold has been decoratively used. The same lustrous silk lines the filet-lace shade on the reading-lamp of mulberry pottery and it also lines the light parchment-yellow silk shade of the central lighting fixture.

for, the less necessary but equally desirable rooms can appropriately enter into consideration—a breakfast room, perhaps; a den, a sewing room or a dressing room; a diminutive library or a morning room. And, in many of our older houses, there are little extra rooms—rooms, possibly, that have either never been put to satisfactory use or have gradually fallen into complete disuse—which but require the addition of fresh furnishing and artistic adornment to promote their greater utilization.

Sometimes, too, because it may be especially associated with a member of the household long gone but still revered, a room remains with bolted door year after year: serving no useful purpose, benefiting neither the living nor honoring the dead. We, perhaps, are tempted to condone this futile waste by attributing it to gentle sentiment. Now sentiment is an excellent thing to cultivate and cherish: but, all too frequently, that which we think is sentiment is merely sentimentality. And sentimentality can properly play no part in the creation and embellishment of the modern home!

Sentimentality—certainly not any true sentiment! it is that leads to the perpetuation in our homes of all the unrelated gifts of well-meaning friends, of family

very carefully the matter of exposure in relation to use. In illustration, let us cite the breakfast room. As it is intended exclusively for morning use, obviously the breakfast room should, under ideal conditions, have a South-East exposure, as that assures sunlight both for breakfast and luncheon. For the morning room—that informal little sitting room, which is so generally used and appreciated in the English home but all too rarely planned for here—the South-East aspect is, of course, equally to be desired.

Turning now to other possible utilizations, a little extra room can be advantageously converted into a sewing room, boudoir or dressing room: and, in relation to any of these uses, what exposures could be better than a South or South-West? Either of these aspects is certain to impart cheerfulness during the afternoon—and it is probably then that the use would be most frequent. Sometimes, however, a North exposure is preferred for a sewing room, just as for a studio, in order to secure an "even" light throughout the day. It is fortunate, then, that, even with a North or a North-East exposure, a pleasant sunniness of effect can be achieved by the right choice of color-scheme.

Again, if our little extra room is to be



Rough, "sand-float" plaster in its natural grey-white coloring contrasts effectively with the dark brown woodwork of this unique attic den. Apart from the unusual timbering of the ceiling, the only notable architectural feature is the high fireplace of white-jointed red brick. The furniture is, appropriately, of Craftsman type in brown oak, cushioned in brown Spanish leather. Navajo blankets, chiefly in a striking combination of red, black and white, bring into the room some brilliant bits of color.

utilized as a den, a writing room or a library, sunlight need not be a particular factor—although, if the sun can be enjoyed, so much the better!—for the use of the room will to a great extent be confined to the hours after nightfall. And, as the tendency in any room especially dedicated to masculine occupancy is usually decidedly towards a warmth and cheerfulness of coloring that can be depended upon to counterbalance an entirely sunless exposure, even a direct North aspect is, then, not in the least inappropriate.

* * *

THUS far, we have touched only upon the informal uses of the little extra rooms of a house. A small room can, however, serve a formal purpose no less acceptably. It can, for

instance, if suitably situated, be satisfactorily used either as a reception room or music room. Even in a very simple home, there are times without number when a reception room, adjacent to but quite distinct from the living room, is a veritable boon. Formal visitors and callers on business bent can be received there without encroachment upon the living quarters: and, on festive occasions the extra space provided by the reception room can be used to good advantage. A music room, even if very small, is scarcely less useful: it not only creates a suitable environment for the uninterrupted enjoyment of music, but safeguards the quiet of the living room—if any member of the household happens to be in the throes of long hours of piano practice. The exposure of the little rooms thus formally

(Continued on page 37)



The nut-brown woodwork of this diminutive den has a pleasant foil in the light tan walls, which are finished with flat paint. A two-toned rug of brownish-taupe forms an interesting floor-covering. The furniture is of brown-stained oak and the chair-coverings are of velour in a brown-and-blue changeable coloring. The lighting fixtures are of glowing copper, with simple silk shades in golden-brown over orange.

Anecdotal

It happened during the early days of the war, but it's just as good now.

A member of the local council of defense had hired an enthusiastic small boy to put up some posters he had received the day before. The youth was instructed to cover every vacant space he could find with a poster.

All went well until noon, when an indignant old gentleman stamped into the office and demanded to know what that boy was trying to pull off anyway, and insisted that the council member accompany him.

There in the cemetery, on the side of the mausoleum which contained all the mortal remains of one of the city's fathers, was emblazoned the command: "Wake up! Your country needs you!"

* * *

A young doctor was summoned as a witness in a case that depended on



"Well, she don't seem to get no better, Mrs. Smith, tho' we put 'er in a crematorium for three months!"

—From *The Tatler*

technical evidence. The opposing counsel was inclined to be sarcastic at the idea of so young a doctor being called.

"You are familiar," he said, "with the symptoms of concussion of the brain?"

"Yes," said the doctor.

"Then, if Mr. Smith and myself collided, and banged our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?"

"Mr. Smith might," said the doctor.

* * *

Cuthbert had been listening for half an hour to a lecture from his father on the evils of late nights and late risings in the morning.

"You will never amount to anything," said the father, "unless you turn over a new leaf. Remember, it's the early bird that catches the worm!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Cuthbert. "How about the worm? What did he get for turning out so early?"

"My son," replied the father, "that worm hadn't been to bed all night; he was on his way home!"

* * *

Mr. Gregory Stroud, who has made such a success in *Sally* at the Winter Garden Theatre, London, tells a story of two doctors in a country town, the one elderly, who had a long record of cures, and the other young, who had his record still to make, but the older doctor was rather inclined to hand over some of his night work to the younger man. One bitterly cold night the former was called up by two farmers from a hamlet about eight miles away, the wife of one of whom

(Continued on page 25)



A Moffat Electric Range gives that steady, even heat. Heat that varies hardly a degree. That's the sort of heat you want when canning fruits and vegetables.

Examine carefully the burners on a Moffat Range. You'll find the heating elements coiled in a plate of cement porcelain, that is practically indestructible.

Heats Faster Than Any Other

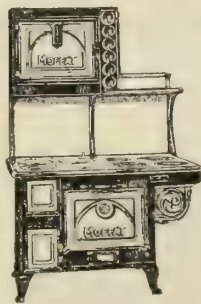
Moffat burners will heat quicker and cook food faster than any other burner on any electric range. In fact, it will bring water to the boil from the cold point in ten minutes.

Don't fail to see these wonder burners—the most important feature of any Electric Range.

A Marvelous Oven

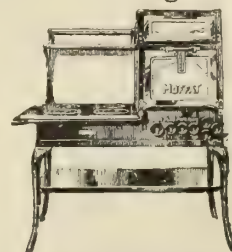
Next is the Moffat oven, which is electrically welded into one piece and is porcelain enameled inside and out.

There are no seams or cracks, no sharp corners in the Moffat oven. It is so easy to clean and keep clean.



MOFFATS

ELECTRIC RANGES



46

BLACKHEADS GO QUICK

BY THIS SIMPLE METHOD

Blackheads—big ones or little ones—soft ones or hard ones—on any part of the body, go quick by a simple method that just dissolves them. To do this get about two ounces of Peroxine powder from your druggist—sprinkle a little on a hot wet sponge—rub over the blackheads briskly for a few seconds—and wash off. You'll wonder where the blackheads have gone. The Peroxine powder and the hot water have just dissolved them. Pinching and squeezing blackheads only open the pores of the skin and leave them open and unsightly—and unless the blackheads are big and soft they will not come out, while the simple application of peroxine powder and water dissolves them right out, leaving the skin soft and the pores in their natural condition. You can get Peroxine powder at any drug store and if you are troubled with these unsightly blemishes you should certainly try this simple method. If your druggist is unable to supply you with Peroxine, send one dollar to the Fred. W. Scarfe Company, 424 Wellington Street, West, Toronto, and they will send you enough Peroxine to last several weeks.

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL AGENTS

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represent the Canadian Home Journal in our district plan. Either make successful agents when they are workers. This is either a spare or full time position. The more you work the more you make. Write for District and terms.

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Canadian Home Journal



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Every Day"*

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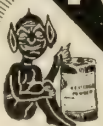
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The wonderfully refined, pearly-white complexion rendered, brings back the appearance of youth. Results are instant. Highly antiseptic. Exerts a soft and soothing action. Over 75 years in use.

Send 15 c. for Trial Size

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON
Montreal

2

Gouraud's
Oriental Cream

Canadian National Exhibition

(Continued from page 20)

spectacle of thrilling proportions, and features, full of life and color:—the staging of which, incidentally, costs fifty thousand

will not be there in the flesh, but his triumphal tour of India and the Far East will be reproduced on a scale of regal



A Highway of the Great Fair

dollars. This year, Edward, Prince of Wales, is again to be a popular figure. He

splendor. Pageant masters, who have

(Continued on page 42)



Shade and Shine at the Exhibition

Anecdotal

(Continued from page 23)

was seriously ill. The doctor at once referred them to his colleague, but they refused the latter's services. Not wishing to go, and thinking to put a convincing argument before them, the doctor said, "Very well, but in that case my fee is two guineas, payable now," and in spite of all the remonstrances of the farmers the doctor was obdurate. At last the one whose wife was ill said to the other, "Well, what do you think I ought to do?" "Oh," was the reply, "I think you'd better pay him the two guineas. The funeral would cost you more."

* * *

The chauffeur never spoke except when addressed, but his few utterances, given in a broad brogue, were full of wit. One of the men in the party remarked: "You're a bright sort of a fellow, and it's easy to see that your people came from Ireland."

"No, sor; ye are very badly mistaken," replied Pat.

"What!" said the man, "Didn't they come from Ireland?"

"No, sor," answered Pat, "they're there yet."

* * *

A chaplain, recently appointed as such to an asylum, was complimented one day by an inmate. "We like ye," he said "better than any we've had hitherto." "I am pleased to hear it," said the chaplain, "but what is it that has made me preferred by you above my predecessors?" "Weel, ye see," replied the inmate, "we think ye mair like oorsel's than o' the others."

* * *

A clergyman once told a story concerning a man he had approached for a contribution towards the church funds. No amount of persuasion would make the man give anything, and at last he said to him, "Why not? Isn't the cause a good one?" "Yes," answered the man, "but the fact of the matter is I owe too much money. I must be just before I'm generous, you know." "But surely," said the clergyman, "you owe your Maker a larger debt than you do anybody else?" "That's true," was the reply, "but then He isn't pushing me like the rest of my creditors."

* * *

Once at a certain assize held in the south of England the jury could not agree, and were accordingly locked up. A long and animated discussion followed, after which a division was taken, when ten were found to be for conviction and two for acquittal. Then followed another long and acrimonious debate, and at length a big, burly farmer who was leading the majority went over to the very diminutive individual who with a companion formed the minority, and said in his most blustering tones, "Now, then, are you two going to give in?" "No," emphatically replied the small man. "Very well," was the answer, "then us ten will." And they did.

* * *

A certain young man wrote the following letter to a prominent business firm, ordering a razor:

DEAR SIRS—Please find enclosed 50c for one of your razors as advertised and oblige,

JOHN JONES.

P. S.—I forgot to enclose the 50c, but no doubt a firm of your high standing will send the razor anyway.

The firm addressed received the letter and replied as follows:

DEAR SIR—Your most valued order received the other day and will say in reply that we are sending the razor as per request, and hope that it will prove satisfactory.

P. S.—We forgot to enclose the razor, but no doubt a man with your cheek will have no need of it.

Praise from Helene!

Not lightly is it won—for this Goldwyn Picture Star uses only the best—but Winsome Soap, with its snowy purity, its exquisite cleansing qualities quite won the heart of the beautiful Helene.

Helene Chadwick

You try Winsome Soap

The latest and finest product of the famous Vinolia Laboratories. Canada's first great Toilet Soap, made of the finest ingredients in the world—after years of study of Canadian climate and water conditions.

All druggists sell Winsome—10c per cake.

Vinolia toilet soaps and perfumes are refreshing, fragrant and give a satisfaction that comes only from the use of pure ingredients. I use "Winsome" Soap for my toilet at all times.

(Signed) Helene Chadwick

VINOLIA COMPANY LIMITED

Soapmakers to H.M. the King

LONDON - PARIS - TORONTO

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Winsome



IN all that a corset should be—fashionable yet comfortable, a support, not a prison, for the body—Bias Filled Corsets set a high standard of their own.

Write for the name of a Bias Corsetiere near you.

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Eveready Spotlight
with the
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Every Motorist Needs an EVEREADY FLASHLIGHT!

NO need to fumble in the dark if you have an Eveready Flashlight. It is the only safe light to use around a motor car. No fear of igniting gasoline or oil when looking for engine trouble. Helps to fix punctured tires by illuminating the whole wheel with a steady bright light. Get an Eveready today at any electrical, hardware, drug, or sporting goods store and keep it in the pocket of your car.

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EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES

Peace

Ned has taken a policy with the London Life. He has passed the medical examination with flying colors. The doctor has made certain suggestions for the future, that will help him to retain his present vigor for another thirty years, and live to a ripe old age. He is now thirty-one. His participating policy is a twenty-pay life for \$5,000.00

Profit

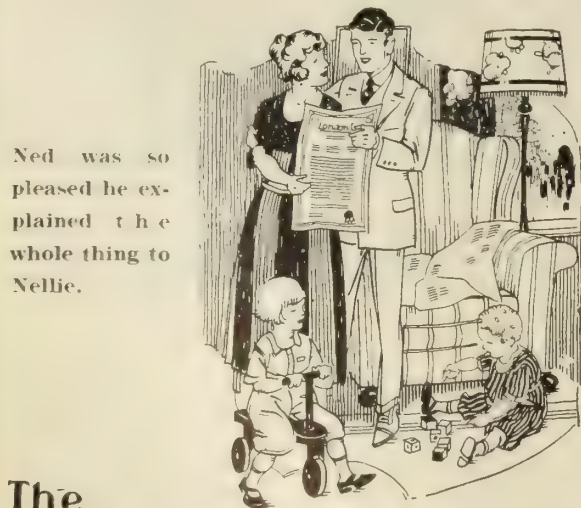
The premium for his policy is \$169.50, but Ned has been studying London Life records. On a policy similar to his own (taken in 1888 by another fellow) the increasing profits were used to greatly reduce the premium, so that the average amount payable each year over the twenty years was but \$119.21 and in addition during the fifteen years since 1907 when the policy became paid up he has received in cash dividends, \$843.30. The net cost of his \$5,000.00 policy over the whole period was but \$1,540.85.

Pleasure

\$5,000. for his darlings—bought and paid for by a third of that sum—why, it was like trebling his money! Ned knew that the practice of estimating profits on a policy was no longer in force. BUT—since the audited accounts of the London Life prove that it paid steadily increasing profits to participating policy-holders, even during the Great War; that sound Canadian Securities (mainly bonds and first mortgages) are its chief assets; that it exceeds the Government requirements for Reserves by nearly \$1,000,000 — well, Ned felt that a policy-holder was justified in calculating from established facts.

Protection

Thirty-four years of protection and after that a yearly dividend for the rest of his life. (Bar accidents there was no reason why Ned should not live as long as This Other Fellow, who was still going strong.) And always—whether he lived six months or sixty years, there would be that \$5,000. ready in the hour of their greatest need—for his wife Nellie, for Dollie, for Buster and Baby Rose.



Ned was so pleased he explained the whole thing to Nellie.

See next issue for what Nellie thought of it and how she took it.

The
London Life
Insurance Company

"Policies Good as Gold"

HEAD OFFICES - - LONDON, CANADA
Agencies in all principal cities

Thirst Quenchers for Hot Days

BY FRANCES M. McNALLY

SOMETHING to drink is one of our constant demands, especially in the hot days of summer. Thirst is not a fad or an imagination, but a natural cry of the body for water. While water is not a nutrient it is rightly classed as one of the five food principles, for without it the functions of the body could not be performed. It is needed to eliminate waste, to carry nutritive material where it is needed and to regulate body temperature. The human body is composed of seventy-five per cent. water and this amount must be rigidly kept up if we are to be healthy. Water is a universal beverage and the ideal one when it is pure, clear and cool. It quenches the thirst much better than most of the concoctions which are produced to take its place. However one cannot always offer one's guests or even one's family plain water to drink and what to serve to the unexpected caller or at the more formal porch party or summer luncheon often becomes a problem.

freshly drawn water just at the boiling point and second, a clean dry heated tea-pot. At the first bubbling of the water, rinse the tea-pot and let it stand for a moment on the stove to dry, put in the tea leaves and pour over them the rapidly boiling water. Put on the cover and let stand five minutes. For iced-tea use a larger portion of tea to water than when the tea is to be served hot. Pour from the leaves after the usual five minutes, directly over the cracked ice in glasses. Serve with lemon. Tea poured from the leaves and left to chill in the ice chest is apt to become cloudy in appearance and to lose some of its flavour.

Probably the most popular of the summer beverages are the *Refreshing Fruit Drinks*. Most of these are easily prepared and few utensils are required. A glass pitcher, a sharp knife, a plate, a lemon reamer, a strainer, an ice-pick or strong darning needle are all that are necessary. A few general rules should be kept in



Fruit Punch

Beverages are of three classes, the nourishing, the refreshing, the stimulating. The nourishing beverages usually have a foundation of milk and are of the greatest value in the diet of the sick. Some of them however may be very acceptable, served ice-cold to the family or guests on a hot summer day. Properly prepared, and served they will be refreshing as well as nourishing. A few examples of such beverages are:—

ICED COCOA:—Two tablespoons Cocoa, one tablespoon boiling water, one cup hot milk, one teaspoon sugar. Mix the cocoa, the boiling water and sugar and boil two or three minutes. Add the hot milk, remove from fire and cool, when cold place in ice box next to the ice. Serve when thoroughly chilled. Never place ice in cocoa. It dilutes the milk and takes from the richness of the mixture.

COCOA FLOAT:—To each cup of thoroughly chilled cocoa, add a heaping teaspoon of vanilla or chocolate ice cream, or if preferred a teaspoon of stiffly whipped cream, or marshmallow cream, topped with a cherry.

CHOCOLATE MILK SHAKE:—Two tablespoons of chocolate syrup, three tablespoons whipped cream, one-half cup of Milk, one-quarter cup of plain soda water, or apollinaris water. Place all ingredients, except the charged water, in a sealer and shake thoroughly. Place on ice until chilled. Pour into a glass and add charged water.

CHOCOLATE SYRUP:—This may be made in quantity, before hand. Boil together three tablespoons chocolate (melted over hot water), one cup hot water and one and one-half cups sugar, for three minutes, and one teaspoon vanilla and bottle.

The most common stimulating drinks are tea and coffee. These also may be refreshing, if properly prepared and served ice-cold. Two essentials in making tea, whether served hot or iced, are first,

mind in preparing fruit drinks:—

1. Be sure to serve ice-cold and not too sweet.
2. If you are absolutely sure that the ice you use is from pure water, it may be placed in the beverage. It is better to place one large piece in a pitcher or punch bowl, as small pieces melt quickly and weaken the beverage. A small brick of water ice is most attractive in a punch bowl and serves the cooling purpose of ice.
3. If you are not sure of the ice, cool the beverage by placing the container on the ice.
4. Taste every beverage before serving, make sure it is well flavored.
5. Observe absolute cleanliness in all processes. Water is an excellent germ carrier.
6. Make the service as attractive as possible by careful choice of serving dishes and garnishes. Avoid overgarnishing.
7. Add the sugar in the form of syrup, it saves time and energy, as a quantity may be kept on hand ready for use.
8. If carbonated water is used it should be added at serving time.

ICED COFFEE:—In a coffee pot, well aired and scalded, put twice as many level tablespoons of ground coffee as there are cups to be served, add as many egg shells (washed before the eggs were broken as cups to be served or one teaspoon of egg white to each cup may be used. Add one tablespoon of cold water for each cup of liquid desired and mix thoroughly. add the required number of cups of freshly boiling water and let boil five minutes after boiling begins. Pour a little cold water down the spout, stir in one tablespoon of fresh coffee and set the pot where the liquid will simmer fifteen minutes. The quick bring-

(Continued on page 30)



Fabrics last longer

THE old corrugated board soon wears out clothes. The gentle but thorough action of the Easy Washer vacuum cups makes them last longer (no rubbing). Handles heavy blankets, dirty overalls—fine laces, flannels and curtains with equal ease, thoroughly washing them in ten minutes. Why wear out valuable fabrics and your own precious strength the old way? Free demonstration in your home—no obligation incurred. Easy payments.

Write for free booklet to Dept. C.

The **EASY** Vacuum Electric WASHER

The Easy Washing Machine Co., Limited
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JAEGER
(Fine Pure Wool)

Gives "Real Comfort"

You cannot appreciate what the words "real comfort" mean until you have worn Jaeger Pure Wool Garments.



As every ounce of extra weight carried diminishes the power of endurance, Jaeger Garments, in proportion to their weight, give more heat than any other material.

A fully illustrated catalogue free on application.

For sale at Jaeger Stores and Agencies throughout Canada.

The **JAEGER CO., Limited**
TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG



Cuticura Is The Best Beauty Doctor

Daily use of Cuticura Soap, with touches of Cuticura Ointment now and then, keeps the skin fresh, smooth and clear. Cuticura Talcum is also ideal for the skin.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lyman, Limited, 344 St. Paul St., W., Montreal. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.



THE name of Louise Morey Bowman is familiar to most Canadian readers, as a writer of poetry, which is more than verse. In the volume, "Moonlight and Common Day," we have the fruit of many years of work and thought. Mrs. Bowman's poetry is sometimes lightly lyrical—a veritable spring song—and sometimes psychical in its analysis of emotion and motive. There is a genuine feeling of beauty in all her work;—but there is a questing note which goes beyond the things which seem and would echo the passion of "finite hearts that yearn." This poem, "Earth Born," has a delightful blending of Pagan appreciation of all the dainty and delicate things we possess here and a belief in the "gleam of what is higher." Here is the first stanza of the poem:

"Do you think God will make us forget—
When we wake up in Heaven—
All the queer, little earth-fashioned things

That are sacred as archangel's wings
Or the stars that are seven?
Our books, our green china with posies,
My white wedding gown, with its roses,
The candles we light
In our house at night,
Your father's old clock with its wise friendly face
And my mother's old lace—
Do you think Love can ever forget?"

In her perception of the beauty of the fleeting touches of color in the haunting

"little things" which make every day memorable, Mrs. Bowman is akin to that Baltimore singer, Lizette Woodworth Reese.

In form, Mrs. Bowman follows her own fancy, sometimes choosing the well-kept classic paths, and occasionally the untracked region of free verse. However, when she turns to the latter, she does not forget that rhythm belongs to poetry, whatever may be said of rhyme. We are thankful that this Canadian writer does not follow the extreme members of the free verse tribe, in their deliberate exploiting of the sordid for its own dirty sake—as is the fashion of Mr. Edgar Lee Masters. Mrs. Bowman feels life's ironies and tragedies;—witness the poignancy of "The Little Death"—but she does not forget Aristotle's dictum that tragedy should contain the element of purification. "The Creators" is a daring plea for those whose work is different from the accepted form. The author evidently sympathizes with Browning in his sympathy with the new or half-expressed:

"But all the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb"

Mrs. Bowman is a poet from the East. Sherbrooke, Quebec, was her old home and many of her summers have been spent by the sea. There is a fresh joy in the gardens, the sea-weed, the flame which the mere city-dweller seldom knows. Here is a poem, "The Messenger," which

(Continued on page 29)



Mr. Arthur Stringer is one of Canada's best-known novelists and is also a true poet.

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A FARBBERWARE PRODUCT

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Constructed in Canada

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The **LAMP**
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READ-

Clamp it on bed or chair; or anywhere.



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Clamp it or stand it on your desk or table.



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"It Clamps Everywhere"

A NECESSITY in the home—library, boudoir, bathroom—for sewing, reading, writing—whenever direct light is needed.

Solid brass; handsome, durable and compact. Clamp is felt-lined—can't scratch. 5-year guarantee. Complete with 8-foot cord and screw socket with 2-piece parallel plug. In Canada: Brass finish, \$5; Bronze finish, \$5.50. West of Rockies and in Maritime Provinces, 25c per lamp additional.

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Get an Adjusto-Lite today. If your dealer doesn't carry it, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

S. W. FARBER
(Inventor)

141-151 So. Fifth St. Brooklyn, N.Y.



Sunburn, tan, freckles

—they need not mar your skin

ENJOY this summer the sports you love best—without sacrificing your complexion. Play tennis or golf as much as you like—swim to your heart's content—secure in the knowledge that your skin is protected from sunburn, tan and freckles.

For you can guard your skin against the burning rays of the sun if you adopt the regular use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find, is more than a face cream. Not only does it protect the skin—it keeps the complexion fresh and clear, for Ingram's Milkweed Cream has an exclusive therapeutic property that actually "tones-up," revitalizes the sluggish tissues of the skin.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or the one dollar size. It will soon soothe away old traces of redness and roughness, banish slight imperfections. Its continued use will preserve your fair, wholesome complexion through the trying heat of summer. You will be delighted with the results.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY
Established 1885
3 Crawford St. Windsor, Ont.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream



Posed by Lois Wilson, leading woman in Paramount motion pictures. Miss Wilson, like many other attractive stars of the screen, uses and endorses Ingram's Milkweed Cream to protect and preserve the complexion.

Send us a dime for Ingram's Beauty Prize containing samples of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, Ingram's Rouge, Ingram's Vaseline, Ingram's Face Powder, an eiderdown powder pad and samples of our other leading Toilet Aids.



The dread Pyorrhea begins with bleeding gums

PYORRHEA'S infecting germs cause many ills. Medical science has proved this.

Many diseased conditions are now known often to be the result of Pyorrhea germs that breed in pockets about the teeth. Rheumatism, anaemia, nervous disorders and other diseases have been traced in many cases to this Pyorrhea infection.

Don't let Pyorrhea work its wicked will on your body. Visit your dentist frequently for teeth and gum inspection.

And watch your gums yourself. Pyorrhea, which afflicts four out of five people over forty, begins with tender and bleeding gums; then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the poisons generated at their base.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums hard and healthy—the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum shrinkage has set in use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

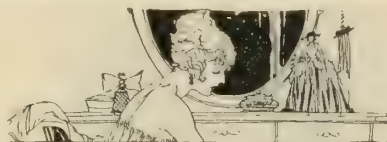
35c and 60c, in Canada and the United States.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

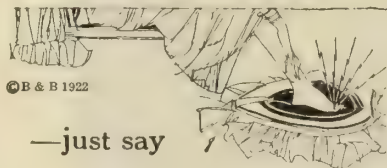
Forhan's, Ltd. Montreal



Forhan's FOR THE GUMS



Corns?



—just say

Blue-jay

to your druggist

Stops Pain Instantly

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in two forms—a colorless, clear liquid (one drop does it!) and in extra thin plasters. Use whichever form you prefer, plasters or the liquid—the action is the same. Safe, gentle. Made in a world-famed laboratory. Sold by all druggists.

Free: Write Bauer & Black, Toronto, Dept. 27 for valuable book, "Correct Care of the Feet."



The Wax That Will Beautify Your Home
Paste & Liquid

Manufactured by
THE GEORGE COOKE CO., LTD.
174 King St. East, Toronto.



YOU know the timeworn and yet never-too-familiar comparisons for human skin—especially that which is the complexion of a charming girl. We have such expressions as "Milk-and-roses," "peaches-and-cream" and various other references to fruit, flowers or the dairy, to find adequate description for a complexion of freshness and bloom. There are few children who have not skin of flower-like bloom and satin smoothness. It would seem, then, that Nature gives us an excellent start, so far as the skin is concerned, and that whatever

all the better in complexion and constitution for a little daily lather.

However, the application of soap and water, or even of a good cleansing cream, does not seem to meet all demands of the modern treatment for preserving and refreshing the complexion. After all, we are very primitive creatures, and we find that we must go back to exceedingly simple substances in the course of our treatment of skin or nerves. There is a fable of a certain hero who regained strength every time he fell to the ground. Contact with Mother Earth has proved, again and again, of constructive influence. That is the reason why camp life is of so much benefit to worn-out nerves and tired brain.



Cherry Georgette makes the lower brim of this creation, while black and cherry esprey adorn it.

coarsening comes might be mitigated, if we were only more careful.

Of course, the matter of climate must always be taken into consideration when we are speaking of hair and complexion. Extremes of temperature are exceedingly trying, and the hair is likely to show the effect first. It is not in the far North, nor yet in the tropical regions—that you will, as a rule, find the brightest and most luxuriant tresses. The Northland, too, has a freezing effect on the face and, unless one is extremely careful, coarsens and hardens the skin until it has a positively weatherbeaten aspect. Extreme heat, it may be remarked, is even worse for the human epidermis. Central India will drain all the rose color out of English cheeks in a year or two. However, most of us are not obliged to face either extreme and may safely consider ordinary means of keeping the flesh tints bright and clear.

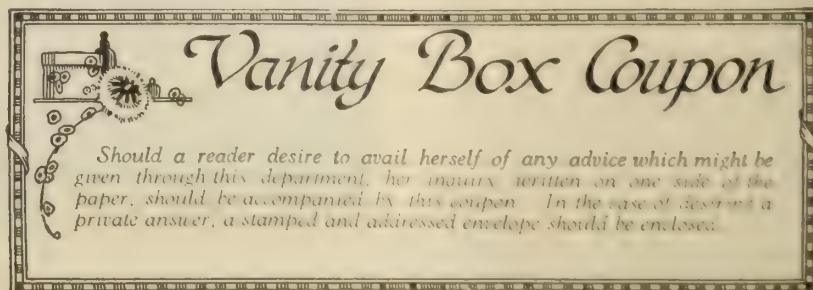
Do not use extremely cold or really hot water in washing the face. Warm water and a good soap, with a soft face brush on active service are what will be required to remove the day's soil and to keep blackheads at a respectful distance. Cold water is excellent for rinsing purposes, and rubbing the face with a small piece of ice will help to stimulate the skin. There are some—very few—who find that other cleansing agencies are better than soap—but most of us are



A graceful and beautiful gown showing the higher waist line and lovely lace sleeves.

The return to simple substances has not only a curative but an aesthetic significance. The modern workers in the laboratories which send forth beautifying preparations have been busy of late on a cleansing and reviving substance which is proving daily its efficacy in restoring softness and bloom to the skin. It forms a kind of plaster which is spread upon the skin much as you would apply the old-fashioned mustard plaster—only this preparation comes into direct con-

(Continued on page 30)



The Book Corner

(Continued from page 27)

will go straight to the heart of many a town-stifled-reader:

Far from out the whirlpool cities,
They call and they call to me—
My infinite Friends,
The Wind and the Sea.

"Tonight the Wind in the inland woods,
Where my sheltered house is set
Carries the rush of the sea waves past
Till my cheeks feel cold and wet
And I smile and shudder
What wouldst thou of me
O Wind and Sea!"

This volume attractive in type and covering, as in literary content, is published in Toronto by the MacMillan Company. (Price, \$1.50).

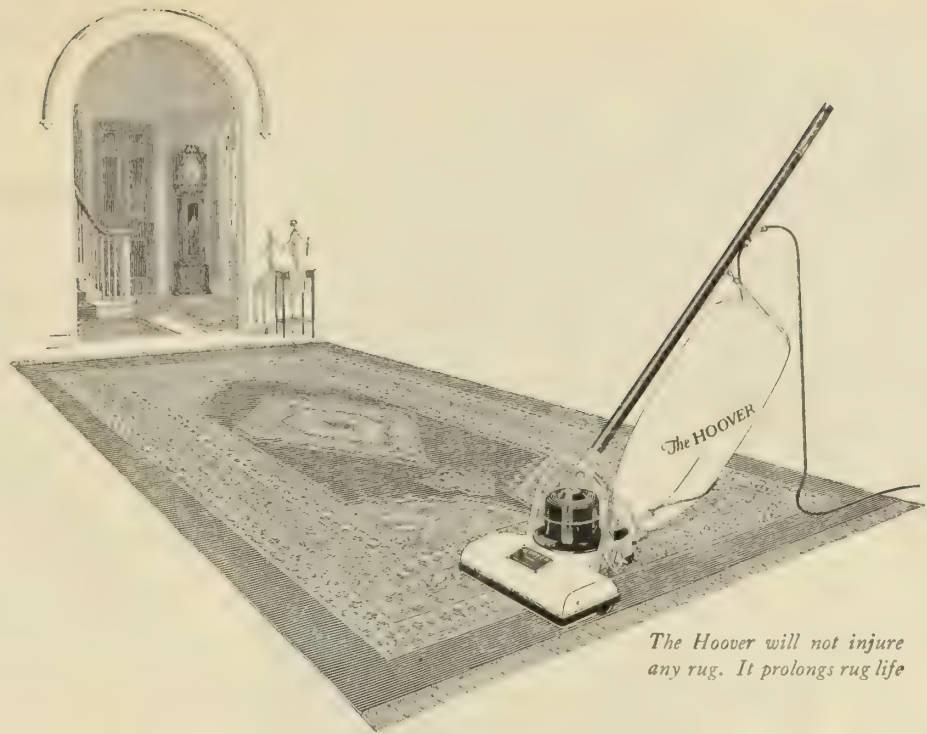
* * *

Mr. Arthur Stringer is a writer born in Canada, who has achieved literary fame as poet and novelist. Mr Stringer has not lost touch with Canada, for he still has his summer home at "Cedar Springs," Kent County. His latest book, "The Prairie Child," is another evidence of Mr. Stringer's determination to be "popular", and once more that aggressive heroine, "Chaddie," who was married two books ago to Duncan Argyll McKail, appears on the scene. Although the book is called "The Prairie Child," Chaddie, who is the supposed writer, dominates the narrative and the "che-ild" is secondary, while the husband is almost nowhere. Chaddie, as "The Prairie Wife," was a fairly decent citizen, rather exuberant but a good pioneer. As "The Prairie Mother," she was insufferably slangy and vulgar and wearisomely vivacious.

Perhaps it is because Mr. Stringer has done work of such fine quality that we resent this cheap series of "Chaddie" books. Surely we have done with her now and will not have her further adventures inflicted upon us! Her husband turns out to be a rather bad lot although much might be forgiven a man whose wife insists on calling him "Dinkie-dunk." There are two children, Dinkie and Popsy, (of course these are pet names)—and it is these youngsters who bring about the problematic condition. In fact, we might say that Dinkie, the boy, makes or mars the situation, for Popsy, the girl, receives comparatively scant attention. The mother lavishes an extraordinary amount of emotion on Dinkie, the beloved. We do not think so many sugar plums could have been good for the small boy; and his far-from-perfect father is right when he accuses the mother of spoiling a nice youngster and making him an over-sensitive bore.

In the advertisement of the book, the inspired propaganda which the publisher sends forth, the question is asked: "Does a woman love her husband less when children come?" In thousands of sane and wholesome Canadian households, there is no necessity for asking such a question. Chaddie, in fact, is a neurotic freak, and it is no wonder that "Dinkie-dunk," takes to drink and flirts with the unprepossessing school ma'am, who seems to love him to distraction. Duncan is decidedly common clay, but, in kindlier and steadier hands than Chaddie's, he might have been moulded into something finer than a whiskey-jug.

Chaddie, too, has her amorous by-play, although, up to the close of the narrative, it has been a strictly Platonic affair, with a Peter person as her comforter. An easy divorce seems to be the sordid solution suggested at the end of the story. Neither Duncan nor Chaddie is made of heroic stuff, and we trust the author does not intend to display the latter as a typical Canadian woman. There are beautiful and picturesque "bits" in the book, for Mr. Stringer, at his best, is a writer of dignified and melodious prose, as well as poetry, but the novel, as a complete production, is a disappointment to those who admire Mr. Stringer's early achievement. (Published in Toronto by MacMillan and Stewart).



The Hoover will not injure any rug. It prolongs rug life

Do You Give Your Rugs Proper Care?

Naturally you want your lovely rugs and carpetings properly cared for, that they may stay beautiful and wear for many years.

Naturally, too, you want to know how to give them such care at the minimum expense of time and labor on your part. This is not at all difficult.

Simply let an Authorized Hoover Dealer demonstrate The Hoover in your home; without obligation, of course.

He will show you the three essential factors of thorough cleaning, and thorough cleaning is the greatest part of proper rug care.

He will show you how The Hoover performs these three essential factors—beating, sweeping, suction—in one rapid, easy, dustless operation.

He will show you how this one operation beats all germ-laden, nap-wearing grit from rug depths, sweeps up stubborn litter, erects crushed nap, brightens colors, and prolongs rug life.

He will show you how your dusting, too, can be swiftly and dustlessly done by The Hoover's newly designed, easily connected and high-powered attachments.

It will be worth much to you, in labor, time and money saved, to have the Hoover Dealer show you these things. Write us for the names of Authorized Dealers.

On our divided payment plan, 23c a day soon pays for a Hoover. There are three improved new models—a size for every purse.

THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
Factory and General Offices: Hamilton, Ontario

The HOOVER

MADE IN CANADA

It BEATS... as it Sweeps as it Cleans



GENUINE
DIAMONDS
CASH OR CREDIT
Write for catalog to-day
JACOBS BROS.
Diamond Importers
15 Toronto Arcade
TORONTO



PATENTS
PATENT SOLICITORS AND BARRISTERS
ESTABLISHED FIRM
FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.
HEAD OFFICE - ROYAL BANK BLDG - TORONTO
OTTAWA OFFICE - 15 ELOIN STREET
SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

For Brain Fatigue
Take **HORSFORD'S**
ACID PHOSPHATE

Especially effective in rebuilding impaired nerve force, and invigorating the nervous system. Aids digestion. A wholesome tonic. Buy a bottle. At all druggists.

KILLS INSECTS

ROSEALENE "D" fully guaranteed to instantly kill all insect life Bed Bugs, Moths, Cockroaches and Mosquitoes.

1 quart sprayer in carton sent postpaid for \$2.00.

ROSEALENE PRODUCTS LIMITED
417 Queen St. West, Toronto, Ont.



Goddard's
Plate Powder
For polishing Silver

SIX
GOLD
MEDALS

Sold in boxes—25 cents.
Sample on receipt of 5 cents in stamps
From F. L. BENEDICT & CO.
115 St. Alexander Street, Montreal



They Fight Film—

They who have pretty teeth

Note how many pretty teeth are seen everywhere today. Millions are using a new method of teeth cleaning. They remove the dingy film. The same results will come to you if you make this ten-day test.

Why teeth are cloudy

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Film absorbs stains, then it often forms the basis of thin, dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Old brushing methods do not effectively combat it. So most teeth are discolored more or less.

Thus film destroys tooth beauty. It also causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea, now so alarmingly common.

Now a daily remover

Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to combat film. Authorities have proved their efficiency. Now leading dentists, nearly all the world over, are urging their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created to comply with modern requirements. These two film combatants are embodied in it. The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent.

Its unique effects

Pepsodent, with every use, attacks the film on teeth.

It also multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That to digest the starch deposits which may cling to teeth and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for the acids which cause decay.

In these three ways it fights the enemies of teeth as nothing else has done.

One week will show

Watch these effects for a few days. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Enjoy the refreshing after-effects.

Do this to learn what millions know—the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. Cut out the coupon now.

Made in Canada

Pepsodent
REG. IN CANADA

The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists almost the world over. Used by careful people of some forty races.

All druggists supply the large tubes.

The Vanity Box

(Continued from page 28)

tact with the skin, with no intervening linen or cloth. There is nothing unpleasant or painful in the application:—quite the reverse in fact. While the clay-like covering is on the face, you experience a sensation of having dullness and impurities removed and feel as if renewed freshness were coming to the surface of the skin. You won't look at all pretty while trying this experiment. The clay has a delightful greenish-grey tint, is quite soft (almost creamy) and spreads evenly over the face. You must be careful merely to spread, not to rub it. If you wish the neck to be rejuvenated also, put a nice clay collar on it. The face should be well cleansed with warm water before you apply the clay. Dampen a small towel with decidedly warm water and hold it—closely pressed to the face for a minute or two. After the clay has thoroughly dried, leave it on for twenty minutes or more while it does its rejuvenating work. Then dampen the towel once more with warm water, press it upon the "beclayed" face and you will find that the slight mask will crumble beneath the pressure and can easily be gathered into the towel. There is really nothing at all "messy" or soiled about the treatment—and your skin feels cleaner and younger than it has for ever so long. The clay has done its cleaning work quickly and well and you feel as if the dust would not "settle" again on your countenance for hours—as if it had been drawn out by a kindly worker, just as a rug is renewed by our friend the vacuum cleaner.

There are creams, of course, to follow the clay treatment, which, in itself, is a source of invigoration. We need to realize that the skin becomes sluggish, the pores are not freely opened, and, in consequence, the complexion loses that dewy freshness of youth, which is so delightful. We do not say that any process of rejuvenation will keep the infantile softness and velvety quality of the skin, but we are quite sure that the constant use of thorough methods of cleansing and refreshing will go far towards keeping Father Time at a respectful distance. A magazine recently showed the pictures of several movie stars at various stages in their career—and it was difficult to see that they were growing older. Miss Marguerite Clarke, for instance, looks more youthful in 1922 than she did in 1910. Now, the reason for this youthful appearance is that these celebrities of the film take great care of health and looks. They realize that there is no royal road to keeping youthful:—and, therefore, they set out on an actual campaign to secure a beautiful complexion and a graceful figure. You may be sure that the ladies of the film have already become devotees of the clay treatment. It is possible to overdo the "keeping youthful" policy, but the wise woman is she who never lets the effort become obvious, but is persistent in her preservation of whatever gifts Nature has bestowed. She will be certain to avail herself of such a reasonable and satisfactory treatment as the use of the complexion clay.

THE LETTER BOX

MARION:—You are quite right in believing that diet has much to do with the coming of such "spots" as you describe. It is too bad that you have been obliged to give up strawberries, though, for there is nothing quite so satisfactory as the earliest of the berries. However, it is better to exercise a little self-control than to be uncomfortable for hours. Digestion is of tremendous importance, although we usually discover that fact when it is too late to make satisfactory repairs in the out-of-order digestion.

Most of us have too much acid in the system, and, curiously enough, imagine that sugar counteracts acid:—whereas, sugar aggravates hyperacidity. A half-teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in hot water, taken early in the morning will do much to settle digestive conditions for the day. Milk of magnesia is also excellent. This sounds like a dissertation on digestion, but I am sending you the names of several creams, any one of which should prove beneficial.

* * *

CARLOTTA:—Are you a really and truly Italian girl—or just a bit of Italy by name? You ought to be a brunette, you know, and, in that case, white or flesh-tinted powder should not find a



An attractive toilet in white crepe Marocain with Moleskin wrap. White Crinoline hat with black edge and paradise mount. Black and white lace sunshade.

place on your dressing table. I think you must be quite young, Carlotta—under twenty, at a guess—and, in that case, you would be very foolish to use more than the merest touch of powder on a very warm day. Rouge and lip-stick are not for you:—in fact, if used, at all, such things are the sad resort of the extremely mature woman and should be used very carefully, even by her. Youth is too gloriously colorful to have any need of such "restoratives."

* * *

AGNES:—Advice has been sent you regarding the curling of the hair. Perhaps you need a good tonic for only hair. It is next to impossible to keep the hair curled for any length of time (unless it has a natural "kink") in a damp climate. A solution of gum tragacanth has been declared of value by many—and it is applied before using curlers at night.



Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 201, 191 George St.,
Toronto, Ont.

Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

Frocks for Youthful Folks

BY CHARLOTTE M. STOREY

OF the little Lord Fauntleroy, the little Kate Greenaways, the brave little John Highland lads and lassies, La Mode has taken a long farewell. We loved them while they were with us. Now that they are gone we do not regret them. We are glad that the vain little heart of the modern juvenile, beats beneath a frock fashioned with sweet simplicity.

Bobbed hair, bobbed skirts and bobbed socks—give these, the rest is a mere matter of detail.

A small edition of her mother, her aunt or her big sister, little Miss Two-Shoes, is not burdened with superfluous undergarments. With many of her frocks she is entirely independent of petticoats, for she wears little panties just like her frock and doesn't care who knows it.

hang very straight from neck to hem with the fulness gathered in at the neck, or smocked to form rather a deep yoke. The bottom edge is scalloped or straight and buttonholed or bound, perhaps with a contrasting color. This is something after the peasant style, and for summer the sleeves are short, but for winter they are gathered into a cuff, peasant style also.

The trimming on these very childish frocks is meant to appeal to the child's developing mentality. Embroidery, cross stitch and applique are used in designs that mean something to the small wearer; blocks arranged in some simple geometrical design and outlined with colored silks, a tree or a ship, also traced in colored silks, a house or an animal in cross stitch or fruit or flowers made out of colored cloth and applied with buttonhole stitch.



Banded around her chubby knees, and showing beneath her short tunic, they announce themselves. Now that we think of it, some of the very newest are not banded at all. They are just like little straight leg trousers, buttoned on to, or attached to an underwaist.

To be really fashionable the little aristocrat of to-day cannot be too simply dressed, but her clothes must fit. A dressmaker let us into a secret the other day, which we pass along to you in strictest confidence. She said the reason many patterns do not fit the child is because there is no extra fulness in the front; that is, the back and front are the same width, and a well developed child is always plump across the breast, and must have room. Another thing she mentioned was that the shoulder seam should be almost straight and not slanting as they sometimes are on patterns. Now, we pass this along for your consideration, with the advice when changing a pattern "Be sure you are right, then go ahead."

Dresses for very small girls from two to eight or over, fit quite closely around the base of the neck and many of them have only a slit down the side fastened at the top, with a snap or tie, instead of the old way of opening them down the back or front and fastening with buttons. The slip-over-the-head idea has been adapted to children's clothes. They

This is not new, but it is just as much the mode as ever. White is very often trimmed with bright red, yellow, blue or a small checked gingham.

It will not be long before school re-opens. One more month of happy-go-lucky vacation, and then books and pencils and the daily trudge to school, or the packing of trunks for some more or less distant fountain of knowledge. In either case, the wardrobe will very likely require replenishing.

In the public schools of New England, according to a gentleman who was born and brought up there, the regulations call for wash dresses even in the winter time. They are considered more sanitary than serge or any of the woollen weaves. And it does seem reasonable. A serge dress may not show the dust and grime, but it is there just the same, whereas, every time a cotton dress comes from the laundry, it is sweet and clean, and if it is not quite warm enough for the school room, warm bloomers and a woollen sweater can be added. These can be removed at home if the temperature is higher than in school.

If it is a matter of economy, one has it in wearing the cotton dress until it is worn out instead of laying it away

(Continued on page 33)

Knit this yourself—

A beautiful scarf knit with Corticelli Fingering Yarn, easily and inexpensively made.

Any Corticelli Dealer can supply you with knitting directions for this and many other charming models.

Choose your own colors, they are all to be had in—

Send 3c stamp for knitting directions for this and other models.
Belding-Corticelli Limited, Toronto.

Corticelli
MADE IN CANADA
Fingering Yarns
Makers of Corticelli Spool Silk, Corticelli Crochet and Embroidery Cotton, etc.

BEAUTY SECRETS LIE IN THE SKIN

For the skin is the principal factor in beauty. If your skin has been neglected, do not be discouraged; we can safely restore its youthful freshness. If you cannot come to the Institute for treatment.

Our Preparations Can be Mailed to You

With complete instructions for the same success that we have obtained for more than 30 years in the treatment of Pimples, Moles, Blackheads, Wrinkles, Crowsfeet, Freckles, Redness, Roughness, Eczema and all non-infectious skin troubles.

Superfluous Hair Permanently Removed by Electrolysis
CONSULTATIONS FREE AT THE INSTITUTE OR BY MAIL

Write for Free Booklet "H"
61 B College Street, Toronto.



REAL HAIR STERILIZED CAP SHAPE

STEDMA HAIR NET

If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name and 25 cents for samples
3 single or 2 double mesh nets. Guaranteed perfect (State color).

STEDMAN BROS. LIMITED BRANTFORD, CANADA

Summery Appliques Lend Interest to New Frocks

1152—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 15.8 yard. Size 36 requires 3 5/8 yards 40-inch Georgette crepe—6 1/8 yards lace banding—3 yards ribbon—1 yard 36-inch lining.

1161—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 40 bust. Width at lower edge about 11 1/2 yard. Size 36 requires 3 7/8 yards 36-inch linen—3/8 yard 40-inch violet—1 5/8 yard frilling—7/8 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The only note of trimming on this simple linen frock is the cross-stitch in design 12562 worked in mercerized floss.

1076—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 32-inch gingham—3 yards ruffling—2 3/4 yards ribbon.

1138—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1 5/8 yard 40-inch Georgette crepe—1/4 yard 36-inch allover lace for yoke. The applique, design 12672, may be cut from colored silk and couched down in chain stitching.

9983—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1 3/8 yard 36-inch linen for skirt, collar, and cuffs—1 1/4 yard 36-inch contrasting linen for waist—3 7/8 yards organdy trimming. A novel touch is given to this cunning little dress by applique 12672, which may be cut from contrasting linen and couched down in blanket, chain, or outline stitches.

Dress 1152—Price 35 cents

1161—Price 35 cents.

Cross Stitch 12562—Blue or Yellow, 20 cents.

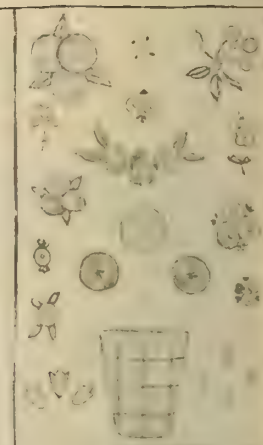
Dress 1076—Price 35 cents.

1138—Price 30 cents.

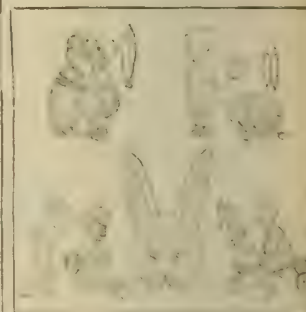
Applique 12672—Blue or Yellow, 25 cents.

Dress 9983—Price 30 cents.

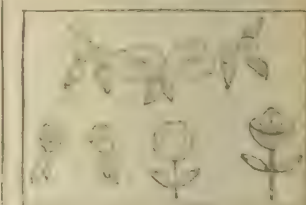
Applique 12672—Blue or Yellow, 25 cents.



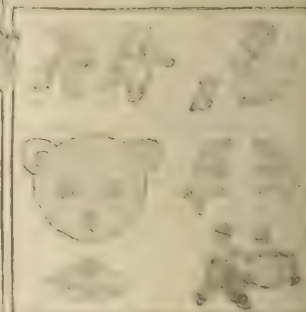
Design 12672



Design 12684



Design 12630



Design 12685



Design

12708



Dress 1161
Cross-stitch 12562

Dress 1152

Dress
1076

Dress 1138
Applique 12672

Frocks for Youthful Folks

(Continued from page 31)

from one autumn till the next spring, when the small girl has in all probability outgrown it, and it has to be cast aside or let down from the waist or the hem.

The gingham and lincns have been so prettily colored this summer that we shall hate to see them laid away for the more sober hues of navy which have served generation after generation of school girls. The ratines have also been very attractive. But, if we must, we must; and there is the ever acceptable navy blue pleated skirt, which can be bought in the stores all ready to put on and then topped off with a white wash middy or one of red or green flannel.

It is no longer considered the thing to wear a discarded frivolous frock to school. It isn't done any more. The frocks the small girl wears to school are with few exceptions very practical without being prosy-looking. They are the essence of trigness. The regulation school dress is made in one-piece sailor style with such variations as the modern designer thinks suitable for the modern school girl, and there is enough variety to avoid sameness and to let individuality have its expression. Detachable washable collars give freshness to these dark serge dresses. Organdy in flower shades and white nets, makes pretty party dresses for the very small girl, with the option of crepe Georgette and crepe de Chine.

One of the new and interesting things designers are doing on the dresses for this fall, is to have back and front panels formed by gathering or pressing the fulness into pleats. This allows enough shoulder fulness and at the same time leaves a plain and simple shoulder line.

Fine pipings in contrasting colors trim

the colored or natural silk dresses, while lattice work trims others, especially the larger sizes. Pin tucks still hold an honored place in trimmings on juvenile models; also the bright colored applique in the form of fruit or flowers. Then, there is drawn work on materials which lend themselves to this form of decoration, voiles for instance which come in pastel colorings and will be worn for party dresses for early fall.

The flapper is such a wee bit of a person very often, that it almost seems as if we might consider her in the juvenile class, although she may not like it, for after all she is a very sophisticated young person. Nevertheless, she is very sweet and loveable.

It is predicted that she is going to follow her own whim in the matter of the length of her skirt. She is so sweet and pretty that she can afford to defy La Mode and wear her skirts short if she wants to, and no matter what our private opinion may be regarding the length of her skirtcoats, never before have girls had such neat looking feet and ankles—never before have they exercised such good taste in their footwear. You never see a flapper wearing a badly fitting stocking, and her shoes are always irreproachable. Extravagant you say; well, perhaps, and yet, the merchants tell us that they are not selling so much more hosiery than they used to. To be candid, if a person buys good silk hosiery and then takes care of it, she will find it just about as economical as either cashmere or cotton, for we have all become so fastidious, that we must have our hosiery made of such fine yarn, that there is not the wear in it that we used to get out of the heavier and coarser qualities.

Corsetry à la Personality

A new dawn breaks for the corseted woman—a blessed dawn because it brings to the sex the joy of being at last appropriately, comfortably and fashionably corseted.

Since our great-grandmothers stiffly "stayed" themselves in the harness of their generation, the corsetière's art has advanced none too speedily. True there have been many minor improvements in materials, workmanship and saner contour but these have been merely details and not distinct departures from the irksome "stays" of the seventeenth century. It has remained for the D & A Practical Front Corset to combine with assuredness and for Everywoman, the perfect combination of ease, style and individuality for every occasion. The D & A Practical Front Corset is actually a new and distinctively "different" dress invention. It is alone in many respects but chiefly in that it is the corset which without effort enables the wearer to acquire a fresh, easy and perfect fitting every time she puts it on. It is not merely a step ahead of the ordinary corset. It actually creates a new era in the art of corsetry.



In the Days of Irsome Stays

Custom-Fitted Daily

In the D & A Practical Front Corset a woman is virtually refitted every day—recorseted with all the precision and individuality that the most expert custom-corsetière could afford. The features which thus set apart the D & A Practical Front Corset from all the rest are basic, exclusive and inimitable because protected by patent against imitation.

First among these extraordinary features is an inner vest of pliable elastic webbing which clasps and remains vertical and true at the exact center of the body. Thus even before the corset is laced it is settled that it shall not twist or ride up throughout the most strenuous service.



A New Era in Corsetry

Most corsets remain in the original lacing position from the morn of purchase to the eve of service. The lacing thus bears remorselessly on the same points and the shape of the corset is soon ruined. But what a joy to lace the outer flap over the inner vest of the D & A Practical Front Corset.

It is done in a jiffy shoe-wise over flat hooks (no eyelets) especially designed to engage the lacing against slippage. The lacing "takes up" on the elastic vest beneath and draws the corset to the hairline of fit and comfort for the particular figure and occasion. A complete refitting, a recurrent rebirth of the corset's original, precise and correct beauty for every type and every individual figure.

To see a D & A Practical Front Corset is to be at once curious and impressed. To try it on is to marvel. To wear it is to be corset satisfied to the uttermost.

The prices of the D & A Practical Front Corset are moderately placed at five dollars and upwards to twelve. At most good stores or departments where corsets are sold you may select your appropriate model.

Upon request the makers will mail you a Descriptive Style Book

D & A Practical Front Corsets

PAT'D CANADA & FOREIGN COUNTRIES

DOMINION CORSET COMPANY

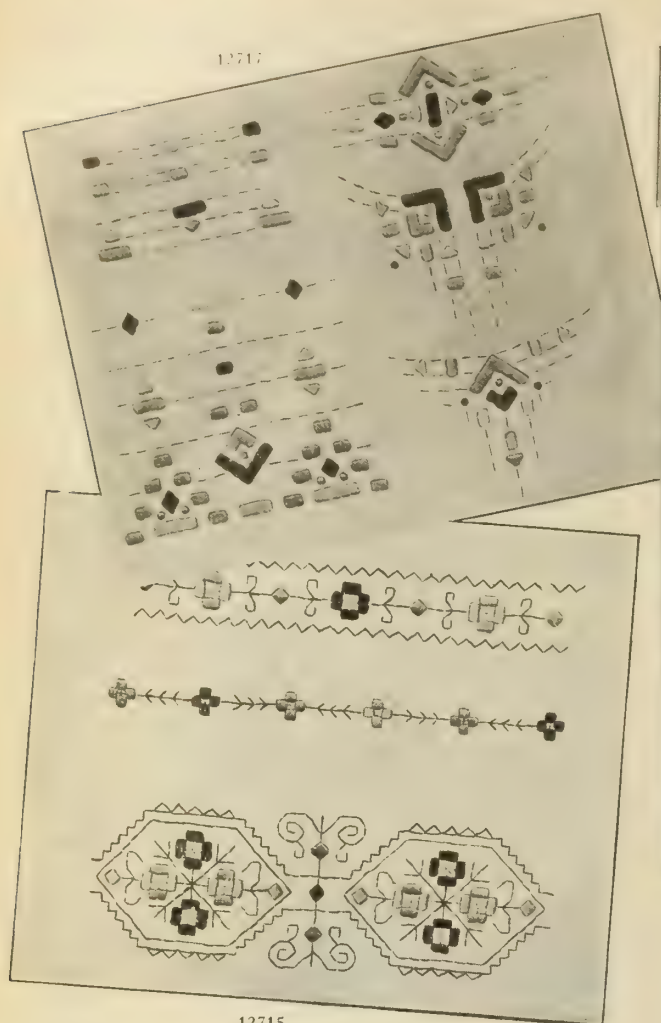
Montreal QUEBEC Toronto

Makers of La Dica and Goddess Corsets



The picture of "Negro Woman and Children" was painted by Miss Henrietta Shore and is in the National Gallery

The "Last Word" in Hand Embroidery—Plain and in Colors



12715

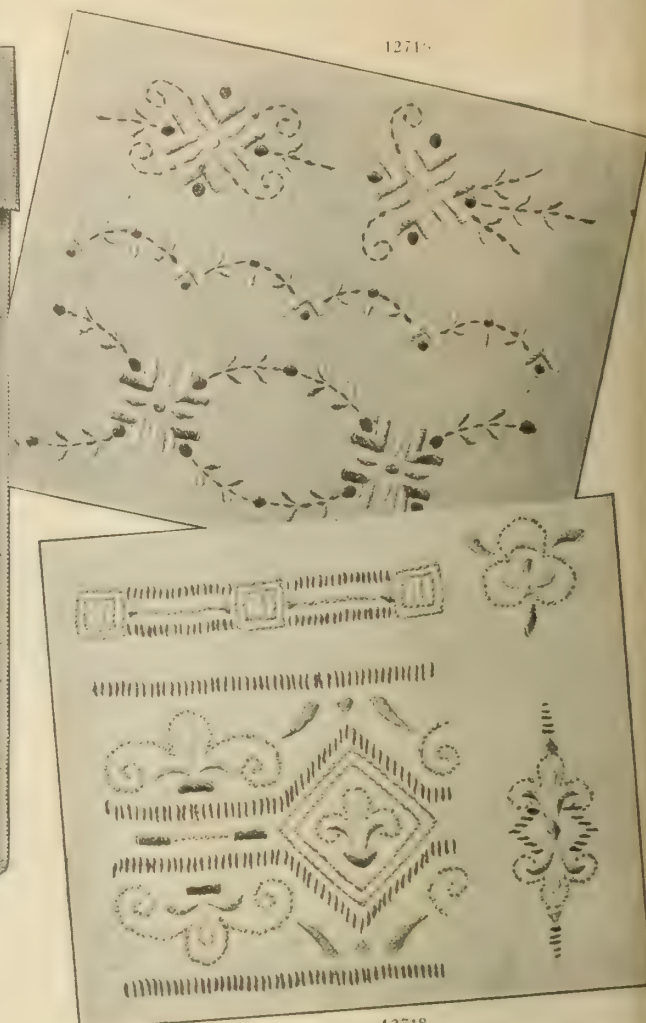
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12717 consists of 2 yards of $7\frac{3}{4}$ -inch border, 4 yards each of $1\frac{1}{4}$ -inch and $3\frac{1}{8}$ -inch borders, also 3 motifs $3\frac{3}{4}$ by $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and 1 and reverse of a motif $3\frac{1}{2}$ by $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12715 furnishes 3 peasant designs; 2 yards of $4\frac{1}{2}$ -inch border and 4 yards each of $\frac{3}{4}$ - and 2-inch borders.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12716 contains 2 borders and 2 motifs; 2 yards of 5-inch and 4 yards of $1\frac{3}{8}$ -inch borders, and 4 motifs each of $7\frac{1}{4}$ and $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches.



12714—Appliquéd Curtains for Child's Room



12718

12712—Applique figures for child's bed etc. Blue or yellow, 25 cents.

12714—Butterflies and basket appliquéd on curtains. Blue or yellow, 25 cents.

12715—Peasant design for dresses and blouses. Blue or yellow, 35 cents.

12716—Motifs and borders of peasant design. Blue or yellow, 35 cents.

12717—More peasant designs and also directions. Blue or yellow, 35 cents.

12718—For dresses and blouses there are 2 new borders and 2 motifs of peasant design. Blue or yellow, 30 cents.

12713—Child's spread with figure of boy, 11 by $11\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and butterflies arranged as shown above. Two butterflies are supplied for the pillow. Entire design is 21 inches square.

12713—Another applique set for child's bed. Blue only, 25 cents.

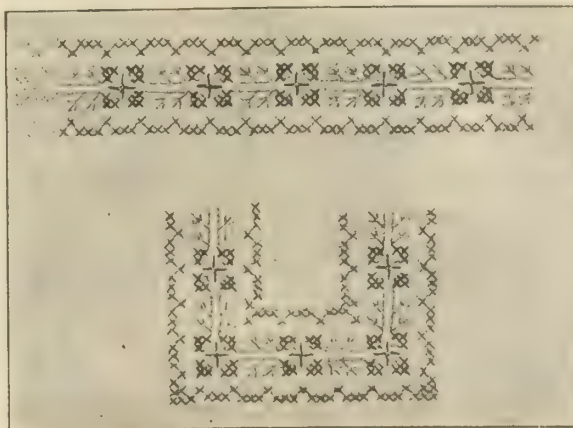
12719—The whole or part of the 6 yards and the four corners furnished may be used to decorate a garment. The border is 2 inches wide, and the corners $3\frac{1}{2}$ by 6 inches.

12719—Popular cross-stitch design, for decoration. Blue or yellow, 25 cents.

12712—There is 1 motif and reverse of the boy standing up, $6\frac{3}{4}$ by 4 inches, 2 motifs and 1 reverse of the boy standing on his hands, $3\frac{1}{2}$ by $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and 1 elephant, $7\frac{1}{2}$ by $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches.



12713



12719



12712

These are Pictorial Review Patterns. If your dealer cannot supply them, send direct to Pictorial Review Co., 263-267 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Warm Days Need Cool Frocks and Light Wraps for Motoring

1211—Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 32-inch check gingham—¼ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs. Appliqué, in design 12671, forms an attractive trimming note on this simple gingham frock. The design may be cut from colored linen, chambray, or organdy, and couched down in blanket or buttonhole stitches.

1228—Misses' Coat. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch polo cloth—3¾ yards 36-inch satin for lining.

1164—Ladies' and Misses' Three-piece Cape. Designed for 16 years, 36 and 42 bust. Size 16 requires 1 yard 54-inch dark wool Jersey—1¼ yard 54-inch contrasting wool Jersey. No. 9808—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3 7/8 yards 36-inch dotted swiss.



Dress 1214
Appliqué 12564

Dress 1204

Dress
1211
Appliqué
12671

1214—Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch linen—2¼ yards pointed trimming. Appliqué in design 12564 gives a smart touch to the patch pockets of this frock. The motifs may be cut from colored linen and couched down in blanket, buttonhole, or outline stitches.

1204—Misses' One-piece Kimono Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch dotted swiss—2¾ yards 40-inch organdy for foundation dress and piping—¾ yard 40-inch white organdy for collar and sash—¾ yard 36-inch lining.

9862—Ladies' and Misses' Cape-dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch éponge. A border of embroidery in design 12667 trims the dress and also the collar of the cape. Darning or single-stitch embroidery may be used in working out the design, or if desired beads may be used.

1035—Misses' Coat. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch Poiré twill—2¾ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining.

1214—Price 35 cents.

Appliqué—12564—Blue, or yellow, 30 cents.

1204—Price 35 cents.

1211— " 35 cents.

Appliqué—12671—Blue or yellow 30 cents.

1228—Price 35 cents.

1164— " 35 cents.

9808— " 35 cents.

9862— " 35 cents.

Embroidery 1667—Blue or yellow 40 cents.

1035—Price 35 cents.



Cape 1164
Dress 9808

Coat 1228



Cape-dress 9862
Embroidery 12667

Coat 1035

Frocks of Dainty Fabrics Fill the Summer Girl's Wardrobe

1159—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard. Size 16 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch French voile— $\frac{1}{4}$ yard vesting— $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

1208—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 32-inch gingham— $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 40-inch white organdy for collar, cuffs, sash, and vestee.

1162—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 16 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards 32-inch plain gingham— $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 40-inch white organdy for collar and cuffs— $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard plaiting— $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. A quaint motif in appliqué is carried out in contrasting color gingham on each pocket with design 12672.

1157—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch check handkerchief linen and $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards ribbon for dress— $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard 30-inch batiste for blouse. Appliqué motifs are worked on the pockets in design 12672 with pieces of colored gingham and blanket-stitched in place.

1191—Price 35 cents.
Beading, 12601—Blue or yellow, 3 cents

1156—Price 35 cents.
1185— " 35 cents.
Beading, 12574—Blue or yellow, 7 cents

1159—Price 35 cents.
1208— " 35 cents.
1162— " 35 cents.
Appliqué 12672—Blue or yellow, 2 cents
1157—Price 35 cents



Dress 1191
Beading 12601

Dress 1156

Dress 1185
Beading 12574

1191—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch satin crêpe— $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch lining. The beading in design 12601 may be carried out in iridescent beads.

1156—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard. Size 16 requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe— $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Soft and dressy enough for afternoons or an informal dance is this airy frock of Georgette. The waist has picot-edged bands over the shoulders and panels at each side of the skirt. The latter are cut in points and hang below the skirt in uneven effect. The skirt is simply gathered and a wide crushed girdle of self-material is worn.

1185—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe— $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. A party or dance frock that is made like this and beaded in design 12574 will prove very charming using opalescent, glass, or steel beads.



Dress 1159

Dress 1208



Dress 1162
Appliqué 12672

Dress 1157
Appliqué 12672

Those Little Extra Rooms

(Continued from page 22)

used matters not at all: the chief consideration being, rather, a convenient and pleasant relationship to the other rooms of the house.

Being, however, formal in their intent both a music room and a reception room call for a pronounced formality of treatment. There should be, then, a restrained use of any purely decorative objects in the rooms and an equal reserve in the employment of unessential furniture. Formality, too, can be suggested through the selection of somewhat cold and receding color-schemes, to the exclusion of those warmer hues that always appear to reflect welcome. In one successful little reception room which has been recently equipped,

selection of a receding, light, greenish-blue coloring for the painted ceiling, walls and woodwork. The long, straight window-hangings are of the same blue in a slightly darker shade and the patternless rugs of a blue that is almost navy. The mahogany furniture is upholstered in a dark blue velour, that has an undertone of gold. This enriching glint of gold is especially effective, because it repeats the hue of the tall, gilt harp, which stands in one corner of the room. Gold gauze, mounted over yellow silk, shades the dull brass lighting fixtures and an antique, gilt-framed mirror brightens one wall. Simple, harmonious, dignified and formal in its treatment, this little room cannot but



In this sun-flooded breakfast room, the wallpaper is of ivory-color closely dotted in pale yellow. The standing woodwork is enameled ivory-white and the floor is painted a dark olive-green, which forms an excellent background for the quaint hooked rugs in cheerful colorings. The simple sideboard, after the lines of a Welsh dresser, is finished in a soft yellow-green; but the balance of the furniture is painted a light parchment-yellow and stippled. The long table-runner is of old-fashioned glazed English chintz, showing yellows, greens and pinks against an ivory ground. Dotted Swiss tie-back curtains are especially suitable here—and the row of little potted geraniums is a subtle bit of artistry!

grey is the foundation of a scheme that very aptly illustrates the formality inherent in certain colorings. The walls are hung with a silvery-grey grasscloth and the woodwork is enameled grey. For the floor-covering, an unpatterned carpet of much darker grey velvet is used. The glass-curtains are of silver gauze and the long inner window-hangings of blue-and-green changeable taffeta. The furniture—of which there is but little—is finished in a dull black paint, with narrow lines of peacock-blue as the sole decoration. Appropriately, the chair cushions are of peacock-blue velvet, with cords and tassels of dull silver. And, very subtly, a pleasant relief has been imparted by the glowing orange lining of the silver gauze shades used on the lighting fixtures of silver finish.

In an attractive though diminutive music room, spaciousness and formality of effect are both attained through the

admirably fulfill the purpose for which it was created.

Frequently, a neglected attic holds possibilities that its owners do not dream of for the achievement of delightful little extra rooms. Does a den, tucked cozily away beneath the roof and offering sanctuary from the hum of family life not sound inviting? Whether an attic den be large or small, it can be picturesque and altogether distinctive. If, for instance, the roofing timbers be frankly exposed and suitably finished, they will impart an original and decorative effect to the whole room. The rugged character of the timbered ceiling will, naturally, suggest the use of very sturdy furniture and substantial accessories. Then, if a fireplace be added for good cheer, its development should, of course, respond to the general virility both in design and materials: and, if a room be small in

(Continued on page 40)

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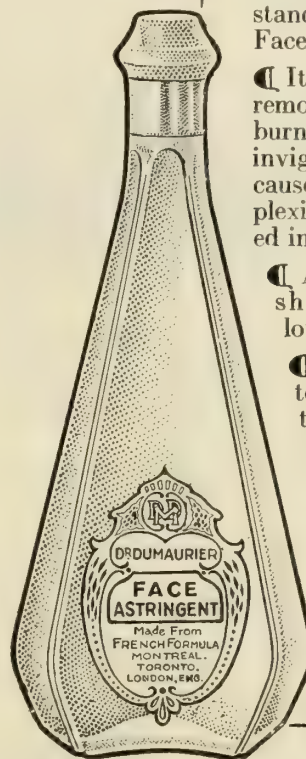
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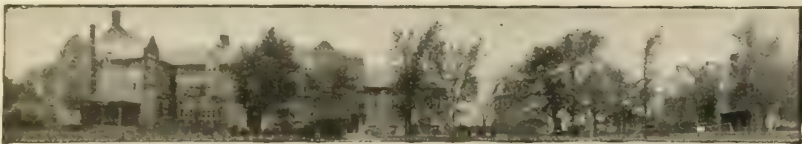
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The School is administered as a Trust by a strong Board of Governors and is not conducted for profit. The teaching staff consists of sixteen University Graduates in addition to the Headmaster. A term begins September 13th.

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A School of Ideals and an Ideal School

RE-OPENS
Sept. 12, 1922
Golden Jubilee Year
1924

Music at the National Exhibition

Organized Effort to be Made that it May
Serve a Genuinely Propagandist Purpose

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

MUSIC has always been something of a factor at the Canadian National Exhibition but until quite recently there has been no co-ordinated effort. The present year will mark the beginning of a new era in the history of the greatest of annual fairs, for President John G. Kent has announced that hereafter Music Day is as it were to be one of the "ember days" of the institution. For years past we have had Stock-Breeders Day, Manufacturers Day, Educationists Day, Labor Day, American Visitors Day, and so on. At last Music is to have specific recognition of a similar character.

This is a sign of the times; for it is abundantly clear that the art is taken much more seriously as a factor in Canadian social life than it once was. Of course, musical exhibits have always played a very considerable part in the displays of manufactured articles; but I can remember a time when the piano exhibitors were regarded by the general public as a nuisance. They used to hire

must become a part of the Exhibition's permanent and official activities.

Owing to the erection of new structures, the President and Directors have found themselves able to place at the disposal of the Canadian Bureau for the Advancement of Music, which has now taken charge of the competitions, the former Dairy Building which has a special advantage in that it contains an amphitheatre, originally constructed as an auditorium for lectures on scientific dairying, and is an ideal place for musical trials. The Bureau in question is "an association of those interested in the general musical advancement of Canada through the development of music in the home, church and school." Its Honorary President is Mr. H. A. Fricker, Conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir, and the one who gives urge to many of its artistic plans is Dr. A. S. Vogt, Managing Director of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. It embraces in its membership, not only the commercial leaders of the music trades of Canada, but many of



Listening to the band

piano pounders to demonstrate which instrument could make the most noise and the competitive efforts produced a terrible cacophony.

Finally it was found necessary to put them out of the old Manufacturers Building and give them an annex all to themselves. This musical annex used to be visited for purposes of amusement by those who could stand the din; but few remained for more than five minutes. The levity of the music trades in their attitude towards the art of music was characteristic of the public sentiment of the time. But presently the commercial firms identified with music awoke to the fact that in their own interests they should try to make music charming and sympathetic, rather than ridiculous, and a gradual improvement ensued. Much of the improvement in the trade attitude toward music has been due to the entry into the field of the revolutionary mechanical devices—the player-piano and the phonograph. Those engaged in the marketing of these devices realized that the surest way to build up a demand for these instruments was to interest the public at large in good music and create an appetite for it. To-day we find the music trades eagerly supporting any idea for the encouragement of music whether it promises a direct profit or not—certain that anything which tends to diffuse musical appetite must in the long run bring benefits to them.

Two or three years ago the exhibitors interested in the phonographic devices undertook the step of conducting musical competitions for solo voices. It meant nothing to them in the selling of machines and records, but it served to place them before the public as men eager to do something for music as an art, and they had the co-operation of some of the most eminent Canadian musicians and adjudicators. The idea took so well that last year it got quite out of hand. The accommodations provided for the contests became quite inadequate for the crowds which wished to hear the trials and it became clear that the competitions

the leading musicians and teachers as well. It has an active Secretary-Treasurer in Captain J. S. Atkinson; and for those readers who may be interested in keeping in touch with the Bureau's activities it may be said that his offices are in the Ryrie Building, 229 Yonge Street, Toronto.

* * *

THE competitions which have been placed under the management of this Bureau are by no means limited in scope; and candidates from all parts of Canada will be welcomed. They will be classified as follows—

Vocal Competitions

Soprano, Contralto, Tenor and Bass.

Piano Competitions

Class A. Open.

Class B. Up to 16 years of age.

Class C. Up to 12 years of age.

Violin Competitions

Class A. Open.

Class B. Up to 16 years of age.

Class C. Up to 12 years of age.

Prizes

Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals shall be awarded to the prize winners in each class and a scholarship of \$100.00 to the outstanding contestant in each Department, that is, one Vocal, one Piano and one Violin scholarship.

The following musical institutions have agreed to supply adjudicators—

Toronto Conservatory of Music
Canadian Academy of Music
Hambourg Conservatory of Music
London Institute of Musical Art
Hamilton Conservatory of Music

The committee chosen from musicians on the staffs of the adjudicating institutions has drawn up certain regulations which are deemed necessary to facilitate their completion in the limited time that must elapse between the opening of the exhibition on August 26th and the completion of the judging, which ends during the second week. It reserves the right to disqualify any competitor

(Continued on page 41)

Thirst Quenchers for Hot Days

(Continued from page 26)

ing to a boil gives the bright fresh flavor, the long simmering gives the mellowness. After fifteen minutes pour from the grounds directly into the glasses filled with cracked ice, or it may be poured from the grounds and left in the ice chest until thoroughly chilled, before serving.

SUGAR SYRUP:—One cup of sugar and one cup of water. Put ingredients in a sauce pan, stir until sugar is dissolved and boil gently without stirring from five to eight minutes. Pour into a glass jar, set aside and use when wanted. This is much better than sugar for sweetening every-day lemonade and orangeade and is used in many fruit punches and fruit cocktails. Larger amounts may be made at one time if the syrup is used frequently.

FRUIT PUNCH:—One-quarter cup of lemon juice, one-half cup of orange juice, one-half cup of sugar syrup, one cup of pineapple syrup, two cups of ice water. Mix ingredients and strain over ice. Garnish each glass with a sprig of mint or a thin slice of pineapple.

strength of the fruit juices gives the rich penetrating flavor that makes fruit juice cocktails really snappy and stimulating. Owing to their strength only a small portion should be served. They should be tart rather than sweet, always icy cold and served as daintily as possible.

GRAPEFRUIT COCKTAIL:—Five tablespoons grapefruit juice, two tablespoons orange juice, one tablespoon lemon juice, three tablespoons sugar syrup, a few grains of salt, one-half cup of charged water (optional), four sprigs of mint, crushed ice. Mix all the ingredients, except the mint and ice, thoroughly. Put crushed ice in glasses, put in mixture, garnish with mint. Serve at once.

STRAWBERRY COCKTAIL:—One-quarter cup of grapefruit juice, one-quarter cup of fresh strawberry juice, one tablespoon lemon juice, three tablespoons of sugar syrup, crushed ice. Prepare and serve as grapefruit cocktail.

MINT COCKTAIL:—Two tablespoons



Mint Cup

CARDINAL PUNCH:—One pint of cranberries, one pint of water, one-half cup of orange juice, one and one-half tablespoons of lemon juice, one cup of sugar syrup, one pint of soda or appollinaris water, or one pint ice water. Cook cranberries and water until the fruit is very soft and then strain through a double thickness of cheesecloth. When cool add the fruit juices, syrup and water and pour into glasses filled with chopped ice.

FRUIT PUNCH FOR FIFTY:—One cup of sugar syrup, one cup of tea infusion, two cups of strawberry syrup, juice of five lemons, juice of five oranges, one can of grated pineapple, one cup of cherries, one quart of charged water. Mix the sugar, tea and fruit juices and let stand thirty minutes, strain, add ice water to make one and one-half gallons of liquid. Add cherries and charged water. In a punch bowl, place a brick of water ice any flavor desired, (color may match a table color scheme), pour over this the liquid.

A glass of fruit juice just before a meal is most refreshing and appetizing, and fruit juice cocktails are often served as the first course of an informal luncheon or dinner; they may also be served at afternoon tea or on the piazza. The full

of chopped mint leaves, three tablespoons of sugar syrup, two tablespoons of lemon juice, one tablespoon of orange juice, green color paste, one-half cup of charged water. Put mint leaves in sugar syrup and let stand one half hour or longer. Add fruit juices and enough color paste to make a delicate shade of green. Dilute with charged water, mix thoroughly and serve in glasses with crushed ice.

Fruit cocktails or fruit cups in which there are pieces of fruit with the fruit juices are served as a first course or as a dessert at a simple luncheon or dinner.

RED CROSS COCKTAIL:—Arrange in glasses white cherries, cubes of pineapple, and sections of grapefruit. Pour over a dressing made by mixing for each cocktail, two tablespoons of Maraschino syrup, one tablespoon each of pineapple juice, cherry juice and lemon juice. Garnish with pieces of Maraschino cherry arranged in form of a cross.

FRUIT CUP:—One cup of white grapes, one cup of orange sections, one cup of diced pineapple, one-half cup of orange juice, one-half cup of pineapple juice. Remove skins and seeds from grapes and membrane from oranges. Thoroughly mix the fruit, arrange in glasses and garnish with Maraschino cherries.



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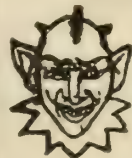
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"NEVER ON A BIGGER SCALE"

Those Little Extra Rooms

(Continued from page 37)

area, its fireplace should, naturally, be scaled accordingly.

It is, indeed, very important to pay attention to this matter of scale in decorating and furnishing any small room. A wallpaper of flamboyant pattern and gaudy coloring tends to diminish the apparent size of even a large room: conspicuous designs of decided color either in rugs, window-hangings or chair-coverings exert—though, perhaps, in slightly less degree—much the same influence. Prominently-figured furnishings have, therefore, no legitimate place in the very small room.

Whether they be finished in plaster, paint or paper, plain walls are ideal. For certain rooms, especially those intended for a man's use, the rough, "sand-float" plaster finish is interesting and appropriate, because it suggests virility. The natural gray-white coloring of the plaster is perfectly adapted to a sunny room: but, in a room that receives but little direct sunlight, a fairly warm tint—putty, perhaps, ecru or old ivory—is preferable. There are, too, some delightful wallpapers that give much the same effect, owing to their textured weave. Not only the rough plaster but such varied fabrics and materials as granite, burlap, grasscloth, chambray and dimity are most faithfully repro-

duced in wallpaper to-day. Any of these can be successfully employed in the smallest room. Very small dots and hair-line stripes are also sufficiently inconspicuous to conform to the scale of a little room.

with the furniture. Window-hangings of changeable sunfast material in grey-and-orange, a dark grey rug, bordered in orange and dull blue, and several orange-shaded reading lights combine to pleasantly offset any suggestion of sombreness in the room. Unfortunately, dark paneling does rather tend towards a certain gloominess of effect: hence its use should be confined, as a general rule, to rooms of very cheerful exposure—and, even there, colorful accessories should be freely introduced. It is also extremely desirable to have the hue of the paneling exactly match the color of the furniture that is to predominate in the room.

Plain effects in the floor-covering of a small room are as commendable as simplicity in the treatment of the walls. With the present interest in the Mid-Victorian Period, the revived use of the all-over carpet is quite natural—and, to a very small room, this revival can be agreeably applied. With an unpatterned carpet to cover the entire floor, small rugs placed before any much-used furniture will provide interesting spots of contrasting color. Several small rugs or one larger rug can, however, be appropriately used. For these, the plain centre bordered in a darker shade is invariably a safe selection. A rug of more pronounced



In this sunlit, little morning room, simplicity reigns supreme. The walls are covered with a paper that carries hair-line stripes of gray against a lighter gray background. To conform with the Colonial spirit of the architectural design, the standing woodwork is enameled ivory-white. The gray ground of the one large rug is patterned in old blue and mulberry and the windows are hung with straight curtains of ivory-white scrim.

character is, nevertheless, not unsuitable when the other furnishings within the room are devoid of pattern: and, sometimes, a rug of distinctive type is so effectively used, that it confers charm upon an entire room. An exquisite Chinese rug in lovely blendings of faded rose, blue and yellow fairly radiates distinction in one little reception room that is furnished in old, rose-upholstered walnut. Soft dull rose curtains are hung at the windows and the paneled walls are painted a creamy tone that holds a tinge of delicate flesh-color. There is not a picture in the room—there is not a touch of applied ornamentation to divert attention from the marvellous beauty of the rug!

Floor-coverings should reflect the character of the rooms in which they are used. The Chinese rug, delightful as it is in a formal reception room, could scarcely be reconciled to an informal little sewing room or breakfast room. In these, as in a dressing room, a boudoir or a morning room, rag rugs are ever-attractive—simply because the homelike rag rug is typical of informality. By the same token, a Navajo blanket, although its use as a floor-covering in library, den or

PAINTED walls are especially attractive when their color is keyed to that of the standing woodwork of the room. If the walls are in good condition, the paint can, of course, be applied to the plaster: otherwise, the most satisfactory plan is to cover the walls with a fine canvas, which provides an excellent painting surface. In either case, the paneling of the walls by means of narrow wood mouldings is entirely practicable. Paneling, is, however, always a badge of formality: hence it is not suited to a small room of informal use. It should, rather, be reserved for the little room that is to serve as music room, library or reception room.

Paneling developed entirely in dark-stained wood is occasionally used with good results in a library, writing room or den. In one little den, which is furnished in brownish-gray oak, the walls are paneled with oak stained to correspond

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Music at the National Exhibition

(Continued from page 38)

who is not ready to compete within five minutes after being called. The adjudicators will use their own judgment as to the candidates selected from each class of contestants for the final tests. The prizes will be awarded immediately on the close of the Competition, and protests must be made in writing direct to the Secretary during the Competition. To ensure fairness Competitors will be designated to the adjudicators by number only. The entries close on August 1st, and contestants are to be duly notified as to the day on which they will be heard.

A very important point is that all selections must be memorized. The singer or instrumentalist who appears with music, as has been customary in past competitions, is thus automatically disqualified. The test pieces selected by the judges are as follows:

- Soprano (1) "A Spirit Flower"
Campbell Tipton (Schirmer)
(2) "Pleading"
Elgar (Novello)
Contralto (1) "A Blood-Red Ring Hung
round the Moon"
Coleridge-Taylor (Novello)
(2) "Roseen Dhu"
Hubert Bath (Ashdown)
Tenor (1) "The Bells of San Marie"
Ireland (Augener)
(2) "The Open Road"
Branscombe (Schmidt)
Baritone and Bass (1) "Blow, Blow, thou
Winter Wind"
Sargeant
(2) "Galloping Dick"
P. E. Fletcher
(Novello)

Note: Each competitor will perform Test Piece (1). The Adjudicators will then select competitors to perform Test Piece (2).

- PIANO
Class
A (Open) Rachmaninoff Prelude in G Minor.
B Mendelssohn Andante & Rondo Capriccioso.
C Beethoven Rondo in C Op 51 No. 1.

- VIOLIN
Class
A (Open) Mendelssohn Concerto 1st Movement.
B Ten Have Allegro Brilliant
C Dancla Air Varie No. 1.

Of course the ultimate aim of those who have taken the matter in hand is to secure the erection on the grounds of the Canadian National Exhibition of a permanent Temple of Music with provision for organ recitals, orchestral concerts, choral competitions and other events that will make music at the great fair a matter of the highest critical and public importance. They feel greatly encouraged by the establishment of Music Day, as a step in this direction, and efforts are already under way, entirely apart from the competitions mentioned, to bring home to every visitor on that day at least, the significance of the art. On Music Day it is proposed to give a picturesque aspect to the occasion by sending through the grounds from morning to evening bands of singing troubadours in costume who will render selections in various buildings at different times. There is to be music everywhere, and in buildings where ordinarily it is not heard at all. The Manufacturers Building is so large that it will be possible to put on four dis-

tinctive programmes continuously in the different corners of that edifice. On that day the amphitheatre of the Dairy Building will be taken over by the phonograph dealers who will put on six forty-five minute concerts beginning at two p.m.—the hall to be cleared at fifteen minutes of the hour in order to admit a new audience. There will also be community singing and other events suitable to the day in front of the grand stand.

In addition to the competitions of the Bureau for the Advancement of Music, above outlined, the Board of the Canadian National Exhibition has revived the old custom of holding band competitions, open to the whole country. This is divided into two classes, bands of forty and bands of twenty-five. Cash prizes of large dimensions are to be awarded and this feature should prove a great future stimulus to the revival of many rural bands that have fallen into decay. Thirty years or more ago the smaller centres of Ontario boasted many bands of fine quality but of late years they have largely disappeared. Any step, however small, which may help to stimulate their revival is a step in the right direction.

Good band music has always been a feature of the National Exhibition since the days when it inaugurated the practice of bringing the famous Guards Bands of the Household Brigade from London, England. This year it has not been found feasible to bring one of these superb military bands across the ocean. But an even more interesting step has been taken. A renowned band from the West Indies, which is said to play with rare beauty of tone and expression is coming and will help to stimulate interest in a part of the Western Hemisphere whose relations with Canada are gradually becoming closer. Some readers may not be aware that the finest local band in North America is located on Canadian soil at the town of Huntsville in the northern Muskoka district. This is the Anglo-Canadian Leather Company's Band, financed by President Shaw of that corporation, to enliven the social life of the town—largely populated by his own employees—and to spread musical culture among the settlers of the Huntsville district. This particular band happens to possess a world famous conductor in Herbert Clarke, a Canadian by birth, long chief cornetist and assistant conductor for John Philip Sousa and a renowned soloist and composer for brass instruments. During the past two or three years the Huntsville Band has been a feature of the National Exhibition and it amazes American visitors to learn that it hails from a part of Canada that a few years ago was regarded as a wilderness. This band is indeed one of Canada's finest exhibits from every point of view.

Institutions like the Canadian National Exhibition must be representative in the fullest sense of the word to maintain their position. They cannot advance much beyond the taste and abilities of the people as a whole. The fact that Music has become so real a factor in its activities is symptomatic of the widening interest in the art which developed in Canada during recent years. Music lovers are naturally glad to see this awakening, it lies within the power of the Exhibition to give music a form of advertising and propagandist appeal that is beyond writers and lecturers. This year every visitor to the Exhibition will have it borne in on him that music is now on Canada's intellectual map; and it is felt that this is but a prelude of bigger things to come.

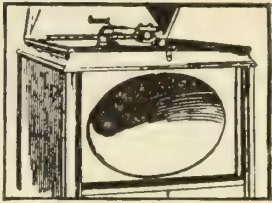


Special Music Day Program at the Brunswick Exhibit

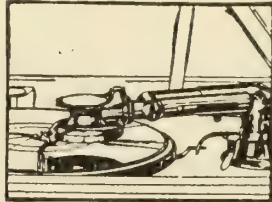


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PROCESS BLDG., West Entrance



2nd Annual Band Contest
Canadian National Exhibition
Aug. 31st
Entries close Aug. 19th
16 Bands already entered
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Those Little Extra Rooms

(Continued from page 40)

billiard room be altogether commendable, could never meet the decorative requirements of a room intended solely for formal service.

Simplicity should be the keynote in the window-treatment of a small room. That is really an excellent rule: for, in order to definitely suggest the character and the utilization of any room, it is but essential to differentiate in the choice of materials. Thus, while maintaining simplicity of line, the window-hangings of a formal room can typify formality by their richness of material; whereas, in the very informal room, the materials can be as simple as the actual method of curtaining.

Canadian National Exhibition

(Continued from page 24)

been engaged on the production for several months, have planned a spectacle which has the pomp and lavish display of the Orient, with the warmth and mystery of the desert. This should prove one of the most picturesque and memorable spectacles which visitors to the Exhibition have seen.

There are special "days" at the C.N.E., with Labor Day usually leading in numbers attending. Children's Day is one of the merriest, with happy, healthy youngsters everywhere, and all the balloons in brilliant evidence:—a day to drive the Old Woman Who Lived In A Shoe clean crazy. There is an American Day for our visitors from the neighboring Republic, on which the C.N.E. proves itself a maker of international goodwill, for there are many thousands who return to New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and other great States, to tell of Canada's annual fair. There is Women's Day, which tells the tale of how woman has risen steadily to a seat in the Canadian House of Commons. There is also a Press Day when the Fourth Estate is in power and tells what a benefit the pen has been to the country and the Great Fair.

During July, 1914, posters went forth with the announcement, "Peace Exhibition," for that summer marked the centenary of the Peace of Ghent which closed the War of 1812. For one hundred years, John Bull and Uncle Sam had been jolly good friends—and it was well to mark the anniversary. Before the date for the Exhibition opening in August, the heaviest war cloud the modern world has seen had gathered in Europe and was already darkening the sky of Canada. Nevertheless the Exhibition was held—and in every year of the strife it continued to be part of the silver lining of the cloud, showing how industrial Canada was carrying on. During the winter in the war years, the exhibition grounds became a camp in khaki, as many as ten thousand men being in training at a time. The words "Canadian National Exhibition" remained above the entrance gates, bearing a new significance as one realized the stern nature of the training which the show grounds witnessed every day.

Again the Exhibition Park means only the display of peace and prosperity. The sacrifice of the war years is not forgotten, but Canada realizes that her future is to be one of continent-wide activity if the Dominion is to prove worthy of her sons. In the display of the Canadian National Exhibition of 1922 are gathered such products as Tennyson described long ago:

Harvest-tool and husbandry,
Loom and wheel and engine,
Secrets of the sullen mine,
Steel and gold, and corn and wine,
Fabric rough or farty-fine,
Sunny tokens of the Line,
Polar marvels, and a feast
Of wonder, out of West and East.



There really was a Buried Treasure

More valuable than the gold of Captain Kidd.

More wonderful than the jewels of Blackbeard.

More shrewdly hidden than the treasure chest of either of them.

Wrapped in the interior of the kernel of white corn was a "taste" with a charm which food flavors seldom have. Good Mother Nature carefully tucked away this rare and delightful "taste," full of richness and delicacy of flavor, so that man might discover it for himself if he were willing to make the effort.

It took much hunting and skill to locate this treasure and perfect it for use.

It has been done in Post Toasties.

These deliciously crisp flakes of golden-brown have the full flavor from the selected hearts of corn — seasoned and processed and toasted *just right* — and then triply sealed to preserve the oven-freshness for you.

Post Toasties are called Post Toasties and not just "corn flakes" because they are a particular and better kind of corn flakes — though usually they cost no more than other kinds.

A bowl of Post Toasties for breakfast or lunch is a feast of appetite joy.

Ask any grocer for Post Toasties, and you will be well paid for specifying these corn flakes by name. The Yellow and Red package is the Post Toasties package.



Always in good taste

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IMPROVED CORN FLAKES

Made by Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited, Windsor, Ont.



Take It With You on Your Vacation

Carry a Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen in purse, or bag — clip it securely in your pocket and continue the holiday idea even in your correspondence.

Do your writing out of doors—adding to the vacation spirit—and away from stuffy rooms and gummy ink-wells. With



always ready to write when you are—in motor, train or boat—on hotel verandah or mountain peak—you will doubly appreciate its great convenience, handiness and absolute reliability.

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There is a size of holder to fit any hand comfortably; and a smooth point that suits perfectly every individual character of handwriting.

Remember, too, to take with you Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen Ink in a Travellers' Filler—the non-leakable bottle.

Selection and service at best stores everywhere.

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Canning by the Cold-Pack Method

BY FRANCES M. McNALLY

THE canning of fruits and vegetables not only saves but insures a more healthy diet for the family. The fibre, mineral salts, acids and vitamins, in fruits and vegetables, are a daily requirement of the body, if health is to be maintained. Nutrition specialists tell us that home canning should be so planned that the family will have a jar of fruit and a jar of vegetables every day, when fresh supplies cannot be obtained. Scientific methods have simplified and shortened the process of canning so that it need no longer be the hot, arduous task that it was ten years ago. The cold pack method is easily learned by anyone who will follow directions carefully, and the necessary utensils are already on hand in most homes.

Equipment:—

The question most frequently asked regarding equipment is "What kind of jar is best?" This is entirely a matter of individual preference. The screw top, the glass top with wire bails and the vacuum top may all be used successfully. Jars with wide necks and straight sides are easily packed and cleaned. Every jar before being packed should be examined carefully for defects. Run the finger around the edge to see if the glass is chipped, also fill the jar with water; if tiny air bubbles rise from the side of the jar, there is a defect in the glass and the jar must be discarded. Examine the caps of screw top jars to see if they are

and a time piece. Plenty of fresh, clean water, both hot and cold is essential.

Procedure: There are six distinct steps in procedure: Preparation of materials, blanching, the cold-dip, Packing, Sterilizing and Sealing.

Preparation of materials: Take the product directly from the garden, field or orchard if possible. No vegetables or fruits which are withered should be used. Clean the product as you would for immediate use, that is wash, remove skins, pits, cores, seeds, etc., cut in halves, quarters or cubes or can whole, as you may wish to have the product when it is to be used.

Blanching or scalding: To scald means to immerse the product in boiling water long enough to loosen the skin. To blanch means to immerse the product in boiling water long enough to reduce the bulk, to start the flow of coloring matter and to eliminate objectionable flavors. The time for blanching varies with different fruits and vegetables. Some fruits, (peaches tomatoes) require only scalding, and in canning berries and all soft fruits, blanching is dispensed with entirely. Greens and green vegetables such as spinach and asparagus should be blanched over live steam, for when blanched in water much of their valuable and special food value is wasted. Make a hammock of cheese cloth and tie the ends in the handles or the sides of the boiler. Place a little water in the boiler and when it has



Equipment for Canning

bent or the rim is imperfect. Adjust the rubber, screw on the top tightly and invert to test for leakage. All jars must be fitted with good rubbers. The importance of good rubber rings cannot be over emphasized; the possibility of keeping the jar air tight depends on the rubber used. Never buy cheap rubbers, and never use the same rubber more than once. Use the rubbers which come with the jars only for pickles and preserves which keep without an air tight seal.

The sterilizing vessel may be a flat bottomed kettle, a wash boiler, or any container deep enough to hold the jars set in a vertical position, with sufficient room below for water to circulate underneath the jars and enough room above so that the jars may be covered by at least an inch of boiling water. The size of the vessel otherwise is governed by the number of jars to be sterilized each time. There must be a rack or false bottom for the sterilizing vessel. This may be any kind of frame work that will hold the jars at least one half inch above the bottom of the kettle. This is necessary to permit free circulation of water under the jars and to prevent them from coming in contact with the heated bottom of the kettle. A piece of stiff wire netting cut to fit the container with edges beaten down or a rack made by fastening some wire netting to two small cross pieces of wood does very well.

Other items of equipment necessary are: a blanching vessel into which the product is lowered for scalding or blanching, a cold-dip vessel, a wire basket or piece of cheesecloth, several large bowls, paring knives, spoons, colander, a jar lifter, scales

reached the boiling point, put the greens in the suspended cheese cloth, put on the cover of the boiler and steam the required time. For all other products requiring blanching, have a kettle of boiling water ready. Place product in a wire basket or cheesecloth, lower into boiling water. Remove promptly as indicated by time table for blanching. It is important to count the time for blanching from the minute the water begins to boil after the product is immersed.

Cold Dip: Lower the product from the hot water immediately into the cold water. This helps to loosen the skin, to set the coloring matter, to make firm the texture and to cool the product so that it is easier to handle.

Packing: The material is now ready to go into jars. Jars, lids and rubbers should be sterilized for all products that require less than twenty minutes cooking. For other products careful washing and scalding is sufficient. Pack products carefully so as to have a well filled jar, attractive in appearance when completed. Complete the filling of the jar by adding, to vegetables, hot water and salt for seasoning—one teaspoon to a quart; to fruit, hot syrup. Put on a new rubber, see that it lies flat and fits well. Adjust the top and put top spring in place but leave the side spring up. If the jar is screw top, screw loosely. Jars should not be completely sealed.

Sterilizing or Processing: Place jars on wire rack in the sterilizing vessel. Have water about the same temperature

(Continued on page 56)

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with
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slides smoothly and cannot injure the finest rugs or highly-polished floors. Easily put on and, once on, stays on.

Tell your dealer you must have Onward Sliding Furniture Shoes on your new furniture. It will make your housework easier.

Onward Mfg. Co., Kitchener, Ont.



The Idol of Youth

(Continued from page 7)

dark groves and snow-capped mountains. We were flying fast, fast! But having taken wing, we could do no more loitering. The rush of wind, on the face gave the only sense of speed, but now and then an air hole caught us, made us slightly sink, and rise again with a sound as of a mallet thumping against the planes.

Patchinka being a wise pilot, climbed to a great height so that, if "pearl trouble" repeated, the slow, descending glide from a high altitude might bring us as far as Algiers itself. Nothing happened, however; and as the sky darkened like velvet behind the tinsel of stars, lights far below us advertised Algiers.

Once above that spangled patch we were comparatively safe, for now we had land to descend upon, if need be. We had now only to think of our journey's end, and what awaited us—at Hamada. That we did think of, silently, as we sat side by side. But if Dupont and Mendez had a surprise to spring upon us, we also had a surprise in store for them.

Studying maps and time-tables at Monte Carlo I'd learned that from Algiers to Biskra is an all-night journey by train. Beyond, it had not been easy to calculate, as I could get no time-table of the new desert railway between Biskra and Tougourt. But what a train takes hours to do an aeroplane can accomplish in a few flashing moments.

Streaming southward above Algiers (flying lower now) through the blue dusk we could make some features of the landscape. Dark patches meant orange groves, olives, or date palms, with here and there a town like a medallion of jewels. There rose wild, jagged mountains with star-sheen on their gnashing teeth; and after those came golden waves of desert. Biskra we recognized by the aid of compass and illuminated map, and shortly after Patchinka began a gradual glide down.

Suddenly, without looking round, we were conscious of a brilliant white light in the cabin behind us. I turned my head and saw Dupont on his feet. He had smashed a pane in one of the side windows and thrust out his arm, a huge electric torch in his hand.

"He's signalling," I said. "That settles it. We'll give it to them for all they're worth, and then a bit. Just stunt till they're blotto!"

The Lady from the Air needed no explanation. She and I had settled between us that, if the enemy tried tricks on us, we'd try stunts on them. Now was the moment! Without a word Patchinka shut off the engine, pulled the stick straight back, and put on full rudder, first left, then right. We spun like a top, reversed and spun back. Petro made no sound, but from within the cabin issued shouts and shrieks, male and female. There were loud taps on the glass, but we paid no attention. When she was ready for something new, Patchinka eased the stick forward and took off the rudder. We came out of our spin and into a straight dive. Then the pilot began rolling and half-rolling, a spectacular stunt which she and I had practised together. Gauthier had finished with me, at Nice.

Over onto its back went the biplane, and continued turning until it was on an even keel again. Once more we dived, and emerged from the manoeuvre facing in the opposite direction from that in which we'd started.

To those in the cabin the pilot must have seemed mad, or else the machine gone berserk. But Patchinka's skill avoided any sudden strain, and we laughed as we pictured the state of mind—still more the state of stomach—of the Syndicate. As for Wendela—well, she was in no danger. And we hadn't invited her to come!

Next, Patchinka gave the passengers a side-stall, pulling the Mascot's nose up vertically with the engine shut off, and just before all flying speed was lost putting on full rudder, so that we fell on one wing into a deep dive. Finishing this trick with Patchinka's conception of an

Immelmann turn, we did a vertical bank, looped the loop twice, and melted gracefully into a "falling leaf" just high enough above ground to get a good dive and start the propeller revolving again.

Below us by this time were a few lights which must mean Hamada. Close by was a curious effect as of a lake, but we knew from the map that there was nothing of the kind within a hundred miles. The gleam and glisten was only saltpetre, white and ghost-like in the surrounding gold of rippling dunes; and as Patchinka used those mystic "night eyes" of hers in making a descent, I looked to our defences. Such as they were, I had them concealed about my person. All but the gift which our good Duke of Wellington had pressed upon Patchinka. That was on her person.

We alighted on sand as on rolls of velvet, taxied along over almost level desert, and before we had stopped out of the cabin stumbled the Syndicate—the Syndicate, sick as any dog except Petro who was never sick.

"You are murderers!" choked Mendez. "If we live, it is no thanks to you. You are devils!"

As for Dupont, he was speechless. If he'd ever been a figure of romance for Wendela he was far from it now as any pea-green, seasick man can be. Not that it mattered to her. She was in no mood to criticise. She could only gasp and moan: "Oh, let me down. I want to die. I'll never fly again. I'd sooner stay here in this nasty sand the rest of my life!"

I was sorry for the girl, though she deserved what she got. But all we did was done with a purpose. If Mendez and Dupont had laid a trap for us, they were so sick now that someone else must spring it.

Only Mendez and Dupont hurled themselves to earth. They were in desperate haste to land for some reason physical or moral. But despite her outcry Wendela made no motion to alight. She remained in the open cabin, either too weak to move or else resolved to follow our example at any price.

It was part of my plan that Patchinka and I should stop where we were till we'd taken our bearings; and still in our seats, side by side, we gazed round us through the dusk.

Under the stars we could see each golden ripple of sand, like the wrinkling of waves stirred by wind. We could see the glint of the saltpetre tract, like a mother-o'-pearl shell dropped in the desert; and we could see something else; a distant black tent, like pictures I remembered of Bedouin tents, with a lantern before it.

This tent was pitched about a hundred yards from the spot where we had descended. It appeared to be alone, and though from a height we'd seen lights which we supposed to be Hamada, as we dropped we had lost the vision. We seemed far from all signs of desert life—except for that large, low black tent with the lantern in front of it.

Suddenly, though we saw no one leave the tent, we were conscious of two figures running towards us from its direction, figures of men silhouetted black against the shimmer of sand.

As we looked a light shot out, streaming straight to our eyes. One of the men had a big electric torch like that used for signalling by Dupont. Behind it he and his comrade were veiled in darkness, but the white ray focussed first on Mendez and Dupont, next on Patchinka and me. Next came a shot which got me in the left arm. My leather coat was wool-lined and saved me a bit. If I'd never been hit before, I should have thought it no more than a blow from a pebble.

Wendela screamed. Patchinka made no sound, but threw herself before me. I whirled her away, and put her behind my back. "Lie down," I said; but she stood up tall and slim.

"Cowards!" she cried out shrilly. "Cowards!"

And then I saw (as the blinding ray shut off for a second) that the two men running towards us were Moroni, and Gauthier of Nice.

CHAPTER XLIII

Stand or Fall.

GAUTHIER and Moroni! For an instant I thought myself deceived by some optical illusion. But in a flash I realized why I ought all along to have known these men would be at Hamada.

I'd paid too small attention to Moroni's disappearance, attributing it to cowardice—a wish to avoid the Mascot flight! As for Gauthier I'd almost forgotten him of late; his dislike of me, his thwarted love for Patchinka. Why, of course, he would be here, lending active aid to any plot! How easy for Borisoff's partner to annex secretly a few gallons of stored petrol, and—bribed to fly with Moroni—meet us at Hamada!

"Where are your Arabs?" bawled Mendez.

"Your fault—you promised to be here before sunset!" flung back Gauthier. "The fools are in the village—religious festival—fire—dancing. But they'll have heard the plane, and my shot. They'll be here to earn their pay. Meanwhile there are four of us to deal with one damned spoilsport. Hands up, Malet, or I fire again. No fear, ladies—you are safe. But out of our way, please!"

The two were close on us now. Yet I did not hold up my hands, nor did the girls get out of the way.

It went without saying that Patchinka wouldn't. It was only Wendela's behaviour which gave me a surprise. Patchinka stood full in front of me now, because, having pulled a Mills bomb from the right and left pockets of my coat I could no longer use physical strength to force her obedience. She knew (though she hadn't seen) just how my hands were occupied, for we had mapped out our programme of defence in case of some such episode. She knew also, of course, that whatever Gauthier's intentions might be, killing or wounding her wasn't among them. I knew it also, and thanked God for her sake that Gauthier was here. Not that his presence wasn't a menace; yet at worst he was anxious to save Patchinka's sweet body from danger. She stood firm as a miniature copy of Lot's wife turned to salt, in one small hand the last gift of our Iron Duke. But Wendela—why didn't she squeal, and scamper to the protection of Dupont?

Everything happened so quickly, I had no time to think these thoughts or put these questions to myself. They simply flickered through my brain like moving pictures that run too fast. I knew what I had to do next and I feared what Patchinka was likely to do, but there was no accounting for a girl such as I'd conceived Miss Horden to be. I think Patchinka shared my amazement when Wendela's shoulder snuggled solidly against hers, and the voice which had irritated us so often harangued our enemies whom we supposed her friends.

"No, you don't, Moroni and Gauthier!" she snapped. "Now I see what you meant, Dupont, when you asked me to marry you, so you could 'save me from trouble.' You're all a lot of cheap guys together, and I just dare you to kill Henry S. Horden's Daughter. You'll have to, if you want to shoot up Chris Malet so there!"

On the challenge of Patchinka's silence and Wendela's "cheek," both Gauthier and Dupont sprang forward—or rather Gauthier sprang the seasick Dupont staggered. Without flinching, Patchinka's sister fired, aiming low, to hit Gauthier's leg and trip him. She got the fellow somewhere along the femur. I judged, and at close range. Petro leapt on him, at the same instant. But Mendez grabbed the dog from behind, a hand through his collar that choked the poor boy off ere the strong teeth gripped, and

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The Idol of Youth

(Continued from page 45)

Gauthier came on, lunging, lurching, cursing, before Patchinka could fire a second shot.

Now was my moment!

No one dared shoot me again, thanks to the girls, and I backed a step or so towards the Mascot.

"Halt!" I yelled. "I've two Mills bombs here. Touch the ladies or take a step nearer, and I blow up the plane. The tank's half full of petrol. Maybe I'll blow myself up too, but who cares! The machine gone, your scheme falls flat. The secret—it's there all right, I happen to know!—goes with it."

"Let him and the women alone," ordered Moroni. "We have them where we want them. They can't get away. And you all know, my friends, what will happen soon. No need to rush things!"

"There is need to rush things," I snapped. "You have us where you want us, all right, but you can't make us do what you want, and you can't do what you want with us. You've given away your Arab snap. I've caught on to the whole show now, and it might have been a good one if it weren't for the Mills. You can't shoot me because of the girls. And if you start to touch them I blow the plane and all that's in it to kingdom come. What can your Arabs do when they turn up? No more than you can?"

"Their head man fought in France," said Moroni. "What he doesn't know about a mitrailleuse—a machine gun—isn't worth knowing. And we've got one—not far out of position. Mohammed Ben Ahmed will soon get the range."

"Pooh!" I laughed, though I'd seldom felt less merry. "How can Hammy pot at me without blowing Miss Kapieha and Miss Horden to bits, to say nothing of the plane?"

This question was easy to ask, but the worst part was that it would be easy to answer too, if the men thought of the right repartee. I was afraid they would. They weren't fools.

It was true, as I'd said, that I could destroy the machine, but even if the girls escaped serious wounds (my Lady from the Air wouldn't budge, I knew, too well), I should probably be killed, and Patchinka and Wendela would be left at the mercy of men who knew not the quality. Two of those men wanted to marry the girls, but the girls didn't want to marry the men. And if a pair of helpless (comparatively helpless!) young women were left unprotected with such brutes in the desert, I saw no alternative for them except complying. Gauthier and Dupont could force marriage upon Patchinka Kapieha and Wendela Horden before help was likely to arrive.

That was what the enemy could reply to me. But as it happened they preferred a different retort.

It was Dupont who spoke. "You understand, I see, that these two ladies are your only screen. And they will not remain where they are now, when we have argued with them—Monsieur Gauthier and I. Miss Horden has a kind heart, but she does not trust you, Monsieur. She knows you have done your best to work against her—that you are a mere creature of Miss Kapieha's; that the two of you would have stolen her property before now if we hadn't watched over it. Miss Horden has only to remember this, to feel that she owes you nothing. No fear! She'll not throw her life away for you. What she wants to save is her aeroplane. Besides, she has promised—practically promised—to marry me."

"That's a lie!" screamed Wendela. "You asked me to marry you, yes, and I flirted a little because I was cross with Chris. But he's my Boy! He says he never meant to cheat me in any shape or way, and now I see what a villain you are, I believe him. He and I are going to be married when we get out of this—as we will get out, you big bullies."

"You and Malet will never be married!" cried Dupont, "I—"

"No, they'll never be married," Patchinka cut him short quietly, "because it is Captain Malet and I who will marry."

(Continued on page 50)

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Almost Human

(Continued from page 9)

Sunday came, bright and hot. Came also wee Billy eager for the "picnic." And a picnic it was—but not of the Sunday School variety.

Our progress on that five-mile trip was of a most uncertain and spasmodic nature. For every mile that "human" boat went, she rested fifteen minutes. At the end of the second stop Charlie wiped his steaming face on his white shirt cuff and wanly remarked,

"Guess she must be overheated."

Accordingly he procured from the seat-boxes some cloths. These he dipped in the water and applied them to the engine.

Molly offered to take over this job. "If we are to keep cold, wet cloths on her forehead," she remarked, "I see where my nursing talents may be turned to good account. 'S far as I can see, this boat expects every man of us this day to do his duty."

"If it's high blood pressure she's got, it's ice packs she needs and not those tepid cloths. But it sounds awfully like croup or whooping cough to me," declared Judy, as the boat began to give out certain wheezy, coughy sounds preparatory to starting. "Did you ask that fat man if she had had all the children's diseases?"

At the wheel I paid no attention to their banter. The Fat One had said that if we treated her decently, she would behave. I wondered what we had done to her to deserve this treatment.

In the stern it required the united vigilance of the rest to keep in check the vixenish activities of young Billy. The seethe within her seemed to increase as the sun moved to its zenith. The lake was wrapped in a Doldrum listlessness. From a "hot and copper sky" the sun beat down on a glassy surface unbroken by any ripple. Our eyes ached with the pitiless glare; our tongues felt as if they would crack if we moved them.

One o'clock came and we were still a mile from our objective. We felt that the end of all things cool and wet and shady had come. Our noses were offended by the malodorous steam which issued from the wet cloths around the engine. Our nerves were raw from the constant noise, and we were hungry. Billy and her sister had long since eaten, and the infuriating sight of food plastered on their countenances added to the torture of all our senses. From noise we were never free; Billy's roars of baffled rage filled the pauses the engine made. At last, however, after a distracted but wholly unintelligible monologue, she fell asleep. And immediately there was a great calm!

Not until two o'clock did we reach the picnic ground and were we able to satisfy our clamorous appetites with fried ham and eggs and other "dainty comeatables," as Judy called them. Just then, like the Lotus Eaters, we felt there was "no joy but calm." Charlie flung himself down under a tree to consider the lilies of the field. He was more fatigued than if he had handled a bean flail for forty-eight consecutive hours. Billy we encouraged to roam at large at risk of her falling into the river. Against an early death we felt she was fully insured—if the good die under two years of age.

An hour later we left the river for home. A gentle south breeze fanned our faces. Things looked brighter for the return journey.

Our hopes were premature. In three miles the boat stopped three times. As before, Charlie knelt with dreary resignation and turned at the wheel. Already he suffered from housemaid's knee. His face was wan and drawn and he had the blighted look of a man who has seen his house and barn burn down from lightning. None of said anything and gluey gloom descended upon us. At the third stop Charlie turned at the wheel till you could have wrung him out.

At last his grim silence broke down. He flung open the flood gates of his speech and a verbal geyser burst forth. It was an orgy of profanity. To put it mildly, he cussed! He cursed motor boats and sons of motor boats unto the third and

fourth generation. He swore he'd break every rib in her rotten body. By the nine gods he swore it; in fact he ran the whole god gamut. More inspired cursing I've seldom heard. And after he had thus deluged her, she consented to go.

With grim determination on his face, Charlie took the wheel from me and steered in among the islands to shorten the distance home. In vain I warned him of the danger of rocks now hidden by the slight breeze on the water.

"Got to save time and distance," was all he answered.

I held my breath. The others sat back with a drab indifference to the shaping of events. Then what I expected happened. Came a grating sound and the boat stopped—poised for an instant and then in a sickening manner began to roll from side to side. And at each roll a long-drawn, strangled gasp broke from those on the low side. Then the engine stopped too. I saw no sense in useless toil.

The shelf of rock on which we had grounded lay some two feet under water. Charlie got out into the water and standing on it, shoved with what strength he had left and got us free.

Twice more the boat stopped. The mental cursory remarks we made as we sat frying there were as deep as they were inaudible. Judy amused herself by singing softly a few lines from "Kathleen Mavourneen" beginning with, "It may be for years and it may be forever."

Finally a motor boat appeared from behind the island. With one accord we leaped to our feet and signalled it and were towed home ignominiously.

We felt better when our feet touched soil and our heads got in the shade. But we vowed by the sun and the moon and the stars and the green leaves on the trees that never again would we go picnicing in that boat. We agreed unanimously that if motor boats had not yet been added to the myriad articles consigned to the bulging walls of perdition, it was about time to begin.

We admitted, however, that she was hardy. She had hit and run on rocks without apparent injury, and enough verbal dynamite had been used on her this day to sink any ordinary craft. Her staying powers were unquestioned. Her going powers were what appeared to be lacking.

Next day we 'phoned the Fat One to come out and prescribe for this Kill Joy he had sold us.

He came, he saw, and— "Here's the trouble!" he chuckled. "Y'had the carburetor almost turned off and she wasn't hardly gettin' any gas. Every time she stopped, she had run outa gas. When a little leaked in again, she went on again. Didn't she now?"

We admitted she had done that same. "No motor boat c'n go without gas, y'know," he orated, "any more'n you c'n go without eatin.' A motor boat's just like....."

"The devil, we thought yesterday," Charlie cut in. "Well, here endeth the second lesson! What next? I wonder."

"The Lord only knows!" the Fat One rejoined. He looked as cheerful as a fat tadpole in a sun-bathed pool. He took back with him a perfectly good Five-dollar bill. He had infinite patience with our stupid mistakes.

A little later still another friend visited us at camp, an organist in one of our city churches. She took church work as she did tonsillitis—"painful, frequent and free." In an ill-advised moment I happened to mention that a Sunday School Chautauque was then being held in the large park across the lake. From that moment her soul hungered and thirsted to attend at least one session of that chautauque. "But," I hedged, "I don't see how we can go. This lake has moods, and I'm afraid to go in a canoe. And the motor boat is an uncertain quantity."

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Almost Human

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Her zeal transcended her fears. "I am not afraid to go in either the canoe or the boat," she declared stoutly.

"But I am afraid," I tried again. "However, if it means an extra star in our crowns, I'm willing to go," I finally conceded.

"You are much more likely to get water in your lungs," Louise, the pessimistic, remarked drily.

We went,—Molly, our two guests, Charlie and myself, and, as my prophetic soul feared, regretted it. Within a few hundred yards of the park the boat stopped and continued to stop. The service at the Park began, and out over the still water, in many-voiced strength, floated "Jesus Saviour, Pilot Me."

Our devotional-minded friend began to get fidgety. "I hate to go in late to church," she complained.

When at last the boat did consent to go, we were an hour late. Charlie "stepped on the gas" and recklessly steered through some floating debris. There came a bump, followed by a harsh grating noise and a timber adorned with vicious looking spikes shot from under the stern.

In answer to my look Charlie postulated, "It won't hurt her; she has a steel keel."

When the service had concluded, darkness was already settling over the sombre woods. Charlie and I hurried to the boat—and my worst fears were confirmed. One fervent, sulphuric monosyllable, not at all in keeping with the religious atmosphere of the place, exploded through Charlie's teeth. The water was up over the floor and would soon reach the batteries.

When the others reached the wharf, Charlie and I were bailing fast and furiously. They wanted to know what had happened and we told them we didn't know.

The boat bailed out, Charlie herded the four of us into the stern and took the wheel. We had taken up the floor of the boat that we might be ready to bail if she began to leak too fast, so whatever spiritual uplift our good friend had got from that service was sadly dampened, I fear, by the watery outlook which confronted her. Gazing into the dark, wet interior of that boat, the vision of a place much warmer and drier may have looked rather good to her.

We made those two miles across to camp without a single stop nor, as far as we could tell, one extra inch of water. The unexpected again. I think it was because of this variableness of character that I still had an attachment for her. If she didn't always please, at least she succeeded in surprising you. Quite sure that the leak was in her bow, we elevated her front end for the night and confidently left her.

In the morning I was not disappointed—in the matter of surprises. The strain of being good the night before had evidently been too much for her. She had collapsed and now lay over on her side and her batteries were drowned. And they were the third set we had bought!

Next day Charlie put a team on her and, by means of a stoneboat, hauled her up high and dry into a field bordering the shore. From there he inspected her from every angle. So also did every man, woman and child in that locality. We half filled her with water, expecting it to run out by the way it had entered and at the end of three days we bailed it out again. We concluded that either she had water on the brain or we had. She was a mystery boat.

We put another set of batteries in her and Charlie anchored her in front of our camp. Molly objected, but Charlie thought she needed a change of scenery and he tied her to a stone large enough to hold an ocean liner.

I now had my work cut out for me. I bailed her out every day. I did not object for, with all her faults I loved her still,—nearly as well, in fact, as when in motion. As she swung at anchor I felt she gave tone to our camp.

One night in mid-August a strong wind blew from the north. Next morning, Louise, being the first up, woke us up with the information:

"Girls, your motor boat is gone!"

After the first shock I said some things to which Molly could add nothing. Anyway, no shock could arouse her jaded interest in that boat. We ate our breakfast in volcanic calm. Then I took the "Suffragette" and paddled to Charlie's.

"Foul play!" was his vehement verdict.

In his row boat we patrolled the entire lake from a point south of our camp in search of the truant. We felt that even she could not be contrary enough to drift against the wind. At noon I returned to camp disheartened.

"She must have gone to the bottom," I concluded my report.

"Requiescat in pace!" Molly pronounced with dramatic solemnity.

"Gone, but not forgotten!" was Louise's addition to the requiem.

But I refused to let her rest in peace or to forget her and I said as much—and some more.

In the afternoon Charlie came hurrying over to camp with a clue of the vagrant one. Following it up, we found her anchored at the end of an island where some fishermen had towed her. She was full of water. We were sure her batteries would be gone. "But just for fun," Charlie ventured "I'll try the wheel."

In the long list of charges in money and effort laid to that boat's account, we have nothing down against her for that afternoon. True, Charlie had lost almost a whole day from his farm in the busy harvest season, and on our return journey we lost an expensive pair of field glasses. But on the credit side of the account is the fact that she took us back to camp that afternoon. Moreover, she appeared to be uninjured.

"This boat beats me!" Charlie exclaimed with joyous exhilaration. "She must have pounded on those rocks for hours. So much for a steel keel!"

Regretfully I write the finis to the story of this boat that was almost human. To the last I was loyal to her. In the face of losses and crosses, when everyone had cursed her from stern to stern, I still retained a fondness for her. But, I fell out with her—because I fell out of her.

Towards the last, about all she would do of a positive nature was to leak. So one sunny afternoon I ordered all hands into bathing suits, and after three hours' hard labor, we got her up on to a sort of rude weighs of cord wood blocks. With these we also propped her in place.

Then the others went for a car ride and I remained behind, tired but happy. For, after having put several pails of water into her I discovered it dripping out from the propeller plate. I felt the discovery was valuable.

In the evening I again donned my bathing suit and with considerable difficulty climbed into her. Alone I could gratify my love of boats without being asked by the others why I "puddled in that miserable boat." So I gratified my love of "Puddling"; then I sat down to dream.

It's all very well for the poets to sing, "Only the dreams are real." Take it from me, it isn't so! Your material surroundings insist upon being the real. The poets too, I fancy, get their dash of cold water in the face to recall them to the real. Certain it is, I got mine! I must have described a double somersault before I struck the water, face downward.

I crawled miserably to the shore. Below my knee on the shin a lump was rising, and I saw with pained surprise that the skin from the top of that lump was missing. Two days later the surrounding area shone forth in beautiful prismatic colorings. It looked like a painter's palette. A scar still remains, after two years, to remind me not to put my faith in motor boats.

That was the last straw.

(Continued on page 56)

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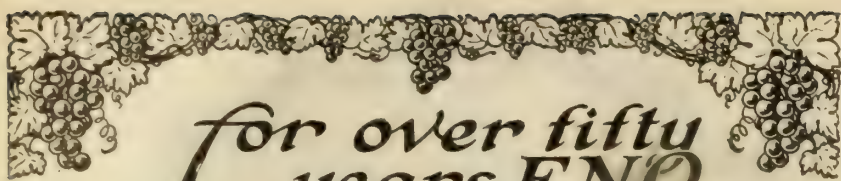
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The Idol of Youth

(Continued from page 47)

"I'll kill you rather than that!" broke out Gauthier. "I love every hair of your head, but—"

"Kill nobody!" shrilled Wendela. "Once a cat, always a cat—that's Miss Kapiha! Chris Malet swore by all that's sacred he wouldn't propose to her, and he never has or will, so—"

"But I propose to him," said Patchinka. "I knew you'd made him promise not to speak. You bought him that way, with my brother's aeroplane. He never told me—yet I felt it. One night coming out of the Casino I looked at him—and he turned away his eyes. Then I knew. But I only smiled. He'll remember that moment. He never guessed I cared as a woman cared—we had too much to plan and do, for me to dare let him see my heart at first. But I've loved him since the night when he saved my life—my life that's been his ever since. And his was mine, for he loved me. Never would he have done what he has done for me, if not; no man would. We'll be husband and wife, or we'll die together this night—is it not so, Duguesclin?"

"It is so," I said. And my heart sang, though still I saw no way out of the danger for her and me, or even for Wendela—unless Wendela weakened. This time, if I had laughed, it would not have been a false laugh, for there was a wild humour in our duel of words here in the night and the desert dunes, in our scene of love and hate so hastily thrown together without rehearsal—just one short scene in a big act which might end with a crash of tragedy, as no love scene should. But I didn't laugh; I just looked at Patchinka, who had turned to me; and for a second—no more, perhaps—we forgot everything else and every-body.

"Now, Mademoiselle, you know this hound for what he is," Dupont brought me to myself by a shout to Wendela. "Leave him. Come to me. What if that girl dies too? She deserves it. Forget the man. Save yourself. You shall be happy. Your father—"

"I wish to goodness my father was here!" sobbed Wendela, bursting into tears. "I'm no Apache queen; I'm just a Dutch-American girl, and I'll live up to it no matter how cruelly folks deceive me. I'll show these two what I think of 'em afterwards. But I'm going to stand pat now. You spatter Chris Malet and that Patchinka thing over this landscape and you'll spatter me too. Then you'll have Henry Horden on your backs. He'll break 'em!"

"Henry Horden is very far away," Dupont reminded her, as we three united for the first time close together, and Petro—half-choked, struggled to his feet to crawl towards us. "Henry Horden will accept me for his son-in-law, rather than—"

"Hst! Here they come. I see figures!" broke in Mendez. "The Arabs!"

CHAPTER XLIV

All's Well.

IT was true. Figures, many figures were coming. I, who dared not turn for fear of treachery, saw the black forms moving only in one direction. They approached from the South (I knew it was south, by the stars) so they must be from Hamada; the oasis village lay there. There was no thought in my head but that Mendez was right and the Arabs were on their way to help the men who'd hired them. I thought dully but obstinately that a hundred men could do little more harm than four, as long as we held together under the power of my threat.

Patchinka too, was motionless, her weapon cocked and aimed. But Wendela was unarmed and irresponsible. "Why, they're coming from everywhere!" she exclaimed. "They're hemming us in with a kind of ring! There must be hundreds—a thousand! I wonder—"

We had forgotten Petro since he had stumbled up after the choking and we'd made sure he wasn't dead. But now he

recalled himself to our minds by being very much alive. With a bound a terrier might have envied, that solid bull of British breed leapt past the enemy group into the desert. Mendez sent a shot after him, but it didn't hit. That low-gear, four-legged form sped on, black against the pale sand as were the forms of running men. He reached them as they came, was lost to sight among them; and then a voice rang out. "Bon chien! Sapristi—un bulldog Anglais! C'est le Capitaine Malet qui et la, avec cet aeroplane?"

A good French voice—no Arab's, spoiling the French language. Besides, the speaker knew my name—he sought me. A dazzling vision glittered in my brain, and I saw more stars than were ever in the heavens.

"Oui!" I roared. "C'est Monsieur Horden qui—"

"Oui, oui, Horden! Je suis Dubois, lieutenant 2ieme Regiment de la Legion Etrangere, en manoeuvre dans le voisinage. Horden a telegraphie—"

Saved—all of us! My darling Lady from the Air, and Wendela and Petro and myself—unless, well, there was time still for the Syndicate to shoot us, since they'd lost the game and need care no longer whether or not I bombed the Mascot.

Just as I was thanking heaven that I'd wired Horden from Monte Carlo. I realized with a sharp pang how much can happen in a minute: it would be a minute before the Legion men could get near enough to see which was which of us. But the Syndicate was dazed by the shock of surprise, and it was only Gauthier whose wits were on the spot. Patchinka aflame with joy, believed the battle over. Slightly her weapon dropped, and Gauthier caught her unawares. A spring, a push, and he'd swept the brave, slight sentinel aside like a feather. Down she went, and up went his automatic. I should have had a bullet through my brain (since the Mills would have bombed Patchinka with him) if the girl hadn't seized the staggering man by his wounded leg and tripped him.

The Colt fired as he fell, but hurt no one, though Wendela screamed. Then I was on the fellow. I'd wrenched his revolver away, jerking him up with one hand through his collar, to swing the bomb I still held (its mate I'd carefully dropped on the sand) to warn the Syndicate, when the ring of soldiers' closed in.

"I'm Malet," I said (I'm afraid I gasped) "and these four chaps plotted to rob and murder me. They wanted the aeroplane (which has valuables concealed in it) and two of them wanted to kidnap these ladies—or if not, kill them."

"We're not policemen to arrest thieves, but we capture these men as bandits," announced Dubois.

The Legionnaires made short work of obeying his order, and I could have danced with glee at sight of the four under guard at last, if I hadn't yearned to know if Patchinka were hurt by her fall. I snatched her up from the sand where she lay slightly stunned, and held her in my arms for the second time in our acquaintance.

"I'm all r-right," she faltered, with that dear little roll of the "r" which I loved so, "only—frightened—I thought Gauthier would kill you that time. Then I should have died. Once I wished to die, but I don't wish it now."

"If I once saved you, you saved me to-night, so we're quits," I whispered, and I whispered a few other words too.

It was the hardest thing on earth not to kiss her, but before a regiment of soldiers I—well, it's not done, you know, except in the "movies." If we'd been characters on the screen, I should have had to kiss my girl there and then,—soldiers or no soldiers—because that rescue in the desert by Legionnaires would have needed the fifth and last reel—nothing must prevent the hero from

(Continued on page 54)



THE joys of holiday-time are at their height in August:—and we are even more eager for the summer-time pleasure than we were, early in the season. The Canadian summer is so "cruelly brief," that most citizens of this country make the best of the season when "God's own out-doors" has flung wide its golden gates. There is something delightfully languid about August. June is the bride's month, when every town is strewn with confetti. Of late years, too, it seems to be the month of conventions, when Daughters of the Empire, members of the National Council of Women and Kiwanians of kindly mien go to and fro, pass resolutions and have a happy time at strawberry festivities, in spite of strikes and rumors of war.

July means a rush for the river, the lake and the mountains. It is a month of glorious excitement, with "the first fine careless rapture" of holidays filling the youthful heart. If you are so lucky as to possess a cottage in the North Country, where the lakes are many and the hills are blue, there is something wonderfully exhilarating in those first days of drinking in the health of pine-scented air and plunging in the cool waters for an early swim.

"There is only one objection I have to my wife," said an exceedingly domesticated citizen—"and that is, she cannot take a holiday. Every year I beg her not to take the trouble to 'keep house' in camp, but just to let things go. There's no holiday in taking city life to Muskoka."

"I've often noticed," said the Tennis Girl, "that men turn more naturally to gypsy life than women do. They like to get back to fishing and camp fires and sleeping in the wood."

"Perhaps we're lazier," admitted the man. "But let me tell you there's no greater mistake than keeping your nose everlastingly to the grindstone. You work all the better for letting things go for a while and taking a real and thorough holiday. So long as we had a summer cottage, though, my wife would do as much work in Muskoka as if we were at home. So, now I insist on going for two weeks to a hotel which isn't fashionable but where the cooking is good. Mary can't do any work but crochet on the verandah. The last two years, she's actually lost interest in the crocheting and comes out with me when I go fishing. Last year she was more excited than I was when I caught that big 'lunge'. I tell you, that fish was a bird. Did I ever tell you just how—"

He had told us several times about the "how" of that 'lunge', but we listened again and thought Mary a very sensible woman to form a silent partner on a fishing trip, instead of continuing a deep interest in crochet designs. After all, a camisole or a pair of cuffs can be made any day; but the fishing weeks are too

briefly glorious to be spent on the verandah.

* * *

A woman who is the mother of four boys was asked the other day: "How is it that your boys like to stay home? You don't seem to have much trouble in having them in, before it's midnight. So many boys are running loose these days that it's a comfort to call on someone in the evening and find one or two boys having a good time at home."

"I don't know that there's any secret about it," said the woman thoughtfully, "unless it is that my husband and I have always tried to keep up an interest in the boys' hobbies. I insist on a general cleaning up in the evening, but the boys have always been allowed to bring their toys or tools into the house and do what they please. Billy was keen about wireless years ago, and we learned about it with him, instead of discouraging him when he wanted to 'listen in.' Of course, I've had to give up several things, in order to keep up with Billy's wireless and Percy's pigeons, to say nothing of John's vegetable plot. That boy is a born gardener and won't be happy until he has acres of potatoes and corn all his own."

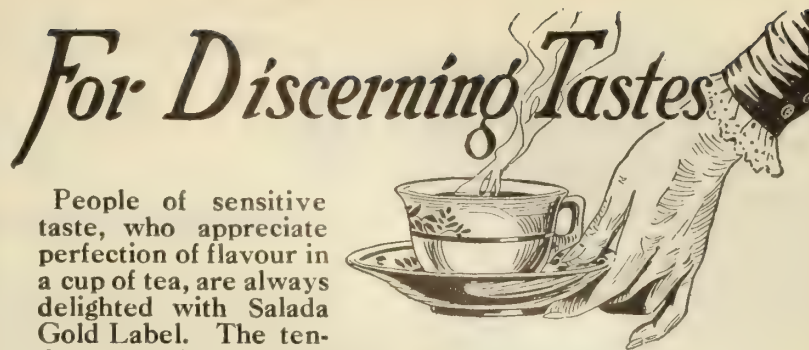
"Isn't it rather narrowing, though, to devote so much time to their hobbies?" asked a Superior Person.

"Quite the contrary," was the reply. "How many women take an interest in anything scientific or mechanical? I have not had time to take much interest in my neighbors' affairs and I don't care in the least to hear that Mr. Brown is neglecting his wife and taking his stenographer to the most luxurious movie theatre twice a week. But I do hear a good deal about Edison and Marconi and Burbank. I read something more than current fiction and when the boys talk about the Mount Everest expedition, I know what they are discussing and something about mountain climbing. Narrowing! I can tell you that if you try to keep up with the hobbies of your growing boys, you'll learn more than you ever believed possible. I haven't time for bridge or many teas, but I'm interested in something more than the latest novel or the most recent scandal in Hollywood."

The Superior Person was crushed for the moment, but the inquiring friend who had wished to know why the boys stayed home in the evening said appreciatively:

"I don't see how you get through it all, though. And you made that new organdy gown yourself—the one with the picot-edged frills."

"Oh, never forget the frills," admonished the hobby-sympathizer. "Frills are always part of the game."



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THE crape on the bell reassured him. Just at the moment his mother had 'phoned he had been so very much occupied with his own thoughts that he feared he might have incorrectly copied the street number on his blotting-pad while promising mechanically to go to the funeral. Only the fact of his old nurse's death and the necessity of going within the hour had pierced his mind, and he had fortunately hooked up the receiver before his sweet-voiced mother could detect his anger. Since illness had prevented her from going herself, he would not for worlds have hurt her by refusing, and then somebody simply had to go. None the less he had been extremely vexed.

It had been the one time when he desired nothing external to turn aside, even temporarily, his determination; he had suspected its strength. For nights he had been struggling with himself, but now that he had made up his mind to do the "thing," and had been expecting "them" at any moment for his final answer, he had not wanted the slightest slanting incident to interfere. It was true some people might have thought it a dishonest thing, and so had he at first; but as he had examined it more closely in the light of its real advantages to him, he had accused himself of overnice quibbling. Besides, it would make certain his reelection, and once back in Washington, he would continue to do as much good as ever for his constituents. It had not been for himself, then, that he had resolved to do the wrong—if that were the word. But he had not been anxious, either, to linger with his state of mind; it made him strangely uncomfortable; and though he was positive it was not his conscience which bothered him, he had been convinced he would be more at ease once his determination had been translated into the visible action. Then there would be no retreat; that would force him to look only ahead. Still, in spite of all this, it was possible "they" might be a trifle late in arriving, and perhaps he would not be over long either. So glancing at his watch he had left his study quickly, seeing he had barely time to cross the Bridge before the service would begin.

As his machine had begun to nose inquiringly amid the crooked streets the fear that he might not find the number after all had gradually distracted his mind from the "thing." Suddenly remembering he had brought no flowers, he stopped before a small unostentatious shop with wire moulds and animated mottoes bulging in the window. At his request the old florist had immediately begun, with twisted nail-nipped fingers, to sort the frail white flowers of grief. He had started to sound the florist about the political situation in that district, but was shocked at his lack of interest in a thing so vital. He had been a bit hurt also that the old man had not recognized him. Even though he had thrown out pointed hints about the many events already in his young career, and even though he had suggested discreetly that he was the coming man, still, unimpressed and disinterested, the weak-eyed storekeeper whose life lay amid flowers and not in the world of big events, had only mounted the delicate blossoms into a long plaintive sheath. He questioned whether the recent hard times had depressed the business of flower selling, but the old man only answered that people always bought flowers; they were the language of joy and of sorrow, of greeting and of parting, of life and of death. He had instinctively been glad to leave the shop. He hated the sentimentalist,—people who maundered in emotion and never did anything—as he did.

When he had discovered the crape on the bell he had breathed a sigh of relief, and left his machine. Now as he pressed through the calicoed and ginghamed children, who, clustered about the door which hid the event, were staring at him in open-eyed interest and thumb-mouthed

wonder, it struck him how kind it was of him to go to all this bother over his old nurse. She could never know what he was doing, but it was a pretty bit of devotion to her memory, and then perhaps some reporter might learn of the episode. So as he walked up the red-carpeted steps, he stifled the last bit of remaining anger at its interruption in his scheme of things.

They greeted him at the head of the stairs; somebody must have told the others who he was, for he immediately saw they were correctly effusive. They took his hat and the flowers which were such damp and drippy things to hold. They ushered him into the front room. There were no shutters on the windows; the half-lowered shades were white and made no attempt to keep out either the light or the puffy summer breeze. As he was led ceremoniously to the place where she lay so quietly, he wondered whether the children in the street were dancing now to the organ which was incongruously grinding out its jiggling tunes. Someone lifted the covering with a touch of pride, he thought—for it was all their own. He looked at her through the well-polished glass. She had changed.

He was glad when he could sit in the large imposing chair near the corner to wait for the service to begin. He should like to have been left entirely alone with his emotions, for he felt them adapting themselves nicely to the situation; but the family would buzz about him and formally present their friends. They were all in black and for the first time he realized he had not changed his suit, as he should have, of course. It did seem a little out of keeping, that under the circumstances he should be the obvious centre of attraction, but he had long since learned to accept attention and he supposed that would always be his lot. There were only a few, however, seven or eight, to be precise, besides the family, and he thought of the family. There was the daughter, and the son and the daughter's husband—that was all. Only three who really belonged there.

* * *

THE thin-lipped daughter sat beside him at first and told with infinite detail of her mother's last few days, of how often she had thought of him and of his mother and of her long years in his family. He dimly began to see he had meant something to the old nurse—and he was glad he regretted for a moment that he had resented coming. Her son came up, too, and greeted him with a firm grip. He liked the keen eager eyes and the aggressive point to his chin, but he was surprised to see in neither one of her children the slightest trace of the humbleness of their origin. He had remembered the nurse had been common—the face of the nurse, he meant, as he had known it in the past. She had never used the most correct grammar, and she had never learned to read or write. But her children had. He recalled from the scraps his mother had told him at odd times in his relaxed tolerating moments, of their progress and their success in the world. He could see, too, very clearly from their speech and manner, they were quite different from the mother. He could not help recording these things, as he was saying appropriate words of sympathy and impatiently awaiting the minister.

The minister came after a time and as he saw the white-surpliced man standing in the doorway hesitating, he vaguely felt the rivalry in the attention the others would give. A frail saw-toothed woman with deep-set nervous eyes passed about some prayer books, and he took one, which opened ironically enough at the baptismal service. He would have liked to have moralized over this, but the minister had entered the room, and had begun to read in a sing-song voice. Somehow the voice was different from what he had expected, it did not seem

(Continued on page 53)

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The Great Man

(Continued from page 52)

to fit the much-lined bad-toothed countenance. It was also without spontaneity—its quaverings were so automatic. It jerked along like the phonographic needle rising and falling on the wax record. He tried to pay attention, but his mind would wander; besides, he never liked to hear other people talk.

He began to take in the room. It did not fit in with his preconceived idea, either. It was so clean and measured. Save for the slight rumple on the rug where the minister was standing and a gaping tear in the orange wall-paper above the mantel, everything was in order. The pictures on the wall lacked some uniformity, but one of them at least, an engraving, showed taste; it was a Venus de Milo. He smiled to himself that they should own that common picture. But then, as his mind slipped on, he remembered he himself had sent it as a wedding present to the daughter. There was a silent haunched piano in the corner, too, near some camp-chairs which yawned emptily, and he asked himself who it was that played.

And then his mind was startled. Far in the alcove he saw a folding bed—a nice, open bed with brass designs and an inviting top. The past swooped down on him, for it was the bed he had tossed in as a young man. His mother must have given it to the old nurse when the home had been broken up after his marriage. Yes, it was the same faithful bed—perhaps it was the one in which the sick woman herself had lain. He did not like to think that; it grated his social sense. Yet near it, too, he recognized the odd low caned-back chair in which he had so often lolled and dreamed of his future greatness. It seemed a trifle different; it had been recolored, and the cushions were of cheaper grade, but he could not mistake its peculiar attitude. It brought things back, and as he slowly removed the veils of his past few tumultuous years, the sharp outline of that younger man strode forth. He had affectionate regard for that younger man, almost as he would have for a younger brother. For he was so honest and upright. Not that he had ever changed, oh, no,—only life had brought so many problems—the soft fuzz had to go and knowledge itself had dulled the thin edges.

Gradually, as he also allowed a warmth of pathos to creep into his soul and he let the reserves and defences, the strains and tensions of the older man melt away, his little hand once again trustingly sought the old nurse, and he walked with her gently through the sunny days of the long ago. How good she had always been to him! How she must have loved him! He realized that now, and he was not ashamed to acknowledge it gladly to himself. When his parents had gone away she had tended him herself for weeks at a time, guiding his scattered impulses, admonishing his inquiring tendencies. Small fragments of the forgotten danced before him: the holes in his long stockings which she would always mend, the secret slices of sugared bread she would give him after school, the cup of cold water his hot lips would cry for in the night. As he looked back he saw there had been a note of love, not the metallic return of bought service.

And later when he had grown beyond her need and she had still lingered in the old home in one capacity or another, because there was always something she alone could do, even then he would talk with her and confide his little secrets of battle or sentiment. In all the years he had never heard her complain, never consciously rebel against the many bleeding things life had brought her—the drunken husband, or the two fatherless children and the old crippled mother she had cared for. She had managed to do it somehow, as she had managed to do everything.

ONCE after her mother had mercifully died, he remembered seeing her smiling with satisfaction before a pile of bank-notes which her fore-sight

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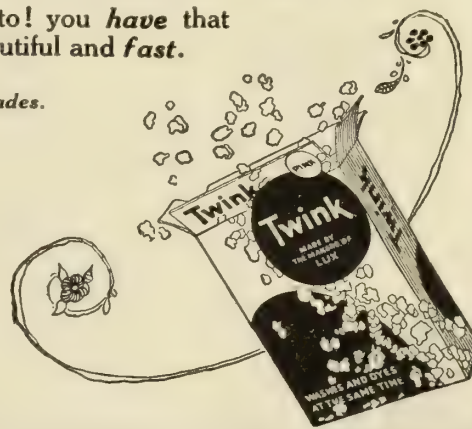
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The Idol of Youth

(Continued from page 50)

kissing the heroine then! Of course, the close of the play means that the lovers "fade out" in the "clinch," but we didn't fade out in the least; far from it!

First of all, there was some shaking hands, and some explaining. Henry Horden hadn't himself sent the telegram. He was and is a master man; but even he couldn't expect to have his orders blindly obeyed by *la Legion Etrangere*. Indeed, he wouldn't have known that the Legion was marching and manoeuvring in the neighbourhood of Hamada, if it hadn't been for a friend of his in Paris, whose brother was Colonel of the 2nd Regiment, stationed at Saida. The news of the great march had come in a letter from the Colonel to that friend. With his usual quickness, Horden had seen and snatched at a way out of a trap. At his request, a long message was wired to the Colonel at Hamada; danger of death to Miss Horden, her friends and her aeroplane; an ambush prepared; the plane lured to alight near the oasis.

So, after a fashion, Wendela was the leading lady of the drama in the eyes of the Legion, and especially those of Lieutenant Dubois. Kapiha's sister ran Miss Horden close as favourite, when I made known the slim pilot's identity. But Wendela was IT. The little, dark French officer admired her plump fairness; also apparently the splendid ermine so detested by Petro, and so symbolic of the Great World.

We were invited to rest at the Legion's camp, so near Hamada that the hired Arabs could never have overwhelmed us if they'd tried; the ladies were told by Dubois that only an attack of heat-stroke that day had kept his captain from leading the rescue party. There would be a tent "pour les demoiselles," however; and food for all. But when I explained (I did explain frankly) the secret of Kapiha's aeroplane, Dubois realized that we could not leave the machine until we had its hidden treasures in our grasp.

It took Patchinka and me an incredibly short time to find and secure them, now that there was no one to impede our movements. And can you conceive the extra joy we felt in exploring the petrol tank under the Syndicate's eyes? There they were, in durance vile, unable to do more than stare, unless they chose to gnash their teeth, an expression of rage which I believe is out of date. Besides, Mendez' teeth and some of Moroni's were false.

In the presence of all, I separated the metal case from the support to which it still remained attached since I'd stuffed up on the open end with fluffy wool at Ajaccio. My plug had kept in place. Not another pearl had escaped after the six I'd concealed in my pocket. Into Patchinka's hands I poured the broken string of cream-white beauties for her to count. With those I annexed, the number was right; and I would have given the metal case itself to the girl to examine, if she hadn't waved it aside.

"That is for a man's hands to do," she said. "And you are the man."

So I found—as I expected to do—an inner compartment in the cylinder. It remained intact, but I opened it with a blade of the old knife which had served me that afternoon (it seemed a month ago!) and drew out a thin roll of oiled India paper. Kapiha's Mascot had kept his secret well! I wondered if his spirit were near us, or if it had gone to tell the news to his loved Laurette?

We didn't wait on the spot to examine the documents, though Patchinka's future fortune might be in them. When Dubois again suggested camp, however, I delayed him a moment.

"Just let us get this matter cleared up before we start if you don't mind," I said. "There are some details we must explain to Miss Horden. Now, this is the way things stand. These pearls were to have paid her father for an advance of money he made to Sacha Kapiha, early in 1914. They belonged to Sacha's sister and were in Vilna. Miss Kapiha

—a school-girl of fifteen then, started to fetch them. She was caught by the war. But she determined her brother should keep his word. An airman was about to fly to France—if he could get there. She asked him to take this bulldog—Petro. And inside a special collar the dog carried these pearls. Miss Kapiha learned that the bull dog reached Sacha safely. About the pearls she never heard. It was only when Mr. Horden told her he'd not received them (he'd left Paris in haste as war broke out) that Miss Kapiha guessed they might be

papers, Miss Horden may think, because the aeroplane is hers, that—"

"Mais, ca va sans dire!" cried Dubois, so excited that he forgot this business wasn't his.

Wendela turned upon him—not sharply, as she often had upon me, but with an almost childlike question. "What goes without saying?" she asked.

"Pardon, Mademoiselle!" the Frenchman stammered. "I spoke without knowing I spoke aloud. The case is so clear! It is for you to decide—but you can see it only in one way."

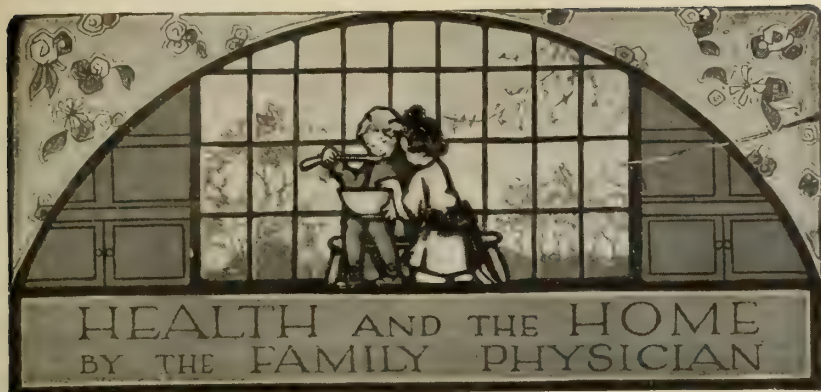


This beautiful photograph of midsummer blooms is from the studio of Mr. I. T. Parker, High River, Alberta

hidden in the aeroplane. Sacha had told her of a secret place in it, he'd made to keep papers and valuables. Well, now we have both the papers and the pearls—in our hands. There's no question as to the owner of the pearls. It's Mr. Horden. He mentioned that, if he could have taken them back to America in 1914, he'd have made them a present to his wife. Anyhow they're his. As to the

"Oh!" said Wendela. She cocked her blonde head on one side. "Why, yes, of course. You've not heard the whole story. In some ways Miss Kapiha hasn't treated me very nicely. But I'm not one to bear a grudge. And no matter what she's done to me, I wouldn't cheat her for anything. The papers no matter if they're worth millions as those

(Continued on page 50)



Questions about Health, Sanitary Subjects and the Prevention of Disease will be answered in this column from time to time, subject to reasonable limitations.

If requested, replies will be sent direct to the correspondent if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed, but no diagnosis or prescription can be given. This coupon should be enclosed with inquiry.

BABY HEALTH CENTRES

THERE are many names for them. You may call them Child Hygiene Stations or Well-Baby Clinics or Infant Consultations or Schools for Mothers or Babies' Welcomes, or Infant Welfare Centres or any other name you please. Most of our Canadian Child Welfare Centres are known by the name used as a title for this article.

THE PUBLIC HEALTH NURSE

Next to the Real Canadian Mother the Public Health Nurse can do more for the Baby than anyone else because she can help the mother more than anyone else and she "knows how." Most Canadian Mothers are intelligent and have had experience and know how to manage houses and bring up children. But these Mothers, before and after the first baby came, would have been so glad if they had had a Real Public Health Nurse to help them. Many of them would like to have her right now to help them.

Very likely the Public Health Nurse does not know any more than the Mother's Mother, or the Mother's Mother's Mother knew. But Mothers and Grandmothers have had to re-organize themselves to meet the demands of Re-construction and Modern Life, and things are not what they used to be and you know very well that the Mother needs some one to help her. The best helper yet discovered is the Public Health Nurse and she is a good helper.

"I LOST MY BABY."

So often the first baby does not survive.

"I lost my baby," said a woman in this office yesterday, speaking about her first-born. "The Doctor was a long time before he could come, and I lost my baby."

Too bad. Their first-born was as precious to that Canadian Father and Mother as Edward, Prince of Wales is to King George and Queen Mary. Care of the Mother before the Baby came and when the Baby came would have saved that First Baby.

"WHY DOESN'T THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN DO IT?"

Why don't I look after the Mothers and Babies in my own practice, you say. Well, I do try to look after them. But do you know how many Doctors there are in Canada now? A little over five thousand. And what is our population? About nine million according to the Census of 1921. About one physician to eighteen hundred population. Too many for one Doctor, especially when you remember, and you always should remember, the places in Canada where there are very few people per square mile and there is no Doctor nearer than twenty miles.

And the economic question will not down. There are a very large number of people who cannot afford to have a Doctor. Why do they not go to the hospitals? Ah—that is too late!

DON'T WAIT TILL THE BABY IS SICK

What we want to do is not to wait till the baby is sick and then try to cure

him, if we can. We want to prevent the baby getting sick at all. A baby should never need to go to the Hospital if we had a little more intelligence and common sense and gave the Mother and Baby a chance

KEEP THE WELL BABY WELL

Have You got That Into Your Head? A Baby Health Centre is to keep the Well Baby Well. Our far-too-high Infant Mortality Rate in Canada is the terrible price we pay for not teaching and helping the Mother and giving her and her Baby a Chance.

The Dominion Bureau of Statistics at Ottawa reports that the number of babies born in Canada in 1920 was 247,219, and that our Infant Mortality Rate was one hundred out of every thousand births. That is, we lost in that year 24,721 babies under one year of age. In other words, we lose every day sixty-seven Canadian Babies. Sixty-seven funerals every day following the white hearse.

THE DOMINION OF NEW ZEALAND KNOWS HOW

If Canada were like New Zealand, there would only have been thirty-three funerals! The Dominion of New Zealand is twice as successful in caring for Babies as the Dominion of Canada. The Babies' Consultations in New Zealand are very successful, but not a bit more successful than they are going to be in Canada. When?—That depends on you.

HOW WE COULD DO IT

Now how does the Baby Health Centre keep the Healthy Baby Healthy?

Wait a minute. Would you know a Baby Health Centre if you saw it? You want to know how to start it, and what it will cost and about the furniture and the equipment and all about it? Very well.

THE INDISPENSABLES

But let me tell you that there is one "Indispensable" in the Baby Health Centre and that is the right kind of Nurse. What about the Doctor, you say? I know you need a Doctor. It may be that the Doctors will "take turns," or that one Doctor will take it for three months, and each of three others will do the same. But after all, the success of the Clinic depends on the Nurse. She must be the right kind of woman, and she must have right feelings and instincts and she must have had a good training in the care of mothers and children, and she must be able to go on learning, and she must have her heart in her work, and be able to see the "Other Person's Side"—whether that "Other Person" be the Mother or the Father or the Neighbour, or the Doctor, or His Worship the Mayor. Because of course, in the end, it is the municipality that finances the Baby Health Centre, and this investment pays the city something over one thousand per cent. Put it in the Budget—"Estimates for the Health Department." The Medical Officer of Health manages the whole thing. Of

(Continued on page 56)



How To Be Free From Laxatives

Science has found a Newer, Better Way to Overcome Constipation

THE wide-spread use of laxatives and cathartics has caused medical authorities to issue a warning regarding their use in the treatment of constipation.

An eminent physician says that an inestimable amount of injury is done by the use of these intestinal irritants, most of which provide temporary relief only at the expense of permanent injury. Another even goes so far as to say that all laxatives are irritant poisons which affect the stomach, as well as the colon and small intestine. In time, he asserts, their long continued use gives rise to gastric and intestinal catarrh, colitis and the varied evils which accompany these disorders, especially hemorrhoids, appendicitis, and intestinal toxemia, as well as an aggravation of the constipation which they are given to relieve.

No wonder that science has sought a newer, better way. After years of study there has been found in lubrication, a means as simple as nature itself.

Lubrication

In perfect health a natural lubricant keeps the food waste soft. Thus it is easily eliminated. But when you are constipated, this natural lubricant is not sufficient.

To find something to take the place of this natural lubricant, leading medical authorities conducted exhaustive research. They have discovered that the gentle lubricating action of Nujol most closely resembles that of Nature's own lubricant. As Nujol is not a laxative it cannot gripe. It is not a medicine in any sense of the word and, like pure water, it is harmless. These facts have led to its adoption in leading hospitals throughout the world for the treatment of constipation. Specialists consider it indispensable in treating chronic constipation.

The lubricating action of Nujol has helped thousands of people to overcome constipation, and free themselves from laxatives and cathartics, thereby wonderfully increasing their capacity for usefulness, activity and enjoyment of life.

Test Nujol yourself. For sale at any drug store. Send coupon today for booklet.

MISTOL, a new product, for Colds in head, Nasal Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and acute paroxysms of Asthma and Hay Fever. Made by the makers of Nujol.

Nujol

A Lubricant, not a Laxative

Guaranteed by Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey)

Mail coupon for booklet, "DANGERS OF CONSTIPATION" How auto-intoxication undermines health and shortens life, to Nujol, Room 876M, 22 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

Name

Address

Canning by the Cold-Pack Method

(Continued from page 45)

as the liquid in the jars, the water should reach two or three inches over the tops of the jars. Put cover on boiler and bring to a quick boil. Cook products according to time table. Do not begin to count time until the water is rapidly boiling and keep the water boiling constantly. If undercooked the product will not keep, if overcooked it may lose flavor, color and texture.

Sealing: As soon as the product has cooked at a boiling temperature the number of minutes indicated in the time table, remove the jars from the bath, examine rubbers, and completely seal. If rubbers soften or bulge in cooking, replace quickly with another sterilized rubber and replace the jar in the sterilizer for five minutes. Protect jars from draughts when removing from bath to avoid breakage and place them where they will not be disturbed until seal sets.

Canned products will keep if properly sterilized even though jars are not full. It is not safe to open a jar to put in more material, this would necessitate complete re-sterilization. The jar loses liquid in cooking when the lid is too loosely adjusted, when products are sufficiently blanched or when water does not extend one inch above tops of jars.

Time Table for Vegetables:

Product	Blanch	Process
Beans, Lima	omit	three hours
Asparagus	eight minutes	two and one-half hours
Beans, string	omit	three hours
Beets	fifteen minutes	two and one-half hours
Corn	five minutes	four hours
Greens (Spinach, Chard, etc.)	twenty minutes	two hours over
Peas	steam	three hours
Peppers	omit	two hours
Tomatoes	one and one-half minutes	twenty-five minutes

Asparagus and beans, corn, peas should never be canned in any container holding more than a quart. If pint jars are used do not lessen the time of sterilizing.

Syrups for Canning fruits: Fruits may be canned successfully without the addition of sugar, but most of them require some sugar for flavor and there is no special advantage in omitting it unless sugar is scarce or high in price. If such is the case, the sugar may be added at serving time. Just enough sugar should be used to bring out the flavor, not to obscure it. In judging the amount of syrup to make, it is important to know that large fruits require about twice as much syrup to fill the jar as small fruits, owing to the large spaces between. The simplest method in making syrup is to have one formula which may be made into thin, medium or thick by boiling. Syrup will keep several days.

Almost Human

(Continued from page 49)

"We'll get rid of her!" Charlie declared emphatically. "We'll sell her back to the fat freak you got her from."

Sadly I agreed. I hated to part with this almost human boat—but she was hopeless. We notified Fatty. He looked her over and shook his head. And that head-shake prepared us for our financial loss. We had paid two-hundred dollars for her, and sold her back to Fatty—as is," as he put it, for fifty.

Fatty towed the boat to his dock and fixed her up again—possibly for the nth time. And then I made a discovery. A week after we sold the boat back to Fatty I saw her again. And I recognized her immediately, nobody could have fooled me with that boat.

I was out in the canoe, and she passed me. There was a lady in her—a lady and Fatty. And as they passed me I caught Fatty's high-voiced voice. This is what he was telling the lady.

So he says to me, "sacrifice her for a quick sale, an' that's what I'm doin'." But somehow I hate t' part with her, fer I've become sort o' attached t' her. Seem's almost as if she was human.



Mother Love

must be very practical if babies are to thrive. Every mother should nurse her baby if possible. Otherwise Robinson's "Patent" Barley with cow's milk properly modified is the best possible substitute and is recommended by authorities on baby health.

FREE—Our beautiful Baby Book, including Baby Record and advice to Mothers, sent on request.

COLMAN-KEEN (Canada) Limited
520 King Street West
TORONTO 105



Between Meals

Health and the Home

(Continued from page 55)

course often some Voluntary Association does it first, and then the local authorities (M.O.H.), "take it over." She has a personality, our Nurse has. She is a friendly person, who thinks well of human nature and she looks so clean and neat and nice that the Doctor knows he could trust her with a surgical case.

THE PLACE

But she is not on Surgical Nursing at present. She is looking for a place to establish a Baby Health Centre, and being like Kipling's Mariner, a person of infinite resource and sagacity, she wants to get The Centre in the right place, the strategic point, as it were, of the District. Where that is will depend on circumstances. Sometimes it may be near a playground or park; sometimes, but not always, in a Church House, and I have seen a very good one in a vacant store, which was available that winter for a reasonable rent.

Two rooms there must be, even for a small centre, and if more than ten babies and their Mothers are to be there at one time, three rooms are necessary. Even in the smallest centre, three rooms are desirable, because you need a comfortable room where the mothers and babies wait their turn, and a room where the mother and baby are admitted when they are "Next," and where the baby can be undressed, and finally a room for the Doctor. The baby is weighed in the Second room or else in the Doctor's room. The Doctor's consultation room should have the best light and all the rooms should be of a comfortable temperature and well-ventilated. Sanitary conveniences are necessary, and a place outside, where the perambulators are safe and conveniently placed, is needed too.

The usual time to hold the Consultation is in the afternoon, and at many centres, especially where there are voluntary workers, a bun or biscuit or a glass of milk or a "cup which cheers but not inebriates" is ready for the mothers. It is usually better to have a nominal charge for this. A Baby Health Centre is not a Charitable Agency or a place where people get something for nothing.

EDUCATION IN CHILD WELFARE

A Baby Health Centre is an Educational Institution and its appeal is not to cupidity or selfishness, but to duty, the love of learning, to patriotism and to family affection and the love of home life. All the workers, official and voluntary, should remove their hats and outer garments when on duty and wear well-made white aprons, or coats over their ordinary clothes. Their appearance should be in every way attractive, and worthy of the important work in which they are engaged.

WHERE DOES THE MONEY COME FROM?

The money comes from the Municipality. It is in the Estimates of the Medical Officer of Health. But very often the Church, or the School, or the Community House will give us rooms free of charge, if we take good care of them and pay the extra cleaning necessary. In any case, let us hope the rent will be a nominal one, and certainly it must not be more than the average room rent of the district. In most parts of Canada the nurse should have a salary of about one hundred dollars a month, and an honorarium of two hundred dollars a year or more is often paid to the Doctor.

The next article will describe the functions and equipment of a Baby Health Centre



for bruises

Absorbine, Jr., should be applied promptly, for the chief danger from cuts and bruises is the danger from infection.

Absorbine, Jr. is both a corrective and a preventive remedy; an efficient antiseptic it prevents infection, and its healing and soothing properties take out all the soreness from the wound.

\$1.25 a bottle at most druggists'

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504 Lyman Bldg., Montreal

Absorbine, Jr.

THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

ROSEALENE
SEWING MACHINE OIL
AND
ROSEALENE
CEDAR OIL POLISH
IS THE BEST
AT
WOOLWORTHS

The Great Man

(Continued from page 53)

had gained from the insurance she had held on her mother's life. Now as he minutely recalled, he had detected, too, the unconscious, unknowing sadness back of the smile, the tired lines that were drooping her forehead and the growing stoop to her shoulders. It was strange that he should be thinking of that. Then illness had come—incessant operations, and completely useless, she had had to leave after so many years. She had evidently gone to her daughter. Quite often, however, she would come over to see his mother. She had been lonely apparently, and he wondered for a second whether his mother had been lonely, too, since he had left her.

A sniffing sob repointed his attention. They were making responses from the black books. He searched out one woman who seemed to lead the rest. Her answers were quick and ready, almost chopping the minister's questions. It was her trifle perfunctory manner which suggested that she must be the minister's wife. She was helping things along amid the diffidence of those to whom grief of this sort was an occasion and not a habit.

He found himself singularly acute to all impressions. He objected to movement of any sort; the flapping of a window shade bothered him, and the regular beat of the wife's fan. The entrance of the frock-coated assistant with a thin glass tube disturbed his mood frightfully. There was apparently to be no service at the grave, for he noticed the minister sprinkling earth over the casket—he wondered where they got that earth. It floated in an irregular pool on the blackness and some irreverent flies settled to investigate. Then he observed for the first time that the casket did not have silver handles. He had always thought they all had silver handles, but these were dull, resentful, leaden strips narrow, though strong.

Near it were four pathetic masses of flowers. He counted them; his was the freshest. The others had visiting cards savagely clinging and proclaiming their sympathy. He tried to read what was written on them. Four friends who remembered and eight or nine more who were sitting listening to the service trailing off. He could not grasp the pathos of it. He suspected it was supreme pathos. This woman had touched so few in her life. And now at the end, in the little clean flat on the fifth floor she was lying amid the fragrance of four bunches of flowers. Vaguely he felt the existence of something unvoiced, something bigger than even his fine mind had grasped. But he knew his emotions were moved as they never had been before.

He had sat there for some time before he saw the service was over. The others

were waiting for him to leave first. He rose and went out into the hall. They gave him his hat. He missed the flowers he had brought with him. They thanked him for coming. It was a great compliment. It was then the daughter proudly brought up her husband in whose flat he had been. He felt the fineness of the man; he started to feel he must do something for him, yet he resented just a trifle the equality with which he was greeted. Her husband did not seem to feel the difference in their stations.

As he started down the stairs he saw this last incident had suggested the answer to the old nurse's life. This was the thing for which he had been groping. He did not try to descend quickly. He was alone, too, with his thoughts. They were very sacred to him at that moment. He understood now a great many things. He saw the simple eloquence of her life. This simple woman, following no impulse but the unquestioning one of her womanhood, with everything against her, had done her part grandly in the world. She had faced all the jagged facts of life with dignity, with sweetness and with beauty. She had brought up a son to stand alone, clear-eyed and unafraid. She had raised a daughter to goodness and virtue. She had married her daughter to a man with a firm grip, a man who acknowledged no superior, who felt himself the equal of the best. There was the proof of greatness before him, the son and the daughter. They were the reason of her life,—the answer to it all. She had reached greatness higher than most men who mold events and move nations. Clearly he recalled all the silent signs of her honesty, the unconsciously spoken words of uprightness she had brought to him as he had sat in the little odd low caned chair. Yes, she had touched his life, too, she had helped in the making of a great man, she had been an influence. He would never forget her, never! He was glad he had come. And she lay upstairs with only four bunches of flowers.

He found himself seated in the machine. He saw the children scrambling to close the door. Then its slam aroused him. The chauffeur was awaiting the word. He told him to drive home. The machine jerked him away from the door, and as it passed the old florist shop with its animated mottoes and wire moulds he smiled at the old sentimentalist within who maundered in emotion. The machine seemed to be going very slowly; he leaned forward and ordered the chauffeur to hurry. He did not desire to be late. Besides since he had made up his mind to do the "thing," he wanted to get it off his mind.



August Mornings Bubble Grain Delights

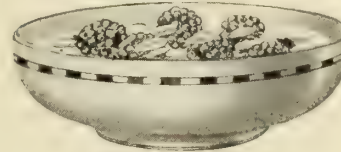
Let Puffed Rice add enticement to every August breakfast. You will never find a cereal dainty half so fine as this.

These are toasted rice grains puffed to bubbles. Flimsy, flavory globules—dainty food confections. Yet they form the utmost in a rice food, for every food cell is broken.

In millions of homes this morning they added joy to breakfast. Did your folks enjoy them?

Use them like puffed nuts

Puffed Rice tastes like nut-meats puffed. Mix them with your berries to add a nut-like blend. Scatter like nut-meats on ice cream.



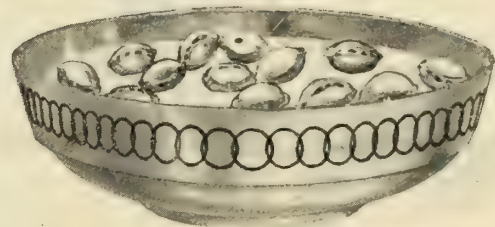
Mix with berries

Use in candy making. Crisp and douse with melted butter for children to eat like peanuts.

But count them foods—scientific foods. That's what they are—just

whole rice grains made easy to digest. Be glad that children find them tidbits. Puffed Rice is good for them.

Puffed Rice Puffed Wheat



August Evenings Float in Bowls of Milk

Puffed wheat is whole wheat, puffed to eight times normal size. It is made by Prof. Anderson's process—shot from guns. Over 125 million steam explosions occur in every kernel—one for each food cell. Thus digestion is made easy and complete.

Whole wheat supplies 16 needed elements. Here those elements are all fitted to feed. So you get whole-wheat nutrition, and that's the ideal food.

Nothing else compares

Remember how children need whole wheat. Remember how they love it in this form. Then let them get it in abundance, as they wish.

Milk gains multiplied delights when these flaky, nut-like grains are floated in it.

See now if you have plenty on hand.



Wafers for soups

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Canada

Sole Makers

Saskatoon, Canada



This is from a photograph of Chesterfield House, one of the magnificent mansions, over which Princess Mary is chatelaine, since her marriage to Viscount Lascelles.



A Charming Woman is Healthy

Good
looks
mean
good
Health

Take

Beecham's Pills

Sold everywhere in boxes 25c—40 pills; 50c—90 pills

Health gives the only true and lasting beauty to the complexion. Perfect digestion and assimilation of food are necessary to ensure perfect health. For relieving ailments of the digestive powers—such as biliousness, constipation, sick headaches, flatulence—Beecham's Pills have proven their worth to countless thousands of women for many years past. They are convenient, gentle in action and positive in their excellent results.

THE BINDER

(Continued from page 14)

I'm very busy, following your advice. The binder has come. I find it's worth protecting, so Wilkins is here with a load of wood and tin and stuff helping me fix up for it. Much love to you and our little Son.

Arthur.

It was Wednesday evening. Jean leaned back in the soft seat of the neighbour's car, her baby in her arms, Arthur, his own old self, loving and thoughtful, beside her. Young Watson was driving slowly, making an occasional detour, for the trail was bad in many places. Heavy rains had fallen in torrents for the past two days.

Night was falling as they neared home. A chilly breeze sprang up. The man drew the warm steamer rug closer about his wife.

"Slow going to-night. Roads are bad," he said.

"Yes," she answered.

She wanted to know if he had put out the tubs and buckets to catch the rain water, but that would only bring up a sorry subject, and she was loath to break the sweetness of the ride. The water problem could wait, though it would be more acute than ever now.

The car slowed to a stop.

Arthur jumped out, took the shawl wrapped bundle from his wife, helped her to the platform, lifted out the valise and spoke to young Watson.

"Thanks, Jim. Coming in?"

"Not this time. Too late. Good-night."

His 'good-night' was answered with thanks.

He turned the car around. It purred into the darkness of the prairie night.

Jean and Arthur entered the shack. She held the baby while the man struck a light and lit the lamp. He carried the valise to the bedroom. Jean laid the sleeping baby on the lounge, removed his shawl, coat and bonnet, then opened up the shawl and spread it over him. Next she took off her own coat and hat. It was good to be home. Arthur had been busy indeed. Everything was in order. Some late black-eyed Susans were in a tall yellow vase on the centre table.

The table was neatly set and a big new comfortable easy chair was drawn near it.

Jean looked at this chair in bewilderment. Her husband watched her.

"Try it," he said, putting her into it, "it's for you."

She sank into it. It was padded in brown and was soft as deep moss.

"What's it like?" he asked.

"Like Santa Claus days," she told him, "when fairies worked overnight."

He smiled broadly, as if the half had not been told, and set about lighting the fire. The wood-box was full. She watched him work. He moved the kettle to the front of the stove. He looked so young to-night and so expectant—just like a small boy who has something to tell but doesn't exactly want to tell it.

The fire crackled brightly. Jean's gaze wandered around the room. His eyes followed hers to the north corner. The bench with its water pails was gone. In its place was a shining, white enamel sink and a pump at the right side. She looked from it to her husband in utter incomprehension, then hastened over to examine and admire.

"Is it real?" she asked.

"Real as the water in it," he answered gaily. "See it come!" He pumped some into the dipper to prove his words.

"Arthur, is it magic? Where does it come from?"

"From a tank in the cellar. We've got eave troughs all around the house. You'll see them in the morning. They catch the rain that falls on the roof. We get it straight from the sky. We've got pipes to lead the water into the cellar. We've got a tank down there that holds thirty barrels-full and with those blessed rains of the last two days, the tank is nearly a third full! a third!"

He was as excited as a ten-year old.

Jean tried to grasp the ten barrels full.

"Surprised?" he asked, his arm over her shoulder.

"It's wonderful," she answered. "Oh, Arthur, everything's lovely. The sink, and the chair, and you, and home, so—so homey! What made you think of it?"

He was silent a half minute, then made slow answer, "Twas the binder-----"

It woke up.



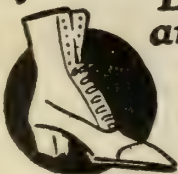
"Amid the Wheat," by Leon Lhermitte.

2IN1 WHITE Shoe Dressing

Easily applied—dries pure clean White—not streaky or grey—goes farthest. Best value. Use daily and
Keep Your Shoes Neat!

Liquid
and Cake

2IN1
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Money



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HAMILTON, CANADA

The Idol of Youth

(Continued from page 54)

men Moroni and Mendez and Dupont must have thought they were) are hers. The pearls I'll keep for my father, and he can decide what he wishes to do with them. He can have the aeroplane too, if he likes. I don't want the nasty old thing any more. I've suffered too much in it—and through it. But it's mine all the same.

Patchinka handed her the broken rope of pearls, and the separate six which I had salvaged. The rope Wendela coolly slipped into an inside pocket of her ermine coat, as if the lovely things had been made of wax or fish-scales. The loose ones she tied up in a small, much-wept-in handkerchief, and added them to the rest.

Then we started on our walk through the heavy sand to camp.

It was a long walk but it seemed short to me, for Patchinka clung to my arm like a mid-Victorian maid, and Dubois, turning over the command of his men to a sergeant, thought it his duty to help Miss Horden. Hamada would have been a considerable detour, and we avoided it. Dubois, however, sent a man there with a message to be wired at once to Horden in Paris, that his daughter was safe. If the *Bureau des Postes* were closed, let it be opened! That was the way of the Legion in the desert. And it was not impossible that Monsieur Horden would receive the telegram at midnight in his hotel. On hearing this, Patchinka implored him to add a message to Miss Wellington at Cap Martin, and her request was granted.

Imagine Patchinka Kapiha and Wendela Horden sharing a tent!

Not that Patchinka mightn't at any time have consented, for she was—and is—a philosopher. But Wendela—and after the Revelation! Yet that was the plan, and she did not oppose it. Lieutenant Dubois' tent was to be made as comfortable as could be, for *les deux demoiselles*. We all went in together at first, however, to look at Kapiha's documents. Patchinka could wait no longer, though she knew that she would not understand their intricacies. She had, she confessed, no mind for mechanism when explained on paper, though—she added proudly—there were few machines she couldn't understand if she saw them.

Dubois would modestly have excused himself. There might be secrets which no stranger ought to share. But Patchinka insisted. "Monsieur, you are not a stranger," she said. "You are a rescuer. Is it not so, Miss Horden?"

Neither Dubois nor I were experts, but it struck us both when we'd studied the papers that Kapiha had got hold of the great thing at last—the thing which all aeroplane inventors have aimed at, the helicopter.

Even in the old Mascot Sacha's been creeping near it; but in the design before our eyes, propellers made to revolve horizontally above the machine should lift its entire weight vertically off the ground at starting point, avoiding the preliminary run of a 100 to 300 feet before sufficient speed to rise can be attained.

There was also in this new and brilliant invention the power to travel in any direction merely by changing the plane in which the propellers revolved, to one having a small angle with the horizon.

The difficulty of the helicopter screws, from which other inventors suffered, had apparently been obviated by Kapiha. Such screws, before getting up speed enough to lift their heavy load, established downward currents of air, with great velocity, in which the screws must run with lessened power. But here, these downward currents could be checked by interposing planes below, set at an angle determined by the operator. The high engine power would overcome the resistance of these extra planes, while preserving the lift of the entire weight, and altogether it looked as if the intriguing problem was solved.

A second design showed a new wing to give unprecedented speed in flight, and

there were other ideas outlined not finished, still, there was enough material in that small roll to make the inventor's sister independent for life. Not that I wanted her to be independent! On the contrary. But I should have been a brute to grudge the girl her pleasure. We had succeeded—she and I together—in our mission; and I believe that fact gave her more joy than the thought of money gain.

When we parted for the night, Wendela treated me like a kind uncle. I could only hope she wasn't up to mischief. But next morning early—a rose and gold morning in the desert—Patchinka was in a position to explain Miss Horden from A to Z.

"She told me she never cared for you really," smiled my Lady from the Air. "When she first saw you at Monte Carlo she was attracted by the contrast between you and a Dutch cousin her mother wished her to marry. She'd practically run away from the Hague, and rushed off alone to the Riviera to escape him, she was so bored. She's realized now that what she felt for you was nothing but pique, because you didn't seem to care much about her. She isn't used to indifference from men, so she flirted with Dupont. Last night was the most wonderful night of her life, and she never knew truly what Romance was till Lieutenant Dubois came out of the darkness and saved her from death or worse. Those are almost her very words. And she's going to be f-fearfully nice to her father, so he will consent to her marrying Dubois, who is perhaps poor as well as proud."

"How does she know the proud Dubois wants to marry her?" I crudely asked.

"Why, you remember he walked with her all that long way last night, when you were with me: and it was the desert: and there was a moon; and it seems, my Duguesclin, that he said things." He pointed to the footprints of camels in the sand, which—we can see now—are exactly like hearts. They were full of blue shadows in the night, as if they lay under water, I noticed. But the shape showed plainly, and Dubois told Wendela that each print they came to was his heart, under her little feet.

"Her feet aren't little," I mumbled. Patchinka laughed. "Well, that is what Dubois said. And also that, if he had as many hearts as there were footprints, all would be for her to step on if she wished. Perhaps he does admire her. She's not so bad, when she doesn't sulk! Anyhow, she will be very rich; and as for him, all Legionnaires are brave, men and officers too. She will lead her father a life if he refuses! And why should he?"

"Why indeed?" I echoed. "Anything to get rid of Wendela, I should think."

"Ungrateful, after the way she behaved last night."

"By Jove, so I am! I'd forgotten. But how can I help forgetting everything about her when I'm with you?"

Evidently Horden had got the telegram at midnight, for we had an answer that morning: we, I say, for the message was for us all. Henry Horden was glad we were safe. He had got the government to spare him some "essence" in the special circumstances; and having now completed his big deal in aeroplanes, would fly at once to Monte Carlo where he hoped we would return and meet him immediately.

I feared that we should have to remain in Algeria and bear witness against the Syndicate and Gauthier. But the Commander of the Legion desert expedition smiled and shrugged. "It would be too bad to disappoint so important a man, who has just put millions of francs into France's pocket," said he. "French law acts in Monte Carlo, as in Algeria. The plot, you tell me, was hatched in Monaco. The men shall be sent there for trial. They will travel in a small ship, and if they are seaisick, none of us will grieve."

So we obeyed Horden's command; and this time Wendela was our only passenger on the Mascot—unless you

count Petro. The girl seemed astonished that Dubois could not get leave at a moment's notice and fly with us to her father. But then, the Legion's discipline is part of its romance—at all events, to sentimental girls.

At blazing noon we left the desert; and having no "Pearl" (or other) trouble this time, we reached Monte Carlo before sunset. It's trite to say that an aeroplane "annihilates distance;" but it did seem wonderful to be back again after all we had gone through, to find people doing just the same thing as when we'd seen them pottering about yesterday in the Place du Casino.

Henry S. had already arrived, and to our surprise was awaiting us down by the harbour, at my hangar. Still more strange, the Iron Duke was with him. But after she had wept a little with joy she explained that her presence there wasn't strange at all. She had been at the hangar the whole afternoon, just hoping, not expecting. And Mr. Horden had enquired where the place was, when he drove into Monte from Nice. It was at Nice that he had landed after the flight from Paris, and there he had with difficulty secured a horse-cab for the price of an automobile.

"Well, what's going to be done about this air-plane, daughter?" Horden asked when everyone had told him everything—except about Dubois.

"I might give it to Boy—I mean, Captain Malet," said Wendela. "It just depends—on you."

"On me, eh?"

"Yes, poppa. I'll tell you presently. But first, how about these pearls. Are you really going to give them to Momma?"

"Not me. Nope. She might come back to me if I did. And I guess we both get on better apart. She writes such nice letters from the Hague, I'd quite miss 'em. I expect you'll have the pearls, as you've got your claws on 'em. But—"

"But what?" Wendela wanted to know. "Well, they were Miss Kapiha's, not her brother's, and—"

"I suppose you'd like me to give the rope to her for a wedding gift when she marries Captain Malet. I'll do that, poppa, and make the plane over to him, if you'll give me a present."

"What present?"

"The only one I've ever really wanted; liberty to marry the man I love."

Then it all came out. Patchinka and I both praised Dubois; and Horden said "Yes" almost as quickly as I'd imagined he would whether or not for the same motive, who knows?

The two went to the post office to wire the little lieutenant, and Patchinka, the Duke and I had a wonderful talk in the old hangar, with Petro at our feet.

"We are so happy!" cried the girl, "so happy; but you are not surprised, Duke. You knew from the first, I'm sure—though you said nothing. You are too discreet to speak on such a subject, but you are a darling! I won't tease you. Oh, and you are to be happy too, all your life. You shall never go back to the Bournemouth shop. We'll see to that—Duguesclin and I! As for poor dear Laurette, we'll take her to Paris by and by. She'll be safe travelling under Mr. Horden's protection—and soon she'll free herself from the hateful Marquis de Fiumine—free herself, to dream always of Sacha without shame."

"Come along, folks," Horden's nice voice broke in on us suddenly, while Wendela hung on his arm, all smiles. "We're going to have dinner together, just as we are, out on the terrace at Ciro's. And do you know what we'll begin with, Miss Kapiha?"

She shook her head. "Caviare! If it hadn't been for caviare—and me—you and your young man wouldn't have been where you are now."

My Lady from the Air looked at me.

"Oh, but nothing could have kept us apart," she said.

The End



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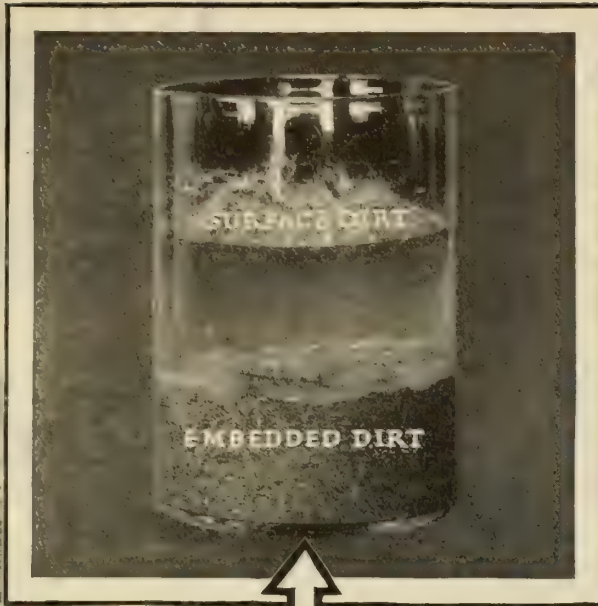
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Notice that the Royal not only picks up all SURFACE DIRT but it removes all of the EMBEDDED DIRT



This dirt harms your rugs most

Let the Royal Man show you how you can remove it—thoroughly, easily

THE dirt that harms your rugs most is not the surface dirt, such as lint, hair, threads and light dust. It is the gritty, embedded dirt that has worked down into the fabric of your rugs and is gradually cutting the fibre with millions of sharp little points and edges. The laboratory jar-of-water test shows how much of this dirt there is as compared with the surface litter.

And this dirt, the embedded dirt, is unsanitary and germ-breeding. Truly, the worst dirt is in your rugs—not on them.

How scientific Royal air suction removes this dirt

To get out all of this dirt a cleaner must do three things. It must produce a powerful suction. This suction must be uniform all along the nozzle. And the nozzle must be adjusted "directly" to the rug surface.

The Royal does these three things. Its suction is not only powerful but actually increases slightly in use. Scientific and patented design creates a uniform suction along the entire 14-inch nozzle length. And with the patented Royal adjustment screw, the powerful, uniform suction is applied "directly" to the rug surface.

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We suggest that you arrange with the Royal Man to clean a rug in your home—without obligation to you. He will also show you how to clean from cellar to garret—how to clean concrete, hardwood and linoleum floors; how to renovate mattresses and pillows; how to remove the dirt from upholstered furniture or hangings; and how to clean in and around fireplaces, registers, radiators, etc.

Don't be content with getting only the surface dirt! The most dirt and the really harmful dirt is in the fabric, not on the surface.

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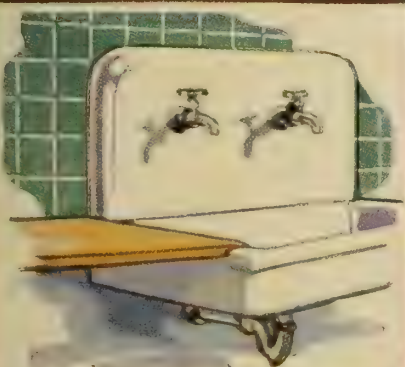
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September, 1922

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



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PRICE TWENTY CENTS



Moments Which Count

WHEN you are conscious of the scrutiny of interested eyes which appraise every detail of your appearance, can you sit serene, secure in the consciousness that there is nothing to criticise but everything to admire?

Happy is the girl who can answer "yes" in these all important moments. She is the girl who knows that her fresh, clear skin and smooth, white neck and arms are sure to command admiration.

The girl who is not so sure of her personal attractiveness, who is conscious that complexion defects may affect her popularity, should waste no time remedying these conditions. The secret is cosmetic cleanliness, which keeps the skin free from clogging accumulations.

Once a day, do this

Once a day, preferably at bedtime, give your face a thorough cleansing. This doesn't mean a harsh, irritating scrub, but a cosmetic cleansing accomplished by the gentlest possible means. Soap

is necessary, but only the mildest soap should be used. This is Palmolive, blended from palm and olive oils.

Once you experience the mild, soothing effect of its smooth, creamy lather you will recognize daily cleansing as the surest complexion beautifier.

Removal, once a day, of the accumulations of dirt, oil, perspiration and the remaining traces of cold cream and powder is absolutely essential to a clear, fresh skin.

Neglect results in clogged pores, coarse texture and blackheads. When the accumulated soil carries infection, pimples are the result.

An ancient secret

The value of beautifying cleansing was discovered long ago, in the days of ancient Egypt. It was Cleopatra's secret—whatever the embellishments she employed, they were applied after the daily bath with palm and olive oils as cleansers.

The great queen was famous for her beauty long after early youth was passed. She kept her looks with the aid of the same gentle, stimulating cleansing which we recommend today.

Blended from the same oils

Palmolive is blended from the same costly oriental oils which served Cleopatra as cleanser and beautifier. We import them from overseas in vast quantity to keep the Palmolive factories at work day and night. This is necessary to supply the world-wide demand.

This popularity has reduced price, as manufacturing volume permits economies which lower production costs. Thus we are able to supply Palmolive for only 10 cents a cake.

So while Palmolive ranks first as finest facial soap, you can afford to follow Cleopatra's example and use it for bathing.

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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

A Monthly Magazine of Interest to All Progressive Canadians

OFFICE of PUBLICATION

RICHMOND and SHEPPARD STREETS
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EDITORIAL CHAT

THERE used to be a prejudice against women's organizations, arising, no doubt, from the fear that club duties would interfere with the fulfilment of women's domestic obligations. However, the association of women members continued to flourish and now Canada possesses a variety of feminine organizations in keeping with her multi-form activities. The earliest of these associations were the sewing circle, the missionary society and the literary club. Then came the card club, the travel club and the civic club. The women's missionary societies in the various churches have grown with amazing rapidity and now handle hundreds of thousands of dollars annually, with an efficiency which would have astonished our great-grandfathers. The old-time sewing circle has not been abandoned and its uses are always of fundamental importance, even where machinery has accomplished much of the work formerly done by women's busy fingers. There are several nationally organized women's associations in Canada. The largest of these is the Federated Women's Institutes of which Mrs. William Todd, of Orillia, is president. This remarkable society had its origin at Stoney Creek, Ontario, and is of the utmost importance in the development of our Dominion. "For Home and Country" is its motto, to which it has been faithful through many trying years.

Then we have a large and imposing organization in the Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire, which had its origin in Montreal, but which has had a head office in Toronto for some years. The I. O. D. E., as it is now familiarly called, is essentially patriotic and endeavors to carry out the ideals of the dual loyalty of the Canadian—to the Old Land and the New. Founded during the latter days of the Boer War, the I. O. D. E. owed its original impulse to the desire to make closer the ties which unite Canada with the British Isles, also with the other nations within the Empire. For more than a score of years, the I. O. D. E. has broadened and strengthened, until today it has a membership of over fifty thousand in the Dominion and has been extended beyond our borders. In the United States, it is known as the I. O. D. B. E.—and the West Indies also became enthusiastic some years ago over the formation of chapters in those Islands where so many citizens from various lands find a winter paradise.

The war work of the I. O. D. E. fills a large volume in the mere chronicle. Just let us point out here that the war proved triumphantly the value of organization. However enthusiastic and industrious individuals may be, help, to be nationally effective, must be organized and disciplined. When our nation's time of testing came, eight years ago, it found the women, as well as the men, ready to help—and no regiment ever responded more loyally to the call of a leader than our women's organizations to the appeals which poured in for aid and re-inforcement. The Red Cross Society can tell, in words with world-wide echoes, of the assistance promptly and readily given by the women's organizations of Canada. Among these, the I. O. D. E. proved more than eager to take a heavy share. Again and again the I. O. D. E. chapter in a far settlement was the center for organized war work. The story of those years is told, and the members of this organization are now devoting their energies to helpful reconstruction work, especially in the department of education.

The work of the chapters of the I. O. D. E. differs in the various provinces, according to the local needs. While the underlying purpose of the Order is patriotic, the term is interpreted with a liberality which embraces many projects. The fight against the White Plague for instance, is a cause which has enlisted the sympathies of many chapters, as it means so much to the life and health of the community. In various cities, there have been established hospitals for the special treatment of this disease, which has so long menaced our civilization.

The I. O. D. E. has been fortunate in its officers. The founder, Mrs. Clark Murray, has lived to see the organization which she knew in its infancy, grow into a vigorous and constructive maturity. For many years, Mrs. Nordheimer, of Toronto, was president of the Order, and was succeeded in office by Mrs. Gooderham, also a Torontonian. Mrs. John Bruce and Miss Joan Arnoldi were successive presidents, and this year, Mrs. P. E. Doolittle, of Toronto, was elected to the office.

There are many problems to be solved in this after-the-war Canada—and such organizations as the Women's Institute and the I. O. D. E. will do much towards the settlement of many troubling questions. The old-time prejudice against clubs and associations has almost disappeared, for the clubs have abundantly proved their usefulness. After all, should any of the dismal prophets be believed when they tell us that associations, clubs, or "aids" will make any woman neglectful of the home? On the contrary, the first object of a woman's organization is to better the condition of the homes, especially the lot of the children. Men need not worry about political life making woman indifferent to domestic needs. Whatever be her political creed in the matter of free trade or high tariff, woman will always be a "protectionist" where childhood is concerned. Hence, her club for patriotic or civic purpose means safer and happier lives for Young Canada.

The memorial scholarships, awarded by the I. O. D. E. to the children of soldiers, sailors or aviators who gave their lives in the Great War have already proved an incentive to ambitious young students in our various provinces. What better memorial could there be for the men, who made the Great Sacrifice, that honor and freedom might live, than this flinging open the gate of opportunity to the young Canadians who are eager for thorough training and higher culture? The best equipment is none too good for those who are to be leaders in Canada—and surely, we may look for some of our prominent men and women among the children of the men who were ready and eager to defend the Empire's cause.

The aims of the I. O. D. E. are such as appeal to all classes of the community, and the need for co-operation to-day among our loyal women is as great as it was in the years of war. May the efforts of the Order be towards unity and strength.

The growth of women's organizations in Canada has been, in the main, of a healthy and helpful nature. The "drop of Scotch" in the Canadian nationality will always make for progress flavored with caution. The Canadian woman is not easily "rushed" into a cause or a calling, but she is likely to remain with either an organization or an institution which she has chosen. There is hard work to be done in our Dominion during the coming years, but our modern women's clubs have the pioneer spirit.



Mrs. P. E. Doolittle, of Toronto, is the recently-elected National President of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire.

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It is *more* than soap. It is *more* than soap and naphtha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naphtha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners. Order Fels-Naptha Soap today.

FREE If you haven't seen or used Fels-Naptha lately, send for free sample. Write Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

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The convenient way to buy Fels-Naptha is in the carton shown above. Ten full-size bars, neatly packed. Directions inside each red-and-green wrapper.



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The real naphtha in Fels-Naptha dissolves grease—cleans and freshens rugs, carpets, draperies, etc. Try it.



Fine for washing-machine

Fels-Naptha, chipped into the washing-machine, loosens the dirt before you start to use the electricity.

A TALE OF THE CARIBOO

BY WALTER EDWARDS

Illustrated by Arthur Drummond

"BIG Gab" Billings was on his way out.

There are few of you who can know what this means unless you are one of those who were in the Cariboo in the days of the rush in the Sixties. Those days when ten thousand men had made their way over old Indian trails, and up the roaring rivers, to search for gold in the creeks, and hills, and valleys; following the Float ever on and on till their food and their hope were gone. All manner of men—clerks, and professional men; sailors and soldiers and miners; but only one kind of women. And all burning with the same fever.

At first the gold had been found in the form of dust in the sand bars of the Fraser, and after these had been washed out the mob had pushed its way farther and farther North. At Williams Creek it had been found in dust and nuggets and as much as forty pounds had been taken out of that creek in a single day. And Antler Creek had yielded three hundred thousand dollars in three weeks. And then gradually the search had extended North and East and Quesnell had been founded; and Barkerville. Where there had been no signs of dust or nuggets men had followed the "Float;" those pieces of rock showing signs of metal, which break from some gold bearing ledge and are washed down with the current far from their source.

On and on they had followed the lure of adventure and gain until they were spent and broken and seized with despondency, despair, and bitterness. Despondency that sapped the vitals of strong men till they sat for days on a bench in the sun, waiting; waiting; waiting—for nothing; and a despair born of this despondency for they knew that they were waiting in vain; knew in fact that they were not waiting for anything; that they had abandoned hope, and that they would give up at last when their stake was gone and "Go out." Go with a bitterness against the Cariboo, and their country; yes and even against their fellow man—and God.

Billings was an "Overlander" which is to say, that he was one of those who had come overland from the East by ox-cart, by canoe, by raft, and on foot three thousand miles across country that was then a dangerous wilderness, to the great Cariboo where it had been said men could find nuggets by the roadside. They called him "Gab" because his initials were G.A.B. and because he was a man of few words.

He had waded hip deep through sloughs and muskeg, and swum in the icy rapids of the rivers; he had crossed great chasms hand over hand on a fallen sapling where a slip meant instant death; he had gone for days with nothing to eat but bark and roots, and had seen men drop out to die by the way, and men drowned in the hungry canyons where the swirling waters seemed to be roaring for their prey. He had been one of the party to discover that island where the mutilated and torn bodies of all but one of the stranded party had told its own tale of savagery and man's inherent will to live, even by means too ghastly to mention. And when he reached Quesnell and they asked if he had had many adventures on the trip he merely said "Yes, some. Where can I get an outfit?" So they called him Gab.

And now he was on his way out.

The Cariboo had taken his all and had given him in return,—nothing. He had laid his means, and his hopes; his enthusiasm and his strength, at the feet of the Yellow God and it had accepted them placidly as its due, and had returned no sign that it accepted him as one of its elect.

He had tried the sand, and the gravel, and the clay: he had followed the float far, and now he was "going out" broke and despondent.

He and Shorty McLeod had mushed far South. They had passed Williams Creek, and Antler Creek, now deserted save for the occasional solitary miner sticking doggedly to his claim, and digging and washing, and looking with fresh

eagerness into every pan for the signs that might mean wealth even beyond his dreams.

"Can we make it Shorty?" he asked one morning as they were breaking camp.

"Just," said Shorty. "We got enough grub to last us if we don't lose no time on the way. And a good thing too," he added, "for, I tell you Gab, I ain't feelin' none too good."

"Well," said Billings, "Let's mush. I didn't come overland to quit on the way out."

"No more did them others which quit on the way in," said Shorty, succinctly, and they shouldered their packs and tramped on. About noon they came to the bed of a small creek, now dry, and halted for a rest and a bite.

"Sit down Shorty," said Billings, "I'll get some wood and make you some coffee. You look bad."

Shorty stretched himself out wearily. "I tell you Gab," he said again, "I ain't feelin' none too good."

Billings walked up the creek bed gathering bits of wood and brush from the dry bottom, for this was the dry belt and there were no trees. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation as his foot turned over a rock. "Shorty," he yelled, "here's some float. Damned good float too," he added.

"To Hell with it!" said the little man listlessly. "I've follered float too long."

PUSHING on in his search for fuel Billings turned up more float, and then more, and having gathered enough fuel for a fire he returned and set the water to boil for the coffee. While it was heating he produced his find.

"Looks good," he said.

"It always does," said Shorty, "but we ain't got no time to foller it. We kin just make it as it is, and" he added petulantly, "I ain't feelin' good I tells yer."

"Let's try once more," Billings urged. "A man can't go out while there's a chance. We won't take more than a day to it, and if nothing turns up we'll quit."

"Fer God's sake, Gab!" cried Shorty, "Let's go on. I can't no more than make it as it is. One extra day will fix me good. Oh! Gab," he whined piteously as he saw the fever of hope again burning in his partner's eyes, "don't do it. How many

times have yer follered float before. And all this was washed and prospected most thorough by all them fellers on the way in. I tells yer, one extry day will fix me good and plenty. It'll take two days now to the Head of The Road and the grub won't no more than hold out. I couldn't last no longer."

"I hate to leave you, Shorty, but I'm going to give her one more chance," Billings replied. "You take the grub in case you can't make it in the two days. I'll meet you at the Head of The Road. There's lots of work on the road and we can earn enough to make Victoria."

Without waiting for any further protest, or any thanks from Shorty for his share of the grub, he shouldered his pack and strode up the creek bed.

For the remainder of that day, and a part of the next, he followed the float up the creek bottom, but it had seemed to end in a place where there was nothing whatever to indicate the direction from which it had come into the creek. The rest of the second day he had spent in feverishly searching about the open country for signs of the float, but without success, and now darkness was coming on, and he began to feel great drops of rain against his face.

Nowhere does it rain with greater violence than in the dry belt. It seems as though all the water stored for months in the clouds were let loose to be returned to the earth in the one precipitation, and where an hour before everything had been dry and parched, little brooks run in every direction, and the ground is like a sponge.

It was thirty hours since he had eaten, and about fifteen since he had even rested, so relentlessly had the hope of this last chance lured him on. The cold rain felt good against his burning skin, but as it settled down to a steady pour Billings realized that he must find a shelter of some kind, for his prospector's experience warned him that unless he could keep dry the morning would find him in a fever that would prevent his moving.

"I give in," he said to himself. "I was a fool to try it again, and Shorty was right. To-morrow I will go out."

He set about finding some place to shelter from the rain, but the bare rolling country with its interminable sage brush and bunch grass seemed to mock him in his search, and above him a martin

whistled shrilly as though in derision. Looking up he saw the martin perched on a ledge, over which the rocks projected sufficiently to protect it from the rain. It seemed inaccessible except by a rock slide which sloped down steeply from the edge of the cliff; such a slide as he knew from experience was even more treacherous than it looked, for one loosened rock might send the whole mass in a torrent tumbling down the slope, carrying with it among its jagged edges and sharp pointed splinters the thing that had set it moving, but the necessity of sleeping dry for the night determined him to try it.

Carefully feeling every rock before bringing any pressure to bear upon it he made his way, foot by foot, up the slope. The rough rocks cut his hands and tore his clothes, but he struggled on and up, his trembling legs hardly able to push him forward, until at last he gained the edge. The martin whistled and scurried away but it was now too dark to see it, and crawling on hands and knees he crept under the ledge.

WHEN Gab Billings woke next morning the sun was shining brightly over the hills and he knew that he should be moving, but he was dazed and dizzy from hunger and fatigue, and sore from his contact with the rocks, and the desire even to live seemed to have deserted him.

"What does it matter?" he thought. "I could never make it to the Head of The Road. I might as well die here as on the trail."

He rolled over to shut out the sight of the sun, and the World, for he was sick of a World that promised so much and gave nothing, and then he lay still—for sparkling back at him from the rock was the golden light he had come so far to find. He did not move: he hardly dared to breathe. Then it occurred to him that he might be delirious from exhaustion and hunger. Stories had been told him of men who had finally gone mad and in their madness had seen rich veins, and veins of pure gold, from which only force by their rescuers could tear them.

The thought sent a shudder through his mighty frame and made him sit up. He felt his forehead and found it not exceptionally fevered. Then he looked at his hands and his gun, and out across the valley to try if he could see clearly. Again he turned toward the golden treasure and for a long time stared at it dully; then cautiously he began to approach it, like a panther creeping upon its prey. Slowly he opened his knife and crept forward until he was within reaching distance, and then he halted again. He feared to try the reality for if it were a dream he wanted to enjoy it to the full before he woke. Slowly he put out his hand and touched the rock, and then he sprang up with a wild shriek and began feverishly to pick at the golden particles with his knife.

"Gold!" he yelled. "Gold! Oh God!" He pressed his face and his body against the rock with his arms outspread as though he would embrace it all, and so fell exhausted to the ground.

After the first excitement was over his nature reasserted itself: the nature that had brought him safely overland to the Cariboo and had earned him the soubriquet of "Gab," and he set about staking out his claim. In the course of this work he managed to shoot a fool hen which he devoured ravenously, and drank deep of the clear pools left by the rain in the hollows of rocks. He found too that the ledge led out onto the face of the hill from whence he could get back to the lower ground without retracing his way over the rock slide.

Hurrying now over the ground he had covered in the previous days when his time had been taken up in the search for float, he reached the place where he had left Shorty, some time before sundown. A white paper waving on a stick attracted his attention, and he found it to be a note.

"Dear Gab" it read "I have left yur shar of the grub buried under this stick. Good luck and good by I ain't feelin none to good. Shorty."

Having eaten some of the food and taken some rest he set out again, for he realized from the "Good Bye" in Shorty's note that he must be nearly all in. The repetition of the phrase "I ain't feelin' none too good" he knew to

(Continued on page 7)



He found Shorty lying under a sage bush. He was unconscious, but still breathing.



PROLOGUE

"No man is hero to his valet," so runs the cynical adage. But you can reverse the saying with reference to the other sex. Every woman is a heroine to her lady's maid; it may not be true in all cases, but 'tis true enough for any proverb.

The romance of a lady's own woman is centred in her mistress. She will clothe her in finery with a greater joy than if she were draping herself; rather than see her go shabby she would wear sackcloth; she will hang over the banisters, on a dinner-party night, to observe the sit of her train as she sweeps downstairs on the arm of some notable personage; she will lean out of the window to watch her step into her sedan, and if there are Beaux hovering and my Lady tosses her plumes and whisks her panniers to proper advantage it is Abigail's heart that beats high with pride.

Even Miss Lydia Pounce, own woman to my Lady Kilcroney, a damsel remarkable from her earliest youth for her tart and contradictory ways, who was verging on elderliness now with the acidity and leanness peculiar to the "born old maid," would have laid down her life to ensure that my Lady's court gown should fit her trim waist without a wrinkle, or that the pink silk stocking that clothed her pretty leg was drawn to its proper skintight limit.

(Both the Incomparable Kitty and her Lydia were exceedingly particular that these same stockings should never be worn with the gross slovenliness that permitted a sag. Not indeed that anything but the merest glimpse of slender, arched feet, like the "little mice" of an earlier poet's fancy, peeping in and out from under the flutter and foam of lace and silken flounce, was ever displayed to the vulgar eye; but to know these niceties complete in the smallest and most delicate detail was necessary to the comfort of any self-respecting Woman. And on this point Lydia was in thorough sympathy with her mistress, as upon all others connected with the elegance and *bon ton* of the most modish of Mayfair belles; of that leader of Fashion, Feeling and Style which the Lady Kilcroney undoubtedly was.)

If Woman be a heroine to her lady's maid, in what light does she appear to her Milliner?

Here we come upon debatable ground. At first sight it would seem that the milliner, being dependent upon her customers for her very existence, it must follow that whatever her private opinion may be with regard to their appearance and taste, she can have but one burning desire: to please her patronesses. There is nevertheless another side to the question.

What Woman of intelligence but does not realise that a Mode may make or mar her? How much may hang on the droop of a feather; the tilt of a hat-brim; the glow of a rose in cunning juxtaposition with the soft carmine of a blushing cheek? Blue eyes may flash into sudden significance under a knot of azure ribbon, that had before languished their tenderest in vain. Saucy innocence may triumph beneath a shepherdess wreath; or tired charms kindle into new brilliancy stimulated by the conscious, ness of the perfect inspiration. In fine—all that life holds best is at the mercy

of the mantua maker where the Lady of Fashion is concerned. Let but a clever business woman grasp this great and awful truth; and she who combines the brain that can devise, the taste that never fails, the acumen that knows no hesitation, the finger that is at once light and firm, unerring and ethereal, becomes to her employers a treasure beyond the mines of Golconda!

Such a treasure did Miss Pamela Pounce, with whom these pages are concerned, prove herself to the noted Madame Mirabel of Bond Street. And such an influence, far-reaching and subtle, did she exercise on the lives of the *Elégantes* who consulted her, with the eager submission and reverence of the believing Greek for his Oracles, though with far other and comfortably practical results!

Miss Pamela Pounce, Goddess of Modes, was *ipso facto* Goddess of the Machine of Life, deciding, with a lucky toss of ribbons or hitherto undreamt of combination of fallals, the fate of her fair customers, and incidentally that of their Beaux, their lovers and their husbands; my Lady Kilcroney and her lazy, jolly life-loving Lord; dark-browed Susan Verney, who would fain have bent the whole world to her sway as she did her weary Baron; Lady Anne, her sister, still fondly, foolishly in love with her stalwart, countrified Squire, Philip Day; their young sister, the last of the fair Vereker Ladies and the naughtiest, with her tangled love-stories; Mr. Stafford, the once famous Beau, proud of the startling beauty of his excellent, dull, childish wife, and anxious that she should flaunt it *à la mode* with the best of them; Sir Jasper Standish, the sporting Baronet, who, bereaved of his exquisite, clinging Julia, found himself entangled beyond belief with Miss Pamela Pounce's ribbons; the noted young actress, Miss Falcon, known as "Fair Fatality," whose brief life drama was more tragic than any she had enacted for the benefit of the public; the plain Miss Vibart, who found beauty and love and happiness all in a Pounce bandbox; Mistress Molly Lafone, own sister—who would believe it?—to the pearl of ingenuous womanhood, Prue Stafford, Molly Lafone that mix, whom the members of my Lady Kilcroney's coterie were so unanimously leagued to suppress and exclude, and who, in spite of their efforts contrived to insinuate herself disastrously into all their combinations (was it not under a wreath twisted by Pamela's long clever fingers that this elegant little adventuress came to her most deserved catastrophe?)—there was not one of them but came under her wand!

But at the same time the arbiter of the fate of others, in the shape of a very young woman, guided the shuttle of her own destiny, and wove a remarkably pretty design for herself.

Milliners, unlike Oracles and Sybils, have each their personal human span with its joys and fears, pleasures, pains and triumphs. Pamela's romance ran like a cherry-coloured thread through the warp and woof of those other existences, so far above her, in which her profession had involved her. To show the whole pattern, light and dark, sparkling and deep-hued, flowered, dotted, arabesqued, of this brocade of earthly life, the poor *Modiste* must assume as important a place as that of her clientele

CHAPTER I

HOW MY LADY KILCRONEY ENTERED INTO ROYAL SERVICE UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE ITALIAN HAT TRIMMED BY MISS PAMELA POUNCE

WHILE Miss Pamela Pounce was serving her third year as apprentice to the great art of Hat Confectionery, under the ægis of no less a personage than the world-famous Madame Eglantine of Paris—once "the little French Milliner" of Bath—her aunt and benefactress, who had placed her in these favourable circumstances, had begun to taste the proudest triumph of her life.

Miss Lydia Pounce was about to become own woman to a Court lady! My Lady Kilcroney—to whom she had so faithfully and ruthlessly devoted herself—from the days when, as the Widow Bellairs, she first scintillated in the world of fashion, to her present position of Viscountess—was chosen by Her Majesty, Queen Charlotte, to fill the post of Lady-in-Waiting to her own Sacred Person.

To enter Court circles had been the dream of Lydia's angular and ambitious breast. Her mistress's gratified vanity was a trifling emotion compared to the bursting satisfaction which this upward step on the social ladder afforded the maid. It is not too much to say that she regarded herself in the light of a Prime Minister who has successfully brought about some great political event, and who is a far more important person than the Sovereign whom he serves.

It came to pass in this wise. His Most Gracious Majesty, King George III, had been ordered to Cheltenham Spa for the waters by his physicians; his state of health was causing anxiety, the extent of which was as yet quite unknown to the bulk of his loyal subjects. Queen Charlotte, the most devoted of spouses, of course determined to accompany him; and the Royal party duly proceeded to the Spa.

It happened to be Lady Flora Dare Stamer's term of attendance on Her Majesty, and that stout estimable Lady-in-Waiting happened to be Lady Kilcroney's very close and dear friend. There was nothing remarkable, perhaps, in the conjunction of these two happenings; but it was indeed singular that Kitty Kilcroney should happen to discover a delicacy in her son and heir which necessitated an instant visit to the celebrated health resort now so vastly honoured.

These events having succeeded each other, nothing more natural than that my Lady Kilcroney should invite her "poor dear Flo" to a "dish of tea and a chat at her lodgings, to rest her of the fatigue consequent upon her eminent but exhausting office.

Though Lady Flora had made no secret to her intimates of her intention to rid herself of her honours as soon as might be, who so surprised as her dearest Kitty to learn that she now believed her emancipation at hand?

"To tell you the truth, my dear," said Lady Flo, chewing a macaroon, "it's not a job that suits me in the least. 'Twould fit you vastly better."

"O, Lady Flo!" cried Kitty in accents of amazement. "What a strange thought!

I vow and declare such an idea never crossed my mind. And, in truth, 'tis rank impossible. There are a hundred reasons, a thousand reasons, why I am the last person likely to be selected by Her Majesty. I am too young."

"Upon my word," said her companion bluntly. "I doubt if there's so much between us, my dear, were it not that I have run to fat. These macaroons are excellent. 'Tis like your genius to be so well served in lodgings. You've brought the best of your staff with you, I make no doubt."

"And, O, my love! the difficulty of housing them! There's scarce a tradesman in the town that hath not a servant of mine."

Kitty spoke with the careless self-importance of the wealthy woman. And Lady Florence approved.

"How right of you, my love, to insist on Comfort!" Comfort was the first and last of her aspirations. "Aye, I will have a little more cream. This whipped stuff—I dare swear 'tis your idea to have it so lavishly flavoured with the vanilla; vastly delicate. Your chocolate is as incomparable as your agreeable self! But yours are not the years of giddiness. I speak in all friendship, I beg you to believe."

Kitty murmured in an absent voice, that she had married her first—worthy Bellairs—a mere child, practically out of the nursery.

"Anyhow, my sweet Kilcroney, no woman who has had two husbands can deny a certain amount of experience, and upon rep," with a rolling laugh, "I don't care who knows that I'm on the wrong side of thirty! You must be pretty well advanced on the right side of it?"

"If you can call twenty-eight——"

"Admit to twenty-eight, by all means!—nevertheless, 'tis an age of discretion. And Her Majesty——"

"I understand——" said Kitty, balancing her teaspoon on the rim of her handleless cup with a musing air—she wondered in her soul if the excellent Lady Flo could really be taken in by this pretence; if it were possible she did not guess that she, Kitty Kilcroney, was longing, grilling to step into her Court shoes—as if she cared who knew that she was over thirty her last birthday, and warning but to ripen beauty as the months slipped by!

"'Tis not," she said aloud, with a pout, "that I would decline a post about our gracious Queen, if 'twere offered me, God forbid! I am too loyal a subject. But I understand the German woman, that frumpish creature, the Keeper of the Robes—what's her barbarous name?—hath the royal ear, and will not suffer anything young or comely, if she can help it, about Her Majesty—(And there's one for you, my Lady Flo, with your right and your wrong side of thirty!) 'Tis a vast of pity you will not continue to occupy a position so honourable and so becoming to you."

"To tell you the truth," said Lady Flora unmoved, helping herself to another macaroon, "'tis the standing that undoes your poor friend! Conceive it, my love, full fourteen stone, and on my feet hours every day. Hours did I say? Centuries. Look hither!" She thrust out a large sandalled foot, which certainly had a plethora appearance. "'Tis swollen beyond belief. I acknowledge my stoutness

I made but little count of it, for I've been a prodigious comfortable woman along of it. 'Tis a cushioned life. It pads the mind as it were. I assure you, I believe myself to have been, only some three months ago, the most good-tempered woman in England. And now! 'Pon rep, I am growing peevish! Fie upon it—stout and peevish! Was there ever such a combination?"

As if to contradict her own statement she again gave way to her jolly laugh. Kitty, watching her through long eyelashes, sighed.

"But what can induce you to think of me, my Lady Flo? Poor little retiring me!"

"Pray my dear, do not play the Molly Lafone with me!"

Molly Lafone! Such a comparison was too comic! Kitty laughed, and dropped her not very successful mask.

"Upon my word, then, I believe it would suit me! But how can it be accomplished? I am not one to push myself forward. My Lord Kilcroney is an Irishman and no courtier, and their Majesties have their own favourites; and indeed to begin with, I doubt whether you will find it so easy to resign."

"Resign, Kitty! Resign? No, dear Kilcroney, I am on the point of being graciously dismissed. It took some management, but I was desperate. Another month of this, I said, and Mr. Stamer will be able to look out for a new wife—which he would do, my dear love, across my very coffin—'twas yesterday sennight then, I made up my mind. I took my best rose-point flounce—by the mercy of heaven it was just returned from the lacemenders, neatly packed in tissue tied with ribbon and a scent bag within, as elegant a parcel as you could wish to see!—and I sought Mrs. Schwellenberg—aye, that same!—and says I, 'For mercy's sake, give me a chair. My poor feet will scarce support me?' At which she looks as sour as a crab, and quoth she: 'We all have veet, Lady Florence' (you know her vile accent), 'but we forget dem in our great honour and privilege.' 'Would God I could forget mine,' thinks I. But she glances at the parcel in my hand: 'Take a zeat,' she says with a roll of her old eye. 'Ah, my good Frau,' says I to myself, 'you may look, but you shan't clutch yet a bit!'

Lady Florence laughed reminiscently, and Kitty screamed:

"Never tell me you gave the Old Dutch villain your rose point flounce!"

"And what would be the good of a rose-point flounce to me, when I should be dropped dead in the Queen's apartment, like any hackney jade? My love, I showed that ancient toad my two feet—and I vow toad is a good name for her, for she hath the countenance and the croak of her own pet frogs—I showed her my feet, and I lamented my stones of weight. 'Pon rep! I gave myself sixteen, I did indeed, and what with the swelling, I looked 'em! 'Let me confide in you, I cries, 'if ever I saw a truly noble soul writ on a human brow, 'tis on yours! My frame,' I cries, 'is not equal to my devotion. My ankles will not support the loyalty of my heart! 'tis not that I should grudge passing away in such service,' I cries, turning up my eyes—You could not have done it better, Kitty!—but were I to faint in those sacred precincts, were I to pass away in that august Presence, Her Majesty would be justly annoyed. Dr. Jebb has warned me. Alas! look at me. Am I not fat?' 'Vat you are,' says she, 'but so am I.' Well, then, my love, I gave her a peep of the lace, and she began to dribble at the corners of her mouth, and I knew the trick was done! 'If I speak to Her Majesty,' says she, and she fingering my rose-point, 'I vonder vot substitute I could suggest. Her Majesty she does not like the changes, and—' And then, I thought of you, Kitty."

"I wonder why, in the name of Heaven!" cried this lady tartly.

"Your feet won't swell, my love."

"I need not accept," quoth Kitty, pinching her lips.

"Kitty, if you play your cards well, the post will be offered to you while their Majesties are here at Cheltenham. 'Tis all settled with the Schwellenberg. Do you not know," said Lady Florence, pushing the dish with a single remaining macaroon upon it, virtuously from her, "that Susan Verney is making all the interest in the world for the honour? But she was rude to the Schwellenberg one day—you know poor Susan's way!—

when they met in my drawing-room at Queen's Lodge, and the Schwellenberg will have none of her!"

"Say no more!" cried Kitty, and fires shot from her eyes.

"My love, I believe I have served you," said Lady Florence, replying to the eloquence of that glance. "My royals are not bartial to the Irish," said Schwellenberg. "Ah, but Madam," I says. "My Lady Kilcroney is not Irish. She is true-born English, and has vast wealth—widow of an Indian Nabob—vast wealth and a generous heart!—And you admire the lace, Madam!" says I, "in the very truth I was hoping I might venture to offer it to you, for 'tis lace that should be worn at court, Madam, and in no other place—and as I mentioned to you, my Lady Kilcroney and her Lord have practically severed all ties with Ireland. If you would accept the flounce, Madam, on my retirement (I think there is a narrow edging of rose-point to match). 'I will tink of what you say about my Lady Kilcroney,' croaks she. Am I not a good friend, Kitty?"

She looked at Kitty with such beaming kindness that all this latter's caprices vanished; she cast herself affectionately on Lady Florence's huge bosom and voted that she was indeed the best and dearest!

It was agreed between them before the large and jovial lady left the pleasant apartments overlooking the meadows, that she would call early next morning,

tired, and a fund of humour and good humour that made her equal to most trials. Moreover she had a fighting spirit, and, she flattered herself, a charm of her own. If she did not get the better of Schwellenberg on the one hand, and ingratiate herself with Royalty on the other, then she was no longer incomparable Bellairs!

Her agreeable reflections were broken in upon by the entrance of my Lord Kilcroney.

Now, hot-blooded, red-headed Irishman as he was, it was the rarest thing in the world for this nobleman to be seriously out of temper with anyone, let alone with the wife of his bosom; but, as he flung himself into Kitty's hired parlour, he was in as irate a mood as he had ever indulged in, and that with his Lady.

"Here's a pretty business!" quoth he, and cast his hat on the table in the middle of the room, very nearly dislodging the glass dome which protected a gold filigree basket containing the most purple plums, the reddest strawberries, the bluest grapes that ever artist in wax produced. "Here's a pretty to-do!" cried Denis Kilcroney.

"There seems indeed to be a to-do!" retorted Kitty. She wheeled round from the window. "But you will condescend to explain the cause perhaps, my Lord?"

"So I hear you've got a place about the court, me darling," said Denis, plunging

towards its accomplishment, when her little black page appeared at the open door, grinning at the sounds of dispute, and announced: "Mistress Lafone." And if the sight of dusky innocence amused was exasperating to my Lady, what can be said of the feelings aroused by the smile of minxish artfulness?

"Good heavens," cried Kitty. "And what brings you to Cheltenham, if one may ask?"

"Good-morrow, my sweet Kilcroney." This familiarity!

"Good-morrow, Madam." Kitty swept a curtsy to mark her distance, the while my Lord kissed the creature's hand, positively as if he liked doing so, and him but out of such a tantrum as never was.

"And what should bring me to Cheltenham—(no, my Lord, pray. I prefer the little stool. I do indeed)—why should not poor little me be here with the rest?"

"Why, indeed?" growled Kilcroney. "And what has brought you, my Lady, if one may inquire?"

"She thought little Denis looked pale!" cried my Lord, and gave a great guffaw.

"You may laugh, Madam," said Kitty, as Mrs. Lafone tinkled delicately. "There are feelings which only a mother can understand."

Mistress Lafone was childless.

"One excuse will serve as well as another." My Lord let himself fall into a chair that creaked threateningly beneath his weight.



"Oh, my Lord, I scarce know why, I have ever been sadly persecuted. I am the victim of evil tongues. My reputation has been assailed."

and report the result of Mrs. Schwellenberg's "tinking," since she had been given to understand that Her Majesty would deliver her gracious dismissal that evening, during the process of the Royal disrobing.

"You must hold yourself ready, my sweet child, to be at any point considered suitable along Her Majesty's path during the next few days. By the looks Her Majesty casts on me I am convinced Schwellenberg has kept her word, and prepared the ground 'ere we left Queen's Lodge. Well, she knew she would not get the rose-point otherwise."

Kitty stood reflecting in the bow-window long after Lady Florence's chairmen had reeled away with their burden towards Lord Fauconberg's small house on the hill, which had been placed at their Majesties' disposal. It could not be said that she had quite so altogether consuming a desire for the post of Lady-in-Waiting since hearing Lady Florence's talk and gazing on those swollen feet, but, rather than that Susan Verney—dark, overbearing Susan!—should have the advantage, Kitty would have stood on burning ploughshares. She had, thank Heaven, as good health as any lady in the kingdom, a back that was never

into sarcasm, with a flushed countenance.

"Pon me soul, 'tis the grand lady you're going to be entirely! 'Tis the back seat your husband will have to be taking. Glory be to God, what's a husband? And an Irish one into the bargain!"

"Pray, my Lord," cried Kitty, all eagerness. "Where have you heard the news? For, as I'm a living woman, 'tis news to me."

"Ah! go on out of that." My Lord was certainly very angry, and more than usually Hibernian. "Didn't that fat baggage come straight out of these doors? Didn't she put that full moon face of hers out of the sedan window and bawl to her men to stop, and them with the sweat dripping off them, God help them! And 'oh,' she calls, 'My Lord Kilcroney,' she cries, 'tis quite settled,' she says. 'And your Kitty to take my post about Her Majesty.' Why, all Cheltenham could have heard her."

"Tush!" Kitty's peach-tinted countenance, agog with delight, fell. "Is that all? Why—" she was about to expound to Denis with some firmness the folly of giving way to passion over an event that was still in the uncertain future, at the same time conveying to him her clear intention to leave no stone unturned

"Oh, I seek for no excuse," quoth Molly Lafone. Crouching on the low stool, she had a singular air of astuteness, in spite of her fostered childishness. "I never can understand why people should not tell the truth." She raised arch eyes towards my Lord, while Kitty sat with the majesty of an Eastern idol, and had not as much as the quiver of an eyelash. "I'm here to curry favour with royalty," she laughed again sweetly, "like the rest of us!"

The brazenness of it! My Lord guffawed again. He certainly was in a most unpleasant mood.

"Huthen. I hope you'll be as successful as my Lady there!"

"Oh! My Lady Kilcroney!"

"Sure, isn't it the surprise of her life." Kilcroney once again waded heavily in sarcasm. "She hadn't as much as the faintest notion such a thing could happen to her—had you, me Lady? She hadn't as much as opened her mouth for the plum—it was perhaps the purple artifice on the table that suggested the simile—but didn't it drop into it? It's going to be Lady-in-Waiting she is, in place of my Lady Flo—"

"Oh! my Lord, say you so? Says he right, my dearest Lady Kilcroney?"

'Tis the most splendid, the most monstrous delightful news I've heard this long time. Oh!" cried Mrs. Lafone, clasping and wringing her hands in an ecstasy. "May not your little Molly rejoice with you?"

"You are vastly disinterested," said Kitty.

Mrs. Lafone gave her tinkling laugh.

"Ah, my Lady—indeed, my Lord, I have said that I am frank. Dearest, Lady Kilcroney, I will be frank—If I could obtain some little post—the teeniest weeniest little post at court—"

But Kitty interrupted, bouncing out of her stateliness.

"Pray, Mrs. Lafone, for what post should you consider yourself qualified about the august person of our gracious Queen?"

"Oh! My Lady Kilcroney, the least little post in all the world! Hath not the Queen appointed a plain Miss Burney reader? I believe I could very well be reader. Mr. Lafone says I have a silver tone in my voice, and our curate at home once told me—"

"Tush, the celebrated Miss Burney hath qualifications, child, which you in your foolishness fail to appreciate."

"Yet she is but a music teacher's daughter, Madam," said Molly with a mighty sigh. She dropped her white eyelids and turned a green glint on my Lord, and sighed again. "Or if not actually about her Majesty—who am I, indeed, to aspire to that Presence?—some office about yourself, dear Lady Kilcroney. I would be your secretary, your Lady-in-waiting, your devoted attendant!"

"This is folly," cried Kitty. "I am by no means appointed to my Lady Flo's post, and if I were—well, to be frank with you, Lafone, since you like frankness so much—you are the last person in the world I should ever be instrumental in bringing to court. Heavens!" cried Kitty, gazing upwards at the low ceiling, as if she saw through it into the celestial regions. "What discretion, what faultless propriety of conduct, what a delicate sense of responsibility, what a blameless record should be demanded of one who would enter that sacred circle!"

(It was the glint of her visitor's green eye at my Lord which gave this stern decision to Kitty's tones.)

Here, quite unexpectedly, and with admirable effectiveness, large tears rose in Mrs. Lafone's eyes and rolled down her cheeks, without in the least disturbing the prettiness of her pointed visage. My Lord cast a glance from one to the other; it was lit with a tender sympathy as it fell on this touching impersonation of grief, and kindled with reproach as it shot to Kitty.

Mrs. Lafone gave a small sob.

"Your sweet lady," she said, now audaciously addressing her male champion, "has ever been a friend in need."

'Tis for that, that I have ventured, my Lord, that I have ventured to come to her to-day, hearing—yes! I will own it, I already knew that she was like to be next in the Queen's choice. I made the journey hither in the hopes—'tis for no reason of petty vanity, no mere envious ambition—"

(Thus the minx)

"oh! my Lord, I scarce know why, I have ever been sadly persecuted. I am the victim of evil tongues! . . . My reputation has been assailed."

"Ha!" said Kitty. The ejaculation leaped from her.

Molly Lafone produced another silver sob. "Quite unfoundedly, I do assure you! My conscience is spotless, my Lady Kilcroney, spotless!"—she caught Kitty's eye, and went on in a humble voice—"in this instance! Indeed, my Lady—but Mr. Lafone—I am sadly maligned, he is suspicious, he—"

Here the unfortunate young woman became quite incoherent in her demonstrations of distress. She wrung her white hands with extra pathos. Another large tear flowed, and a volley of little sobbing, disjointed phrases accompanied it, "domestic happiness—ignorance of the world—poor little me, country-bred and guileless—salvation or despair."

In the midst, Kitty rose, returning to her majesty.

"I must put a stop to a scene so useless and so painful. How is it possible, Madam, you do not see that every word you utter but marks the impossibility of your request? Pray, my Lord, see Mistress Lafone to her chair."

"Kitty!" cried Kilcroney, springing to his feet. He had not thought it of

her, to requite these open-hearted confidences with insult; to turn so trusting and touching a creature into the street; a lady—an old friend! "Pray Mistress Lafone, let us be offering you a dish of tea," cried he.

There are days when everything goes askew. Kitty's great footman marched into the room and presented his mistress with a letter which, he said, had just been brought by a riding messenger. Kitty took it from the salver with all the air of one glad of the diversion, but no sooner had she perused it than she exclaimed, in tones of such consternation, that my Lord leant forward and took it out of her hand. He exclaimed in his turn, but in accents of pleasure.

"Why, what is this? Sure, Alanna, there is naught here to upset you, 'tis the best of good fortune on the contrary! Here's your sweet friend, my Lady Mandeville, actually at Malvern and proposing to drive over and spend the day with you to-morrow, bringing her little rogue to play with ours."

"Oh, this is intolerable," cried Kitty, "this is past bearing! Bid the messenger wait. Good heavens, do I not hear him riding away?—Call him back, my Lord, call him back! On no account must my Lady Mandeville be permitted to visit me to-morrow."

My Lord stood rooted to the spot, and the veins on his forehead swelled. Kitty rushed to the window and hailed vigorously; the rhythmic footfalls of a horse receding at slow pace along the cobble stones was, on a sudden, altered to the clatter of a returning trot.

"Damnation!" cried my Lord. "This passes all!"

Mistress Lafone had stopped the wringing of hands and the production of tears, and was all malicious interest.

Kilcroney had entered into a towering passion. He protested that it was the most monstrous low thing, that he forbade my Lady to behave so base to her friend.

"Tare an' ounds!" cried he, "if it wasn't ashamed you were, and that, not a minute ago, to be enjoying the finest hospitality in the world, the kindest, the most open-hearted, 'tis not ashamed you should be to return a thrifle of it! Shame!" ejaculated Denis. "Shame! 'tis on the other leg. Gad, 'tis the shameful bit of meanness you'd be practising and 'tis ashamed I am of you meself (that I should live to say it). Your best friend! And all for what? For what if ye please? For the favour of them that never as much as acknowledged your existence. 'Pon me soul, rather than wound the feelings of that angel upon earth, that fair, fond, gentle, noble creature—"

My Lord's voice cracked. "I'd see the whole of Windsor, and Kew to boot, tumble into the Liffey."

Kitty, white under her delicate smears of rouge, sat down at her writing-table with the most sublime air of offended virtue, but the hand that dipped the pen into the ink shook, and there were tears in the voice which presently declared that if ever there was woman here maligned by her own husband, it was my Lady Kilcroney: she who had not liked to disturb her Lord, but who had nevertheless noticed a red spot behind their darling little Denis's ear that very morning; which spot, as every one who was a mother knew, might very well betoken no less a malady than the measles, which malady, being highly infectious to young children, she, as a mother, now felt it her duty to put off her cherished Lady Mandeville and the adored little Imprington to a more auspicious day.

"Spot!" interrupted my Lord, with a roar between derision and wrath, and

"Spot?" cooed Mistress Lafone, now letting herself go openly to insolence. "My dearest Lady Kilcroney, you are too droll!"

There was contempt written on the countenances of the pair so odiously conjoined against Kitty; neither of them being subtle enough to see that my Lady was content with any excuse, so long as it flung a veil of elegance over her set purpose.

This incomparable woman recovered herself, rose, summoned Pompey, and sent him forth with her letter to my Lord Mandeville's groom. She watched its delivery, through the window, and having beheld the man start off again, returned to the centre of the room, made in silence a profound curtsy, which included her Lord and her visitor, and

sailed forth, closing the door carefully behind her.

My Lord let himself fall again into the arm-chair, and once more this article of furniture protested with ominous creaks and cracks.

"There's not a stick in the place, bejabbers, that isn't as rotten as pears. 'Pon my word," grumbled Denis Kilcroney, "I wish the plaguy waters had never been discovered, I do indeed; 'tis a poor thing when a man's own son and heir is made a weapon against him, and him but turned of three. 'Little Denis is pale, and we must to Cheltenham. And we'll lie at Lady Mandeville's, which is on our way, my love' (and it thirty miles out, taking the back and the forth of it). 'And our little Denis will have a playfellow, 'twill be so vastly good for him. Little Imprington and he will be comrades.' And scarce are we settled at Imprington Court with as good entertainment—aye—and as generous ('tis the cellar of the world my Lord Mandeville has, and 'tis as free with it he is—troth, as I'd be meself if my Lady'd let me, and I can give him no finer character!) No sooner are we settled, and scarce a cork drawn ye may say, but 'tis 'Little Imprington is too rough for our darling Denis. He will teach him ill ways, he will do him a hurt. And Imprington Court is a thought too low for the child's health. And we must move on to Cheltenham, my love, or there will not be a lodging to be had.' And you should have seen the farewells, the clings, the embracings, and the tears, and heard the promises. 'We shall meet again soon, my dearest, dearest Rachel. I vow I'll not be parted from the most cherished of my friends! And now 'tis: 'Keep away—little Denis hath a spot! To be sure, our dearest Rachel must not cast a blight over my Lady's Court prospects.'"

"But why, pray you, why, my Lord Kilcroney, should my Lady Mandeville cast a blight? Is she not in the Court favour?"

Mistress Molly's tones were as insinuating as the fillet of sweetness that issues from a flute; nevertheless, Denis, starting from his black mood, gave her a sudden odd look.

"Prithee, why, my Lord?"

Kitty was in the right of it. The little jade was as false as loaded dice! As if every one did not know poor Rachel's story; how she had been a Quaker and an actress, and my Lord Mandeville's mistress before she had been his wife; and how, save for that one stain, which, indeed, had been the fall of a pure woman piteously and devotedly in love, she had ever shone in a wicked world, the noblest example to her sex.

Mistress Lafone caught my Lord's look upon her and deemed it time to depart. Without waiting, therefore, for his reply to her question, she feigned horror at the lateness of the hour, and bustled away from the Kilcroney lodgings, malcontent with her visit, the more so that my Lord Kilcroney brought a wooden countenance and a dry manner to the very hall door.

She went forth down the single street and across the meadows; for her rooms were in an out-of-the-way cottage, far from the fashionable quarter patronised by the well-to-do. Mrs. Lafone's fortunes were indeed at a low ebb. Her elderly, niggardly husband had vowed some time ago that he would pay no more debts for her, and he was keeping his vow. In her efforts at self-extrication, Mistress Molly, not having a scrupulous delicacy of conduct, had become further considerably entangled. A scandal threatened which might be the undoing of her. And there was my Lady Kilcroney not only declining to help her, but as good as turning her out of the house!

Molly Lafone was sharp of scent as a weasel. It was unpleasantly clear to her that the irate great lady was determined to seize the first opportunity of cutting her altogether; and when my Lady Kilcroney, leader of society as she was, cast her off, she would be lost indeed! She had no thought in her breast, as she walked along the road between the flat fields, but the longing to pay Kitty out.

The way was deserted. Evening shadows were lengthening across the mellowness of the sun-steeped plain. Molly Lafone slackened her pace. Why, indeed, should she hurry back to the stuffy little room where she could afford herself no better supper than bread and milk?

Truly, if there are angels who reward the virtuous, there must be little demons

who provide dainties for those who serve the ways of evil! There, just at her feet, shining quite golden in the rays of the setting sun, lay a letter.

It lay so that its superscription was visible, and Molly could hardly believe her eyes when she read in Kitty's writing the words: "For the hand of my Lady, the Countess Mandeville."

"The careless fellow," said she, "he's dropped it from his belt as he jogged along. Pshaw, how I hate a clumsy fool!"

Then she laughed shrilly. "My Lady Mandeville will never get her Kitty's affectionate answer, nor hear how little Denis hath a spot, and she will come driving in to-morrow to hang herself and her tarnished name round Kitty's neck for all Cheltenham to see, under the nose of the virtuous Queen Charlotte. That is very well done!" cried Molly. "That is a very fit punishment for such base intentions. I am very glad."

And lest anyone should be busybody enough to pick up the dropped letter and forward it to its destination, which would be a sad interference with the just action of Providence, Mistress Lafone picked it up herself and minced it into small pieces as she walked along towards her cottage lodging. She had quite a good appetite for her bread and milk that night.

It had been my Lady Kilcroney's intention to keep her cherished little Denis in his cot, for the space of at least a day, for indeed there was more than one red mark on the satin of his small, plump body, and Kitty vowed it was of a piece with the rest of my Lord's brutality to declare that those who leave their own homes for the discomforts of lodgings must expect the occasional flea. But on receipt of a letter sent round by my Lady Flora's woman, she promptly altered her plans, and ordered the protesting cherub to be arrayed in his best robe-coat covered with fine muslin, and his white satin hat with feathers.

My Lord, as soon as his infant's roars had been soothed by candies, picked up the letter which Kitty had dropped on the floor in her hurried exit to her bed-chamber; and, while his Lady was alternately pealing at her bell and shouting for Lydia, without compunction read it.

"My Dearest Lady Kilcroney: 'Tis all arranged. I consider my freedom well purchased at the price of the rose-point flounce, and the service to a friend, no less, by the trimmings to match. Her Majesty received me in her closet last evening, and the matter was settled quick. I must confess, dearest Kitty, with all the veneration and love (these words were heavily underlined) that I cherish for her August Person, I did feel it hard to find that my poor feet were represented as the dropsy. Dropsy, my love. And I but turned of thirty! 'You should have warned me,' said Her Majesty, 'that you were suffering from a disease.' 'Ma'am,' said I, 'if disease there is—(I was afraid to deny it, dear Kitty, lest the fetters should not be struck off my aching ankles)—'twas contracted in Your Majesty's service.' And now if my Kilcroney has a taste for gilded slavery (though there's less gilding than you would believe), let her be at the entrance of the pump room, to receive Her Majesty at the head of the other lady visitors, on her first visit thither this very morning at eleven o'clock. The Gentlemen-in-Waiting are informing the other notabilities of the town, and Her Majesty is prepared for the little ceremony which she desires shall have the appearance of an Imprromptu, it being her wish to avoid state during the Royal Visit and not to be incommoded by the crowd. If your little Denis were to offer a bunch of roses, it would, I think, please the Queen, who likes to see ladies occupied of their children and is interested in any who are about the age of the Princess Amelia. From what Mrs. Schwellenburg—oh! Kitty, to think of that toad festooned about with my lace—hath wrote to me (thank God we have left the frog-fancier behind at Windsor) I understand you can consider the appointment as good as made—"

The letter dropped from Kilcroney's hand. His goodnatured face (for in spite of tantrums he was to the core a man of good nature), clouded with genuine dismay. It looked as if the plaguey business, which he had regarded in the light of a mere game, was like to turn to earnest.

Why, in the name of Heaven, a woman with all the world could give her, and a devoted husband besides, should break

up her family life for the pleasures of an annual three months' slavery—Lady Florence had well named it—passed his comprehension.

"Nay, Lydia," Kitty's voice was uplifted in the other room; "take back the tabby; aye, and the satin cloak from Madame Mirabel's. I have thought better of it, child. Put away the Eglantine new hat with the feathers. I will wear muslin and a plain straw. I wish to Heaven," cried Kitty pettishly, "that there was a milliner in the Kingdom who could run up a hat to suit a lady's eye-lashes or the tilt of her nose outside Paris."

"There's the Italian straw we bought last time we was staying over there at Madame the Duchess's," said Lydia tentatively; "the same your ladyship ordered for yourself to wear at the Feet at Trianon to which the French Queen asked us—and a sweet elegant creature Her Majesty is, with all her fancies for dairies and such—and the thunderstorm coming on it was the disappointment of the world, and one that I am not like to forget in a hurry! Sure your ladyship, ain't forgotten it? A plain rice straw with a ribbon round, but with a set to it! Aye, and trimmed by my blood-niece, as is apprenticed to Madame Eglantine out of my own poor savings; me being always one to stand by my family, cost what it do."

"The Italian straw," my Lady reflected; "'twas monstrous thoughtful of you, child, to pack it—la, Lydia, 'tis the very thing—trimmed by your niece did you say? Nay, only the genius of Eglantine could twist a bow like that. Put it on my head. Why, 'tis perfect—aye, I will wear it. Her Majesty desires simplicity."

"Simplicity, is it?" Kilcroney groaned. "God help us all!"

As Kitty sallied forth, all in vapoury white, fresh and sweet as a privet blossom, her face delicately pink under the artful shepherdess hat, Pompey following with the great rose-bunch in a band-box, and little Denis trotting alongside scarlet-cheeked from a triumphant battle royal over the wearing of gloves, my Lord looked after them with some melancholy.

"I'll stroll along presently and keep in the background, I'd not like to be blighting Kitty's prospects after the fashion of yonder poor Rachel. By all accounts Her gracious Majesty Queen Charlotte is no more like to fancy an Irishman than the unhappy girl that has a mistake to her name."

Kitty had determined to walk to the pump room. 'Twas scarce a hundred yards away, and "squeeze those crisp flounces into a chair before they had served their purpose—never!" She had taken but a few steps along the street when who should cross her but Mrs. Lafone. Molly, all in the modesty of lilac dimity, with pensiveness, something even approaching penitence, on her pert face. Kitty was in a fair humour, and as her little enemy flung her a deprecating glance of green eyes, actually paused and smiled.

"Whither away, Lafone?"

"Alas, my Lady Kilcroney, stepping into the pump room anon to drink my glass of the waters, I heard as how Her Majesty was expected, and how you and the other ladies of note are to receive her on this, her first appearance. My Lady Kilcroney, knowing myself so unfit, feeling myself so out of spirits, I deemed it more becoming to retire till all was over."

Now Kitty, riding on the top of the wave, was a trifle intoxicated. It was in a tone of almost Royal patronage that she exclaimed:

"Why should you miss the sight, child? You could very well find a little place where you could see and not be seen. Retrace your steps with me."

"Oh! My Lady Kilcroney," cries Molly, with her dramatic clasp of the hands, "was there ever anyone so truly benevolent as you are!"

Hanging her head, the little minx started off, a humble step behind her patroness, and, looking over his shoulder at her, Denis the younger was fascinated by the wicked mockery on her face, and nearly fell into a puddle for staring.

There was no excitement in the town, for Her Majesty's intention was known but to the favoured few. The Royal Family, it was bruited, were still reposing from the fatigues of their journey. There was, however, a small group of gentlemen about the pump room doors, in elegant morning attire, and two or three barouches

and as many chairs were in the very act of depositing their fair burdens as Lady Kilcroney sailed up. She was just in time, indeed, to see Lady Verney—black-browed Susan, panting, flushed, incredibly plumed—hurl herself out of her hired sedan. At sight of Kitty this personage halted in her rush forward into the pump room.

"You here, dear Kilcroney?" her voice shook. There was fury in her eye.

"Even so, dear Verney. Pray, my Lord Courtown, shall I take my stand on this spot? Hither with the flowers, Pompey. My little son is to offer these to Her Majesty, Colonel Digby; certainly 'twould be a mercy if you would have the kindness to hold them till the right moment comes. Such tender years are scarcely to be trusted!—Nay, Denis, lambkin, no more sugar plums till we get home again, or little pandies would be so sticky, Denis couldn't give the nosegay to the beautiful Queen—What a pity, my

my Lady Kilcroney, for the royal party might be expected any moment.

"Mrs. Tracy, ma'am, as one conversant in these matters, will you stand at my Lady's elbow?—My Lady Kilcroney, Mrs. Tracy—Her Majesty's Senior Bed-chamber Woman, who is at the waters on her own account."

My Lady Verney, biting her lip, stamped heavily on her neighbour's foot as she shifted her position. Turning at the low cry, her fierce black eyes met the plaintive green ones of Mrs. Lafone, who in spite of her discreet protestations, had taken as forward a place in the group as well she could. As a rule Molly was in no better favour with Susan Verney than with the rest of the coterie, but at that moment they shared a sentiment which made them suddenly and momentarily sympathetic.

"Oh, my Lady Verney," whispered Molly, "did you ever see anyone so sadly cocked up as our poor Kitty? It

'her Royals' back. And if Kitty blushed she had nevertheless the most elegant ease. Her curtsy was a model; the dignified modesty with which she advanced and then retreated within the due measure of etiquette was perfect of its kind. And when the incident took place, which might indeed have proved awkward, of Master Denis declining to part with his posy, his mother saved the situation. "Denis," quoth she, bending but not whispering; all with a modest assurance that could not have been bettered by one who had been years at Court. "Lambkin, do you not remember what I bid you? To whom were you too ffer these flowers?"

"To the beautiful Queen," said the child, his great brown eyes roaming about as if he were seeking—as well he might, poor innocent!—whom the description might fit. The Queen, with a flattered smile, herself took the offering from his chubby fingers.



"But it is a stroke of genius!" exclaimed the little Frenchwoman. She hated Pamela, but she was, above all, an artist.

dearest Susan, you should have made yourself so fine. By Her Majesty's most express wish, all is to have the appearance of the simplest impromptu! Still, my skirts are fairly wide. If you place yourself behind me—"

Place herself behind Kitty! Had her beloved friend run mad, she that was always so flighty? My Lady Verney to place herself in the rear, be hidden by another's flounces, she who had posted day and night, all the way from Hertfordshire, upon the news of a probably vacancy about the Queen's person! Was it possible that Kitty, with her Irish husband, labelled with such a name, could fancy that she was like to meet with the Queen's favour? Susan was sorry for her poor friend. She tossed her head with a snort. My Lady Verney had something of the appearance of a handsome horse.

But stupefaction succeeded indignation when Lord Courtown, very civilly addressing her, begged her to take her place with the other ladies in the rear of

frightens me for her, it does indeed. I fear such pride must have a fall."

Although Susan could see no sign of this prognostication being fulfilled, it comforted her nevertheless; and she was able to bear, with a better equanimity than any who knew her would have thought possible, the painful spectacle of my Lady Kilcroney's success with the Queen. Success it indubitably was, though Her Majesty was a dry woman and not given to displays of affability. It was evident that she had come prepared to be pleased with Kitty Kilcroney and that pleased she found herself. And truly, Kitty in her snowy flounces, so charmingly blushing under her wide-brimmed hat—which was indeed trimmed by Lydia's niece, Miss Pamela Pounce—Kitty so daintily maternal with the sturdy little boy clutching his roses, was as pretty a picture as any would wish to gaze upon.

The two blooming Princesses exclaimed upon the darling child, and good-natured Lady Flo was one broad beam behind

"Pretty rogue!" said Princess Augusta.

When the other introductions had been gone through it seemed to be nobody's business to present Mistress Lafone; and though the equerries looked tentatively at her and then at my Lady Kilcroney, nothing could be less responsive than that usually alert being. So Molly made an artless curtsy as became her simplicity, and thought, in her disloyal heart, how frumpish and dowdy Her Majesty looked; and wondered if 'twas Miss Burney who appeared so shortsighted and awkward and timid, with no more air than nothing at all. And save for the gentlemen, who were very personable and had bright looks about them as if they might be enjoyable company to a woman of spirit, there was really naught in this vision of the Court which would make her, little Molly, yearn for it—a vast stiffness and dullness indeed! If it had not been that needs must when the devil drives she would have snapped her slender fingers and 'thank you,' but as matters stood—

(Continued on page 19)



The closely-patterned wallpaper employed in this room shows a beautiful blending of ashes-of-rose and quiet violet against a pale fawn background. The ceiling is tinted to a lighter fawn, with the ivory-enameled wood-trim as a pleasant contrast. The two-toned rug is in a rather light shade of taupe and the chair cushions are of dull violet.

The Reposeful Bedroom

BY COLLIER STEVENSON

TO fix definitely the status of the bedroom as one of the most important components of the modern home, it is only necessary to recall that, under average conditions, virtually one-third of our earthly span is given over to the recreating sway of sleep. That, however, this point is often utterly disregarded, the poorly-planned and inadequately-appointed sleeping-quarters which mar so many otherwise livable and attractive houses would seem to indicate. Indeed, the sleeping-quarters appear to have merely happened—although, perhaps, in the same house the living and service departments show every evidence of careful planning. This, of course, is fundamentally wrong: the bedrooms should receive the utmost consideration, both in the planning and the decorating of a home—and, if the requirements of the family, the servants and the guests are at all extensive or complicated, the bedroom accommodation might well be studied before attention is devoted to the remainder of the house.

In hoping to achieve the best results in the sleeping quarters, the homemaker, whether amateur or professional, cannot afford to overlook the dual matter of aspect and outlook. The Southerly aspect is, naturally, the ideal one, as it assures generous sunlight during the greater part of the day—and, if at all possible, each bedroom of a house should have the benefit of direct sunshine at some hour of the day. Sunlight, too, during the long months of winter, is not only a tonic, but an economical asset in supplementing to some extent the artificial heat within doors. The aspect of a bedroom is, however, partially dependent upon the nature of the outlooks that the chosen site of a house affords: for, if there are any especially agreeable outlooks, the bedrooms are made all the more attractive by commanding them—except when that involves a North exposure, which is rarely satisfactory for a sleeping-room.

Another vital point in bedroom planning is ventilation. Every bedroom should have some cross-draught, whether direct or diagonal. To secure this, bay-windows are to be commended for the bedrooms which cannot be accorded a corner situation facilitating windows

upon two sides. The long-cherished idea that high ceilings promote good ventilation is today properly viewed as a fallacy: we at length have come to realize that the

nearer the ceiling is to the window tops, the more readily can all the air in a room be put into circulation. And, incidentally, we also appreciate that comparatively low ceilings are of advantage economically in the artificial heating of a house; as they prevent the formation of a "pocket" of superheated air in the upper portion of a room that would tend to leave the lower portion difficult to keep at a pleasant temperature.

Strange as it may seem, many bedrooms are actually destitute of suitable wall-spaces for even the most essential pieces of furniture—for, even in the smallest of bedrooms, a bed and some type of bureau must be viewed as essential or fixed pieces. To these, as the scope of the bedroom permits, are to be added such portable pieces as dressing-tables, chiffoniers, writing-desks and chairs: and, for each, when the sleeping quarters are being planned, a suitable space should be provided according to the respective needs of each bedroom.

In this connection, amateur decorators might profitably follow the practice of many professionals in studying the placement of furniture by charts; drawn, say, to the scale of one-quarter inch to the foot. First of all, a plan of the room which is to be furnished is carefully drawn to show all the windows and doors, and thereby the unbroken wall-spaces that remain. A diagram of each piece of furniture is drawn to the same scale on heavy paper and cut out: and every little diagram is then tried out on the room-plan in various locations until an entirely convenient and satisfactory arrangement has been attained for the room as a whole.

A valuable feature, especially in houses heated by steam or hot water, is an open fireplace in the bedroom—considered primarily as a means of ventilation. And a fireplace is quite as decorative as it is useful. The archaic idea of considering a mirror indispensable above the mantel is, however, rather illogical; as there is invariably a more convenient mirror over the bureau, and possibly another on the dressing-table or chiffonier. A full-length mirror set in a door-panel is always useful: and it is especially appropriate for small bedrooms, as it saves the floor-space which might otherwise be occupied by a cheval-glass. Unoccupied spaces in a bedroom increase the desired airiness of effect—and, indeed, the fewer pieces of furniture in any bedroom, the better!

Lavatories are now frequently installed in bedrooms. Although they are far from ornamental, they certainly mar the appearance of the rooms no more than the furniture seen in many homes. With a little preliminary study, however, it is quite possible to provide either an enclosed recess or a partially screened alcove for the lavatory: and thus make this convenient accessory much more sightly.

(Continued on page 57)



On the floor of this sunny bedroom, a plain rug of reposeful blue green coloring is employed with excellent results. The walls and the ceiling are painted old ivory and the woodwork is enameled in ivory-white. Very decorative use is made of a glazed English chintz: its ivory-white background patterned in odd shades of blue, green and yellow. The curtains of this chintz hang to the floor from a shaped lambrequin.

Ride a Cock Horse

By Louise Morey Bowman

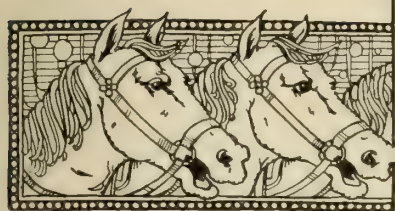
Illustrated by W. R. Purves

The Merry-Go-Round at our county Fair,
When I saw it first, seemed to me
Just the merriest, wildest, craziest thing—
As queer as it ever could be!
Machinery like that!—made for play!
Folks riding around in a ring,
And the jolliest music I ever heard.
And a bell that went ding ding!

O the young and the old they all got on
Till Gilpin he said to me
"Come Lady Queen Anne I'll buy you a ride
If you're not too proud," says he.
So he held me there in the queer little seat
With the prancing horse's head,
That bobbed up and down like a living thing—
And after three rounds he said
"I've paid the man to let us stay on
Till I've had my say. I'm slow,
But I've loved you hard for ten years now, Anne,
And this Merry-Go-Round she'll go
Till I've got your answer. I made this plan
A good many months ago."

O I never felt anything like the wind
A-rushing about my ears—
But that rollicking, frolicking music played
Till I somehow lost my fears.
While I thought all the time what a funny thing
That Gilpin, who's so slow,
Should be the man to make such a plan—
How that Merry-Go-Round did go!

And when it seemed as if all the folks
Had dropped off into the sky!—
And as if I'd give anything just to stop—
And I wanted to laugh and cry—
He said "Well—Anne?" and I said "Yes—John"
With my eyes on the bobbing head
Of my prancing horse. John called to the man—
And the Merry-Go-Round stopped dead.





When the bearer returned, Travice was having his breakfast on the verandah. "The lady was gone, Sahib, and I was not able to deliver the note."

The Surrender of Richard Travice

BY SELWYN RICE

Illustrated by G. W. L. Bladen

A HOT haze hung over the station as the train pulled in to Ranapur. Almost the blue hills of the distance were swallowed out of sight. It was the quiet of the day when all India eats, and a hush lies over the crowded city,—one can almost hear a sigh of relief as the sun goes down. An officer in sun helmet and the service uniform was standing waiting for the train; his horse held by a tall Sikh who was also keeping an eye on two restive ponies hitched to a dak garrow which a little Hindoo was doing his best to quiet. As the train stopped but one passenger alighted. With a quick glance up to the hills, a young girl in a smart linen suit and a most bewitching hat stepped down and looked hesitantly about. The officer immediately came forward and saluted.

"I believe you are Miss Markyate? The Wyntons asked me to start you out—I was riding in to the Club, and these Hindoos are rather hard to understand sometimes, unless you speak their language—my name is Travice."

"Mrs. Wynton did not come to meet me?" She looked up into eyes rather wearied, but there was a quizzical smile playing about the corners of his mouth. This decidedly ornamental young person with the look of some new and wonderful thing in her eyes, was not exactly what he had expected when Mrs. Wynton had asked him to look out for—"Roddy's new governess, you know, coming to-day on the down train. I hope she'll prove," and her voice had trailed off as it had a way of doing. "You might see that Ran-I-San finds her."

"No, the Wyntons—er—were having a tea party or something of the sort—Impossible to get away. I'll just put you in this cart and get your boxes, and Ran-I-San will have you there in no time."

A shadow seemed to cross the lovely face. "The tall man looks quite ferocious. I hope the journey isn't far—I'd much prefer to try the little chap. You see," with a wistful smile, "I'm not quite used to the natives yet, but they look so interesting, don't they?"

There was a bit of a tremor to the smile and Travice suddenly decided that it was rather rotten of the Wyntons not to at least have sent Saiki to meet this young girl who must have come direct from England. Her clothes had a look of Bond Street. After all, Mainwaring and his bridge could wait. He would at least see that she got safely to the Hill Station.

"I find after all that it will be necessary to go back myself—must see about some saddles before the morning. So if all your boxes are here, we'll carry on."

It was a dazzling smile which met his as he turned to beckon the Sikh. "I am relieved! You know, I've loved the freedom of travelling alone, but I did expect some one to meet me."

As they started, the haze seemed to lift a moment and they had a glimpse of the beauty of the hills and as they drove quickly along the dusty road, the darkness fell, quite suddenly, as it does in Northern India. Travice trotting his horse beside the dak garrow, listened with his quizzical smile to this young girl's frank chatter of

her journey, and surprised that he listened at all, whom ladies found most charming when they left him alone, and then answering with a less detached air as she questioned him about the country. Here was a subject very close to his rather steel-clad heart,—if he had one, which was much in doubt in the Hill Station, and he found an interested listener. As they rode on, he wondered why this ardent creature with her enthusiasm was going to spend her days teaching little Roddy Wynton his multiplication table, and helping his ayah keep her charge amused when his mother was having one of her many bridge parties. However, they arrived in due time at the Wynton's bungalow, one of a line much the same. There were lights through the trees, coming and going like fireflies; music and gay laughter drifted to them from the long windows, figures in evening dress flitted to and fro, and from the verandah came the after-dinner smoke of contented men.

"How lovely! How perfectly charming! What a sweet way to arrive—landing in the midst of a party. It looks exactly as I've read in so many Anglo-Indian novels—but there should be a lurking danger to make it altogether brave and romantic," she said laughingly.

"There is always a lurking danger in India." Travice's voice was stern as he answered her gay words, and his brows came together a bit. How—but he gave it up; this child, favored of fortune as she seemed, talked as if she were to be one of the guests and yet distinctly he had understood she was to be the gover-

ness, and especially for the Wyntons. How could she expect—but his reflections were cut short, for as they drove up Mrs. Wynton came out with her inevitable Subaltern.

"Miss Markyate, so glad you have come, Major Travice, so kind of you to come back. We are just getting up a table of bridge, and Molly Saunders has been desolate all evening because you were not here. I told her that your excuse this evening was a very poor one. Ran-i-San, take Miss Markyate to Roddy's ayah. She will show you your room—you will want to unpack."

The girl looked brightly at Mrs. Wynton, but as she had turned to Travice, and was chattering to him in her gayest manner, she looked away again and discovered the Hindoo was making an effort to have her follow him. Travice felt her start and saw the quiet way she went with the little brown man and for some reason he felt a sudden distaste for Mrs. Wynton's chatter, so with a brief good-night and a plea of work to be done, he jumped on his horse and was off to his own quarters.

They were very comfortable quarters, a large bungalow which he had rented furnished from some people going "home" on leave. Coming out soon after the war where he had been badly smashed up, he found in the pulling together of his troop of Lancers and the duties attendant, work to quiet that restless feeling which the war had left as a legacy to so many.

But instead of working he sat down to smoke on his verandah. The vision of a small white face with the light gone from ardent eyes, would not let him rest so he paced up and down until he called himself a fool for not staying at the Club and turned in.

IT was some time before Travice saw the Wyntons again but in answer to a note to dinner he went round one evening a fortnight later and found quite a party gathered. There was Mainwaring, the ever-present, and Colonel Masefield and the Cunninghams; in fact the usual set that gathered at the Wyntons, including a few visiting potentates, very important in their own eyes who had come up for a glance at Indian conditions and would go back to England and write a book on the gaiety of the English and the poor down-trodden natives. And their word would be taken for law while the same brave holders of the Empire's frontiers danced on with death at their door. They were having a very gay time indeed and as Travice wandered from one group to another, he looked in vain for Roddy's governess. The wearied eyes with a glint of bitterness in their depths grew more tired as the evening wore on, and he found an excuse to go early.

Mrs. Wynton followed him out to the verandah. "You are a hermit soul, Major Travice. I was telling Guy Mainwaring we felt that we had made quite a triumph to get you here to-night and now you are off so early."

Travice made some slight excuse as he took a cigarette from his case, "How is Roddy and his new governess, Miss Markyate?"

"Oh, they get along beautifully; Roddy adores her. The ayah tells me she brought trunks of pretty clothes and has as many colours in satin slippers as I have—she likes to take long walks."

Travice murmured something about the walks being good for Roddy, "They go towards the town I suppose?"

"No, I believe she usually goes the other way, towards the hills."

The next morning Travice left word with his bearer that he had gone toward Ramah to see about getting some beaters together for a tiger hunt in that district. A man-eater had appeared lately it seemed and the news had spread through the village like wild-fire. When he saw a white dress among the rocks and a little boy playing beside his brown ayah he drew up his horse and left him to graze while he made his way across the rocks towards a girlish figure seated under a deodar tree, her head leaning back, her face turned towards the hills. She looked up as he came to her and a wistful smile greeted him.

"My cavalier of the open road and the start of the glorious adventure! And you too, leave the poor governess to find her place."

He smiled at her. "It isn't all so wonderful now—our India?"

"Oh yes, quite; it was my own foolishness, I quite realize. It is just as interesting but somehow it doesn't seem to matter to me... I am not of it. You see I just suddenly took the notion to come to India—quite a wild idea, every one thought, but I was so tired of the daily round and I hadn't anyone I loved, to leave. I'd always been interested in India and one day when I saw an advertisement for a governess to come to Ranapur, passage paid etc., I thought, 'Suppose I do!' But why should I bore you with all this?"

Travice had seated himself beside her on the rock and was clipping the bushes with his riding crop, "When I'm bored I'll let you know," and somehow as he looked down on her he seemed so strong and quiet she thought the lines in his face seemed not so hard.

"Did you come out alone?" he asked, "Oh yes, I had a most wonderful time on the boat although I'd spent almost my last penny on clothes in London; you should see my pretty dresses, three if you please and perfect dreams. You see I had a vague idea of being one of the family or anyway of looking on at some pretty parties and I wanted to look beautiful, looking on, but it seems that one does not even look on. One reads Roddy to sleep, or sits on the stairs."

"Do you do that?" Travice grunted, "the other night—the affair for Betty Saunders?"

"Oh yes, I had quite a nice view from the turn in the stairs. I saw you having a lovely time with Miss Saunders; she is quite beautiful, isn't she—she is so gay."

"As a matter of fact I had a rotten time—awfully silly affairs, dances. By the way, you shouldn't stay out here as late as this, especially at this time. There promises to be trouble with the natives, and we've had word of a tiger seen about here. I'll see you home this evening but turn in after this an hour earlier."

She stood up as he rose and as she looked up at him and her eyes met his dark ones, she drew her breath sharply, "How kind of you to think of us. Roddy and I will do as you say."

Roddy had the time of his young life on the journey home. He was lifted to a most exalted station on the Major's horse while his ayah walked behind. Travice leading the horse looked down at the shining head which came just to his shoulder and he thought the sweet face had regained some of its love of life which he had noticed when he had seen her first. He did not know that his own had lost some of its bitterness. It was indeed almost dark when they reached the gate.

"Thank you for a happy day. India looks to-night as if any wonderful and beautiful thing might happen to even me."

"Suppose we try that out by daylight. How about a visit to the Bazaar to-morrow?"

"Oh, but Mrs. Wynton won't let us go to the Bazaar—I have so longed to, but she says we must not go alone."

"What do you think of me as an escort? Suppose you leave the little chap at home, he has probably been there before scores of times on shopping expeditions with his ayah. Do you think you could stand me alone for an afternoon—along with the Bazaar?"

"But that *would* be a party. Do you really mean it?" She turned a face flushed with pleasure.

"I usually mean what I say," he said with a twist in his smile.

The great trees drooped over the gate shutting out the world. There had been callers sitting out on the verandah as they came up, white dresses and low rippling voices and some stares as Travice appeared. He had nodded to Mrs. Wynton and her friends but would not come in though they called to him chaffingly and when Alison got to her room trunks were pulled out and boxes lifted down and "Roddy, do you think this white dress is the prettiest or the blue? I'm going to the Bazaar to-morrow with the Major Sahib."

"I'd wear the white one and the parasol that looks like violets. Mama says that Major Travice never looks at a girl's clothes and Guy says he never looks at a girl at all so he won't see them any way, but I like the white one best."

* * *

SO on the morrow any one walking on the road to Ranapur where it branches off towards the bungalows, could have seen a tall officer with a dark



He came across the room and put his hands on her shoulders. "You are sorry to leave me." He looked deep into her eyes, smiling

face set in rather stern lines met by a slender figure in a dress of sheerest white and carrying a parasol which helped a drooping hat to shade a sensitive face, the eyes lit up like candles lighting the way to a glorious adventure.

"I've doffed my robes of toil for to-day, you see—all dressed up for the party, but I must not be late. I told Saikia to tell Mrs. Wynton I'd gone out with the Major Sahib."

They were soon in the city, surrounded by the smells and noise of the bazaar, the chatter of natives and the distant beat of a tom-tom, like a breaking heart.

"How absorbing the crowds are! I can imagine the mutiny happening in just such a place, and that distant tom-tom the rousing of the natives to action."

"We never know what it rouses. Ah! there is a man I have been looking for these last five weeks. Will you excuse me? Do not move from this spot on any account."

Speaking abruptly, Travice strode away through the crowded thoroughfare following what looked to Alison like a native in a bundle of dirty rags. As he drew nearer she saw the man turn and in surprise suddenly half raise his hand and as suddenly drop it as if caught in a salute unawares. In a moment they were deep in conversation and tired of watching them, she turned her attention to the scene about her. She was standing in the shadow of a sweet meat stall, out of the crowded glare of the centre of the bazaar where natives were passing and repassing, bargaining for different wares and exchanging the gossip of the day with chance met acquaintances.

She moved forward to drop a coin into the bowl of an old beggar squatted in front of the stall, staring with blind eyes at the passing crowds and passed on, her attention caught by a cunning workman, singing as he hammered at his brass. She attempted to bargain in the native dialect

for a bowl worked in marvellous figures, but discovering that the few words she had acquired from Roddy and his ayah did not help her very much to understand the flow of language with which she was favoured in return, she hastily moved on up the street to get away from her too urgent bargainer. Drawn on by the fascinating sights, she found the way become narrower; the screened balconies overhead almost meeting. The crowd seemed to be growing more dense and suddenly remembering Travice's injunction not to move away from her sheltered spot, she turned about to retrace her steps, but discovered there had been a turn in the street and as she tried to go back the turn seemed to be blocked by brown faces. They seemed to have sprung from the earth itself, for Alison could not remember being in such a crowd before,—or was it only that the road was narrower? Her breath came a bit quick and she flushed as she tried to push by a tall native who blocked her way but somehow when he had moved aside with a deep bow she found another in his place and though he also stepped aside most deferentially, still there seemed others to fall in and suddenly she felt hemmed in by brown faces with dark eyes flashing under tall turbans. She drew her breath quickly and what Travice had said about the trouble brewing in the native quarter came to her mind and his hurried injunction to stay where she was. Her eyes grew dark with fear; she wished with all her heart that she had not left the sweet meat stall but she did not lower her head as she asked in her faltering Hindustanee to let her pass, but no way was opened and the crowd of brown faces seemed to draw nearer. At last her courage deserted her. She felt the ground rising and the faces blur when she saw Travice strike through the crowd, flinging them aside as if they were bits of clay. He reached her side and a

strong arm was about her and a lined face bending close to her own. She hid her face on his shoulder shutting out the threatening faces and trembled uncontrollably.

"Steady," he said in a broken voice, "We must get out of here—don't let them know you are afraid," but his arm drew her nearer and she felt as if she never wanted to raise her head from that shoulder to face reality. But in a moment she was walking beside him, pushing his way through the crowd.

Soon they were in a quiet place beyond the gathering though they could hear the muttering of many voices.

"Don't turn around. I know of a hut down that alley you see where we will be safe. Walk slowly but if they should come on before we get there, run down that road beside the blind beggar and find the third hut under the arch to the right. Go in there—don't make a mistake, the third hut to the right. The man there will keep you safe."

"But you?" "I will get there some way, but wait for me. On no account leave until I come or someone comes for you. But I think it has blown over. We will get there all right."

Even as he spoke the sound of voices rushed towards them and he realized they were being overwhelmed. He took her hand one minute.

"Run child, I will hold them back until you are out of sight, but for God's sake run—the third hut to the right" and he turned to face the crowd of natives with his revolver drawn.

This gave Alison a chance to get away, and running madly through the natives in front, she turned down the narrow lane and panting, found the third hut under the arch and threw herself in. She found herself in darkness and only just in time. The wave of excited voices and running feet passed the low door as she

lay crouching just inside, not daring to look out, not daring to think of what had happened to Tralice. She had heard a few shots and then the rush of voices and then silence but somehow she could not but believe that he would get the master hand.

As the light went she still lay there in fear and trembling, in the darkness. She heard no sound within so she judged the hut was untenanted and that she was alone. The voices outside gradually died away until the bazaar was deserted—but still she lay huddled against the wall, hardly daring to breathe and numb with the cold night air of the hills. At last she fell asleep, worn out with waiting and suspense.

Wakening suddenly to feel someone bending over her in the darkness, she put up her hands and they were held by two strong ones and she was drawn to her feet.

"Alison, are you all right?" It was Major Tralice, but she found no voice to answer. "Poor child, we can get away now—I could not get here before—those devils had me cornered. But we must go at once." He spoke jerkily, his voice unsteady.

To Alison, numbed with the cold and just awake, to hear this man's voice, whom a few days ago she had not known, and to know he was near again and his arm steadying her, was all her heaven; she had no thought beyond the moment.

He drew her towards the door. "There is no danger now—at least not as much," he added below his breath. "If we go down this side and keep in the shadow of the balconies we can reach the road farther down in safety. Then it is just a matter of walking. The mob has dispersed."

They walked hurriedly along and reached the road. Alison asked no questions—indeed it was enough for her that she was walking beside him, although he had hardly looked at her all the way along the road and had said very little. The night seemed filled with wonder, though they had just escaped she knew not what. She had no thought for the future until they drew near the bungalows and then for the first time it occurred to her—how they would have wondered at the house at her absence. She looked up at Major Tralice. His eyes had a hard look.

"If there is any unpleasantness with Mrs. Wynton about this affair, come to me," he jerked out. "You have had your adventure with a vengeance. It promised to be the last." He stopped in the road in front of the bungalow where all was dark. "Child, promise to come to me."

"Yes, I promise Major Tralice, but there will be no need when I explain."

He waited until she disappeared from view and then went on to his own bungalow.

Mrs. Wynton was waiting for her at the foot of the stairs. "What does this mean, Miss Markyate?" she said in a cold voice.

"I am very sorry, but when you hear what a dreadful time we have had I am sure you will wonder I got here at all." Her face was flushed and her eyes bright as she told of the mob in the bazaar and of taking shelter in the hut and Major Tralice's order to stay there as the only safe place.

"Your explanation sounds very plausible but unfortunately rather too melodramatic for modern India, and I regret to say that I cannot have as Roddy's governess a young lady who spends the night with a man of Major Tralice's reputation in a bazaar. It will be necessary for you to leave in the morning."

Alison went quite white, she shivered as with a cold wind, but the words which drummed in her ears over and over were not the order to go.

"Major Tralice's reputation! He is the soul of honour."

"Probably you would have me believe so, but I have heard tales of him for too long before you arrived on the scene, and the gossip of the Station for too long not to think differently." Mrs. Wynton felt that she had said enough. In fact she thought afterward she might have exaggerated a point somewhat. Although Tralice had never been among her retinue of admirers, he had been much sought after but had never glanced in anyone's direction—he had always seemed too bored. That this slip of a girl should have interested him was too much for her veracity. She went on.

"Besides, if you did not know of his reputation I should think you would not have wished to go rushing around the country with an engaged man."

"Engaged!" Alison's voice was very low.

"Why of course, anyone with half an eye could see he was wild about Betty Saunders."

"But engaged!"

"Well, I have been privileged to view the trousseau. But that is beside the question—as to you, we will be able to dispense with your services."

At the stricken look on the girl's face Mrs. Wynton felt she might have gone too far but she did not have an opportunity to retract her words, if she had so intended as Alison brushed by her without a word, out of the house. Not another minute could she stay under that roof. She stumbled blindly to the road, a tightening in her throat, her hands clenched and a dreadful pain in her heart. She could not see the road for tears but she turned to the hills and stumbled along, her one idea to get away from the pain of the thought that the man who seemed to have grown to fill her world, had all the time another face enshrined in his heart. She wanted to hide somewhere and if she could, die, but she

there. She had left in a burst of temper and Mrs. Wynton had been certain that she had gone to Tralice's house.

When the bearer returned Tralice was having his breakfast on the verandah.

"The lady has gone, Sahib, and I was not able to deliver the note."

"Gone!" Tralice looked up hastily, "Gone where?"

"They do not know, Sahib. The Memsahib, she said she thought to the Sahib's bungalow."

"When did she go?" Tralice rapped out.

"Last night." The Hindoo grew pale as Tralice's face darkened. "Oh, Protector of the Poor, she was indeed gone. I could not deliver the note. See, I have brought it back safely."

But Tralice was not listening. He was staring out at the road. "She promised to come to me—just as I thought—Mrs. Wynton—but why had she not come? Gone and where?" He must find out.

But he would not be able to move for hours. He swore to himself as he realized his hands were tied for most of the day. There was to be an inspection of his troop of Lancers by a high official even then on his way to the parade ground and afterward he had to be shown around

a mad thing and I was sure she had gone over to your place or I should have sent someone after her. You know, Major, it is not quite 'comme il faut' to keep a young lady out half the night, or rather all of it."

"But she explained about the mob?" he rapped out.

"Yes, of course—but—" Mrs. Wynton was getting rather confused. She had never seen Tralice's face so hard and she was not accustomed to hard looks from the male portion of the Station.

"Did she take any money and have you any idea where she went?"

"I am sure I do not know whether she had money or not—she went as she was—where I do not know, but since I am hardly the one responsible for her escape—ade, I wash my hands of the affair. Of course we will do all we can to find her," she added as she bethought herself that Major Tralice was her husband's senior in rank.

"If you have told me all, I have nothing more to ask you. I will find her. Tralice turned on his heel unceremoniously and strode out of the gate."

Find her, but where and why had she not come to him? He went back to his own place and had his horse saddled and was soon on the road. He decided that she would not have gone back to the town after her experience there, so he turned the other way, and galloped his horse toward the hills. Something seemed to tell him that he would find her there, if at all. So he rode on looking to right and left—it seemed such a hopeless search in that vast country but he never hesitated or doubted—he would find her. She could not have gone far. It was late afternoon when he had started and when he got into the foothills it was growing dark. He rode slowly up a steep incline—they had come down that way, that first day after their long walk. It ran along a deep precipice. What if she had fallen there—but he pressed on and came to the place where he had met her with Roddy, seated among the rocks—he would look here. He left his horse and felt his way across the rocks to the clump of bushes. It was quite dark now but the moon was out and he could see clearly enough, if he could only see her. As he rounded a great boulder, he came upon her asleep on the grass, her arm crumpled under her head, her face stained with tear marks. He bent quickly and gathered her into his arms. She opened her eyes and looked wide-eyed and sad into his face.

"Sweetheart, did you think you could run away from me?" His voice was husky but she struggled to free herself.

"No! No! Let me go, I beg of you."

"Do you think I will ever let you go, now I have found you?" and he held her closer to him.

Oh, the blessed peace of it, if but she could rest in those arms forever but he was engaged—he was playing with her. She lay quite still with her eyes closed, so still he wondered after all if he had made this great mistake—she did not love him perhaps, was only suffering him. He put her down suddenly at the thought. She should beg him on her knees before he would show his love again. They were all alike. He had lived so far without them—he would manage to carry on now.

"Evidently my attentions are unwelcome," he said stiffly, "I apologise, but it will be necessary for you to return with me. I cannot leave you here."

"But I cannot go back to Mrs. Wynton's—I could not!" she cried.

"Very well, you must come to my place, and I will get Mainwaring to put me up for the night. Ganda Singh will look after you, and I will have Mrs. Wynton send the ayah to keep you company."

"But I cannot!"

"There is no choice, Miss Markyate," he said formally, "If you do not come freely I will be obliged to carry you. As it is, it will be simpler for me to hold you on my horse. It is getting late and these hills are dangerous at night, especially after this outbreak." As he spoke he got on his horse, mounted and then bent to lift her in front of him. She offered no resistance and when she felt herself lifted on the horse and his arm like steel about her, she sighed a little and closed her eyes.

He bent over her, his breath on her cheek, "Are you comfortable?"

"Yes, thank you." That was the last they spoke until they had ridden

(Continued on page 20)

"THE WORK OF MEN'S HANDS"

"WE ought to get to understand the value of intelligent work, the work of men's hands guided by their brains, and to take that, though it be rough, rather than the unintelligent work of machines or slaves though it be delicate; to refuse altogether to use machine-made work unless where the nature of the thing compels it, or where the machine does what mere human suffering would otherwise have to do; to have a high standard of excellence in wares and not to accept make-shifts for the real thing, but rather to go without—to have no ornament merely for fashion's sake, but only because we really think it beautiful . . . to treat with the utmost care whatever of architecture and the like is left us of the times of art."

WILLIAM MORRIS

stumbled on in the half light and gradually she grew calmer. Her throat still ached and her eyes were dulled with pain but as she met one or two carts on their way to market and the drivers eyed her strangely, she tried to pull herself together and decide what she should do. She could not go on like this, in a strange country—but where to go? She would not go back though she had no money. She could not think but her steps took her towards the hills where she had walked with Roddy and where the Major Sahib had found them. As the day broke she threw herself down among the rocks and bushes far from the road.

MRS. Wynton left standing in the hall started to follow her and then with a shrug of her shoulders retired to her own room.

"Let her go—she will go to Tralice no doubt—we at least, are well rid of her."

But it was not quite to be so easily disposed of as Mrs. Wynton realized to her sorrow. About ten o'clock in the morning Major Tralice's bearer came around with a note for Miss Markyate and had to be informed that she was not

and entertained—Tralice had been detailed to look after him and there was no way out.

So until he saw him off on his train, late in the afternoon, Tralice was obliged to keep beside his visitor, explaining and courteous, but inwardly sick with pain—where was she now? Finally he was at his own bungalow again, his eyes tired and restless. He gave directions to his man for the night, in case he should not return and left hurriedly for Mrs. Wynton's bungalow. He found her in the garden.

"Oh Major, Tralice, you are the very person I wanted to see. We thought perhaps you knew where Roddy's governess was but your bearer says no. She has given us so much trouble—we are worried to death, rushing off like this into dear knows where. These servants are impossible."

Tralice listened to her chatter with a steady look in his eyes.

"When did Miss Markyate leave?"

"Oh, last night, as soon as she got in, or rather this morning. I was waiting for her and when I told her we would not need her after to-day she rushed out like



Her grand-daughter slipped out of her fur coat and threw herself in a low chair.

SPIRITS

BY F. E. WILKES

Illustrated by M. H. Campbell

GRANNIE sat knitting and counting, for she was "narrowing." The firelight played on the flying needles, on the cut-steel buckles of her French-heeled slippers, on the jet comb that held her beautiful white hair, on the old fashioned rings that circled her nimble fingers.

A chill wind moaned up and down the street chasing the sodden leaves before it, piling them in little heaps and whirling them away as who should say: "Your day is done. You're dead. Lie there."

"Knit two, one over—there's the telephone. How tiresome! Ann," she called as the maid passed the door, "I'm engaged, and you don't know when I'll be free."

"Yes, m," said Ann.

"Unless, of course, it's Mrs. Peter. She didn't call when I was out, did she?"

"No, m," said Ann.

Grannie went on with her knitting. The truth was she was too troubled about Peter and Mrs. Peter to wish to see anyone. She wanted to study a case that she ought to be able to help on. What is experience for, if, after living out the greater part of your own life, you can't pass some of it on to your prettiest and dearest grand-daughter? But cases don't match. Husbands differ. Well, anyway, Pauline cared enough. She wasn't one of those girls who looked on marriage as an experiment, to be discarded if it was not all better with no worse about it. But Peter's worse was so needless, and—new. It was hard for Grannie to see Pauline tortured this way.

"It's Mrs. Peter, m. She's coming right over. I couldn't—" As Ann spoke the door-bell rang loudly, and before she could get to it, it rang again, louder.

A pretty, worried-looking, fair-haired girl entered impetuously with a nod to Ann and "Where's Grannie?"

"Well, Pollie, dear, I'm glad to see you," welcomed Grannie. "Knit two together, knit one—Sit down, love, that chair near the fire. I'll be through counting in a moment."

Her grand-daughter slipped out of her fur coat and threw herself into a low chair. Her white arms and shoulders gleamed through her filmy blue blouse and her fair hair shone like burnished brass beneath her rakish little hat. She sat with elbow on knee, chin in hand, gazing into the fire. Mrs. Ransome went on knitting and counting. Her needles clicked and her rings flashed, and while she was so occupied her bright, dark eyes took in the girl's woeful aspect.

Suddenly, without a word, Pauline buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud. Grannie flung aside her knitting and snuggled into the big chair beside the weeping girl, drawing her close in her arms.

"Tell your own Grannie all about it," she crooned. "Grannie's own lamb! There, there, darling. The baby and Peter are alive and well, so it can't be so bad."

Pauline sobbed. "It's Peter. He's not well. He's drunk. It mightn't be so bad if he had smallpox, or—or—typhoid. He might get over that. But he's drunk all the time now. He and that hateful Bill Rutherford. I don't believe he'll ever be decent again. He has cases and cases of brandy and whiskey, and—and—all sorts of stuff. And so has Bill. And when they're not drinking at home they're drinking at Bill's. And Peter says if—if

—I don't like it I can—Oh, my heart's broken! I wish I'd never married—"

"Now, now," Grannie interposed, "You know you're talking nonsense, and that you and Peter love each other. You mustn't count what he says when he's drunk. That's not Peter. Yes, I know the drunk part is bad enough, but it's not as bad as if he really didn't love you."

The girl dried her eyes and sat forward in the chair, her tear-washed face set and hard, her hands, clasping her wet ball of handkerchief, locked in her lap.

"Peter!" scornfully. "When I think of him the day we were married—and after—in his khaki, his head so high, the way he looked at me as Daddy and I came up the aisle—just as if he worshipped me. I thought there had never been a crusader so—so—noble. And now—"

"Just so," Grannie nodded. "Neither of you would listen to reason. Don't forget that we—your father and mother and I—tried to persuade you to wait, but you were as headstrong as Peter and determined to be married before he went overseas, and now when you both find out that neither is an angel nor a crusader—There, there," as Pauline broke again into bitter weeping, "I'll not say 'I told you so' again."

"But Peter didn't drink then. He never drank until—They say the country's improved, but what good does that do me if Peter simply takes to drink because he won't let a lot of old women, of both sexes, run him?" Pauline fired up inconsequently in defense of her man.

"When a man wants to drink one excuse is as good as another, and prohibition's a handy scarecrow to hang things on." Grannie was scornful, but she held the girl close in her arms.

"I know that horrid Bill—"

"Why call names?" Grannie interrupted. "I've no doubt Bill's wife is saying the same things about Peter, and with just as much reason."

Pauline sniffed indignantly and Grannie smiled to herself at the complete change of front.

THE two women leaned back in the big wing chair, their arms around each other, the silver and the golden heads resting against its blue cushions. The firelight flickered on shadowing walls, on bits of dark, polished wood and old brass, and searched out the colors in dim old rugs.

"I remember," mused Grannie aloud, "when your grandfather was made manager of the business for the middle west. It was a grand promotion for him, but we were practically exiled. The little town looked like nothing but a handful of chips scattered over the prairie, and the drunkenness among the men was appalling. It was loneliness, homesickness, lack of other interests that drove them to it. Each man should have fought the weakness in himself, but I was young, I'd been married only a short time, and I didn't understand. I blamed the other men, the west, the laws—everything but my husband. He had seemed so wonderful to me, like a Viking in his strength and courage. I'd have gone to the ends of the world with him, sure of his care and love."

Pauline glanced up at the portrait of this superman, smiling obscurely among the shadows from out his massive gold frame, and wondered absentmindedly if Vikings really wore side whiskers.

"I begged him to straighten up," Grannie went on, "but he would only fling away in a rage. He told me long afterwards that when he was drinking like that he didn't care anything about me—I was merely a nuisance."

"I'd have run away home."

"No, no, dear, you wouldn't. I'd promised for better or worse, just as you did, and I—loved him. I grew to hate the appointment that we had been so rejoiced to get, but when I talked of resigning it and taking our chance of getting another he was indignant. I used to pray for some opportunity to arise by which I could get him away before the habit was fastened hopelessly upon him, and one day it came."

"The inspector for the company arrived unexpectedly, coming straight to the

"House instead of to the office. He was desperately tired, having been weeks traveling, going from one horrible little hotel to another, and admitted that he was about done for that day. I suspected that matters at the office were in worse shape than usual and I asked him to rest at the house while I went to get my husband. When I opened the office door, I saw that things were not only worse than usual but quite hopeless. Your grandfather and another man whom I particularly detested were seated at his desk, bottles and glasses between them, both absolutely, stupidly, drunk. They did not even know that I stood looking at them, and I turned away as furious as I was miserable. Then on the way back to the house I had—what do you young people call it?—a hunch. I made up my mind that I would save my husband no matter at what cost to us both, and I concocted the lie with which I hoped to do it. I told the inspector that my husband had gone away for the day, and I asked him to stay to dinner which he was only too glad to do. Then I prepared the best meal I knew how, and over it I told him that the climate didn't suit me and that I would have to go away for a part of each year at least, and that I dreaded leaving my husband alone because the climate didn't suit him either, and he needed my care. The inspector looked sharply at me over his coffee cup, but I looked steadily back, and made myself so agreeable that he stayed until very nearly his train-time. Then he said he might stop a minute at the office on his way to the station and see if it was open, and I didn't try to stop him. I knew that by that time they wouldn't know whether he was there or not. What he saw I don't know—he hadn't more than five minutes—but the very next week came an order transferring your grandfather to another post, not nearly so lucrative, but where he had plenty of work and quite different companionship. He only had the dimmest remembrance of the inspector's visit to the office, and never knew he had dined with me, but the shock of knowing that he had been caught in that condition, as well as the healthier environment, did what I had hoped for and he gradually abandoned the habit that was ruining both our lives.

"I don't advise telling lies in your case, my lamb," Grannie said, patting Pauline's hand. "I never believe in slavish imitation. But don't feel that everything is lost yet awhile. Wait till you have a 'hunch' to do something. Then, do it. If you watch your opportunity and think hard enough it will come, and in the meantime don't let your Peter think you are an enemy. Let him be quite sure you are his best friend—his pal."

The two women sat hand in hand while the dull day deepened into twilight and shadows crept into the room. Then Pauline rose and put on her coat.

"I must hurry," she said. "I'm going home to get Peter's favorite dinner. Beefsteak and onions, you know, and a lemon pie."

* * *

ALTHOUGH Grannie's story had roused in Pauline just what she had intended, the notion that her husband's reclamation rested mainly with her, the unhappy days went by and as yet the "hunch" so confidently predicted was not forthcoming. So long as Peter's stock of what he called "booze" remained, the situation, to Pauline, looked hopeless. She became obsessed with the idea of getting rid of it, and tortured her brain to produce some feasible scheme, hoping much from an enforced abstinence that would help him back to a reasoning frame of mind. But short of running amuck with an axe among the bottles and kegs she could devise nothing.

One night, restless and unhappy, she rose from her bed and wrapping herself in a kimono wandered downstairs to the living-room. There, crouching over the ashes in the fireplace she tried to conjure up that "hunch," but her mind seemed a chaos of disordered fancies and restlessness still drove her on. The cellar was where she must go! Down among those locked stores the hunch would come! She knew it as well as if she had been told.

Armed with the store-room key and a flash light she started down the cellar stairs, gathering her kimono closely around her and flapping heelless slippers

on stockingless feet. Half way down she remembered the fat brown toad that made his home in the cellar, and she sat down quickly on the stairs. How could she go on at the risk of meeting him there all alone in the dead of night? But this was cowardice, unworthy of one following up a "hunch," so she continued her way and flapped hurriedly across the cellar floor, sure that the toad was hopping behind her bare heels, gaining on her with every hop. The storeroom would afford safety from him at least and she hurried inside, leaving the key in the lock and scrambling up on an empty box, tucked her feet under her.

There was little comfort to be gained from all those high piled stores but for some unaccountable reason the restlessness had left her. She felt that she was face to face with the enemy, and that her hunch was near—she was sure of that. She sat there hoping, wondering, trying to conjure up some scheme of action.

After a while she became conscious of slight sounds. They came from a nearby window outside the slatted wall of the store-room in which she sat. A jingle of breaking glass, a fumbling with the window catch, the scraping of a grudging sash being opened, a draught of cold air, muttered curses. *Burglars!* Were these stealthy sounds real? Or imaginary as on those many nights when Peter was out late and she listened with nerves taut magnifying every creak the slackening house gave forth? Had she conjured them out of her fears? But tonight she had no fear, only that intense desire to help rid her husband of the devil that possessed him, and a queer, illogical sense that the time had come.

Frozen with terror she yet had sufficient presence of mind to shut off her flash light, to creep noiselessly to the door, secure the key, but not daring to risk the noise of re-inserting and turning it, leaned her whole weight against the door and waited. Pauline had read about knees that trembled, always supposing the term a sort of author's license. She reflected in that awful moment that it was nothing of the sort. She wondered how long before hers would completely collapse.

"Well, let's get along. Nothin' here You'd best go first," a hoarse voice whispered.

"Let's look 'round here first."

"Rot. D'y'e think he'd keep it lyin' loose around here? It's sure to be somewhere upstairs, so what's the use of wastin' time? If we can't find it, let's wake him up and make him show us. I saw him comin' home about six o'clock, drunk's an owl."

Pauline ventured to peep through the nearest crack. What she saw was not reassuring. Two slouching, evil-looking men, caps pulled down, coat collars turned up, eyes glittering from behind bits of black cloth—as perfect a pair of stage villains as one could imagine. She shivered and drew back, trying desperately to keep her teeth from chattering; she fancied they could be heard a mile or so away. If only the door against which she leaned was locked! The door was solid and the lock good although the walls were slats.

"No," said the other voice, doggedly, "we'll look around here first. Seems to me—"

"D'y'e think y've come to spend the week-end? Come on, I say."

"What about that corner? It looks a likely place." The light playing over it made streaks of light and shadow run around Pauline like telegraph poles past an express train.

"That! I could bash that door in with one kick." Pauline's knees buckled and she sank in a heap behind it.

"Huh! I'd like to see ye. That door's solid, that is. I bet the lock's a—Say, did ye hear somethin' movin'?"

"Naw, I didn't. An' there aint no lock I can't open, neither. Aw, come on. We ain't got no time to be foolin' round here." The pair turned towards the stairs.

In one illuminating second the terrified eavesdropper in the store-room under-

stood. These ruffians were her "hunch." They had come for Peter's booze. They were going to wake him and make him tell where it was kept. Peter was sleep-sodden and dazed, and her baby asleep in her crib. They were armed—she had caught the gleam of a pistol. This was what her prayers had invoked. Without thought for herself she sprang up and flung wide the door.

"Come back," she called. "It's here Here!"

The men whirled around. Pauline was perhaps as near death as she would ever come and escape his clutches. The bandit's search-light showed them a tall, pale figure against the dark doorway. With a long, white arm it beckoned.

"Come!" it commanded in low, vibrant tones. "The spirits are here."

There was an instant's silence. Then, uttering inarticulate howls, casting away torch and pistol, they leaped for the open window, snarling, fighting like two trapped animals as they jammed in its narrow space.

At sight of these unseemly struggles Pauline, in the reaction from her own terror, became mightily enraged. These two cowards to come disturbing her, and now they were making off, empty-handed. Not if she knew it! She caught hold of a squirming, kicking leg and pulled and pulled with all her strength. With the wail of a lost soul the owner, dragging his mate with him, dropped in a huddled heap to the floor. Pauline switched on her light and the pair grovelled as if expecting annihilation. Almost at her feet lay the discarded pistol.

"Get up," she said, and they shuffled to their feet. Cautiously, as if fearing to be forever blasted, one raised his head and looked from behind a sheltering arm. A long, incredulous stare, then—

"I'll be damned! 'Taint nothin' but a girl! Thought ye was a ghost, we did. Ha, ha! Guess we needn't have been so scared."

His friend's courage revived. He, too, raised his head—and looked into the muzzle of his own pistol.

"We don't mean no harm," he stammered. "We was just lookin' round."

"You came here to steal," Pauline accused.

"Only the boss's booze. We weren't goin' to tech another thing, s'help me."

"Well, I told you all the spirits are in there," pointing to the open doorway.

"Aw, quit yer foolin' 'bout sperrits. Ye can't scare us," truculently.

"It's you's the fool," growled his mate. "She means booze."

"Then why don't she talk Christian-like instead o' dodderin' about sperrits?"

"Listen to me," Pauline commanded. "The booze, as you call it, is in there and you—Oh," with sudden passion, "do, do take it, and be gone."

The men looked wonderingly at her and at each other.

"Say, what's yer game?" they questioned suspiciously.

"You'd best be quick," she cautioned, "for if my baby should wake and miss me she'll cry and rouse—" Pauline found herself addressing two backs. The men were peering into the storeroom.

"What d'y'e say about it?" queried they of each other. "As a 'bligement to the lady, ye know."

"Well,—to 'blige the lady. Say, ye'd best be careful how ye fool with that there pistol. I'll show ye how to hold it," advancing a step.

"Don't trouble. I know how," Pauline answered politely, raising her arm and pointing more or less steadily into his face.

Never was fair lady accorded such willing service. In an incredibly short time the wine cellar was cleared of all save a few empty boxes and bottles, the thieves following their last load of booty through the window with even less ostentation than they had come.

While the work was going on, Pauline bethought herself of Bill's stores. So long as they lasted, there was little hope for Peter's betterment.

"How fortunate," she said reflectively, surveying the almost empty shelves, "that it's all in such nice bottles and

cases. Now, if it were Mr. Rutherford's—"

"And what like is his?" questioned her friends, deeply attentive, and both together.

"Oh, it's in a couple of big barrels. You couldn't move them, at least not—"

"Exactly so. Of course not," they chorused.

* * *

SILENCE fell upon the cellar. Silence except for a chill wind that blew in through the open window. Pauline with all the sensations of one "who treads along some banquet hall deserted" turned to go. The key and pistol dropped from her numbed fingers, and getting down on her hands and knees she groped for them. Something came hopping out from a dark corner into the small circle of light, something fat and brown: Pauline stifled a shriek and fled. At the stair's foot she paused. She must have that key. It would be evidence—. Holding her scant robes high, peering into the shadows, she picked her way back and secured it. Then terror, mad, stark terror, seized her and she ran, tripping over her kimono, tying herself up in its folds. Half way up the stairs she lost first one slipper—that must be found, she was no Cinderella—then the other. At last she shut and locked the door behind her at the stair's head and sunk almost fainting against it. While she crouched there the hall clock serenely chanted three. She had been gone scarce an hour.

After a while she crept up to her room, the stairs creaking at every step. Her baby slept, rosy and peaceful, and through an open door came well-regulated snores. She stumbled over a chair and the point of the rocker came back at her, catching her shin. The sleeper in the next room stirred.

"That you, Paul?" her husband drowsily demanded. "What's the matter?"

"N-n-nothing," nursing her bruised shin, "I—I thought I heard n-noises in the cellar."

"Oh, go to sleep. You're always hearing noises somewhere."

* * *

GRANNIE sat late over her breakfast, the morning paper propped before her after the fashion of those obliged to eat alone. When the telephone rang she jumped up nervously to answer it, instead of leaving it to Ann, who was slow in coming.

"Grannie, dear, do you believe in spirits?" Pauline's voice whispered excitedly.

"Well, dear, we're told to take a little wine for our—"

"Oh, not that kind. I mean—I'm sure I was led by the spirits down to the cellar last night, and, Grannie—are you there, Grannie?—Peter's been robbed of all his booze!"

"Pauline, what are you—"

"Every smidge of it! And Peter says he wishes he'd paid attention to me last night when I said I thought I heard noises. And he's promised to stop drinking, and he says I'm his own dearest, sweetest wife—"

"Pauline—"

"And, Grannie, didn't you feel just a weeny bit sneaky—that story you told, you know?"

"Yes, dear, but—"

"All Bill's booze is gone, too. They emptied the barrels and filled them with water! Doesn't it serve him right? He says someone must have told, because the barrels were labelled 'vinegar.' I always knew he was a hateful, suspicious—"

"Pauline, stop talking and tell me—"

"And the police are here. The house is full of them. They've found the pistol. They say it's a clue—"

"Pauline," Grannie at last broke in, "what are you taking about? Who robbed Peter? When?"

"Last night. I, and two men."

"What men?"

"Oh, I don't know. I didn't see their faces and they didn't talk much; but two nice men, and we're friends for ever."

"Pauline, you didn't rob—Hallo! hallo! Paul—"

"Number?" sang Central.





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Journal Juniors' Page

CONDUCTED BY BERTHA E. GREEN

THE PLACE OF LITTLE EARS

LITTLE TIP, the black-capped chickadee, perched on the top rail of the fence that separates the garden from the wheat field. On most mornings Little Tip found plenty to do around the house, the orchard, and the barn, and, especially, about the hollow birch stub in which he made his home. Today, however, he had felt restless ever since sunrise, and had made up his mind that nothing short of a journey to the woods would make him feel satisfied again.

The chickadee looked slowly and carefully over and across the wheat-field, where the waving heads of grain were fast changing to the brown of ripeness.

"It looks like a long flight across that field," said Little Tip aloud. "I suppose, though, I can rest on the way and have a little lunch of ripe wheat, maybe."

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" came a buzzing laugh from a clump of red clover in the fence-corner below the chickadee. "That's the funniest thing I've heard since yesterday—a wheat-dinner for a chickadee. That sounds like what I heard Boy Dick say:

'Our dog has altered in his taste
From mutton-bones on grass to feast' "

Little Tip laughed too, and looked down at the speaker, who was none other than Master Humbumble, the very fuzzy, buzzy bumble bee.

"Just because I eat insects when I'm at home, is no reason why I should not eat something else when I go travelling," said Little Tip to the bee, who was sitting up on a bobbing flower-head of red clover.

"So you really mean to cross the field," said the bumblebee. "I will go along with you, and you couldn't have a better guide, especially if you wish to find clover-patches."

This suited the chickadee exactly, and he followed Master Humbumble, who buzzed away in a slanting direction across the field.

"Whir-r-r!" Little Tip dropped quickly into the shelter of the uncut wheat. The bumblebee had dropped too, and as soon as he could get his breath, the chickadee asked: "What noise was that?"

"Was that why you stopped?" asked the bumblebee. "The chap who made that whirring noise is telling you who he is, right now. Listen!"

A clear, full call sounded just overhead— "Seeyou—seer."

"Oh, it's only Master Seeyou, the meadowlark," said the chickadee.

"Who did you think it was?" asked the bumblebee.

"I thought it might be a new kind of hawk," said Little Tip.

When the bee and the bird rose again, the meadowlark was not far above the waving wheat, but they continued their journey without waiting to speak to him.

Squeaks and squeaks sounded a little over to their right. The wheat had been cut in this part of the field, and the bound sheaves stood in stooks. It was from one of these that the squealing and squeaking seemed to come. Little Tip wanted to know what all the noise was about, and he soon found out.

Bobbin, the quail, was marching around the wheat-stook, walking with short, fast steps, but pausing often, and jerking at something with his bill.

Bobbin was a friend of Little Tip's, and the chickadee began asking questions at once:

"What is all the noise about, Bobbin? Have you got a little pig in that wheat-stook?"

"More than one little pig, and they are all meadow-mice," answered the quail.

The bumblebee was laughing so hard that it was with difficulty he kept from falling off his perch on a piece of wheat stubble. He was pointing close to the ground, and toward the edge of the wheat sheaves. Then the chickadee saw what caused the squeaks and squeals. As Bobbin marched around, he would watch for a little mouse-tail wriggling out

from amongst the wheat, then he would pinch it.

This didn't seem altogether fair to the chickadee, so, when Bobbin stopped his march for a moment, Little Tip said:

"Come out. Bobbin won't hurt you," and seven little mouse-noses showed themselves.

"There are plenty of wheat-stooks for everyone," said Little Tip to the meadow-mice. "You take the next one, and Bobbin won't disturb you, for he will have this one all to himself."

"How do you know he won't disturb us?" asked the meadow-mice.

Little Tip hadn't thought of that, and he was troubled when he saw the mischief in Bobbin's eyes.

"He won't bother you," said the bumblebee "for I'm going to stay here and keep watch."

hiding in a wheat sheaf, and his little cheeks were puffed out as if he had the mumps or a very bad toothache. "Chattle-chub," said Saucebox again, and when he saw the chickadee did not understand him, he put a front paw in his mouth, bringing it out full of wheat grains.

The chipmunk then ran to the woods, which was not far distant and returned even more quickly. His cheeks were no longer puffed out, and the chickadee could understand every word when Saucebox said:

"You can't do that, Master Tip; and a bear can't do it, nor a mud-turtle. I'm the only one in the wheat-field who can carry such a big, big mouthful at a time."

Without another word, the chipmunk began filling up his cheek-pouches with



Herring Gull and Nest

The seven little meadow-mice looked carefully around to see if any enemies were near, and then scampered through the stubble to a nearby stook.

The bumblebee had found a small patch of white clover, and Bobbin, the quail, busied himself searching for the fallen grain.

"Chattle-chub, chattle-chub," said someone, as if trying to talk. It sounded as if the speaker had his mouth full of bread-crumbs.

Little Tip was curious again, and he darted here and there among the stooks until he found who had spoken.

Saucebox, the chipmunk, was half

wheat again, and the chickadee joined a small flock of birds who were sitting in a row on the fence between the wheat-field and the woods. Darky Dan, the blackbird, was there, Coalie Crow, and others of his family, and the chickadee knew that each one had come to feast on the wheat. They talked of nothing but wheat, and paid no attention to Little Tip, who could see no fun in that sort of thing, but began to feel hungry for the insects that he knew were to be found in the trees at the far side of the wheat-field.

A short flight brought him back again to where he had left the bumblebee, but



Live and Let Live.

that buzzing fellow had gone to some other clover-patch. Not a quail nor meadow-mouse was to be seen, which was a strange thing, thought the chickadee.

He listened for the whirr of the meadowlark's wings, but could not hear it. He flew on until he was but a short distance from the garden-fence, and, perching upon a scarecrow, he listened again. It seemed to him that everyone in the wheat-field was listening for something too. Happening to look upward, the chickadee saw the reason why all the Little People of the field were so quiet.

Above the wheat-field, circled Ketch-Katch, the red-tailed hawk, and with every bit of strength he had, the chickadee flew homeward to the shelter of the trees within the garden-fence. Here, in safety, he slowly shook his little, black-capped head, and said to himself:

They stop, and look, then listen,
At every sound each hears.
'Tis true, the summer wheat-field
Is the Place of Little Ears.
A fine place for a journey,
With lots to see and do,
Where all the Little People
Are glad to talk with you.
Within its fenced-in borders,
North, South, and East, and West,
The fun is mixed with danger,
So I like home the best.

* * *

GIFTS FROM SOME TREES

WITH September, the first month of Autumn, there will come to many of us thoughts of and perhaps plans for nutting-time. We have our favorite woods to go to and our favorite trees too, which are of course those that bear the nuts we go in search of. We single out but a few trees for our appreciation: the chestnut, the beech, walnut, hickory and butternut and give but little thought to those others that do not yield seeds to our taste.

Oh I agree with every one of you that "nut-trees" are the finest kind in Autumn, but in interest all the other trees are not to be despised.

It is a little early yet I think for nuts, excepting beech-nuts, so we can find time to consider what those other trees yield in place of the nuts we are fond of.

To most of us, the most familiar tree-seed is that of the maple that is most noticeable when green and hanging in drooping clusters on the branches. In this state the two-lobed, two winged pairs of seeds fall to the ground and only a few of them remain on the parent branches and ripen there. The seed coverings become hard and brown, the wings light and brittle and the strong winds of Autumn wrench them from the parent tree scattering them broadcast some few to find a foothold, the beginning of the life of another maple tree.

Already the leaves on that grand old elm have begun to fall. No use to look for nuts there and when we search for seeds on the branches a surprise awaits us—there are no seeds at all. In earliest spring the tree has blossomed, the seeds have grown flat, wrinkled seeds with winged margins and fringed edges suspended from the twigs on slender threads. Small wonder is it that we find none in September.

Every oak is a "cup and saucer" tree, and all of us have hollowed out the acorns and set them in their little holders. We might call the oak that bears sweet acorns real "nut-trees," but the squirrels, and others of the woodland people do not scorn the bitter acorns as we do.

There isn't a sweeter nut to be found than that hard-shell, the hickory-nut. When it ripens its smooth, seamed overcoat is easily removed, but none but a squirrel would attempt, with his teeth, to crack the inner shell. When you succeed in cracking it the sweetness of the nut-meat repays you for all your trouble.

The chestnut, if we had always to pick it from the branches, would be more appreciated than it is. Like the three-angled beech-nut its rough prickly coat opens by itself, dropping the thin-shelled nuts as if the tree knew we waited below to gather them.

Horse chestnuts, buckeyes and their fruit are known to everyone, especially to boys when the green globes swell on the branches, lose no time in stripping the outer covering to get the rich brown nuts that soon make bulging pockets.

(Continued on page 64)

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Raisins with Oatmeal

1 cup Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins, 1 cup oatmeal (or whole wheat), 1 teaspoon salt, 3 cups boiling water.

Put water on in top of double boiler, add the oatmeal slowly, boil rapidly until it thickens, add salt; put in bottom of boiler on back of stove over night. In the morning add the well washed raisins. The addition of the sauce from stewing also adds delicious flavor to this dish.

Raisin Bread

3 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar, 1 cup Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Soak Raisins in boiling water for 15 minutes, drain and dry. Sift flour, salt, baking powder and sugar together, add Raisins, mix beaten egg with milk and add to flour, stirring constantly. Pour into greased bread pans, let stand 10 minutes and bake in moderate oven for 40 to 45 minutes. This makes two small loaves or one large loaf.

Raisin Pie

2 cups Sun-Maid Raisins, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls corn starch, 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice, 1 tablespoonful grated lemon rind, juice of 1 orange, 1 tablespoonful grated orange rind, 1 cup chopped walnuts.

Cook raisins in boiling water for 5 minutes, pour into it sugar and corn starch which have been mixed. Cook until thick, remove from fire and add other ingredients. Bake between two crusts. Walnuts may be omitted if desired. All measurements for this recipe are level.

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the drowning do not pause to contemplate the quality of the spar flung to them.

Mrs. Lafone looked vindictively at Kitty and then turned a watchful glance at the door. She wondered how soon and in what circumstances Kitty's dearest friend, who was not received at Court, might make her appearance? However Kitty might strive to hide the visit, Mrs. Lafone would take care that it should be known of; she had but to whisper the fact to my Lady Verney and she did not doubt that the Royal occupants of Fauconberg Hall would promptly be in possession of the damning fact. Other people could put spokes in wheels besides my Lady Kilcroney; and the more swiftly they were rolling to favour, the greater might be the upset!

Her Majesty, talking very affably to Kitty, had advanced towards the counter where the waters were distributed. Here divers magnates of the town were awaiting her, whom the Comptroller of the Household, my Lord Courtown, named to her, one after the other. Kitty and her group of ladies were left thus for the moment outside the Royal circle of attention. The hall by this time contained a certain amount of curious spectators, very respectfully aligned against the walls, for the public of Cheltenham, genteel quiet folk, would have died rather than presume on Her Majesty's condescending informality.

"Pray," said the Queen, to Mr. Clark, the town doctor, "let me have a taste of the water, sir, to drink which the King has been sent hither. I ought at least to know," she added archly, "to what penance he hath been condemned."

She sipped and declared she had expected worse; Princess Royal and Princess Augustus also sipped, but they cried out and protested that they were sorry for dear papa. And while the Royal pleasantries were producing the most exquisite if refined mirth throughout the whole assembly, Mrs. Lafone, who had been conscious that she was the object of considerable interest to one of the equerries (indeed, he was lifting his quizzing glass to mark his notice), perceived his glance wander from herself and become fixed. He dropped his quizzing glass, the better to see; a warmth of admiration, prodigiously different from the familiar ogle she had herself evoked, wrote itself on his countenance. But for the presence of Royalty, she thought he might have exclaimed out loud. Molly's glance promptly followed his. She could hardly believe her eyes. Here was fate playing her game with a vengeance. Her enemy was delivered into her hands. Every one knew the face of Rachel Peace!

My Lady Mandeville advanced, clad, like Kitty herself, in white, but with a flutter of grey ribbons here and there to mark her Quaker preference. Her delicate pale face was faintly flushed, under the wide brim of her simple hat. She was not less fair than the pearls at her throat, nor less shining in delicate beauty. She held by the hand a noble boy, slightly older than little Denis, who marched as if the place belonged to him and gazed about under frowning brows as though he wondered who dared occupy it without his permission.

If Kitty made a charming picture with her little son, Rachel, with the heir of Mandeville, graceful and gracious, with a lovely tenderness emanating from her, was the very embodiment of sweet motherhood.

She came across the wide hall with swift step, looking from right to left, a smile hovering on her lips, her seeking eyes already lit with fond pleasure. Where was her dear Kitty? Suddenly she stopped—the smile faded, the light of the expectant gaze went out, shadow fell upon her radiance, a flutter as of fear shook her; yet she had but encountered the gaze of my Lady Verney. Susan Verney, who was very well acquainted with Rachel Mandeville, who had indeed also tasted of her hospitality, both in town and in the country, now withered her with a blasting stare of degeneration, a stare which said: "My Lady Mandeville, I am pure virtue to-day, I do not know you."

The room was all eyes to look at Rachel, and though so decorous it was all whispers.

The next moment the poor thing saw the Queen and the Princesses, and Kitty Kilcroney white as death and good Lady Flora scarlet in the face; she saw and



(Continued from page 7)

understood. Motionless she strove to rally her courage. She wanted strength of heart and clearness of mind to do just what would be right; Quaker Rachel who had never done wrong but once! And for that breathless moment, unknown to herself, her eyes hung on Kitty's face; and Kitty's eyelids were cast down.

The little Viscount Impington tugged at her hand. His was an impatient spirit.

"Come on, Mamma," cried he, in loud authority; and at the same moment little Denis O'Hara raised a piping cry: "Imp, Imp, Imp!" and tearing himself from the maternal clasp, galloped across the room to hurl himself upon his baby comrade.

The Queen looked at Kitty with an air of profound surprise and disapproval, and Kitty looked back at the Queen. And her heart rose within her; for, with all her foibles and fancies, she had a heart.

It led her then to do the noblest act of her whole existence.

Holding herself very erect and moving with a beautiful dignity, she slowly backed the length of the room that divided her from Rachel Mandeville; and, keeping her eyes on the Royal face the while, she took her friend by the hand. Then she stood very upright and waited. Rachel could do naught else but wait too.

In the dead silence the Queen prepared to take her departure.

Little Mr. O'Hara and my Lord Impington were beginning to show signs of following up their affectionate greeting with a rough-and-tumble fight and each mother had to take possession of her child and keep him firmly held; but they kept tighter hold of each other still.

The Royal group advanced; the kindly young Princesses with awed looks, as if they felt how ill things were going without understanding. When she reached my Lady Kilcroney and her friend, Queen Charlotte paused and seemed to hesitate. She cast a strange troubled glance at the two young women, and Kitty and Rachel fell, still clasping hands, into a great curtsy. And the question was, which of the two made it with a nobler grace.

The last of the equerries to follow looked back at the door, and saw my Ladies Mandeville and Kilcroney embracing and kissing and he thought they were both in tears.

My Lord Kilcroney had been among those who unobtrusively joined the lookers-on in the pump room during the Royal visitation, and, beholding the scene, his own eyes filled. In the effort to regain his self-control he turned his dimmed gaze away from the two who enfolded each other in such affecting and unaffected friendship and it fell upon Mistress Lafone. As awhile ago his son and heir, he was fascinated by the expression on the small pale visage. Molly caught his riveted glance, wilted beneath it, and somehow vanished. Not my Lord Kilcroney nor anyone could ever as much as guess at her share in the morning's business; yet so does conscience make cowards of us all, as Mr. Shakespeare has it.

My Lord kissed his wife's hand before most respectfully saluting that of my Lady Mandeville. At sight of him, Kitty mingled laughter with her tears.

"Is it not delightful, Denis," cried she, "that our sweet Rachel should have had this happy thought? But, oh, my dear love, our little rascals are at fisticuffs again!"

"My dear Kitty," wrote Lady Florence that evening, in a letter brought round from Fauconberg Hall by one of the pages in waiting, "I thought you were dished, I did indeed. And of all the odd tiresome contretemps, my love! Well, I have not time to say even a word of what I felt: Her Majesty is not fond of

audacities and you did, dearest Kitty, the most audacious deed. . . Well, never mind again!

"'Twas your hat did the trick to begin with, my love; you was always so clever about clothes, Kitty. Sure, it was the finest inspiration to wear that modest country straw with its plain ribbon. It caught Her Majesty's eye from the first moment, and that you know means so much. So modest, sensible and quiet you showed beside poor Susan! Susan, with that tow-row of feathers on her head! 'Tis she who is dished after all: 'A loud young woman,' says the Queen to me. 'I do not approve of Lady Verney's style.' And what must she do on the top of it but present herself in my parlour at Fauconberg Hall this very afternoon?—a vast piece of presumption, since the Queen hath forbidden visitors to all and sundry!—And wants an interview of Her Majesty, to apologise—prithree, Kitty, think of it!—for Her Majesty's having been exposed to such a meeting. She, to apologise for the town! She, to cast her stone at poor Rachel! I have never known my Royal so angry! 'Are you then not acquainted with my Lady Mandeville?' She asks our Verney. You should have seen Susan's face under her red plumes. (I had taken good care Her Majesty should know we all were.) To be brief, Kitty, Verney went forth with her comb considerably cut, and Her Majesty took a twist in the other direction and spoke very kind to me; though regretting the incident, she said she could not find too grave a fault with a display of loyalty. 'Tell my Lady Kilcroney,' she says, 'that about My Person I appreciate loyalty!'

Denis Kilcroney heard the contents of this missive with a grave countenance. Then, looking at his wife's charming face, all irradiated between the joys of her good conscience and its unexpected reward, he exclaimed generously that it was a proud day for the House of O'Hara. "Though," he added, "the proudest moment of it all was when I saw you stand by your friend, me darling girl!"

CHAPTER II

IN WHICH MISS PAMELA POUNCE IS ORDERED TO PACK

PAMELA POUNCE sat with a bunch of cowslips in one hand and the lid of the ribbon box in the other; she had fallen into a profound muse.

It was the cowslips, though they were but artifice, which had set her active brain thus suddenly and idly day dreaming. They had brought her back with a rush to the old farm where she had been born and brought up. The whole surroundings of her exile had vanished. She was no longer in the big, bare, stuffy, untidy workroom at the back of Madame Eglantine's celebrated Paris hat shop; in the centre of snippets and straws, feathers, fringes, flowers and other fashionable fripperies; under the glare of the skylight; with the patter and gabble of French voices, the click of scissors, the long-drawn sighs or quick pants of energetic stitching, the rustle of crumpled silks, in her ears, and in her nostrils the indescribable atmosphere of the atelier, as it was called. An apartment hermetically sealed to the outer airs, save what might penetrate of them through the opening of its doors; redolent of the gums of artificial flowers, of last year's and this morning's succulent cookery—Monsieur Ildefonse, the husband of Madame Eglantine, liked a point of garlic in most dishes—and of the faint sickly scents of hair powder and fine lady's perfumes which hung about the whole establishment. There were other odours in the workroom besides, of which the less said the better. It was little wonder that Pamela Pounce should now and again feel her splendid vitality slack-

en; that she should have considerably fined down from a country buxomness since she had joined Madame Eglantine's staff.

But the bunch of cowslips had brought her away—far away from it all for a blissful moment.

She was back again at home. The exquisite freshness of an early summer morning on the Kentish downs encompassed her. Her young bosom lifted with ecstasy. Oh! the breath of England: pungent of the sea, sweet of the moorland, free from the hills and whispering of the woods, was there ever anything like it? There was a fragrance of bread-making too from mother's oven, and a lovely reek of burning weeds where father was busy over the potato fields!

Pamela started. A voice, sharp as a pen-knife, had recalled her to reality.

"Ah, Meess"—she went by no other name in this French servitude, either from her employer or her sister workers. It was an unconscious tribute to a certain fine apartness of character, as well as to her British independence. "Ah, Meess," cried Madame Eglantine, "is this how I find you? Asleep with your eyes open! My faith, is this how you conduct yourself in the thick of the business hours? And the Marquise who expects that hat by noon!"

Pamela opened her day-dreaming eyes full upon the speaker, gave an inaudible sigh and a small ironic smile. She did not start or blush or show any sign either of flurry or vexation at the acrid accent of the rebuke, she was too completely mistress of herself for that. Her hand hovered over the ribbon box; then with a decisive movement she nipped a shimmering purple roll and began to draw out its darkly radiant lengths.

"Purple!" ejaculated Madame Eglantine, surprised into a quiet amiable tone; "purple for that blonde Marquise who is not yet twenty! And she means to wear all white muslins with lace in floods. Did I not tell you so? That ribbon—bought for Madame la Gouvernante—it is for dowagers—"

She broke off and stared.

Pamela had twisted and snipped and pinched and the hat was trimmed in what her famous patronne herself would have described as "un tour de main." She now held it up on her balled hand, and turned it slowly from side to side.

"But it is a stroke of genius!" exclaimed the little Frenchwoman. She hated Pamela, but she was above all an artist. "No, no, do not touch it again, no one must touch it! You have a thousand times reason. Blue or green or pink—anyone with the ordinary mind would have blended me the banal pretty-pretty with those cowslips. The Marquise would have been but one of a score of shepherdesses, no more distinguished than a dragée box for a baptism! But now—"

She paused and waved her hands before the delight of the mental picture. A small, dusky woman with very bright eyes and extraordinarily swift movements, she was like some quick furry animal of the mouse tribe; a greater contrast to the fair, large, composed English girl could hardly be imagined; yet on one point these two were singularly akin. Both were geniuses in the same restricted yet fascinating realm of art.

If there were a creature on earth capable of stepping straight off into the shoes of Madame Eglantine, first milliner in the world of Fashion, it was Pamela Pounce, the British yeoman's daughter!

Perhaps it was this consciousness of her rival's merits which made the Frenchwoman, while too acute of intellect not to recognise them, regard her clever apprentice with feelings which approached detestation. Yet she was soon to find another cause.

"I'd better put in the stitches myself, I suppose, M'dame!" said Pamela tranquilly. She spoke French fluently by this time, with a pronounced if not displeasing British accentuation. "The young ladies are so fond of sewing things to death. It's like a hand on pastry," she went on meditatively, as she bit her thread, and flung a cool, tantalising glance at the irate ring of countenances about her. "You have, or you haven't got it, and no one to blame."

"That will do, Meess. There is too much conversation here, Mademoiselle Panache!" Madame hopped spitefully from Pamela upon the directress, who, sitting large, square and sallow at the

(Continued on page 58)



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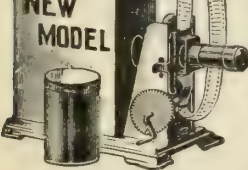
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The Surrender of Richard Tralice

(Continued from page 12)

into the courtyard and she found herself lifted down from the horse and as if in a dream, led into the house.

Tralice called Ganda Singh and told him to prepare his own room for her and gave directions to get her something hot to drink and some food. He then turned to Alison where she had sunk down on a reed chair by his desk, her head on her hand.

"I will say good night, Miss Markyate. Ganda Singh will see that you have everything and do not hesitate to ask for anything he may forget. Good night."

She sprang up and caught his arm. "Oh, but do not leave me alone here! I cannot stay alone!"

His look softened as he put his hand over hers. "Sweetheart—" But he got no further. She drew her hand away and turned from him.

"I am sorry, Major Tralice. It was just for a moment, I will not feel strange in a little while, and I will not need you."

At that he straightened, clicked his heels together, saluted and turning, strode out of the room.

Alison turned slowly and dropped in the chair again, her head on her arm, too tired and cold to think, only longing to rest. She lay there until someone came in and touched her shoulder. It was Roddy's ayah with some steaming soup on a tray.

"If Missy will eat this, she will feel better." She put the tray down before her.

"Thank you, Saiki," Alison took the soup mechanically and shivered less.

"Will Missy come to her room, and Saiki will make her nice and warm?"

Alison rose and followed her slowly upstairs. She was led into a large richly furnished room and made comfortable for the night. She was deep asleep in a moment, like a tired child, drowned in oceans of sleep.

It was broad daylight when she awakened at last and looked about her at the strange surroundings. This was his room. It all came back to her and she shut her eyes. Here she was, with nothing, no shelter whatever if it had not been for him—and his heart in someone else's keeping. She felt he could not but know that was the unbearable part. It was all unbearable, her foolishness in coming to India above all.

She turned her eyes to the door as the ayah came in to tell her the Sahib was below and would speak with her.

When she came down stairs slowly Tralice was in the large living room pacing restlessly back and forth. His brows were dark and he had the old bitter look. He did not wait for her to speak but began formally.

"I have made all arrangements for your passage home to England and your journey to Bombay. It will not be possible to leave until this evening but if you will do me the honour of making yourself comfortable here I will consider it a favour. Your train does not leave until tonight. Ganda Singh will drive you to the station and he will see that you have everything to-day. I have arranged with Mrs. Wynton to have your trunks brought over this morning."

"You are very kind." He did not wait to hear any more but bade her good morning and departed.

Alison seemed in a daze. The aching pain in her heart seemed to numb her faculties. She could not think of the journey home, glad only that she had not to think of the details. It would come later; she would have to think of how she was to repay Tralice but not now. She was sitting at the Major's desk, her hand shading her eyes, tear dimmed, gazing out on the garden when Saiki came in to

ask if she would have her breakfast in there.

"Yes, Saiki, bring it to me here."

She looked about and saw the great airy room for the first time. It was very masculine, severe in its arrangement but at one end was a grand piano. However, most of the frivolous evidences of a woman's domain had been put out of sight when Tralice took on the house and had been replaced by his hunt trophies; antlers etc., his guns and soft tiger skins on the floor—an old coat here, a riding whip there. She looked about as she had her breakfast. "It only needs flowers," she said out loud, and after Saiki had taken the tray away she wandered to the garden and gathered great clumps of tropical flowers and some of the brave little English blossoms planted by exiles far from "Home"—pansies and forget-me-nots and mignonette. She spent the morning in arranging them about the room and in repacking her trunks. The weary day dragged itself through at last and Alison was finally dressed ready for her journey, as the light was failing. Again the hills were in a haze; she could see them from the window and as she turned to look at them a last time, she heard Tralice's voice on the verandah, giving his final orders about her trunks. She stood with her back to the window steadying herself by the desk. His face had a drawn look as he came into the room.

"Miss Markyate, I believe everything is satisfactorily arranged. I hope you will be able to forget the unfortunate time you have had in India. There is nothing more I believe, except to bid you good-bye and to say I am indeed sorry that all this has happened."

He waited, and as she said nothing, bowed stiffly and turned away. After a few final directions to Ganda Singh he went off. Alison could hear his footsteps die away as she stood motionless where she was.

This was the last then: she looked about at this room, his room—everything spoke to her of him, of his lean dark face and quick look; his desk where he wrote, his books and guns and his coat over the chair. He had worn it perhaps yesterday, or the day before when he had come for her in the hut. She felt the sobs rise in her throat, aching, tearing sobs. She dropped into the chair and buried her face in his coat.

"Oh, I cannot bear it, I cannot indeed," and she sobbed as if her heart would break.

Suddenly she looked up. Tralice was standing in the doorway, silhouetted against the waning light. She could not see his face, as she stood up, quickly brushing the tears from her eyes.

"It is just nervousness, and the journey and I must be sorry to leave India after all." She tried bravely to check her sobs.

He came across the room and put his hands on her shoulders.

"You are sorry to leave me." He looked deep into her eyes, smiling. She could only shake her head but he drew her to him fiercely and though she struggled to free herself, he held her in a grip of steel and turning her face up to his covered it with kisses.

He laughed down at her. "Child, child, do you think I will let Love go—now that I have found it?"

"But Betty Saunders?" she said between her sobs.

"Well, what of Betty Saunders?"

"But you are engaged to her!"

He laughed down into her tear-filled eyes.

"Sweetheart, so that was it. I never was engaged to Betty Saunders, but I am very much engaged now." And he bent to kiss the eyes that shone up at him like stars through the rain.



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At Seven O'Clock

BY J. MORTON LEWIS

MRS. Grange sat in a chair before the fire. Her chin was resting on her palms, and there was a far-away look in her eyes as she stared at the flames as if trying to read some personal message from them. She had arrived at a cross-road in her life and the time had come for her to choose.

She mentally reviewed her past. For five years she had been married to Charles Grange; five uneventful, monotonous years in which she had to a certain extent been happy. She had been happy as hundreds of other women are, in the possession of all she required and a husband who allowed her freedom from worry and a comfortable dress allowance. Nine months before she had met Dr. Musgrave, a young medical man, who had just arrived in the district to work up a practice. He was young and good-looking, the nice, masterful sort of man who by dint of hard work and personal influence can push his way anywhere. He had become very popular; men liked him and their womenfolk made a vogue of him. His practice grew rapidly and he became a social acquisition. He came often to the Granges to dine. Mrs. Grange had felt herself drawn towards him. There was some vibrant chord in her being which responded to his presence. She found herself looking forward with an undue eagerness to his visits until the day when they stood together in that drawing room soul to soul.

She shut her eyes for a moment. The scene came back so vividly. He had stood just there on the rug calling upon her by name; he had taken her hands in his and drawn her towards him. Then he had told her, and much as she had tried to deny it her love had responded. It had shown itself on her face, by her every action as much as the unspoken word.

Now the moment for her to choose had come. On the one hand, husband, home; on the other, divorce, which every nice woman finds in horror, and the man she loved.

She was still thinking it out when the door opened and Dr. Musgrave entered. He came towards her with hands outstretched.

"Muriel."

She rose and put her hands in his. For a moment his eyes rested on hers, then he drew her towards him. With a little cry of pleasure, of self-renunciation, her head sank on his shoulder.

"Muriel," he said, "when is it to be? We cannot go on like this. It is self-torture to both of us. Come away with me now—to-night—this moment. I have a car waiting."

She smiled at his impetuosity. "Have you thought what it means?" she said. "You have built yourself a practice here. You must give all that up. You will have to go away somewhere and start afresh."

"With you, Muriel. I have been awake night after night, sat up thrashing it out in my own mind. My practice, everything must go, because on the other hand there is you. Don't you understand what you are to me? It has cost me no small pangs to act as I must do towards your husband. I feel a traitor."

"Then why do it?" Though she would not have acknowledged it, she hung on his answer.

"Because neither you nor I will ever know happiness again apart. Because we love one another. You, as you never loved your husband—I, as I have never loved any woman. Muriel, you'll come?"

She looked into his face. "You'll be good to me—always?"

"Always." She felt his arm tighten around her. "Don't you realise all that you are to me?"

"Then I'll come." She was glad now that the decision had been made—that she had given herself to him.

"To-night?"

"No; give me until to-morrow. I shall have so much to see to." She felt she wanted a last evening in the home she had known for five years.

"To-morrow evening at seven o'clock I'll have the car here, and we'll be in London and away to Paris by the eight o'clock train." He bent down and kissed her, the reverent kiss of a man who understands and appreciates to the full all that it means to a woman.

Mrs. Grange was still sitting in the firelight when her husband entered. Naturally of a phlegmatic disposition, he was more than usually tired as he flung himself down in a chair opposite hers. He was also growing a little stout, and he had been through a wearying, harassing day in the City. Mentally she compared the two men, and a wave of thankfulness at her decision swept through her. She remembered it all afterwards.

"Well, Muriel," he said, "been busy to-day?"

"No," she replied listlessly. "And you?"

He sank a little further into the depths of the chair. "I'm tired out. Things are so abominably oppressive in town. Money's tight and men are afraid to do anything."

"You look tired." She spoke more for the sake of saying something.

"I am tired out." He took out his case and lighted a cigarette. "Dinner?"

"At seven-thirty—as usual. You're early to-night."

"Yes; I'm afraid I shall be late to-morrow though—I've got a man coming up whom I want to take to the club. It's big business if I can pull it off."

She felt herself blush guiltily. She remembered she had hated the club when they were first married. It had been the cause of their first big quarrel. Charles was too phlegmatic to quarrel. Now she was thankful for its existence.

"It's extraordinary how an evening at the club helps business along," said Grange.

"I suppose so," she replied.

He laughed. "You remember how you used to hate it at first. The tiffs we used to have about it." Grange rose and putting his arm round her shoulder kissed her. "It's made us a good many hundreds, little woman." She wondered as to the cause for this unusual demonstration of affection.

"I'll go up and get ready for dinner, I think," he said.

"What time is it?"

"About quarter-past seven."

"Good gracious!" She rose. It was as she stood in the firelight that she realized. It was their last dinner together. A quarter-past seven. Next evening at that time she would have left and be speeding towards London with another man, the man with whom she had chosen to spend the rest of her life.

The evening seemed to drag; dinner was interminable to Mrs. Grange. It was not altogether that she wanted the last few hours past, but she wanted to be alone. She felt moreover a sense of guilt in the presence of her husband. Her mind was a chaos. Thoughts of the man with whom she was leaving on the morrow were suddenly broken by some chance word by her husband. Her love for Dr. Musgrave had not abated one whit, but it was deadened for the while as she sat in the presence of her husband, who within a few hours she would wrong with the greatest wrong a woman can do a man.

Once the telephone bell rang, and she started, afraid lest it should be Dr. Musgrave. She listened in an agony while her husband spoke. "Who was it?" she asked when he returned, and her lips went dry.

"A friend of yours."

"Of mine?" She tried to meet his gaze.

(Continued on page 23)



"This,"
said the shrewd detective,
"is an inside job"

"I know," said the man from Headquarters, "how friendly everybody around the place seemed to be—but *somebody who was in your confidence* got away with your valuables, just the same."

How often it is, that when health is gone, "*something that was in your confidence* got away with the valuables."

Coffee often robs its users of health, as any doctor can tell you. Sleeplessness, nervousness, high blood-pressure, indigestion, and a general loss of efficiency have brought many people to the discovery that their supposed friend, coffee, has robbed them under cover of friendship.

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Making Your Hair Improve Your Looks

How to Make Your Hair Make You More Attractive

EVERYWHERE you go your hair is noticed most critically.

People judge you by its appearance. It tells the world what you are.

If you wear your hair becomingly and always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, it adds more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

Study your hair, take a hand mirror and look at the front, the sides and the back. Try doing it up in various ways. See just how it looks best.

A slight change in the way you dress your hair, or in the way you care for it, makes all the difference in the world in its appearance.

In caring for the hair, shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp. After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and

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Dress Your Hair To Emphasize Your Best Lines Only

Begin by studying your profile. If you have a short nose, do not put your hair on the top of your head; if you have a round, full face, do not fluff your hair out too much at the sides; if your face is very thin and long, then you should fluff your hair out at the sides. The woman with the full face and double chin should wear her hair high. All these and other individual features must be taken into consideration in selecting the proper hairdress. Above all, simplicity should prevail. You are always most attractive when your hair looks most natural—when it looks most like you.



rubbing it in briskly as before.

You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone. You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Beware of imitations. Be sure you get Mulsified.

Look for the name Watkins on the package.



THERE is general interest in the new "Clay treatment" for the complexion, to which we referred in our August article. Most women realize that keeping the skin fresh and fair is the first step towards setting Old Time at defiance, in the kind of dodging

Let no one think that we are advocating the lavish use of powder and rouge or that we are not advocates of soap and water. On the other hand, we are quite enthusiastic on the subject of soap and believe that it keeps pace with civilization, the cakes forming milestones as it



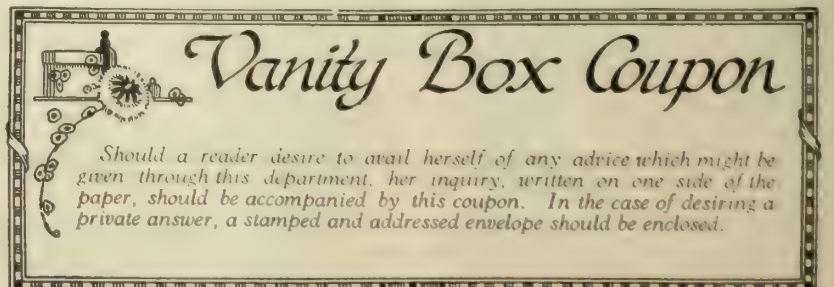
Lady Swaythling at Princess Mary's Costume Ball, given for the London Hospital at the Albert Hall, London. This gown was first worn at the Great Exhibition (1851-1860)

dance which we play, in order to look as young and bright as we can.

There are women who, proudly, and with an air of conscious virtue, make the declaration: "I don't use anything but soap and water on my face—and never shall." These women would look much better and feel more comfortable for an application of powder during the hot weather; and, as they grow older, will discover that a little face cream has both a cleansing and beautifying effect. It is "a long, long way" sometimes to getting fit and keeping fit, but every step of the journey is worth while.

were. That sentiment may be a little "mixed" in its form of expression, but we mean to say that Bolshevism and soap could not go together, and we firmly believe that Socialism and soap are strangers. We do not know when the first bath was taken, but we are quite certain that it meant the plunge into civilization. Wherefore, we are ready to sing a song of soap on any occasion and believe that the way of lather leads to loveliness.

There are conditions of the skin which call for more than soap and water, a (Continued on page 24)



At Seven O'Clock

(Continued from page 21)

"Yes, Mrs. Beauchamp. She wanted to know about the Christmas concert at the infirmary and if we were singing. I didn't trouble to call you."

What a mockery it all seemed. When Christmas came she would be miles away. An ocean might divide her from the infirmary concert—from that room itself. Love demanded many sacrifices, and Mrs. Grange felt she would be thankful when she had paid the last and was away.

She saw her husband off next morning, packed the clothes she intended taking, and then set herself to wait.

It was six o'clock and she was seated in the drawing-room. Everything was ready. She had even written the letter to her husband, and it lay on the table only a few feet from her. She glanced at the clock. Only another hour.

The sound of a motor stopping outside the house did not rouse her. It was only when the door opened and a white-faced servant stood on the threshold that she awoke from her reverie.

The girl was trembling. "The master, ma'am," she gasped. "There's been an accident and they're bringing him in."

Mrs. Grange rose. In the hall stood a tall policeman, and resting limply in his arms her husband. His face was white, his eyes closed. "What is the matter?" she said.

"There has been an accident, ma'am. The gentleman's car was run into by another one. Shall I carry him in there?" He nodded towards the open door of the dining-room.

"No; take him up to the bedroom." She saw him placed on the bed and fell on her knees by his side. Forgotten was all thought of Dr. Musgrave and the journey she was so soon to take. Her husband was injured, dying perhaps.

"Have you called a doctor?" she asked the servant.

"No, ma'am." Mrs. Grange rushed downstairs and took the receiver off the hook.

She waited in a fever for the number. "Is that Dr. Musgrave speaking? I'm Mrs. Grange—Muriel. I want you to come round at once. My husband has had a bad accident and I want you to see him."

Within ten minutes Dr. Musgrave was at the house. "What is the matter?" he asked.

"Charles has been smashed up in his car—and I am afraid."

"Let me see him," said Dr. Musgrave. For ten minutes he examined Mr. Grange in silence.

"He won't die?" said Mrs. Grange. There was a tremor in her voice as she spoke.

For a second Dr. Musgrave looked at her, wondering if she remembered. Then the doctor vanquished the man.

"I hope not, but I must perform an operation at once. It is a good thing I brought everything with me. I cannot wait for another doctor. Have you someone you can let me have to help me—someone with strong nerves."

"I will stay."

"You?"

"Yes, it is my place—I am his wife."

"I see." Dr. Musgrave gave her one quick look, then he was the professional man again. "Have some water made hot at once—boiling, please—and I shall want some basins." He was attending to his instruments even while he spoke.

"What are you going to do?" asked Mrs. Grange.

"A portion of bone is pressing on his brain and I must remove that bone at once. It is his only chance."

A sudden fear seized Mrs. Grange, and with it came understanding. "You'll save his life," she implored. "I—I couldn't—"

"If it is humanly possible."

For half-an-hour Dr. Musgrave fought his fight against death, while Mrs. Grange watched him fascinated. She admired him more during that half-hour than she had ever done previously.

At last she saw her husband lying back in bed, his head bandaged. Dr. Musgrave turned to her. "You can leave now—I will join you in the drawing-room in a few minutes."

Mechanically Mrs. Grange obeyed. Downstairs she paced the room in an agony of apprehension until the door opened.

"How is he?" she asked eagerly.

"The operation has been quite successful, and he will recover from the effects of the chloroform in a few minutes now."

"You think he will live?" "With careful nursing. The immediate danger is over."

Mrs. Grange took a step forward and held out her hand impulsively. "I do not know how to thank you," she said. Her hand fell suddenly to her side.

Dr. Musgrave drew out his watch. "Do you know it is exactly seven o'clock?" he said.

Mrs. Grange shuddered. "Don't—please don't," she pleaded. "I must have been mad. But I didn't realize what he meant to me until I saw him brought home."

Dr. Musgrave made no reply for a moment. He was a man again, and before him stood the woman he loved. He was standing by the table and his eyes were fastened upon a letter which lay on it.

"Was this the letter you wrote to him?"

Mrs. Grange took a couple of steps forward. She picked up the letter, tore it into four, and flung the pieces into the fire.

"Yes," she replied.

"I understand." Dr. Musgrave turned towards the door. His voice was lifeless. On the threshold he paused. "I will call to-morrow and see how he is. After that I shall have to leave him to my *locum tenens*."

"You will be leaving? I am so sorry." Mrs. Grange felt the words were pitifully inadequate.

"For a little while at least, I feel I want a change—a rest."

Mrs. Grange averted her face. She realised in that second that it is not always the woman who pays. When she looked up the room was empty.

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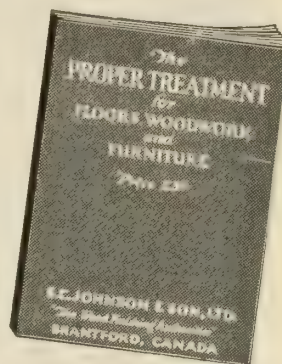
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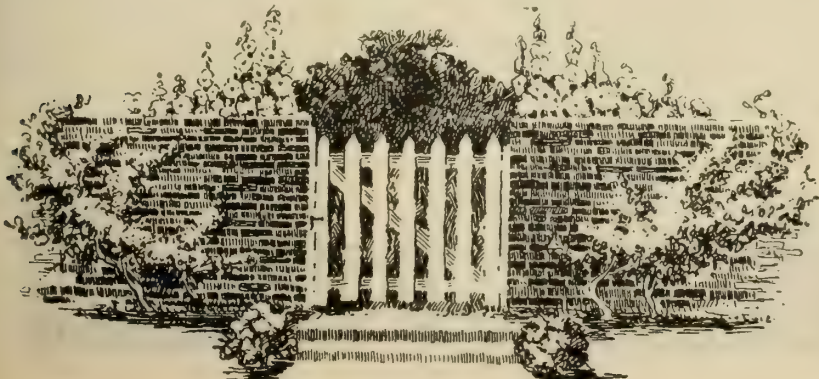
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to insure that you get from Ingram's Milkweed Cream the fullest possible benefit.

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The Vanity Box

(Continued from page 22)

resort to a very thorough cleansing of the skin. There are so many pores that it is almost impossible to keep them as open and healthy as self-respecting pores ought to be, unless we resort occasionally to a systematic renovation of the face—a kind of garret-to-cellar affair—which will remove impurities and leave us feeling all cleaned and brightened, like the brilliant and attractive saucepans in the artistic advertisements for some kind of cleansing powder. Here comes in the virtue of the clay preparation, which goes farther and does more in less time than the ordinary lotion. You must pay close attention to directions, however—as we may have said before. Do not rub the preparation on, as if it were a cream and be sure to allow it to remain on the face for twenty minutes.

ARE the feet giving you trouble, this summer? If they are, please attend to that callous or that corn without delay, for the feet must be comfortable, if you are to be at ease. A callous spot must be overcome by persistent treatment, and, if the "arch" is threatening to fall, wear a proper support for the foot. That famous United States humorist, Josh Billings, said on one occasion that he liked to wear tight shoes because they made him forget all his other troubles. A tight shoe causes about as much discomfort as an aching tooth—and oh, what a difference when the offending shoe is removed and the poor, cramped foot has an opportunity to expand! Really it must be dreadful to be a Chinese lady

which studies the individual figure and provides a corset just suited to your weight and style. The trend of modern shoe fashions is also all in the direction of studying various types, rather than supplying wares which are suited to only one order of foot. Find out the shoe which suits you best and you will know what true comfort means. It is quite possible, in these enlightened days to secure shoes which are both smart and sensible but as you value your present comfort and the future shapeliness of the foot, do not wear a shoe which is too narrow or too short.

THE LETTER BOX

MABEL:—If electrolysis has failed to remove the superfluous hair, I am afraid that depilatories will not be of much use. The electric needle is usually regarded as the most thorough agency in the removal of those intruding hairs which come so often where they are least wanted. Our hair may fall out, our eye-brows become scanty, but, just as we are bewailing this wilful decrease of the hair, we discover that an entirely unwished for moustache is forming on the upper lip or an unbecoming downiness is spreading on the cheeks. I have sent you the names of several depilatories. However, I feel that if electrolysis has failed, your best course would be to let a specialist examine the growth.

FANNY:—What a delightful name—old-fashioned and a bit coquettish, reminding us of the times of crinoline and furbelows! If you have acquired a coat of tan, you will not be able to cast it off at once, as if it were, indeed, a garment. There is nothing more easy than to accumulate a goodly supply of freckles or a "spreading" of tan over face, neck and arms; but it is entirely another matter to get rid of the brown spots or the clinging covering of tan. The clay treatment of which I have written will help in this process of driving away the tan. I have sent you the name of a good cream.

GOLDENROD:—That is a bright, seasonable name. I hope you are not one of those unfortunates for whom goldenrod spells hay fever. It is such a beautiful bloom, in its soft richness, that I am always sorry for the sensitive citizens who sneeze at the sight of it. So you wonder how you may get rid of those unsightly little spots. Well, bathing the face in warm water with plentiful use of a good soap and face brush will help—and there are lotions which will complete the good work. The city, remember, is very hard on the feminine complexion and the brush is a necessity.

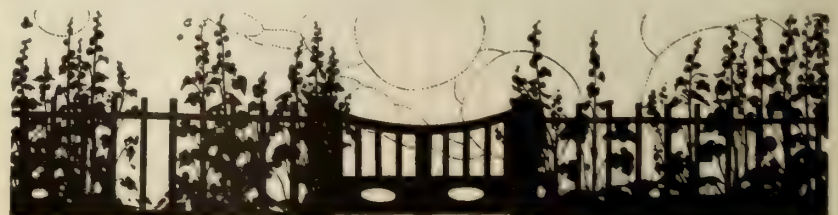
MARTHA:—Of course, if you are a really busy Martha, your hands will become red and hard if you are not careful. I cheerfully admit that it is better to be a red-handed Martha than to be a lily-handed idler—but it is not necessary to possess a hard and beet-like hand, even if you are working like the busiest bee in the hive. Wear gloves when you do heavy tasks—and don't let any one laugh you out of doing this, have lemon or vinegar on the sink and wear becreamed gloves at night. Now, don't be a foolish Martha and say that you do not care



This gown is of chiffon in a ravishing shade of blue embroidered with white. The hat is white with blue flowers.

of certain rank and have the feet crushed into an unnatural smallness.

However, it is no longer becoming to wear shoes too small for the wearer. The tight corset has gone and has given place to the modern artistic corsetry



Odds and Ends

White-haired, one-legged, seventy-seven years of age, the indomitable Bernhardt is considering an American tour. "Good heavens!" says some one, "why doesn't the poor old girl give up, and retire in peace?" Principally, I suppose, because she wants the money. But it is not difficult to realize that a person who has always been such a driving worker as Mme. Bernhardt is not willing to give up as long as there is still a public that wants her. It is, of course, her name and past fame that she can still conjure with. And there is always a young public that will run to see a famous name that has ceased to be merely a name and become an entity.

But also there is the eternal urge to work in the energetic temperament. We saw it instanced during the war, when many old men were thrilled to the heart—some of them retired army and navy men—to have the opportunity of proving their usefulness once more.

Bernhardt, no doubt, believes that she will be proving her artistic value to the public if she comes and has a successful tour (a tour, by the way, that would not extend beyond the East.)

But I question very much if the flame in the artist-soul survives to the age of seventy-seven, says a California critic.

Mrs. Stevenson's body has lain in the local cemetery awaiting a chance to convey it across the treacherous waters and to make the ascent of Mount Veia in safety. A grand tomb is pointed out to the strangers off Saint Malo on the Breton coast, where the eminent French author, Chateaubriand, had a rock jutting into the sea hollowed for his coffin. On the anniversary of his death, July 4th, each year a cure from the village says mass on the shore directly opposite and recites the office of the dead, a ceremony which attracts the tourists all over the north of France. Sarah Bernhardt has recently purchased a spot similar to Chateaubriand's and adjacent to it and will be interred where the Breton waves will dash over her tomb ceaselessly and recite her requiem.

* * *

Miss Eleanor M. Roach, Superintendent of Quebec Women's Institutes, has been interesting the women and girls in rural communities in striving for a better domestic education. Many mothers have not time to teach their daughters to become home-makers, but they are very anxious that their girls take advantage of any opportunities which arise.



Waiting for a meal.

The technique is there, the trained voice of an artist of the stage has wonderful longevity, but the imagination, the magnetism of youth that reaches well into maturity, probably will have passed away. Bernhardt is still a personality, but on the stage it will be hard to imagine her as much more than a shell of the vital, compelling, magnetic actress whom we saw in her prime.

* * *

A unique and touching ceremony occurred a few weeks ago in Samoa when the body of Fanny Osborne Stevenson was buried beside her distinguished husband on the great rock of Mount Veia, which towers almost a thousand feet above the Pacific, says the Washington "Star." In the few days of his Samoan life, when the beloved novelist was strong enough to tramp and climb, he made the ascent of this isolated peak, which rises from the ocean about 500 feet off the mainland, and, struck with its solemn grandeur, its remoteness from human contact, he asked that the rock might be his tomb. Mrs. Stevenson in her last testament provided for the conveyance of her remains to be placed beside her husband's, and this has recently been fulfilled.

Of the many illustrious men who have selected rock tombs in isolated spots, Stevenson's and his wife's are by far the noblest and most remote. So stormy has been the season about the Samoan Islands that for nearly eight months

Requests have come to Miss Roach this year for eight courses of one week each, but because of the small staff, only the first four making application have been accepted.

In Shawville, Pontiac County, the course was given to the Junior Women's Institute. There was an average attendance of eighteen girls from the ages of twelve to eighteen years.

In Shawville there was a very good household science equipment purchased by the Shawville Women's Institute. The first lesson was on canning fruit, each girl bringing her own fruit, sugar, jar, etc., and taking home with her, her own finished product after the public display the last day.

In the afternoon of the first day the girls came with their gingham chambray, needles, thread and thimbles, for their first lesson in sewing, and that afternoon eight kimono sleeve dresses were cut out. Each afternoon the girls met and worked. In the end there were sixteen out of eighteen dresses finished.

Each morning a cooking lesson was held. A second lesson was in canning vegetables by the cold pack, or one day method, and such vegetables as peas beans, carrots and onions were put away for winter use, and proud were the girls of the results. On the third day the girls made supper dishes. The fourth lesson was simple desserts, and for these a plain custard was made and varied with fruits, nuts, cake, etc.



"I saved \$16 on this one dress!"

AND just think—it's only one of seven I've made this season. They're the prettiest dresses I've ever had and it's surprising how much I've saved by making them myself.

Take this one dress as an example. It would have cost at least \$40 in the shops—perhaps \$45. And I never could have afforded to buy it at that price.

"Yet by making it myself I had to pay only for the materials. I saved \$16 on this one dress alone, and I have saved as much or more on the other six. Altogether I have saved more than \$100 on my clothes this season.

"Do you wonder that I am glad I took up dressmaking with the Woman's Institute? It isn't only that I have more and prettier dresses than I could ever have afforded to buy, but it has been such good fun making them. And to think that only a few months ago I could hardly sew a straight seam!"

THIS is the story of what just one woman saved by learning to make her own clothes. And she is only one of thousands who have solved their clothes problems with the help of the Woman's Institute.

"I am having wonderful success," writes Mrs. Herbert Seavy. "I have just finished a pongee blouse, which I designed myself, and if I do say so, it is the prettiest blouse I have seen this year.

"My husband says I have more than paid for my course now, for I have made countless things for the kiddies besides my own clothes."

Here's a fine letter from Mrs. William Carlson, who writes: "I must tell you that I entered a little dress at the Minnesota State Fair and it took the first prize in its class, as well as the sweepstake of all the children's dresses entered. I feel quite proud of my work."

Mrs. Kathleen Bird writes: "My little layette is progressing very nicely, and I find the greatest enjoyment in working with those tiny garments."

"I have visited the most exclusive shops and copied their most expensive things for a wee per cent of their cost in the shop. For instance, one little dress with hand-run tucks, a tiny spray of embroidery, and scalloped lower edge finished with lace was marked \$15. I copied it in even nicer material for about \$3. I know, too, that my little one will have as fine and dainty garments as the wealthiest child, and besides the great difference in cost, I have had the joy of making them myself."

"WHEN I began your course," writes Mrs. J. C. Miller, "I intended completing it before starting in business, but when about half way through a friend asked me to make her two dresses as a favor, and since then the work has come in faster than I can do it, and competent help is so hard to obtain. Last month I earned \$68, so you see I have my hands full. I am desirous of giving

my girls a good education. That is what I am working for, and, thanks to the Woman's Institute, I have made a good start toward realizing my dream."

And note the splendid success of Mrs. Dora E. Gray. "Since I began to sew for others," she writes, "my work has brought me \$465, or an average of a little better than \$50 a month. And I have done all the sewing for myself and my boy and girl. Before taking the course I wouldn't think of making anything but house dresses; now I am not afraid to attempt anything."

Miss Clorinda B. Ramsey writes: "I have now made five pretty dresses, and one that I made about a month ago was mistaken for an imported gown. Just think of having a wardrobe of lovely dresses after having spent barely fifty dollars! Counting in the cost of the lessons, my clothes have cost less this year than ever before."

AREN'T you glad to know that there is an easy way by which you, too, can learn right at home to make the pretty, distinctive, becoming dresses you have always wanted, and have them for a half or a third of what the shops are asking?

And aren't you glad to know that you can so easily prepare yourself to make money right at home sewing for others?

The letters printed above are actual letters from students of the Woman's Institute. There are hundreds of others on file at the Institute—many of them from girls and women who "could hardly sew a straight seam" when they enrolled.

When everything has been made so easy for you—when by just a little pleasant work in the comfort of your own home you can have the kind of pretty, becoming clothes that every one will admire—can you afford to let another day go by without at least finding out what the Woman's Institute can do for you?

Just send a letter, post card, or the convenient coupon below to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 31-J, Scranton, Penna., and you will receive, without a penny of cost or the slightest obligation, the full story of this great school that is bringing to women and girls all over the world the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes and hats, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business.

----- TEAR OUT HERE -----
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Dept. 31-J, Scranton, Penna.

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☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

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Lighting Fixtures and Lighting Effects

BY ALICE CARROLL

MUCH of the beauty and charm of the home is contingent upon its lighting effects, and more and more thought is given each year to the factors which promise not only this beauty and charm but comfort and convenience as well.

In years past we resigned ourselves to gaudy domes and chandeliers just because they happened to be installed in the house we leased or purchased, and viewed as hopeless any attempt to harmonize them with furnishings and hangings. When summer came and the house took on the spring freshness of cretonne and wicker we endured the glare of unshaded lamps and garish fixtures nor hoped for respite when chill winds heralded the season of log fires and velour hangings.

Acceptance did not mean submission, however, and eventually the manufacturers of lighting fixtures and lighting effects responded to the appeal for more beauty and charm in quality and design. The size and shape of the room; the color and texture of hangings; the architectural grandeur or simplicity of the home—all these were taken into consideration, and little by little the restful and lovely in lighting effects supplanted the garish and gaudy.

The modern house is accordingly wired with a view to beauty as well as comfort and convenience; and instead of two per cent of the building cost appropriated for lighting and fixtures at least five per cent. is allotted by the up-to-date builder.

Correct lighting vivifies the art of the decorator and lighting fixtures are the media through which this art approaches its zenith. Fixtures cannot be concealed, so they must be made beautiful. Their color, contour and character must harmonize and enhance the general decorative scheme, not only when softened by artificial light, but when exposed to the steady glare of daylight and sunlight.

Too many people forget, when selecting lighting fixtures, that they must harmonize by daylight as well as lamplight, and though artificial illumination may enrich the tone and texture of a cheap fixture, daylight is almost sure to accentuate its garishness. This is the reason why so many rooms that soothe and charm by night are harsh and unfriendly by day and vice versa. This is the reason why there should be no compromise on the quality of lighting fixtures, because they determine, perhaps more than any other factor, the aesthetic possibilities of a room.

Bright spots of light and color may be introduced by means of fixtures. Some may even produce light from a purely decorative standpoint, providing a radiance or atmospheric color more keenly sensed than seen.

The fixture determines the light value almost as readily as the lamp itself because the fixture is the channel of distribution, and its texture and design may make or mar the quality of the light diffused.

There is a growing preference nowadays for side wall illumination, especially in the living room, and this has revived the use of the old-fashioned sconce, usually fashioned of metal and shaded with decorative screens of glass, silk or parchment.

Many authorities on illumination claim that translucent glass is the correct medium for light diffusion and it has always been preferred to parchment or silken shades for purely utility lighting. It is a fact that the light spot or source may be almost entirely eliminated by diffusion through proper glass and that a restful as well as a clear, steady light results.

Correct lighting involves the useful as well as the beautiful; the practical as well as the decorative, and these apparently opposing forces must merge if health and comfort as well as beauty and harmony are to pervade the home.

A house may have adequate wiring and include the desired number of outlets and still be a failure from the standpoint of illumination if lighting fixtures are selected without care.

(Continued on page 54)

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*Picture Posed by Helene
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S ELECT the tint of your powder and rouge as carefully as you choose its quality—a tint which *blends* softly, invisibly; that gives beauty without the questionable suggestion of "make-up."

In the exquisitely delicate tints of Face Powder Jonteel and Rouge Jonteel, you will find the perfect match for your skin. And you will find a soft, clinging, *invisible* quality that will charm you—as does the bewitching Jonteel fragrance. Just you try them!

The 8000 Rexall Drug Stores

throughout Canada, the United States and Great Britain have been given exclusive sale of Jonteel

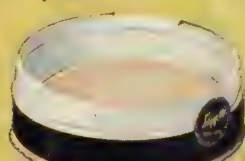
because they are linked together into one great National service-giving organization. They are found in every town and city that has a modern drug store.



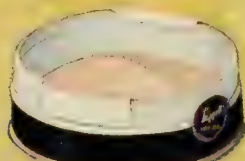
Face Powder Jonteel Compact,
*Flesh, for faces having
color* 50c



Face Powder Jonteel Compact,
*White, for very fair com-
plexions* 50c



Face Powder Jonteel Compact,
*Brunette, for average daily
use* 50c



Face Powder Jonteel Compact,
*"Outdoor," an exclusive
athletic shade* 50c



**Rouge Jonteel —Light, for the
usual light complexion** 50c



**Rouge Jonteel —Medium, a tint
for general use** 50c



**Rouge Jonteel—Dark, for dark
complexions** 50c

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A Secret Marriage

BY KATHERINE TYNAN

VASHTI SIMON had had a somewhat remarkable upbringing. At an early age she had left her father's house in Montagu-square for a cottage in the country, where in great seclusion she had been brought up by a governess who had taught her all things that a young lady ought to know.

Vashti was very fond of her governess. The very sweet and very sad-looking lady, Mrs. Seymour, was one of Reuben Simon's strange finds—the last person you would expect in the service of a money-lender looking after the education of his daughter. She was obviously an aristocrat, and was, indeed, the widow of a younger son of a younger son, who, having run through his slender patrimony, blew out his foolish brains, leaving his young widow to settle up with his creditors.

Reuben Simon had been good to her, as he had been to many people, and her gratitude to him was a very real thing. It made her devote herself, in the first instance, to bringing up his daughter with all the circumstances of refinement. Mrs. Seymour was nominally governess; but Vashti had visiting tutors and governesses for all manner of things. Mrs. Seymour often wondered over Reuben Simon's passion for educating his one girl. Of course, she would probably be very rich one day; but still, there were times when the lady who had become very fond of her charge as the years passed by, was assailed by doubts of what would happen when Vashti would awaken one day to the knowledge that she was the daughter of a money-lender.

The secret had been carefully kept from her. No one about her knew it except Mrs. Seymour. Mr. Simon never visited the cottage, but now and again Vashti and Mrs. Seymour went up and stayed at a London hotel for a week or so; and Vashti was taken out by her father, and had her wardrobe renewed, and was loaded with all manner of things which Mrs. Seymour thought much too fine for a young girl, and Vashti was quite prepared to relinquish if only she might have had a little more of her father's company. She had been brought up a Christian, too—a strange thing for Reuben Simon's daughter, for if he was not orthodox in his secret soul he was certainly so in his outward observances.

A strange man, Mrs. Seymour thought, seeing how devoted he was to his little daughter, to deprive himself of her companionship as she grew up. However, Reuben Simon had been so generous to her that he had made her his unquestioning servant. She was only sorry for the child, who adored her father and fretted at the long separations from him.

She began to understand when, about the time of Vashti's seventeenth birthday, she was startled by a curt note from Mr. Simon informing her that he intended coming to the cottage on such and such a day, bringing a visitor with him, a gentleman. He wanted everything to be at its best, so he was sending down a French cook for a week. Mrs. Seymour must arrange matters with old Elspeth, who had done very well for the cottage during the years of undisturbed quiet.

The Palace of the Sleeping Beauty was suddenly awake. With the French cook there came a supply of delicate foods, wines, and a whole little outfit of cooking utensils very pretty to look at, at which Elspeth sniffed. Copper and iron had been good enough for her, and she had no faith in the brown and green-coloured earthenware which was the French cook's *magasin de cuisine*.

M. Lebout, too, was of Reuben Simon's faithful servants. The money-lender seemed to have pulled an uncommon number of people out of holes in the course of his career. The man put a joyous energy into his cooking which money would not have bought.

The cottage was turned upside down. It had always looked neatness and purity itself; but now carpets were taken up, curtains taken down, walls swept—a

general turning out and furbishing. Reuben Simon's servants did not serve him with half a heart.

The cottage was delightful the evening Reuben and his guest arrived. It was a wet winter night outside, but within all was warm and glowing. The daintiest of tables awaited the travellers; M. Lebout had excelled himself in the meal he had prepared; Mrs. Seymour, waiting expectantly in the drawing-room, wearing a gown of soft grey with a fichu of old lace, was a charming hostess. Vashti, seeming to creep behind her, was at least striking-looking in her white frock with the bunch of holly-berries in the bosom of it, for the season was near Christmas.

The Eastern blood showed in the girl's dark colour, heavy hair, and passionate eyes. She was not of the overblown type. On the contrary, she was very thin, though even now there was a strange grace in her leanness and length. In her immaturity some people might have thought her ugly. The hair was too heavy, the features somewhat solidly moulded for her youth; if she was shy she kept the large lids persistently down over the beautiful eyes. She did not look at her best this evening. She was feeling that the stranger Papa was bringing was going to destroy the happiness of his visit. How happy they could have been with the beloved Papa at the Cottage, sleeping under its roof for positively the first time, if it were not for the stranger, the very thought of whom terrified her timid soul!

Mrs. Seymour understood, divined that the girl was so alarmed that she could have run away anywhere to avoid the mysterious visitor, the thought of whom was a certain trouble and problem to herself. She drew the girl's hand through her arm as they stood by the fire awaiting the sound of the carriage bringing the visitors. Absurd that she should be so troubled. It was a result, no doubt, of her life of seclusion. Why should not Mr. Simon bring a visitor? It might be a grave and reverend seignior for all she knew. She had no reason for her vain imaginings that this visit was the event towards which all the quiet years at the Cottage, with the unconscionably fine training for the money-lender's daughter had been leading up.

* * *

HER thoughts were scattered by the sound of the wheels for which they had been listening. She drew the girl to her and felt the heart in Vashti's breast flutter like a wild thing. There was a commotion of arrival. Reuben Simon came into the room. For the first time Vashti did not spring into his arms. A fair young man followed him—quite young, little more than twenty, Mrs. Seymour judged. He was handsome but for the gloom of his face. His eyes were sullen. He looked as though he had been tasting bitter waters.

"Lord Askdale."

The introductions were made. The young man bowed with a mechanical good manner. He had fair, silky hair, and apart from his brooding look he would have worn an open, honest expression. Despite her uneasiness, a vague pity stirred in Mrs. Seymour's heart for the boy. What had been happening to him? A Prodigal Son who had no forgiveness for himself: that was the image which occurred to her. He glanced furtively and with distaste at Vashti. Mrs. Seymour noted the look with a certain indignation for her girl, then looked at Vashti herself. Why, the child was positively ugly with that lowering look. She might well be taken for heavy and dull.

Mr. Simon and Mrs. Seymour had to talk for four at the dinner-table. The other two never spoke at all, but looked down at their plates. There was something about the young man's look which was tragical and stirred an aching pity

(Continued on page 39)

The Mother's Help

Vision

Nellie had never considered insurance until Ned explained his policy to her. Then she began to think it out for herself.

No money could cover Ned's value to her and the children. Still it was true that it was his duty to value and protect his earning power, so that if he died they should not suffer a double loss—home as well as husband and father. For the sake of the children it was necessary to consider such possibilities and guard against them.

But children are a joint responsibility.

"If I were to die," thought Nellie, "nobody could really take my place to my blessed babies. But I would like to know that they would have as good a substitute as money could buy."

"The housekeeping would cost the same even if I were not here, perhaps more—because no outsider would plan and work as I am happy to do for them. The kind of a woman I would like to have in my place—educated—efficient—trained—would cost money. Could that money be provided at a moment's notice?"

Value

Nellie told Ned she wanted to be insured too. He was opposed to the idea, feeling that he should carry the financial responsibility. But she asked him—Was she of real value to the children? Had she not a right to direct their education? Did he not think that every mother had a lasting responsibility toward her children? Ned was honest. He had to agree.

Variation

Ned got his friend—the London Life agent—to talk it over with them both.



He advised a 20-year endowment policy of \$1,000 for Nellie.

It was really a glorified savings account.

Nellie was 26. The yearly premium was \$48.65. If she paid that sum twenty times she would have saved \$973. Should she die while the children were small they would receive \$1,000—a much larger sum than she could save in the same time.

If she lived for 20 years—and the children were grown up and settled—she would have \$1,000 with interest and profits.

Vindication

"That will be 95 cents a week. I can easily pay that out of the housekeeping money," said Nellie.

Ned paid the first premium for her and Nellie began to save the second, week by week. Ned adds an extra 95 cents weekly to this amount so that she can carry a \$2,000 policy.

It is wonderful how easy it is to save that little amount.

And Nellie does not mean to die.

She means to cash that check when she is 46 and spend it on a silver honeymoon with Ned.

Nellie's policy was based on one that had already matured with the London Life.

Policy, 6598. Issued, 1902. Amount, \$1,000. Age at Issue, 26. Premium, \$48.65.

Year	Profits Paid	Premium Paid
1902-06	\$19.35	\$243.25
1907-11	38.11	223.90
1912-16	87.44	205.14
1917-21	125.73	155.81

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Women's Musical Clubs

The part they have played in recent musical development and their possibilities for the future

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

IN Canadian towns and cities, in common with those of many sections of the United States, the extension of interest in music as an art, has owed a great deal to women's musical clubs. Their gradual increase is one of the most hopeful signs for music in this country. One reason very frequently advanced, in proof of their excellence as an influence, is that they secure results of a definite character within a comparatively short space of time.

It matters not whether a town be large or small, the formation of a musical club to promote really artistic concerts is a healthy sign, and already the growth of such institutions has led to broadening of taste which has greatly extended the field for concert singers and instrumentalists of the better order. It must be admitted that in this form of social activity women take the lead of the men; and that music as an art could hardly survive without their zealous support.

The musical club gives scope to the woman of real civic enthusiasm who feels that she would like to do something for the betterment of the community in which she lives; and it enables individuals of like aim to get together and plan artistic delights for their neighbors. Every year new places are being added to the musical map by just that spirit. One factor I have noted about the movement is the singular vitality of such clubs. Associations of other kinds are formed but frequently die after a year or two, but the women's musical club seems to get a real hold on public sentiment and to grow, to use an old simile, like a snowball going down hill.

It is hardly necessary to expatiate at length on how such organizations may be brought into being. Of course the first step is for a number of leading spirits to get together and unite for the express purpose of spreading the gospel of good music. In almost every town there are a few women of musical education who may form a nucleus to bring others in. It is not difficult for such a group to arrange programmes among themselves without at the outset calling in professional concert artists. Let us suppose that they decide to start with a Grieg programme. One perhaps can give a group of short numbers for the pianoforte, with such the works of the Norwegian abound. One or two more can get up some of the songs of Grieg. And perhaps there is a violinist in the town who can play one of his works for that instrument. The beginnings may be made by holding musicales in the homes of various members just like clubs formed for other purposes. The various hostesses can each perhaps take charge of the arrangement of the programme for her particular day. In this way five or six afternoons can be spread out over the winter season.

Thus you get a nucleus of interested people together who may presently embark on a somewhat more ambitious scale and arrange for a visit from some artist of distinction to give a recital in some local auditorium, a church or a school, if no other place is available. It is easier to keep a women's musical club alive than to give vitality to a Women's Canadian Club, for instance, because the material to arouse continuous interest is so much richer. In many towns there is no local concert agent who brings singers or other types of performers within reach of the community and thus the Club fills a real want by assuming such functions.

With the development of such a club it may be found feasible to promote the formation of a choral society or amateur orchestra and to sufficiently arouse local enthusiasm to induce some ambitious and talented professional musician to settle in the town and "do things." The leading Conservatories are constantly turning out energetic and gifted graduates who are looking for prospects and opportunities to build up a clientele just as are newly fledged doctors and lawyers. In some instances a single church choir, or (better still) the choirs of two or three

churches have effectively united and formed an organization that in a comparatively brief period has been able to promote and participate in concerts of real communal interest. One very beneficial effect of musical clubs is that they help to break up cliques and reconcile differences which tend to narrow small town life. The singing organization may be a growth of the club itself; or better still I think, a by-product stimulated and encouraged by the club. It is important to bring in as large a membership as possible whether able to contribute in a musical sense or not. The real object of such organizations is to bring music into the lives of those unacquainted with its finer developments. It is quite certain that the town which once gets a musical club functioning finds itself a happier town.

* * *

I HAVE spoken of the initial steps to be taken in centres where women's musical clubs do not exist. The many organizations of the kind which have already come into being and which have long and honorable records of achievement would furnish a fruitful field for comment. At present I am informed there is a movement under way to bring into being a system of co-ordinated effort among the existing women's musical clubs of Canada, particularly those of Ontario and the West. Such a system would undoubtedly be very beneficial in an economic way. Under the present highly organized state of the concert business on this continent it is much more expensive to bring an artist for an individual concert say at London, Ontario, or Regina, than if the same artist were booked for a series of concerts with musical clubs covering thirty towns and cities along something like a continuous route. The saving in the matter of travelling expenses alone constitutes a very important item; but the system if it can be brought into working order would effect savings in other respects as well. It is quite obvious that the average artist who is assured of a long continuous engagement covering conveniently distributed points, will be willing to sing for a smaller fee than if he is booked in the sporadic way which means a concert at Winnipeg one week and possibly one at Richmond, Virginia, the next. The memoirs of the late David Bispham, one of the most popular of concert singers, the author has told of the terrible strain that the erratic system of touring which prevailed in the hey-day of his powers, involved for the artist. Exhausting journeys by rail, changes of climate, anxieties as to railroad connections, all tend to fatigue and loss of voice; whereas these difficulties can be overcome if clubs get together and book the artist as a group rather than under the individual system. I understand that the Women's Musical Club of Toronto has already taken the initiative in this matter; and if the plan can be worked out, it should have a very important influence on the prosperity of such organizations everywhere.

The growth of such clubs within the present century has had a very important influence on musical art generally, owing to the form which club enterprise usually takes. It has tended to encourage the growth of the "recital" of distinct artistic purpose as distinguished from the old-fashioned mixed concert. The "recital" is a comparatively modern development. It is said to have been invented by the great pianist Franz Liszt as early as 1840. Prior to Liszt's time, pianists were usually heard in combination with performers of other types. A tenor, a soprano, a pianist, a violinist and a harpist would perhaps be heard together in a programme that represented a hodge podge of all schools. Not until Liszt initiated the practice, was the recital by a single individual thought of as possible, and

(Continued on page 33)

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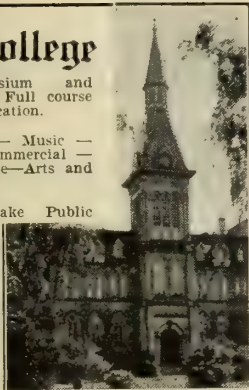
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THE news of the death of Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan) came to the Canadians who know her work, with a sense of literary loss, and to all who had the privilege of knowing her personally it brought regret for the passing of a bright and gallant spirit. Sara Jeannette Duncan was born in Brantford, the city which was the early home of several citizens whose fame has gone beyond the bounds of the Dominion. Norman Duncan (who was not a relative) came from the same town;—and Pauline Johnson, whose body rests in the shelter of Stanley Park, Vancouver, was also of the town of Brant, while the great Scottish inventor, Alexander Graham Bell, who was buried last month on the summit of the Beinn Bhreagh Mountain, Cape Breton Island, spent his early days near the same picturesque spot. Many tales are told of the wit and sprightliness of the girl, who, at an early age, showed a gift for writing. Miss Duncan found a journalistic position on "The Globe," contributing special articles over the signature, "Garth Grafton." The Washington "Post" also contained her contributions, but it was soon evident that her gift was for work more enduring than the feature article.

When the C. P. R. was young, Miss Duncan, with a friend whom she called

"Orthodocia," crossed the Dominion and visited Japan and India, returning to Canada by way of Europe. This daring feat for the eighties found a chronicle in the book, "A Social Departure," which won immediate popularity. Since then the work of this writer has been looked upon as literary craftsmanship of fine order. There is a long list of books to the credit of this writer, the most interesting to Canadian readers being "The Imperialist."

After her world-tour, Miss Duncan was married to Mr. Everard Cotes, a correspondent for the London "Times," in India, and her removal to that country meant, of course, a complete change of scene and subject. Several of her novels are of Anglo-Indian life, "His Honor and a Lady" and "The Burnt Offering" being the best known of these productions. Mrs. Cotes was unquestionably the finest of Canadian women novelists. Her work had a finish, a sense of literary restraint and discrimination in an age which is all too fond of the crude and the obvious. Her humor and wit are delightful in sparkle and spontaneity, and her sense of tragedy is such as a nature sensitive to mirth usually knows. Her work remains, an inheritance for East and West, well worth a place in any library.

(Continued on page 35)



Mrs. Everard Cotes, the widely known Canadian novelist, whose death in London took place in July.

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The Best Fruit of a Garden

BY ALICE M. RATHBONE

LONG and serious discourses upon happiness have ended without a word for the value of gardening as one of the very simplest means to that end. The truly wise, however, know full well this happy secret, and rejoice according in the best of all fruits of garden labor.

To Emerson's "Give me health and a day," let us add a little garden. "The pomp of emperors" is indeed "ridiculous" compared with the bliss that comes from "a few and cheap elements" within reach of almost all of us. One condition only is to be met, if we would grow this fruit called happiness to perfection, and pluck it with unmingled joy. It must flourish in a garden not too large to be under its fortunate owner's personal care. No factotum, be he never so well disposed really to help, should be allowed to invade the little garden after the turning of the earth is accomplished in the spring, lest opportunities for happiness escape us. The sowing of the seed, the tucking comfortably away of the wonderful bulbs in the fresh earth, the staking and training of plants, even the weeding of borders and the sweeping of walks, are all so many means of grace to the garden-lover.

Is a fit of the blues impending? Then sally forth well armed with a trowel, rake, hoe—all the needful weapons—and the demons will fly before you,

perchance, in some neglected corner of the back yard, and as the little folk cultivate, at the same time, their gardens and their tastes, they are providing themselves with a pleasant resource for their declining years. Lady Mary Montague tells us "Gardening is certainly the next amusement to reading, and as my sight will now permit me little



Flower of Velvet Richness—Salpiglossis, or velvet flower, comes in practically all colors and grows from 1 ft. to 2 ft. high. It is admirable for both garden effects and cutting.

of that, I am glad to form a taste that can give me so much employment, and be the plaything of my age, now that my pen and needle are almost useless to me."

In a garden, if anywhere, "the little arts of happiness" do certainly abound. As one goes out of a morning, the opening of a long-watched-for blossom may change the aspect of a whole day, and it is precisely this simple, natural coming of the garden pleasures that makes them never-ending, while the happy garden hours last. Nowhere, however, does staid old Father Time allow himself to take on such flighty ways as in a garden—the pleasant hours are gone before one knows—and this trick of his is the nearest approach to a flaw in the joy of the summer-time.

Our good old Henry—factotum, philosopher and friend in one—summed up this question of the best fruit of a garden in his own wise way: "You don't want a garden too large," said he, "just large enough to make you happy. It'll do that. I've tried it many a time. It makes you feel good when you feel bad."

"Who loves his garden, still keeps his Eden."



Flower of Forgetfulness—The annual poppies are splendid flowers where vividness and profusion of colour are desired.

quite dismayed by the variety of fresh interests to be found even in a garden reduced to its simplest terms.

A neighbor, transplanted from her maiden home into new and somewhat uncongenial surroundings, found unfailing relief from homesickness, in her garden, through the summer, among her window-plants, in winter. Resolutely would she turn to Mother Earth for the comfort denied her elsewhere.

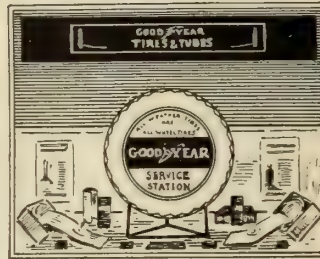
Equal to its efficacy as a mind cure, is its effect for good on physical ills. Yet gardening as a remedial proposition is, unfortunately, not half so popular among us as patent medicines.

"In half an hour," says Charles Dudley Warner in "My Summer in a Garden," "I can hoe myself right away from this world as we commonly see it, into a large place where there are no obstacles." That "large place" should be the inheritance of all who can compass the use of a bit of earth, and to this end a taste for gardening should be encouraged among children. Whoever succeeds in planting in a child's mind a love for "the green things growing," deep enough to reach a willingness to work for them, makes for the greater happiness of one life throughout all its stages.

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Women's Musical Clubs

(Continued from page 30)

throughout the nineteenth century the growth of the system was slow. I recall the tours of Patti and Albani in the nineties. Despite the great prestige of these artists three or four other performers of various ranks were used as stop gaps. This was an unsatisfactory system; for the subordinate performer, however excellent, was overshadowed by the fame of the star and audiences paid inadequate attention to his efforts. I recall in Albani's forces, especially, names which now signify a very high musical eminence, like Landon Ronald, the pianist, conductor and composer, Tivadar Nachez a Hungarian violinist of high scholarship and eminence, and Muriel Foster, the beautiful contralto, who toured Canada with Albani and attracted little attention, solely because the public had come to hear Albani herself, and was indifferent to her associates. The old fashioned concert was unsatisfactory, both to the majority of performers, and promoted an inaccurate sense of artistic values, which the recital system has done much to correct.

* * *

THE advantage of the recital lies in the fact that an accomplished artist gets an opportunity to show various phases of his art. Thus if he be a singer he takes up an old English group perhaps, then a modern French group, then an operatic aria or two to show the full scope of his vocal powers, then a group of folk songs of various nationalities. By the time he is finished the listener has obtained a knowledge of various schools of song, and of the methods of interpretation necessary to give them proper expression, that was quite impossible in the old fashioned and showy mixed programmes. The same thing applies to instrumental recitals. In the latter field, the short programmes which are a desideratum of the average club function give especial opportunities to the violinist or the violoncellist of repute to show the more delicate and lyrical phases of his art.

I have already spoken of the special opportunities which the usual machinery of the women's musical club provides for the study of national schools or individual composers. New composers owe an incalculable debt to various clubs of America for the introduction of their works to public attention. It has been by such means, for instance, that the music of the modern French composers, Debussy and Ravel have been made known to the community at large. It is chiefly through such channels that the knowledge of the scientific yet emotionally beautiful music of Bach has become familiar to the public of to-day. Bach is an especial instance. In their very nature the works of this great composer were unsuitable to the

conditions of the old fashioned mixed concert. Very recently this old composer as it were has come into his own in America, and it is entirely due to the recital form popularized by the women's musical clubs. Similarly the present widespread knowledge of the treasures of Russian song, which is being extended every day is due to this cause. The women's musical clubs in Canada have been the real pioneers of the new composers of excellence and also in directing attention to great men of the past whose music was neglected. That is to say, they have provided the opportunity by which ambitious artists were able to present such works, and without them the opportunity would not have existed.

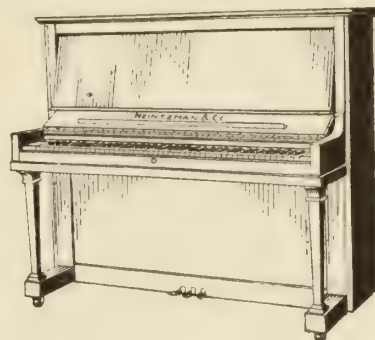
This brings me to another and very important sphere of influence exercised by women's clubs. They have within the past quarter of a century offered a means of livelihood to a multitude of singers and musicians that in the past would have little room for their services, except in the depressing fields of continuous teaching. The vast increase in the number of recitals given on this continent in the course of an ordinary winter has promoted the development of a type of artist who need no longer look to the operatic stage or to the concert of the virtuosic order to realize his ambitions. I was glancing recently through Musical America's Guide, which contains the names and advertisements of countless soloists, and was struck by the fact that among singers it was no longer necessary to get a hearing in opera to attain to a highly remunerative and artistically recognized position. Many musicians of rare and sound accomplishment, seldom make a New York appearance but spend their whole time in giving recitals to local musical clubs in the smaller towns of America; thus constituting an educative influence of the first order. The club movement has also brought to the smaller towns world famous artists of a rank that in days gone by, never thought of appearing outside the greater cities. In the past twelve months some of the smaller towns of Ontario heard men like the great Canadian tenor, Edward Johnson, the wonderful Polish violinist, Kochanski and the famous Russian pianist, Siloti, to mention a few names at random. The towns of the Canadian West also hear many world famous artists, who but for the musical enthusiasm created by women's clubs would find it impossible to obtain the rewards to which their art and fame entitle them.

Finally, by way of advice, let me say that this present month of September should be the month of preparation. It is the month in which organization for the season's activities should be fully planned. Delays only make such organization or promotion work doubly difficult.



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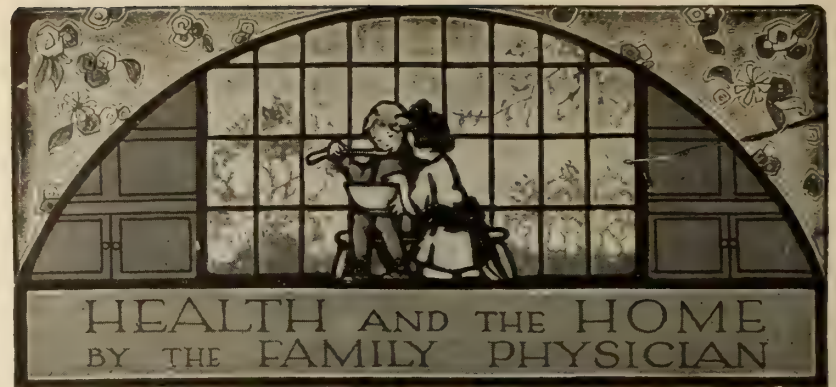


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Questions about Health, Sanitary Subjects and the Prevention of Disease will be answered in this column from time to time, subject to reasonable limitations.

If requested, replies will be sent direct to the correspondent if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed, but no diagnosis or prescription can be given. This coupon should be enclosed with inquiry.

CHILD WELFARE CENTRES.

At the Second English-Speaking Conference on Infant Welfare held in London, England, July 5-7th, 1921, in a paper on "The Ideal Centre" by Mrs. Kitson Clark, the accompanying "Plan" was presented, and it may be found helpful by those who are organizing a Child Welfare Centre. Not many places will have, or will need, all the accommodation shown in the "Plan," but we shall be better able to tell, after studying it, what will meet our own needs.

EQUIPMENT

Outside Notice Board: This "Sign-Board" should be large, and the announcement thereon should be clear and interesting.

Records: Records are important, and the necessary forms will doubtless be provided by the Medical Officer of Health. They should be simple. Any attempt to record too much defeats its own end. The card index system is by far the best.

General Equipment: Running water, toilet facilities, gas or electric light and good daylight, have already been mentioned; in addition there should be two

screens, and enough seats for the mothers, as well as one or more cribs for the babies.

Doctor's Room: The Doctor will need a high bed, or an Examining Table with a pad or pillow, and another table or desk. Urinalysis facilities are also needed; rubber gloves, a covered garbage pail, also sterilizer, scissors, thermometers, medicine glass, glass jars, large and small; basins, large and small.

Outside Room: This room needs: Chair; Desk; Blotting pad; Ink-well; Pen; Pencil; Rubber bands; Ruler; Waste basket; Map of City, Town or County

Linen: Sheets; Pillow cases; Doctor's gowns; Dusters; Gowns for patients; Covers for tables; Laundry bags; Towels.

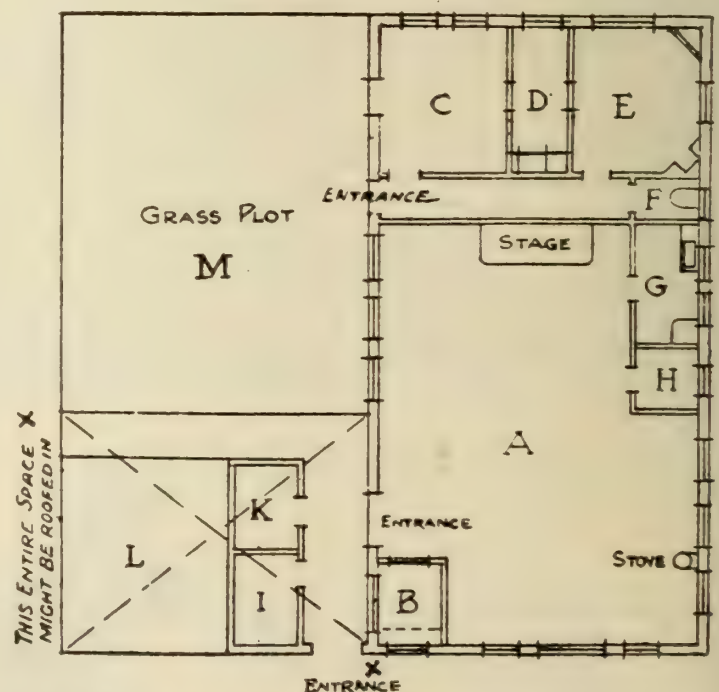
Drugs: Lysol; Green soap; Boroglycerine; Alcohol; Iodine; Albolene.

Sewing Bag: Spool "No. 70"; Spool "No. 30"; Needles, assorted; Thimble; Tape measure; Tape; Safety Pins; Plain Pins.

Toilet Tray: Jar of boiled water (for washing mother's nipples); Jar of oil (mineral oil best); Jar of boric solution,

(Continued on page 38)

PLAN OF IDEAL CENTRE.



- A Waiting room, 40 by 30.
- B Registrar's room with ticket window commanding entrance, and lockers for voluntary workers' cloaks, 6 by 8.
- C Weighing room, 14 by 12.
- D Dispenser's office with windows into doctor's room, and weighing room and counter for entrance, 14 by 6.
- E Doctor's room with sink and open fireplace, 14 by 12.
- F W.C., 6 by 4.
- G Kitchen with sink, stove and tea boiler, 6 by 11.
- H Milk secretary's office, 6 by 6.
- I Cloak, 6 by 6.
- K Mothers' W.C., 8 by 6.
- L Prim. Shelter, 14 by 18.
- M Grass Plot, 30 by 40.

If the Central Hall is to be let off separately, it would be easier not to have permanent walls at G and B dividing off the Milk Secretary's room and the Registrar's table. Tables and movable screens would work admirably.

The Book Corner

(Continued from page 31)

Dr. J. D. Logan, Lecturer on Canadian Literature, Acadia University, has written a sympathetic and discriminating estimate of the poetic genius and art of Marjorie Pickthall in a booklet recently issued by T. C. Allen and Co., Halifax, (Price \$1.00). The author is a scholarly and discerning critic, who approaches his task in an analytic but almost reverential spirit. Dr. Logan finds in Miss Pickthall's work an exquisite artistry which gives her a place near such writers as Mrs. Meynell and Christina Rossetti. We may not agree with all that Dr. Logan has said regarding the qualities of Miss Pickthall's poetry, especially as to the mystic element; but the very stimulation which comes from a sense of difference of opinion is something for which we are grateful. Dr. Logan's "appreciation" is a valuable piece of writing on a subject which he has made his favorite topic:—the poetic art of a true singer.

* * *

Sir James Barrie, Rector of St. Andrews University, Scotland, delivered a rectorial address on May third, which is now published as a booklet by Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd., Toronto, (price sixty cents). The subject, "Courage," is treated as only the author of "Peter Pan" and "The Little Minister" could deal with such a theme and is a source of high and quiet inspiration. Barrie does not beat the big drum. His is the music of a silver trumpet and its echoes should linger long. He gives an invaluable extract from a letter written by the great explorer, Scott, as he was facing the white death of the Antarctic snows. "How comely a thing," says the Rector who wrote "Peter Pan," "is affliction borne cheerfully, which is not beyond the reach of the humblest of us. What is beauty? It is these hard-bitten men singing courage to you from their tent, it is the waves of their island home, crooning of their deeds to you who are to follow them. Sometimes beauty boils over and then spirits are abroad." There are a few instances of careless proof-reading, such as "them" on page 33 and "bodily" on page 35 which we should hardly expect to find in a book:—and that book containing a Barrie address. This little volume is a bit of literature and we are sure that the students of St. Andrews will wear the red gown with a better grace for having heard the address.

* * *

"Mortimer's Gold," by Harold Horn, (published by Hodder and Stoughton, Toronto, price \$1.75) is a dashing tale of adventure which the Canadian youth might well enjoy. Of course, when we are whisked off, in a tale of adventure, we expect to be taken to the South Seas or to the North Pole, and we are, therefore, highly surprised when we find that the scene of the hero's adventures is an island out in Lake Huron, which, of course, is supposed to have a hidden treasure. The hero is a returned soldier, with the feudal-sounding name, Lieutenant Richard Mortimer, who discovers that his great grand-father, who had been murdered at Mackinaw more than a hundred years ago, had concealed gold dust and coins, somewhere on this almost-inaccessible Station Island which has remained in possession of the family. There is a wonderful heroine who, following the approved plan, gets into danger

and falls into the clutches of two super-villains, the Jeromes. How the gold and the girl finally fall to the hero's lot is a story which cannot fail to please those who like good old-fashioned romance.

* * *

"Canadian Girls in Training" is described in sub-title as "A Book for Leaders," and is prepared by the National Girls' Work Board of the Religious Education Council of Canada. This is a valuable and practical book for the girl who wishes to carry out ideals of service and progress. The frontispiece is a reproduction of a memorial in Wellesley College, United States. It is a pity that Canadian art did not afford an opening illustration for such a volume. (Published in Toronto by the Ryerson Press. Price, \$1.00).

* * *

"Indian Legends of Vancouver Island," by Alfred Carmichael, illustrated by J. Semeyn, is a book of picturesque interest, which fulfils the promise in the preface:—"The legends indicate the poetry that lies hidden in the folk lore of the British Columbia Coast Indian tribes." (Published by the Musson Book Co., Ltd., Toronto.)

* * *

"The Bible for School and Home," by Rev. J. Paterson Smyth, LL.D., of Montreal, is a series of volumes, written in the modern spirit, with due regard to the requirements of the young reader. This is highly sensible advice for the teacher of religious truths to the young: "Try to make him talk. Make the lesson conversational. Don't preach." These books, five in number, are commentaries prepared expressly for use in the Week Day Church School, the Sunday School, and the Home. The books will be of especial interest and value to the teacher and the parent. (Published by the Musson Book Co., Ltd., Toronto. Price, \$1.35 a volume).

* * *

Are you tired of cow-boys and slang and the deeds which look well in a Wild West movie? Then do not read "Rangy Pete," by Guy Morton, which is of the usual type in hairbreadth-adventure story of those regions where law and order mean less than a readiness with the revolver. However, as you advance in the story, "Rangy Pete" becomes positively likable and you decide that he is "different." There is a love story, of course, and the heroine is a most unconventional and startling person, with the bluest eyes that ever bewildered a bandit tribe. The opening scene, where Dervisher Dick's band attacks the would-be peaceful hamlet of Triple Butte, and leaves, only when threatened by the approach of Rough House Dan Merrill and his troop from the "Snaky Y" indicates sufficiently the nature of the narrative. There is certainly film material in the excitement which follows the double visit to Triple Butte. Incidentally, there is a box of evaporated apples which plays a thrilling part in various raids and stirs up enough strife to make the reader suspect that the original apples came from an arboreal descendant of the tree which grew in Eden. (Published in Toronto by McClelland and Stewart. Price, \$1.75).

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Sure to be something you'll need for your home this Fall. Now's the time to plan. This big, handsomely illustrated Furniture Guide will give you scores of suggestions. One hundred pages packed with hints and choices. Valuable for immediate use or to keep for reference. And it tells you, too, about the Burroughes Plan of Easy Payments—the pleasantest way to buy. We deliver, freight free, to any railroad station in Ontario. One small deposit brings you your purchase—the rest is easy.

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Pertaining to Pickles

BY FRANCES M. McNALLY

SOME nutrition specialists claim that pickles have no place in the diet. It is true that they have little nutritive value, but they furnish a relish with a simple dinner that is of much use, for food does us more good when eaten with an appetite. It is commonly conceded that they should not be included in the diet of children or those of delicate digestion but there is certainly no harm in the moderate use of good pickles for most adult persons.

Pickling is preserving with salt or vinegar, usually with the addition of spices and condiments. Because acids attack metal utensils causing the formation of dangerous compounds which may be imparted to the pickles, only porcelain lined or agate kettles should be used for cooking. A wooden spoon should be used for stirring and a perforated agate ladle for lifting the pickles from the kettle.

Green vegetables and slightly unripe fruits are generally used for pickling. Some vegetables give better results if they are soaked in salt water (brine) over night or until they are cured. Brine in which vegetables for pickles are to be kept simply over night should be in the proportion of one cup of salt to one gallon of water. If the vegetables are to be kept in the brine for a longer time, the proportion should be two cups of salt to one gallon of water. Finished pickles should be packed into sterilized jars or crocks.

MIXED PICKLES. Four quarts green tomatoes, one quart onions, eighteen large green peppers, twelve red peppers, four quarts cabbage, one cup salt, one cup mustard seed, one cup celery seed, four quarts vinegar, two pounds brown sugar. Remove seeds from peppers. Chop tomatoes, onions, cabbage and peppers. Add one cup of salt and mix well. Cover with water and let stand over night. In the morning, drain. Boil vinegar and sugar for twenty minutes and pour over drained vegetables. Add mustard and celery seed and cook until tomatoes are soft.

MUSTARD PICKLES. One quart small green cucumbers, two heads cauliflower, two small red peppers, one quart small onions, two tablespoons mustard, one tablespoon tumeric powder, two cups sugar, one cup flour, two and one-half quarts vinegar. Break the cauliflower in flowerlets, remove seeds from peppers and chop fine. Peel onions and wash cucumbers. Combine all the vegetables and put in brine for twenty-four hours. Then cook in same brine until tender and drain. Mix dry ingredients with water to make a smooth paste. Add vinegar, boiling hot, cook until creamy and pour over vegetables. Cook altogether for ten minutes. Seal in jars.

SWEET CUCUMBER PICKLES. Two quarts small green cucumbers, one-half cup salt, boiling water to cover, two pounds sugar, one pint vinegar, two tablespoons whole cloves, four inches stick cinnamon. Clean the cucumbers, put them in a crock, sprinkle with the salt and cover with the boiling water. Let stand over night. Make a syrup by boiling for five minutes the sugar, vinegar and spices (tied in a bag). Add the cucumbers and cook ten minutes. Remove cucumbers to a stone jar and pour over them the syrup.

SACO PICKLE. Wash and wipe small fresh green cucumbers and pack them in glass jars. Sift together one cup sugar, one cup salt, three quarters cup mustard. Add slowly, while stirring constantly one quart vinegar. When smooth add three quarts vinegar. Pour this mixture over the cucumbers, having the liquid fill the jars to overflowing. Seal.

RIPE CUCUMBER PICKLE. Ten large ripe cucumbers, two pounds sugar, one quart vinegar, two teaspoons cinnamon, one teaspoon cloves. Pare and seed the cucumbers and cut each in quarters, lengthwise. Cover with vinegar and let

stand twenty-four hours in a cool place then drain. Boil vinegar, sugar and spices together for twenty minutes. Remove spices and add drained cucumbers. Cook in the syrup until tender. When soft pack cucumbers in hot jars. Cook syrup down until thick enough to stiffen when dropped on cold saucer and pour it hot over cucumbers. Seal and keep six months before opening.

PICKLED WATERMELON RIND. Rind of one watermelon, three pints vinegar, five pounds sugar, two ounces whole mace, two ounces whole clove. Pare the rind of watermelon (do not use pink part) and cut it in one-inch pieces. Cover with equal parts vinegar and water and let stand for twelve hours. Boil in the same solution, until tender and drain well. Boil together the sugar, vinegar and spices (in a bag) for five minutes. Remove spice bag and cook the melon rind in this syrup for five minutes. Remove rind from syrup and pack in hot jars. Boil syrup down until quite thick, pour over rind in jars and seal while hot.

CORN RELISH. One dozen ears of corn, one head cabbage, three sweet red peppers, three sweet green peppers, one quart vinegar, one cup sugar, two tablespoons mustard, one tablespoon salt, one tablespoon celery salt. Blanch corn for two minutes, dip in cold water and cut from cob. Cook all ingredients together for twenty minutes. Pack into sterilized jars and seal.

CHILI SAUCE. One gallon chopped ripe tomatoes, one-half cup chopped white onions, one-half cup sweet green peppers chopped, one-half cup chopped sweet red peppers, one-half cup brown sugar, two tablespoons ginger, one tablespoon cinnamon, one tablespoon mustard, one nutmeg (grated), one quart vinegar, one-half cup salt, one-half teaspoon cayenne pepper. Peel tomatoes and onions and chop onions and pepper fine. Boil all ingredients except the vinegar, together for two hours or until soft. Add vinegar and simmer for one hour, stirring frequently. Bottle and seal while hot.

CELERY RELISH. Three pints chopped green tomatoes, three pints chopped ripe tomatoes, two and one-half pints chopped onions, two bunches celery chopped, two red peppers. Mix all ingredients together, add one-half cup salt and let stand over night. Drain and add two quarts vinegar, four cups sugar, one-half teaspoon each cinnamon and cloves and one-half cup mustard seed. Cook one-half hour. Pack in sterilized jars and seal.

SWEET PICKLED CHERRIES. Three quarts cherries, two pounds sugar, three cups vinegar, one-quarter teaspoon ground cloves, one-half teaspoon cinnamon. Remove cherry pits. Combine vinegar, sugar and spices and cook until syrup is thick. Pour over cherries and simmer for three minutes. Let stand over night and cook again for ten minutes. Pack in sterilized jars and seal.

SWEET PICKLED CRAB APPLES. Seven pounds crab apples, one pint water, one quart vinegar, three pounds sugar, two tablespoons whole cloves. Boil sugar, water, and vinegar ten minutes. Add cloves and crabapples. Cook until apples are tender but not soft. Pack into jars. Cook syrup until thick and fill jars to overflowing with hot syrup. Seal airtight.

SWEET PEACH PICKLE. Eight pounds peaches, four pounds brown sugar, one quart vinegar, one teaspoon allspice, six whole cloves, stick cinnamon. Put spices in bag. Make syrup of sugar and vinegar. Add spice bag and cook until syrup is thick. Peel and stone peaches and cook in syrup until soft. Remove peaches from syrup and pack in jars. Pour over them the syrup. Next day drain off syrup and boil again until thick and return to peaches. Repeat process three days.

(Continued on page 41)

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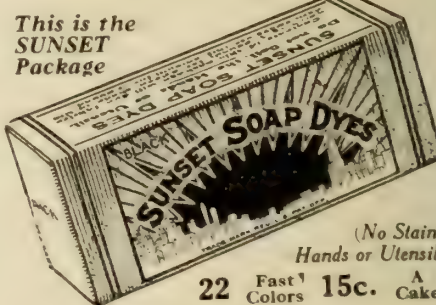
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Precious Things

BY M. A. MULIKIN

IN an out-of-the-way church of a small Italian town, the attendant handed me an index of its contents, the "cose preziose" (precious things) in possession of the church. They were worth cherishing, these bits of carving and bronze casting, though their makers' fame has scarcely reached beyond their native town.

Suppose one of our present-day cities should be arrested in its development, as was the case with this Italian town, and should be preserved, with all its contents, as it now is, a spectacle to our descendants. Precious things! What do you own that you caress with word and look and touch?

Not long ago, I attempted to buy a bowl and pitcher for my wash-stand. Until then, I had hardly realized the grotesque shapes and decorations offered us. Cheap and expensive alike were hideous. I was in a real quandary. Could I consent to see and handle daily, to grow accustomed and callous to such deformities? I compromised on a pitcher for drinking-water and a salad-bowl of 'willow pattern.'

Thus, at my home, we attempt to exercise a strict censorship over everything that enters our door. Yet there is an "open sesame"—the fatal words: "It is a gift." Opening some packages we exclaim: "Wasn't it sweet for her to remember us?" Presently we ask: "What shall we do with it?" and the most courageous suggests: "Can't some accident happen to it?"

If you come into possession of a vase, for instance, caught in the plight of ugliness, why not treat it with the same courageous kindness you would a sick dog—put it out of its misery!

Perhaps you are asking: "Why should we be so particular? Why not buy and give, and receive and furnish with and live with, just what the shops offer us?"

But the shops, you know, will furnish us with just what we demand. Do you remember the standard-bearer who, some hundred yards in advance of his regiment, responded to his Colonel's call: "Bring back that standard," with the retort: "Bring up your regiment to the standard!"

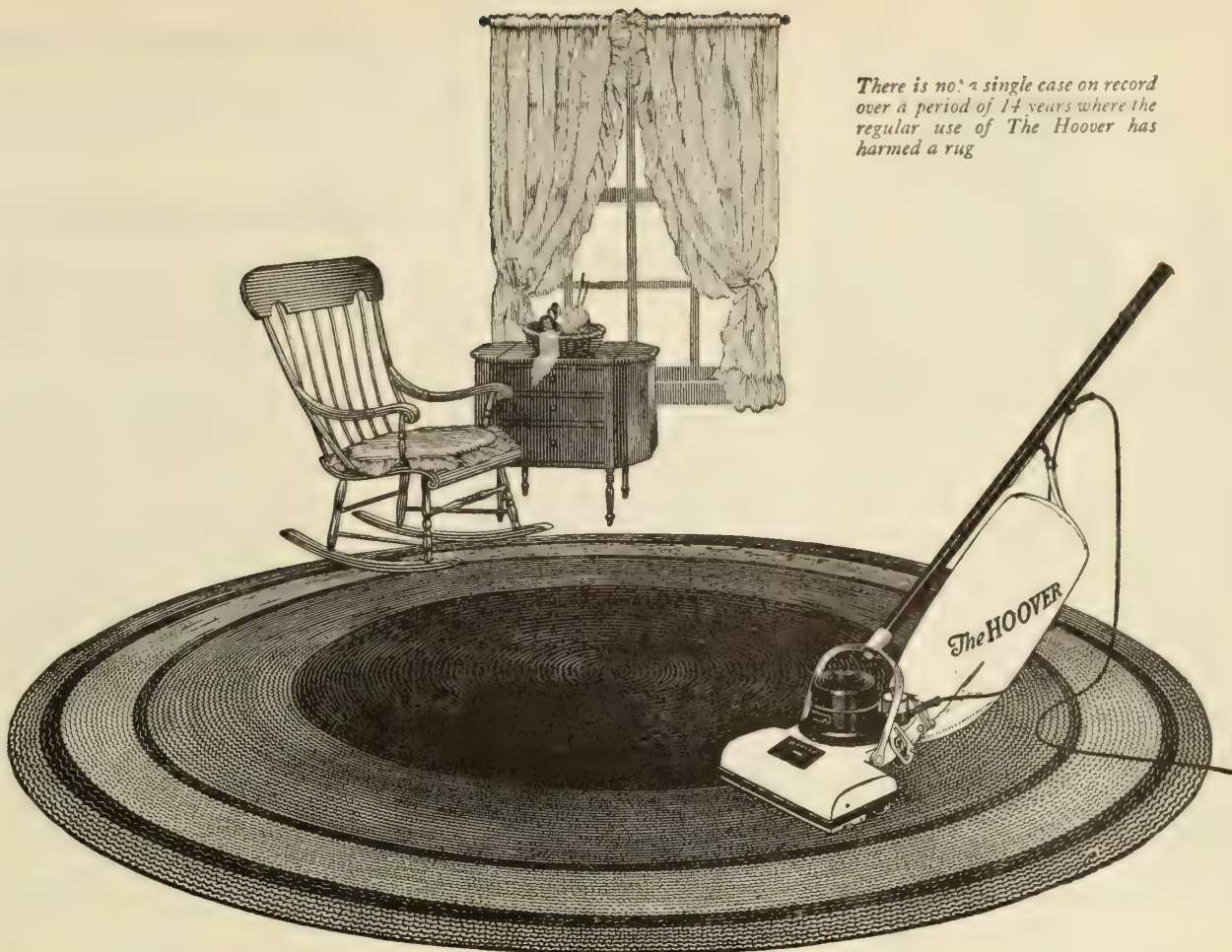
A small proportion of our time is spent in real thinking; more time in doing; but I believe with most of us the largest proportion of our days is spent in a more or less unconscious seeing, feeling, and hearing. And this receptiveness of the senses builds soul-tissue, just as food establishes the tissues of the body. Shall we take narcotics, opiates, and poisons in the form of sofa-cushions with "Gibson's Widow" on them; plates where painted fruits are more conspicuous and try to be more real than the luscious ripeness served upon them; "Turkish corners" so crowded that they allow no room for would-be occupants?

Furnish a room with lights and shadows! I watch them walk with slow, majestic tread from morning to night across my small, but spacious floor. When these senses of ours grow keen to such beauty, we shall be free from "the tyranny of things;" we shall "know how to appreciate art." Money is useless in our hands until we have learned the standard of values inherent in Nature. A beautiful home is always within the power of one who can feel an absolute emotion of joy at the aspect of things so simple as lights and shadows. Otherwise, millions of money could only, as it were, raise the ugliness of one's surroundings to a higher power.

Walter Pater translates a rule of Plato in some such words as these:

"If thou wouldst have all about thee like the colours of some fresh picture, in a clear light—keep the eye clear by a sort of exquisite alacrity and cleanliness, extending even to the dwelling-place; discriminate ever more and more fastidiously, select form and colour in things from what is less select; meditate much on beautiful visible objects; keep ever by thee if it were but a single choice flower, a graceful animal or sea-shell."

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The makers of the popular *Bundhar* Wiltons, Hardwick & Magee Co., Philadelphia, state "We always recommend The Hoover to inquiring customers." Incidentally this prominent firm has itself used The Hoover for ten years.

The makers of the well known *Hartford-Saxony* rugs, Bigelow-Hartford Carpet Co., New York City, advise, "We consider that a brush is a very important feature of a suction sweeper and fail to see how any valid objection can be raised against the (Beating-Sweeping) brush used in The Hoover. Our opinion is that The Hoover is not injurious

for use on fine Velvet, Axminster, Body Brussels or Wilton rugs."

H. G. Fetterolf Company, Philadelphia, manufacturers of Fetterolf Quality Wiltons, say: "Many times during the past year we have been asked to give advice on how to take care of Fetterolf Quality Wilton Rugs. In each instance we have recommended the use of The Hoover Suction Sweeper, which we believe is the most efficient rug cleaner on the market today. A rug free from dirt will give longer service and wear. That's why we recommend The Hoover."

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Health and the Home

(Continued from page 34)

2%. for baby's eyes; Jar of breast swabs; Jar of small medicine droppers swabs; Absorbent cotton in container (hair receiver); Soap in dish, white castile; Soap with safety pins, (instead of pin cushion); Soft tooth brush; Cup and spoon for giving baby water; Bottle of boiled water (day's supply boiled fresh each day) and kept corked; Newspaper cornucopia for waste.

Exhibition Table: It is a great help to have patterns and baby clothes ready to show to the mothers, and one of the Voluntary helpers can do a great deal of good.

Voluntary helpers can do a great deal if they will organize this work, so that the mothers can knit or sew on useful garments while they are waiting. The following are good things to have on Exhibition:

Patterns for baby clothes; Complete layette; Slip and petticoat open in back; Basket for Baby's bed; Pad (of Felt) or Hair mattress; Rubber sheet; Pillow cases; Blanket (Crib); Large Doll dressed; Suspender garters for mother; Abdominal support with garters; Patient's bed prepared for time of delivery, with newspaper pads, linen etc.

FUNCTIONS

What can the Child Welfare Centre Do?

Keep Well Babies Well, and give the mother every possible help and instruction she desires and needs.

The following are the most important functions of a Child Welfare Centre:—

1. To advise and instruct mothers in the care, nursing, and feeding of babies.
2. To make sure that every baby is nursed at the mother's breast until the baby is nine or ten months old. To give special help at the time of weaning.
3. To teach the practical care and nutrition of little children.
4. To maintain a place where mothers can come with their perplexities and difficulties and receive friendly, simple and scientific advice.

5. To teach mothers how to secure health and prevent disease by good care, good food, and plenty of sleep.

6. To teach the importance of ante-natal care.

7. To show kind consideration to the expectant mother, and to help her to maintain her health and prepare for the duties of motherhood.

8. To represent the community in its relation to children who are not in their own homes, and to children who for any other reason need special care and protection, by seeing them regularly and frequently, by visiting them in the homes where they are placed, and by making confidential reports thereon to the responsible authorities.

9. To assist as directed by the Medical Officer of Health, any family physician or other physician who may ask for such assistance in caring for mothers and children.

10. To act as a confidential means of communication and co-operation between the general public and the responsible authorities in regard to child welfare and maternal welfare.

11. To distribute pamphlets and other publications in regard to maternal and child welfare to those who can properly make use of such publications.

12. To help in raising the standard of maternal and child welfare in the community.

A man called Lazarus changed his name by deed-poll to Arbuthnot. A few weeks later he again visited his solicitor and paid a second fee to change his name again to Howard.

"Why did you want to change your name a second time?" asked the puzzled solicitor.

"Why, don't you see?" came the answer. "People will look at me and ask me what my name was before it was Howard, and I shall be able to tell 'em it was Arbuthnot!"



WALLACE REID

A Secret Marriage

(Continued from page 29)

in the heart of the childless woman. He must have come an awful cropper—she lapsed into slang—to look like that. It was something more than Reuben Simon could help him out of. It was evident his thoughts were miserable and wandering. She wanted to call out to him to look up, to be hopeful, to leave the past behind him and begin again. In the lamplight he looked ridiculously young, a little golden moustache just coming on his lip—very young and very miserable. Her heart ached with sympathy as she watched him so that she forgot the affront of his look at her girl.

Reuben Simon was more excited than she had ever seen him—quietly excited, for it was not his way to be noisy. He kept nodding to the servant to fill Lord Askdale's glass with champagne. Presently under the influence of the wine the colour came to the young man's cheek and his eyes lost something of their sullen misery. He began to talk a little, and it was obvious that he could be merry and pleasant.

His host watched him with a curiously steady observation from under his heavy brows. He drank no wine himself, and when the ladies left the table he made no suggestion of remaining in the dining-room after them. In the drawing-room he sat down, the gloomy young guest at the piano. It was evident from the first chord that Lord Askdale was a musician. He began to play, wandering on from one thing to another. He was playing something from the *Valkyrie* that wailed and sobbed like the wind on a desolate night, when Reuben Simon made a movement inviting Mrs. Seymour to follow him into the little book-room that opened off the drawing-room.

She got up, more than half unwillingly. Vashti was leaning forward in her chair, gazing into the red heart of the fire, under the spell of the music. She would hardly know that they left her.

When they had passed into the book-room Mr. Simon closed the door behind him and faced Mrs. Seymour. He burst out with a question as though he had hardly been able to contain it.

"What do you think of him?"

"He looks very wretched."

"To be sure. He's been finding out that there's such a thing as Dead Sea fruit in the world. At the present moment he's thoroughly sick of everything. A woman in the case, of course. A worthless woman, and the young fool was idiot enough to believe in her. It would have been a pretty thing if his debts went home to his father in Scotland—an austere, pious gentleman, the Earl of Noland. And the Countess very delicate: too good for this world. The shock of learning her son's adventures would probably kill her. Bad lives both. Lord Noland had never recovered from an attack of pneumonia he had in New York three winters ago. Fortunately for the lad, I've got all his I.O.U.'s and post-obits in my hands. I propose to commit them to the flames in the hour that sees Vashti Lady Askdale."

Mrs. Seymour was startled, although she had expected something of the sort.

"Mr. Simon," she said, "you horrify me! Poor Vashti! I'm sure she doesn't want to marry anyone; and the young man doesn't look like a bridegroom. I've a right to speak. Vashti has become very dear to me. I can't see her handed over like this to a stranger, one who has been running amok, without a protest. Why do you think of such a thing—a tender father like you, a man of sense? You can scarcely be dazzled by the young man's title."

Reuben Simon watched her with an air of untroubled good humour.

"The lad's only been a fool," he said, "not a blackguard. I've always foreseen something like this. I want Vashti to leave her old father and his trade behind, to be a fine lady. That's why I gave her over to you. I meant to marry her well. I haven't a good life myself any more than Lord Noland.

I've had bad attacks lately—of what I told you about. There's a wonderful new drug which will help me to get through this visit without frightening Vashti out of her life. The young man will make her a good husband when he gets over the shock of discovering the base metal of which his idol was made. She plucked him pretty clean, I will say that for her. He's had a hard lesson. He'll come back to Vashti one of these days, prepared to make her happy."

"Does he know your plans for him?"

"He knows. He doesn't like it; but he likes even less certain documents going to his father and mother. He will like it, one of these days. Vashti's going to be a beauty. She doesn't show it yet. I propose to marry them as soon as possible, but I don't propose to make the marriage public. I propose to let him see the world. One of these days he'll come back and find Vashti a beauty, and fall in love with her. I'm not an unnatural father. If he wasn't a decent sort of youth he shouldn't have my Vashti if he were twenty times the future Earl of Noland. You don't know how many golden youths, a future Duke among them, I've turned down as possible husbands for my girl. There's method in my madness, Mrs. Seymour."

"You think Vashti will be willing."

His brows darkened in a frown.

"If she is ready to disobey her father the first time he asks for her obedience, you haven't been doing your duty by her, ma'am," he said. "I will only ask you to stand aside. Vashti will be willing enough for me. The young man is unwilling, but before he and Vashti keep house together he will be willing enough."

* * *

A few weeks later there was a quiet wedding in an obscure London church on a cold January morning. The poor little bride looked leaden-coloured when she had emerged in her white satin, and the lace train, which had belonged to an Empress, from her cloak of ermine. It had been her father's wish that she should be married in full bridal splendour. Nothing could have become her worse than the dead white of the satin, the cold glimmer of the diamonds with which he had loaded her. She looked weighed down, oppressed, by all the splendour.

The bridegroom looked sullenly unhappy, and scarcely glanced at his bride. The old man who married them hurried through the service. He had come to the wedding from a grave-side, and his nose was red and his eyes watered as he went through the words of the marriage-service, interrupted now and again by a violent sneeze or fit of coughing. It was a poor little church, and the offering he received, over and above the marriage fees from the bride's father, sent him, as soon as the wedding was over, hurrying as fast as his old feet would carry him, across the crowded London churchyard to the dingy little house where his wife sat, making flannel shirts for the poor. Together they rejoiced in Reuben Simon's lavish generosity.

Bride and bridegroom parted at the church-door; the bridegroom scurrying into a hansom with indecent haste. He was going to make a tour of the world at Reuben Simon's expense. His debts were all paid. There was no longer the terror of the elderly couple in their Scottish castle who had never desired the husks of swine, and would have been broken indeed if they had known that their only boy had for a while found the downward way alluring. It was thanks to Reuben Simon that he had been turned back comparatively unharmed. The man had no resentment when his new-made son-in-law turned his back on his bride in so evident a hurry to be gone.

He could trust Time. Vashti was going to be a nobly beautiful woman. Now she was an immature girl, not to

(Continued on page 40)

Westclox



From six to thirty miles an hour

WHEN going to town meant hitching up the team and jogging along at six miles an hour or less, time wasn't so important. It was most likely an all day trip, anyhow.

But when you can jump in the car, step on the starter, and whiz out the gate at twenty to thirty an hour, you figure closer on the minutes.

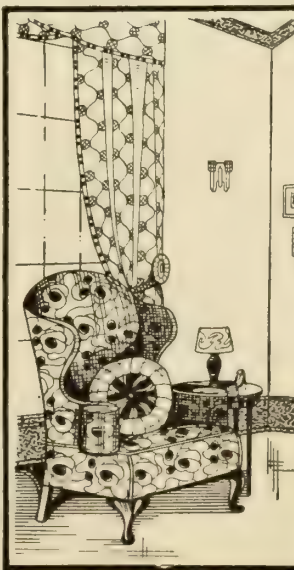
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To Holders of Five Year 5½ Per Cent Canada's Victory Bonds

Issued in 1917 and Maturing 1st December, 1922

CONVERSION PROPOSALS

THE MINISTER OF FINANCE offers to holders of these bonds who desire to continue their investment in Dominion of Canada securities the privilege of exchanging the maturing bonds for new bonds bearing 5½ per cent interest, payable half yearly, of either of the following classes:—

- (a) Five year bonds, dated 1st November, 1922, to mature 1st November, 1927.
- (b) Ten year bonds, dated 1st November, 1922, to mature 1st November, 1932.

While the maturing bonds will carry interest to 1st December, 1922 the new bonds will commence to earn interest from 1st November, 1922, GIVING A BONUS OF A FULL MONTH'S INTEREST TO THOSE AVAILING THEMSELVES OF THE CONVERSION PRIVILEGE.

This offer is made to holders of the maturing bonds and is not open to other investors. The bonds to be issued under this proposal will be substantially of the same character as those which are maturing, except that the exemption from taxation does not apply to the new issue.

Dated at Ottawa,
8th August, 1922.

Holders of the maturing bonds who wish to avail themselves of this conversion privilege should take their bonds AS EARLY AS POSSIBLE, BUT NOT LATER THAN SEPTEMBER 30th, to a Branch of any Chartered Bank in Canada and receive in exchange an official receipt for the bonds surrendered, containing an undertaking to deliver the corresponding bonds of the new issue.

Holders of maturing fully registered bonds, interest payable by cheque from Ottawa, will receive their December 1 interest cheque as usual. Holders of coupon bonds will detach and retain the last unmaturing coupon before surrendering the bond itself for conversion purposes.

The surrendered bonds will be forwarded by banks to the Minister of Finance at Ottawa, where they will be exchanged for bonds of the new issue, in fully registered, or coupon registered or coupon bearer form carrying interest payable 1st May and 1st November of each year of the duration of the loan, the first interest payment accruing and payable 1st May, 1923. Bonds of the new issue will be sent to the banks for delivery immediately after the receipt of the surrendered bonds.

The bonds of the maturing issue which are not converted under this proposal will be paid off in cash on the 1st December, 1922.

W. S. FIELDING,
Minister of Finance.

A Secret Marriage

(Continued from page 39)

be thrust into the arms of an unwilling groom. It is the way of the race to be patient. Time, who brings all things, would bring a willing bridegroom to a beautiful bride.

Vashti went back to the cottage with Mrs. Seymour, and continued her quiet, uneventful life as though nothing had happened. The secret was well kept, till one day some four years after the clandestine marriage, when Reuben Simon, opening his paper, read of the deaths, within a few hours of each other, of the Earl and Countess of Noland. The newspaper mentioned casually that the new Earl was somewhere in the East; he had travelled a great deal since attaining his majority, and had only made one or two brief appearances in England. The news would be conveyed to him as soon as his address could be discovered. It was a sad circumstance that Lord Noland should have been absent at such a time, and many people would feel sorry for him.

So far the newspaper. Reuben Simon folded the paper, and put it in his pocket. He walked down to Lincoln's Inn Fields, sought an interview with the senior partner in the firm of solicitors who handled Lord Noland's business. Mr. Morgan and he had met before—over other people's business; and his preposterous assertion of his daughter's being the Countess of Noland, although it made the little old lawyer drop his gold-rimmed eye-glass in his amazement, was yet received with more respect than it would have been if Reuben Simon were not fabulously rich.

Indeed, when Mr. Morgan had got over the first shock of the announcement, he began to see the guiding hand of Providence in the fact that the new Earl had married the only child of a fabulously rich man, albeit a money-lender, rather than one of the light-footed ladies from behind the footlights. The Noland property was encumbered, if Mr. Simon's daughter was at all presentable—and the daughter of so remarkable a man might well be—then the marriage might have much to recommend it.

Anyhow, the proofs were incontrovertible. It hardly needed Lord Noland's letter in which he acknowledged his Countess, and asked that she should take up her residence in one of the houses that were hers by right, to convince them.

For a little while the secret marriage of Lord Noland made a sensation; then was forgotten for other and more immediate things. She did as her husband wished her, and took up her residence at the house in the great London square, which had been long shut up and its furniture swathed in holland, because the late Earl and Countess had no taste for town gaieties. But Society saw very little of her; and she was still further retired from the world by the period of mourning following her father's death, which took place within a year.

When she really did appear there was the profoundest amazement over her husband's indifference, for she was lovely; she was young; she was immensely rich; she was reported sweet as she was virtuous. What could the man be made of that he should keep away from her?

A great many people would have been glad to make much of the young Countess, who was treated with such unheard-of coldness by her husband; but she could not be tempted out of the solitude of the great house in the square unless it might be to visit the Scotch castle, or the smaller, more homely Sussex house which belonged to her husband. For occupation she had her good tasks, which were many and various; she had the restoration of her husband's houses, which were all in a sad state of disrepair and shabbiness.

When she was in town she visited the theatres a good deal. Especially she adored music, and rarely missed a night of the opera season, and in this way became known by sight not only to fashionable folk, but to a great many ordinary people as well. But she refused

all entertainments, and was to be seen nowhere but at church or at the theatre, although she might often have been met afoot in the most unlikely places, dreary, poverty-stricken quarters of London, where no one knew her as the Countess of Noland, but a great many as a beneficent angel.

It might have been three years from his succeeding to the title when Lord Noland came home. He had remained away so long out of an unconquerable aversion to the girl he had married. He had done his duty by her so far as was consistent with his desertion of her. He had given instructions that all that belonged to the honour and dignity of his wife should be rendered to her. For the rest he forgot her when he could, solacing himself with the friendship of other ladies since he might not have their love. There was something of the Puritan strain in him which forbade his forgetting his distasteful marriage as completely as a less scrupulous man would have done.

It was one of those ladies for whom he had a warm friendship, a high-minded and serious great lady, who awakened his conscience to the wrong he was inflicting upon his young wife. He had not considered that aspect of it, having said to himself, on the contrary, many times that other men would have tried to break the marriage. Lady Esmeré's presentation of the case staggered him. He had been very happy basking in her friendship, a safe friendship, since no one questioned her love for her husband. When she bade him go back to England and his distasteful bride he found it a hard saying.

Nevertheless he went; and on the voyage home he tried to stir some pity in himself, since he could not awaken love, for the poor little soul as he called her. He had a vivid memory of the miserable wedding morning, and the leaden face of the bride. But, after all, it was not her fault that she was plain and dull. He owed something to her, for she had dealt generously by him, and he had had reports from Mr. Morgan of the money she was spending on his property. After all, she was the child of a very uncommon man. No one knew better than Lord Noland how much of the element of greatness there was in Reuben Simon, the money-lender. He had not sat at Lady Esmeré's feet for nothing. All the homeward voyage he was bracing himself to do his duty by the poor girl who bore his name. It was not so happy for her, tied to a man who had obstinately, for years, kept the width of the world between them. He made up his mind that he would do his best by his wife for the future without letting her see what the effort cost him.

* * *

HE arrived at Southampton on a grey day after Christmas, which reminded him forcibly of the day of his wretched marriage. As he travelled up to London he debated within himself whether he should present himself that evening at the house in the square where Lady Noland might or might not be staying. Finally he decided to wait another day. He felt strangely lonely and out of the world; a Rip Van Winkle whom nobody would be expecting. The grey misery of the London streets depressed his spirits, new from the gorgeous East. He thought of his club, and decided against it; of this or that old friend who might be in town and very glad to welcome him back from the shades. But no; his first visit must be paid to his wife. To-morrow. He was glad of the day's respite. There were various things he had to do. Finally he put up at a quiet hotel, and decided to spend the evening at a theatre.

It suited his mood, not wishing to be recognised, to seat himself in an obscure corner of the house, amid humble folk. It was a night when Ellen Terry was

(Continued on page 41)

A Secret Marriage

(Continued from page 40)

playing, and the theatre was crowded. He was very glad of his obscure, ill-lit corner as he considered how many people might yet remember him, after an absence of three years. He wanted to get used to things, to become less strange before anyone out of his old life should recognise him.

An obliging young man of the small clerk class, who was his neighbour, gave him information about various things. Apparently the young man was a great playgoer, and he was quite well-pleased to talk to the "toff" whose proper place would have been in the stalls or boxes, although he had chosen the pit. He was able to tell the names of many of the celebrities present, and to impart bits of their history, which he did very affably.

Lord Noland listened, amused and slightly interested. As his opera-glass swept the boxes and the parterre, in obedience to the amiable young man's behests, he was suddenly confronted by a face the beauty of which struck him dumb. It was a little face and pale; and it leant on a little hand with an air of great sadness. It was framed in heavy dark hair, out of which it shone like the face of a saint or angel sad for

The visitor took a chair behind her in the back of the box. She turned about sweetly, whispering:

"Who is it?" "I don't recognize you in the darkness."

"Your husband."

Her heart leaped, but there was no sign of a tremor in the way the graceful head was turned towards him. He could see it dimly, and a dim glistening of her jewels against the darkness of the house. He could see that she laid a finger on her lip.

"Hush!" she said in a soft whisper. "After all these years you can be patient a little longer."

* * *

When the curtain fell, and the house was once more blazing with light, "My patience has quite come to an end," he said, and forgot how he had disliked her. "I have so much to say to you. Need we wait? You are living at the square?"

Obediently she rose and followed him. In the corridor he arranged her cloak about her shoulders, with an air as though he had been doing it during those lost years in which he had rendered *les*

did not love me, and hated to be tied to me."

"Adorable woman!" he said. "I am punished enough, remembering that during those years which I never can recover I might have been going home—like this."

Pertaining to Pickles

(Continued from page 36)

SPICED PICKLED GRAPES: Weigh seven pounds of grapes and separate pulp from skins. Simmer pulp until soft and rub through a sieve to remove the seeds. Add the skins and four pounds of sugar, one pint vinegar, one nutmeg, grated, one and one-half tablespoons ground cinnamon and one tablespoon ground cloves. Let the whole simmer gently for two hours. Pour into sterilized jars and seal.

PICKLED STRING BEANS. Select tender beans, keep them full length, but snip off the ends and remove the strings, if present. Cover the beans with brine, one-fourth cup salt to one quart water and let stand over night. Drain, rinse in cold water and dry on a cloth. Pack the beans in sterilized jars, adding a chili pepper, here and there. For each quart jar take a quart of vinegar, half a cup of brown sugar, a teaspoon mustard seed, and one-half teaspoon celery seed; heat to boiling point and fill each jar to overflowing. Seal as canned food.

DIXIE RELISH. One quart chopped cabbage, one pint chopped white onions, one pint sweet red peppers, one pint chopped sweet green peppers, five tablespoons salt, four tablespoons mustard seed, two tablespoons celery seed, three-quarters cup sugar, one quart cider vinegar. Remove seeds and coarse white sections from peppers, and put through meat grinder. Soak in brine for twenty-four hours and drain. Chop cabbage, onions and peppers before measuring. Combine and add spices, sugar, and vinegar. Let stand over night in a covered crock. Pack in sterilized jars, adjust rubber, cover, and partly seal. Process for fifteen minutes.

INDIA CHOW CHOW: One-half peck ripe tomatoes, one-quarter peck green tomatoes, one quart green cucumbers, three small red peppers, three quarts small white onions, one head cauliflower, one bunch celery. Peel and slice the cucumbers, break the cauliflower into flowerlets and chop green tomatoes. Cut celery in small pieces, peel onions and remove seeds from peppers and chop them fine. Combine these six vegetables and put to soak in brine for twenty-four hours. Cook for twenty minutes and drain thoroughly. Make a mustard sauce of the following ingredients, two quarts vinegar, six tablespoons mustard, one tablespoon tumeric powder, one cup flour, one tablespoon celery seed, one tablespoon mustard seed, one teaspoon curry powder, two cups sugar. Mix dry ingredients in a large bowl, with a little cold water to form a smooth paste. Add vinegar, boiling hot, and cook over hot water, stirring constantly until creamy. Peel ripe tomatoes and add to the drained vegetables. Pour mustard sauce over the combined vegetables and cook until tomatoes are soft. Bottle while hot.

RED CABBAGE PICKLE. Select small hard heads of red cabbage, remove the outer imperfect leaves, cut in quarters and remove hard centres. Lay the quarters of cabbage in a stone jar, in layers, sprinkling each layer with salt. Let stand twenty-four hours. Drain off the brine, cover with cold water and let stand twelve hours. Drain off the water and measure it. Pack cabbage in a clean dry jar, sprinkling in whole cloves, mace, and white mustard seed. Scald as much vinegar as water poured off cabbage, pour this hot over the cabbage, cover and store in a cool place. Half a cup of sugar may be added to the vinegar if desired. The cabbage will be ready for use in a month.

The reasons why so many prospective builders do not make their dreams of the unusual house come true are not far to seek, and are seldom valid, though they appear to come from psychological and economic sources.

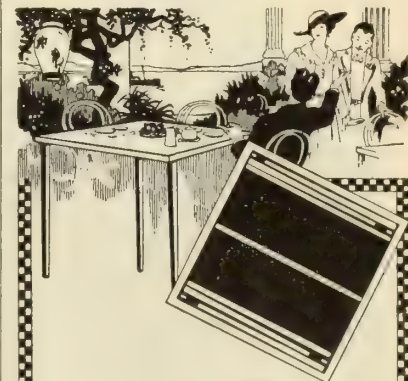
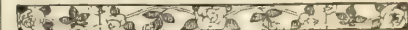


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97-D



The recent death of Alexander Graham Bell of telephone fame gives special interest to this photograph by Edith Watson of his early home near Brantford

the sorrows of the world. The face and the dark hair were thrown into relief against the scarlet with which the box was lined. The lady was dressed in white. There were diamonds in her ears and about her neck, where they lay like a river of light. She was like a star. Lord Noland could scarce bear to withdraw his glasses while he asked his companion who the lady was.

"Why, that is the beautiful Countess of Noland," said the man. "They say her husband keeps away from her, will have none of her. What stuff do you think he's made of, sir?"

"Mud or clay," returned Lord Noland, to the young man's mystification: "that is to say, if mud or clay can become inflammable."

Lord Noland slipped away, so quietly that his neighbour was unaware that he had gone.

The door of Lady Noland's box was opened, and someone came in. At first she saw only a tall figure, broad-shouldered, and a closely cropped head. The lights went down, and for a second she was startled. It was like, but, of course, that was impossible. Some acquaintance had sought her out.

petits soins to other women. No one could have suspected how their hearts were beating, though the officials standing about might have wondered at their leaving the theatre before the conclusion of the play.

They stood side by side under the portico waiting for their carriage—their carriage—till the coachman was found. The lights in the wind-blown street lit up her face in the shadow of her hood, and there were sudden roses in her cheeks. Her eyes were shining like steadfast stars.

The coachman was an old family servant. He looked in amazement at the gentleman accompanying Lady Noland—recognised him and touched his hat. Lord Noland handed his wife into the carriage, which was driven off rapidly.

They were quite oblivious of the wet and the wind of the uncomfortable night. The too careless bridegroom had taken the bride in his arms.

"I have fallen desperately in love with my own wife," he whispered. "Can you ever forgive me?"

"I have always been in love with you," she returned, "only so sad because you



1238. Ladies' Dress, 35 cents (1/6). Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires

3¼ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe
5/8 yard 40-inch contrasting Canton crêpe
1 yard ribbon for belt

12681. Blue or yellow transfer, 25 cents (1/3).

1269. Ladies' Dress, 35 cents (1/6). Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires

3½ yards 40-inch satin crêpe
¼ yard 40-inch Canton crêpe for collar
¾ yards ribbon for sash

12612. Blue or yellow transfer, 75 cents (3/6). Two patterns required for design as illustrated.

1251. Ladies' Dress, 35 cents (1/6). Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires

3 yards 40-inch chiffon
27/8 yards 40-inch satin for underslip, sash, and cuffs

1182. Ladies' Long-waisted Dress, 35 cents (1/6). Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires

23/8 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe
1¾ yard 40-inch contrasting for skirt, sleeves and collar

1259. Ladies' Dress, 35 cents (1/6). Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires

3½ yards 40-inch satin
2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe for lining panels
¼ yard 36-inch lace for vest and collar
7/8 yard 36-inch lining

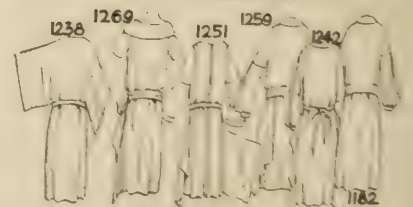
BEADED EFFECTS A FEATURE OF MANY STYLES

Dress 1182
34 to 44
35 cents—1/6

Dress 1259
34 to 44
35 cents—1/6

Dress 1242
34 to 44 bust &
16 to 20 yrs.
35 cents—1/6
Beading 12704
35 cents—1/6

1242. Ladies' and Misses' Dress, 35 cents (1/6). Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 bust and 16, 18 and 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires
35/8 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe
12704. Blue or yellow transfer, 35 cents (1/6).



Dress 1238
34 to 44
35 cents—1/6
Beading 12681
25 cents—1/3

Dress 1259
34 to 44
35 cents—1/6
Emb. 12612
75 cents—3/6

Dress 1251
34 to 44
35 cents—1/6

FASHION DESIGNS NEW MODES WITH NOVEL DETAILS

9925. Maternity Dress, 35 cents (1/6). Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 bust. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Size 36 requires

3 yards 40-inch satin
3 yards 36-inch allover lace
 $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 40-inch crêpe satin for collar
 $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch lining

1250. Ladies' Dress, 35 cents (1/6). Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 bust. This practical model is developed in Roshanara crêpe, and will prove an excellent frock for shopping or general day-time wear. It is a simple, slip-on style, with a narrow belt at each side, which gives a straight unbroken line at the front. It is very trim and smart-looking in its simplicity. An enlivening touch of color may be added by blanket stitching the edges of the smart roll collar with colored worsted. For material requirements see page 49.

1248. Ladies' Dress, 35 cents (1/6). Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 bust. As this model is fashioned on the order of a coat-dress, one will find many uses for it, especially for day-time wear in the Fall. It is composed of kasha cloth, and is smartly closed at the side-front with two large buttons and bound buttonholes. The long sleeves are in flare style and the set-in vestee at the front is made of allover lace. For material requirements see page 49.

1030. Ladies' Long-waisted, One-piece Dress, 35 cents (1/6). Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 bust. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 36 requires

$4\frac{3}{8}$ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe
 $\frac{3}{8}$ yard lace banding for vestee

Loose panels extend from the waist at each side of the front and back. 12667. Blue or yellow transfer pattern, 40 cents (2/-).

1262. Ladies' Dress, 35 cents (1/6). Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 bust. For material requirements see page 49.

Dress 1250
34 to 50
35 cents—1/6



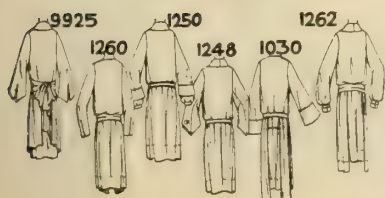
Maternity
Dress 9925
34 to 48
35 cents—1/6

Dress 1260
34 to 50
35 cents—1/6

Dress 1248
34 to 50
35 cents—1/6

Dress 1030
34 to 48
35 cents—1/6
Embroidery 12667
40 cents—2/-

Dress 1262
34 to 50
35 cents—1/6



1260. Ladies' Dress, 35 cents (1/6). Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 bust. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 36 requires
 $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards 36-inch satin
 $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch lining

At each side of the front of the skirt, a knife-plaited panel of the material is placed.

COATS OF FINGER-TIP LENGTH ARE SPONSORED BY THE YOUNGER SET FOR ALL OCCASIONS



Jacket 9890
34 to 44
35 cents—1/6
Skirt 1051
24 to 36
30 cents—1/6
Embroidery 12376
40 cents—2/-

Jacket 1229
34 to 46
35 cents—1/6
Skirt 1060
24 to 36
30 cents—1/6

9890. Ladies' Single-breasted Jacket, 35 cents (1/6). Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 bust. Length at center-back 28½ inches. No. **1051.** Ladies' Two-piece, Gathered Skirt, 30 cents (1/6). Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The suit in medium size requires

3½ yards 54-inch tricotine
2½ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining

12576. Blue or yellow transfer pattern, 40 cents (2/-).

1229. Ladies' Jacket, 35 cents (1/6). Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 bust. Length at center-back 28 inches. No. **1060.** Ladies' One-piece Skirt, 30 cents (1/6). Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in medium size requires

2¼ yards 54-inch French serge for jacket
2¼ yards 36-inch satin lining for jacket
1½ yard 54-inch plaid tweed, cut crosswise

A plain jacket, combined with a plaid skirt, forms a very good sports suit. The skirt is one of the new wrap-around models.

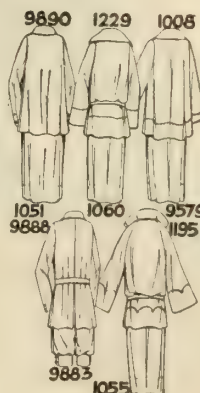
1008. Ladies' and Misses' Jacket, 35 cents (1/6). Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 bust, and 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. No. **9579.** Ladies' Two-piece, Gathered Skirt, 30 cents (1/6). Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in medium size requires

3½ yards 54-inch tricotine
2½ yards 36-inch foulard for lining jacket

9888. Ladies' Single-breasted Jacket, 35 cents (1/6). Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 bust. Length at center-back 32 inches. No. **9883.** Ladies' Knickerbockers, 35 cents (1/6). Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 waist. The suit in medium size requires

3¾ yards 54-inch tweed
2½ yards 36-inch satin for lining jacket

Jacket 1008
34 to 44 bust and
14 to 20 yrs.
35 cents—1/6
Skirt 9579
24 to 36
30 cents—1/6



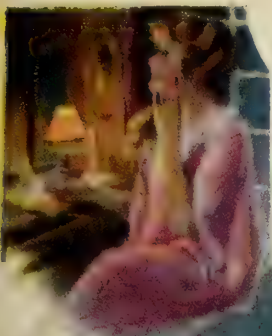
1195. Ladies' Jacket, 35 cents (1/6). Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 bust. Length at center-back 28½ inches. No. **1055.** Ladies' Two-piece Skirt, 30 cents (1/6). Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in medium size requires

4½ yards 54-inch velours
5/8 yard 9-inch fur for collar
2¼ yards 36-inch pussy-willow taffeta for lining jacket

The lower edge of the jacket is finished with a three-piece applied scalloped band, and the flowing sleeves are also finished with applied scalloped cuffs.

Jacket 9888
34 to 44
35 cents—1/6
Knickerbockers 9883
24 to 34
35 cents—1/6

Jacket 1195
34 to 46
35 cents—1/6
Skirt 1055
24 to 36
30 cents—1/6



Pompeian Night Cream

The Cold Cream for Beauty



Beauty's Reward

His eyes rest tenderly upon her lovely, glowing beauty. Upon her dainty finger he slips the crowning jewel of her happiness—the sparkling solitaire that proclaims his love. Such is the reward of beauty. And she holds the secret of lasting youth and girlish loveliness.

For every night before retiring she uses Pompeian NIGHT Cream (the cold cream for beauty). It brings while she sleeps the beauty of a soft, youthful skin.

Just try this simple treatment every night before retiring: First, coat your face thickly with Pompeian NIGHT Cream, patting it gently into the pores. Then, with a soft cloth remove the surplus cream, which will bring with it all the day's dust and grit.

Next, wring out a cloth or towel in warm water and lay it on the face. Pat it gently—do not rub. Now, rinse the face in cool—not cold—water. Dry without rubbing.

Then again apply Pompeian NIGHT Cream (the cold cream for beauty), and leave it on the skin to "youthify" you through the night. It brings beauty while you sleep.

Pompeian NIGHT Cream is for sale at all druggists' at 50c and \$1.00 a jar.

GUARANTEE

The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Co., at Walkerville, Ontario, Canada.



"Brings Beauty While You Sleep"

TEAR OFF NOW AND MAIL

or put in purse as shopping-reminder.

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY

3 Wyandotte Ave., Walkerville, Ontario, Canada.

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c. (stamps not accepted) for 1922 Art Panel. Also please send five samples named in offer.

Name

Address

CityProv.

Naturelle shade powder sent unless you write another below.



"Its fragrance brings you instant charm."

Get 1922 Panel—Five Samples Sent With It

"Honeymooning in Venice." What romance! The golden moonlit balcony! The blue lagoon! The swift-gliding gondolas! The serenading gondoliers! Tinkling mandolins! The sighing winds of evening! Ah, the memories of a thousand Venetian years! Such is the story revealed in the new 1922 Pompeian panel. Size 28 x 7 1/4 inches. In beautiful colors. Sent for only 10c. This is the most beautiful and expensive panel we

have ever offered. Art store value 50c to \$1. Money gladly refunded if not wholly satisfactory. With each order for an Art Panel we will send samples of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, DAY Cream (vanishing), BLOOM, NIGHT Cream (an improved cold cream), and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a talc). With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Please tear off coupon now and enclose a dime.

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY, 3 Wyandotte Ave., Walkerville, Ontario, Canada.
(C) 1921, The Pompeian Co.



HONEYMOONING
in Venice
1922 Pompeian Beauty Panel



CHOCOLATE DE LUXE

FOR this chocolate cake half a cup of grated unsweetened chocolate is melted with a quarter cup of sugar and two tablespoons of milk. To this is added one-third of a cup of butter creamed with a cup of sugar, two eggs (one at a time), a half a teaspoon of vanilla, and a quarter of a cup of milk. Last of all a cup of flour with a teaspoon of MAGIC BAKING POWDER is sifted in, and the batter is poured quickly into two layer pans and baked. Between the layers, on the top and side of cake is spread a filling made by taking the white of an egg, two tablespoons cream, one half teaspoon vanilla to which add sufficient icing sugar to make a thick paste. Sprinkle between layers and on top with pecan nuts chopped fine and decorate with half pecans.

E. W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

WINNIPEG

MONTREAL

Seasonable Gowns and Suits for the Juniors

1043—Child's Slip-on Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 2 requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard 32-inch gingham— $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 27-inch chambray. A dainty little frock for the little miss fashioned of gingham and chambray. The neck, sleeves, and pockets are outlined in blanket-stitching. Any number of other combinations of materials would be just as effective, such as dotted swiss and organdy, figured and plain voile, two shades of linen, two shades of chambray, or it could also be fashioned all of one material.



Suit 1105

Dress 1043

Rompers 1084

Dress 1173

1173—Girls' Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch dotted swiss—1 yard 36-inch voile— $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch contrasting voile for piping. This dainty frock would be very cool for warm Summer afternoons as it hangs perfectly free from the oval-shaped neck and has short sleeves. The dress is tucked at the shoulder while the front and back are gathered at neck edge and the edges bound or piped.

1105—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 yard 36-inch linen for waist and trousers—1 yard 36-inch white linen for blouse— $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards narrow plaiting. The step-in knee trousers are attached to a waist having a deep V-shaped neck and large armholes. A blouse that is finished with a box-plait at center-front is worn.

1177—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard 40-inch organdy for blouse— $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch linen for skirt, band, collar, and cuffs— $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards frilling— $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch lining for underwaist.

1225—Boys' Suit. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54-inch tweed— $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch silk serge to line.

1226—Boys' Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 54-inch cheviot— $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch saaten for lining.

1173—Price 30 cents.

1105— " 30 cents.

1043— " 30 cents.

1084— " 30 cents.

1177— " 30 cents.

1225— " 30 cents.

1226— " 30 cents.

1175— " 30 cents.

1199— " 35 cents.



Dress 1175

Dress 1199

Dress 1177

1084—Child's Rompers. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27-inch striped chambray. Just the thing for the small child's play-time wear are these little rompers which may be fashioned of chambray, gingham, percale, linen or denim. The rompers close at the back and the neck is slashed at the center-front and bound. Short kimono sleeves are also slashed at lower edge and bound.

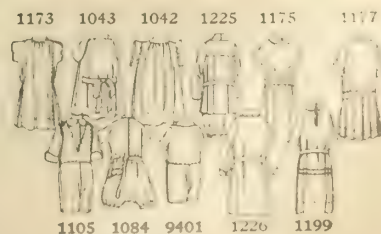


Suit 1225

Coat 1226

1175—Girls' Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 32-inch plaid gingham— $\frac{1}{8}$ yard 36-inch linen— $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards pointed trimming. Trimming-bands of linen are applied to the front and back of this gingham frock. The collar, cuffs, and sash are also of linen.

1199—Juniors' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 13 to 17 years. Size 15 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard 32-inch check gingham— $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch linen. The combination of linen and check gingham forms a very attractive frock using gingham for the skirt, trimming-bands, and collar, and linen for the waist.



Smart and Simple Clothes for the Young Person



Blouse 1080

Suit 9820

Dress 1172

Suit 1007
Appliqué 12683

1178—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 3 3/8 yards 44-inch serge.

1215—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 2 7/8 yards 36-inch voile—2 yards plaiting to trim—1 7/8 yard narrow ribbon for sash. The dress is made without lining, is slashed and closed at the center-front. The one-piece sleeves are finished with turn-back cuffs.

1212—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 3 1/4 yards 32-inch plain gingham—3/8 yard 32-inch check gingham to trim.

9820—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 7/8 yard 36-inch plain linen—1/2 yard 36-inch striped linen to trim. The suit consists of a slip-on blouse and side-closing knee trousers. The blouse is slashed at the center-front, underfaced, and rolled with a convertible collar showing a removable shield. The sleeves are finished with turn-back cuffs.

1172—Child's Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 3/4 yard 36-inch dotted swiss—1 1/4 yard ribbon for bows. The dress is made with oval-shaped neck and the front is tucked on the shoulders. The front and back are gathered at the neck edge, the edges bound or piped. The side-front and side-back sections are gathered in tightly at the waist across the underarm seams.

1007—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1 7/8 yard 36-inch linen. The suit consists of a blouse and side-closing knee trousers. The slip-on blouse is closed at the center-front under a plait. Appliqué motifs, couched down with either outline or blanket stitch, trim the front of the blouse in design 12683.

1080—Misses' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 14 requires 1 1/2 yard 40-inch check crepe de Chine—1/4 yard 40-inch plain crepe de Chine. The blouse is slashed and closed at the center-front. One-piece short sleeves finished with turn-back cuffs. The front and back of the blouse are gathered to straight bands closed at the sides.

1080—Price 30 cents.

9820— " 30 cents.

1172— " 30 cents.

1007— " 30 cents.

Applique 12683—blue or yellow. Price 25 cents.

1169—Price 30 cents.

Applique 12671—blue or yellow. Price 30 cents.

1179—Price 30 cents

1178— " 30 cents.

1215— " 30 cents.

1212— " 30 cents.

Dress 1169
Appliqué 12671Bloomer
Dress
1179

1169—Girls' One-piece Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 10 requires 1 1/4 yard 36-inch white linen—1 yard 36-inch contrasting linen. Attractive appliqué motifs in design 12671 trim the front of the dress in contrasting shades of linen, blanket stitched in black mercerized floss.

1179—Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 3 1/2 yards 32-inch check gingham—5/8 yard 32-inch chambray to trim. The dress is slipped on over the head and the shoulder seams are left open part way to show the arms. The bottom of the dress, the sleeves, and neck are trimmed with the plain chambray.



Dress 1178

Dress 1215

Dress 1212



*Ideal Figure
Tall Slender*



*Ideal Figure
Short Slender*



*Ideal Figure
Average*



*Ideal Figure
Large Below the Waist*



*Ideal Figure
Large Above the Waist*

Go to the best store you know; there you will be correctly fitted to a Gossard by a trained corsetiere who will know just how to idealize your figure. Or if you feel you have a very special corset problem and you'd like a bit of personal advice, write to Miss Jane Hill, the Gossard corset and clothing specialist, at the home offices, whose years of experience and proven ability are at your service.



VERY few of us are utterly beautiful in proportion—and even if we are, it won't last unless we work at it. Let's be personal; let's talk as plainly and practically as we can. Get out your tape line, find an obliging friend to measure you and then locate your figure type by means of the old Greek measurements for determining the ideal average figure. To be sure, modern life has evolved a lighter, slimmer type for the young girl who goes in for athletics, but when she is no longer slim nineteen, she, too, will join the large majority of us for whom this old rule still holds good. By common agreement of artists the ideally perfect woman should be 5 feet, 5 inches tall. With this given height, the waist should measure 27 inches; the bust, 34 inches; each thigh, 25 inches.

Nine Types of Figures—Which Is Yours?

A few of us seem to be absolutely correct—or so closely approximate ideal proportions that we may term ourselves average—at least just so long as we honestly consult the truth-telling mirror and protect this precious gift of Eve with the right corset.

The second group is made up of those whose vertical measurements are uniformly just a little longer in proportion than their horizontal—a trifle more than 5 feet, 5 inches tall though not more, and usually less, than 25 inches around the thigh. This is the Tall Slender Group.

Another group are more than 5 feet, 5 inches tall, but a bit more solidly built—the Tall Heavy. The Short Slender Group are both shorter and more slender than the average. The fifth group, the Short Heavy, are shorter than the average though not so slender. The sixth may be of any height, but, alas, they're not quite in proportion because, from the waist up, their measurements are all in excess of what they should be, and this constitutes their main problem to beauty. This is the Large Above the Waist Group. The seventh reverses the region of discomfort; they measure a good bit more than 25 inches around each thigh and constitute the Large Below the Waist Group. The eighth—one of the biggest groups—contains all short waisted ladies. The ninth is formed of those whose defect isn't one of "inches" but whose backs are curved. And the fashionable woman must avoid a curved back line as she avoids an unbecoming color.

Type Corsetry—For You

Not to know the type to which one belongs and the type ideal toward which one should strive—not to know the secret that will be health-giving as well as style-giving—is to miss the whole magic of personality. You simply *can't* keep youthfulness and beauty and piquancy inside the wrong corset—any more than you can keep them for long without any corset. Gossard Type Corsetry is the very foundation of that lovely picture that every real woman wants to make of herself—and *can*—if she knows the secret.

Perhaps you have just been buying your corsets by waist measure and leaving the rest to chance. That's fatal! Gossard artistry hasn't thought of you in such a vague way. You have been thought of as belonging to one of the nine figure groups—wherever your measurements locate you.

The Gossard Corsets designed to fit *your very own figure* will help you to stand and walk as you should; they will mould and coax a too generous curve; they can even rescue lines that are not curved sufficiently. And they will do all this with a comfort such as you never knew before, and will outwear two or even three ordinary corsets. Do you realize for how little you can buy these comfortable, graceful, sensible, healthful Gossard Corsets? They are very moderately priced within the reach of every woman.



*Ideal Figure
Short Heavy*



*Ideal Figure
Tall Heavy*



Gossard Brassieres, like Gossard Corsets, are unerringly designed for types and are moderately priced within the reach of every woman. See the new "Longerlyne" models; they are specially shaped and have added length to comfortably complete the present type of low-top corsets.



*Ideal Figure
Short-Waisted*



*Ideal Figure
Curved Back*

Miss Hill has just completed a tiny gem of a book, "YOU." It talks of personalities and becoming clothes in a way that any woman who would make the most of her natural beauty will treasure. A copy is yours for the asking, if you will write your request to

The CANADIAN

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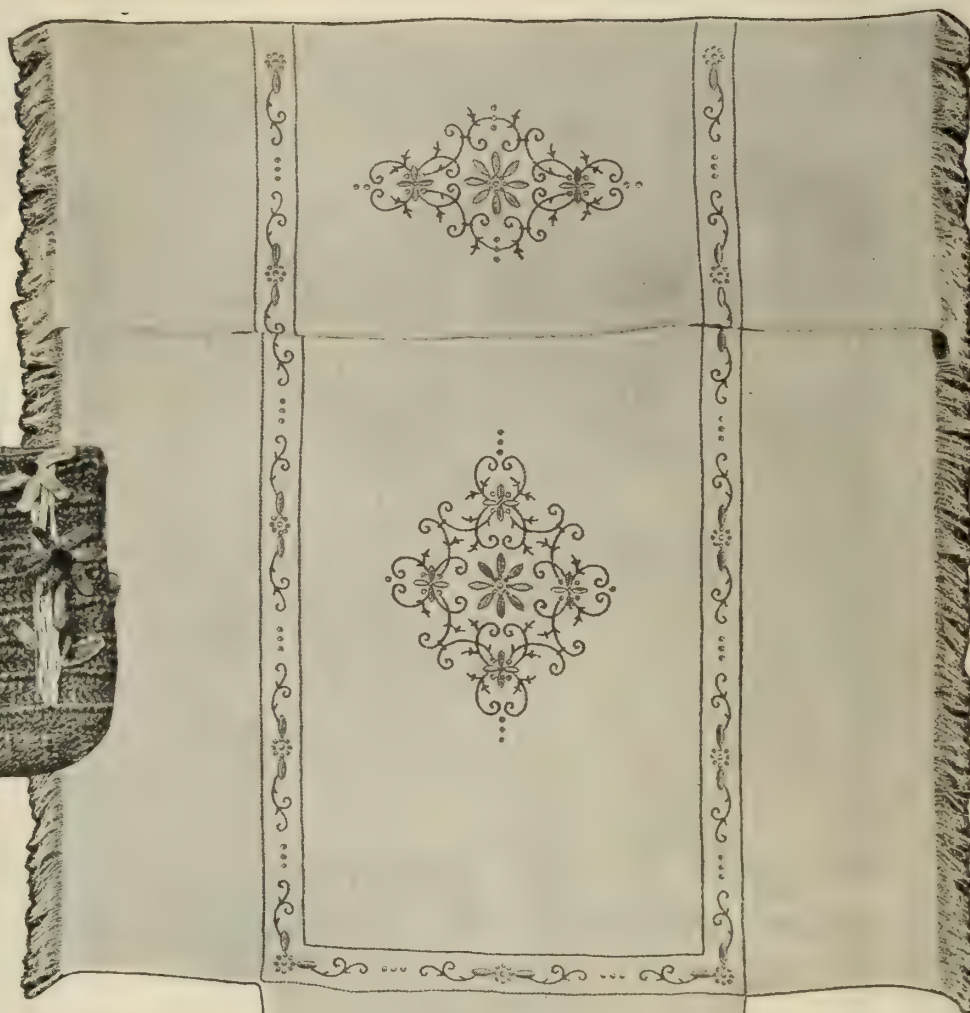


The Italian Cable Stitch for Smart Household Linens

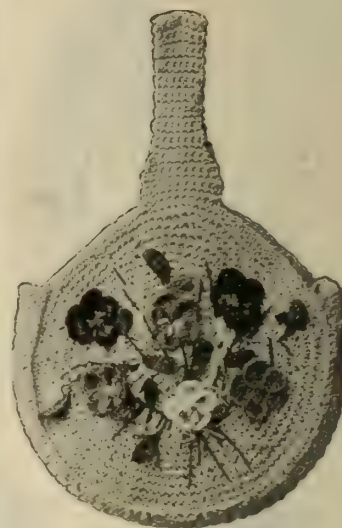


No. 264—Black-eyed Susans on a Crocheted Bag

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions for Bag No. 264 (above) and Bag No. 265 (right), 20 cents (English Price 1/-). Bag No. 264 requires 4 balls of Calcutta cord, 1 skein each of dark brown and yellow chenille, 12 skeins of four-fold Germantown wool in shades of yellow and green. This is worked with steel crochet hooks, one No. 1 and one No. 5. Bag No. 265 is smart in gray with pansies.



No. 12726—A Stunning Bedspread Design



No. 265—This Handy Bag Has a Spray of Pansies

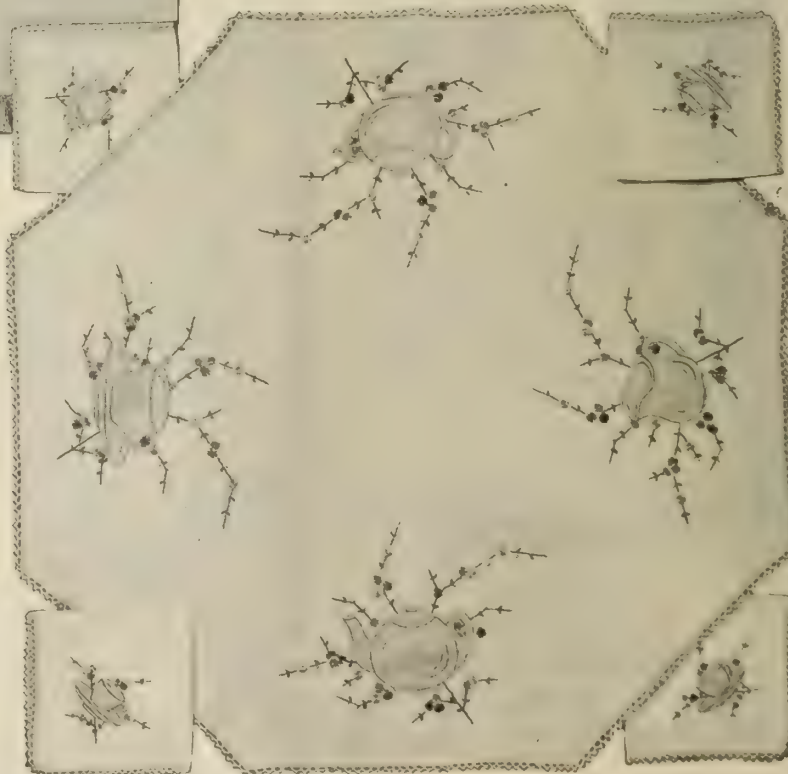
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12727, blue, 25 cents (English Price 1/3), as illustrated below, supplies a design for a luncheon or tea-table set, which may be carried out in appliqué and embroidery or in plain embroidery stitches. The design contains one each of the large motifs for use on the cloth, and six of the small for use on six napkins.

No. 12727—For the Informal Tea-Table



No. 12726—Makes a Smart Design for the Correct Bedspread

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12726, blue only, 35 cents (English Price 1/6), furnishes a design for a bedspread and bolster. There are six yards of 3-inch border, and the design used for the spread is 17½ by 22 inches. The bolster design is placed crosswise, and is 12 by 22 inches. The designs are sufficiently large to be used on a spread for either a single or double bed.



Large Hats, an it Please Your Ladyship

By CHARLOTTE M. STOREY

MEASURING the size of our hats by the length of our skirts, is a new idea, and to be *a la mode*, that is what we must do this Autumn. Instead of sitting in front of a mirror which reflects just our head and shoulders, to do the thing right, we should stand in front of a full length one, where we can survey ourselves from head to foot, while we select our new chapeau, for fashion authorities tell us that the length of the skirt makes all the difference in the world in the size and shape of hat we wear.

Of course you know that skirts are to be lengthened. No longer can the male critic "make his moan" over the shortness of our skirts, which he really likes but just

those which turn off the face a little more abruptly, and of course there are tri-cornes and bicornes—when was there ever a season without them? And, who knows, but they may be the most popular type of all, for we must admit that a very large hat worn above a huge fur collar is rather grotesque; however, perhaps Fashion may further decree that we must wear our coat collars open in front and flat behind. If so, this will make the large hat possible without making us look as if we had no necks at all. There is no millinery material so becoming as velvet, and so one always welcomes a season when it is to be used for millinery. Word comes direct from Paris that this is to be the milliner's choice of materials, and that there are to be all kinds of beautiful Persian colorings as well as black and brown, and with them will be metallic laces and brocades, and beautiful ribbons in metlasse effect, and no end of hand work.

SOME of the pattern hats that have just arrived have the trimming piled high in front like a pyramid, long loops of ribbon or silk for instance; and then again, it pleases the milliner's fancy to drape them across the side, and the importance of long ribbon loops—wide ribbon—must not be underestimated. Also there is Persian embroidery and shirring. One large flat brimmed model seen in a show room, had velvet and faille silk combined, one half of the covering being velvet and the other silk, and both were shirred from the centre of the top of the crown to the edge of the brim in spiral effect. The



Close-fitted black velvet turban laid in narrow folds. Jet and silver ornaments extend from either side.

to be contrary says he doesn't. The mandate has gone forth: seven to nine inches from the floor for dresses, with separate skirts and suit skirts just a little shorter, and, no potentate ever issued a mandate that will be more generally obeyed. Fashion is like a beloved princess, whose wishes have only to be known to be gratified, and there's no way of explaining the why or the wherefore of this blind obedience. But the fact remains. And because brevity is to give way to length, we must change the style of our headwear—we must wear larger hats. But in the interval, a word or two about the *chic* felt hats which are being worn now and will be for September.

We used to think we were "rushing" the season outrageously and almost expected someone to call us *blasé* if we bought a felt hat for the local fall fair; but now they are worn all through the heat of the summer, and there's no use trying to think we don't like them. We do. And they don't look a bit out of place, with a pretty flower-colored tub frock. Grey is one of the pretty shades we shall be wearing for early autumn, and the hats are rather mannish shaped instead of the round, up-rolling brim which the flapper has made her own this summer. They will go splendidly with a tweed sports suit.

When skirts were short, hats were necessarily rather simple—not too much trimming, and what there was lay flat on the brim or drooped over the side of it, as a rule. But types like the Gainsborough go with the longer skirt, although we have not quite returned to the Gainsborough period. We are probably headed for it, and when one thinks of its picturesqueness, there is little reason for regret. The fashionable hat of the autumn has a wide brim that droops close around the face, and then changes its mind and rolls upward. The backs are short, and the contour is broad rather than round. Looking at it straight in front, it looks very broad. Other types are



White felt with soft crown, with rolled brim edged with black. Satin rosette with jet and rhinestone ornament in centre.

crowns are lower this season and many of them are soft and made in sections.

For some reason black is always the most popular shade for millinery, especially for winter, and it doubtless will be this year again, but after black come the colors termed "wood" shades which are on the brown and tan tints. Spruce and mignonette green are two shades that one hears about, wherever millinery is to be sold. The orange shades are not new, but they are to be used again because they have become very popular as an accessory color, and so will red.

In writing of millinery, we must not overlook the smaller chapeau, for there are many who would as soon think of carrying a sunshade in mid-winter as wearing a large floppy brimmed hat, or even a more conventional one. For these, Fashion has provided a sort of Hindu turban made of Persian tinsel or some other suitable material laid in folds and plaited around the crown, with

(Continued on page 52)



Responsive to Every Move of the Body

P.C. Corsets are built for women who wish to maintain a youthful figure. They lend an easeful support and gently caress the form into fashionable, slender lines.

There is a P.C. model for every type of figure that will set it off to perfection. Ask your retailer to fit you with a P.C.

The utmost in style, comfort and service for the price.

Front lace, back lace, white and flesh

Write for booklet showing the new styles fitted on living models.

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Have you shined your
shoes today with

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Shoe Polish
It improves your personal appearance and saves leather.

For Black, White, Tan, Brown and Ox-blood Shoes
F. F. DALLEY COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED HAMILTON CANADA

15 Buys **Engel**
100 **"Art Corners"**
Millions Billions 24 use today
Use them to mount all kodak pictures, post cards, clippings in albums
No PASTE NEEDED
Made in Square, Round, Oval, Fancy and Heart of black, gray, sepia, and red grommed paper. Slip them on corners of pictures, then wet and stick. QUICK-EASY-ARTISTIC. No mess, no fuss. At photo supply, drug and stat's stores. Accept no substitutes: there is nothing so good. 15c brings full size and samples from Engel Mfg. Co. Dept. 94J, No. 4711 Clark St., CHICAGO

For Nervousness
Take **HORSFORD'S**
ACID PHOSPHATE

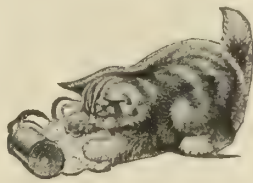
Half a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water relieves nervous tension, brings peaceful rest. Refreshes and restores vitality to tired folks. All druggists



For garments of—silk, satin, velvet, or the lacey, filmy creations for evening wear, your seams must be as fine as they can be sewn—they must not pucker nor draw.

Corticelli sewing silk is fine, smooth, elastic and strong, makes the finest seam. Any delicate tone required for the most exacting purpose—the very latest shades in lustrous, unfading colors. Be sure you call it by name.

Corticelli
MADE IN CANADA
Spool Silk



Large Hats, an it Please Your Ladyship

(Continued from page 51)

a sweep of burnt goose or peacock or some such feathery ornament dropping over the right ear. There is great variety in the new millinery and it would be difficult to enumerate all the interesting things, which we shall see before long in the millinery parlors and which will be shown at the fall openings. But we have enumerated a few of the principal features and now for a word or two about dresses, which are so like costumes that we shall want autumn to come early and linger long so we can wear them.

With the return of the longer skirt, we find the designers going back to the early Greek tendencies towards drapery, especially side drapery, and the soft, pliable materials which are to be worn this autumn, lend themselves admirably to this style of costume. Fashion articles of late have constantly mentioned the "blistered" cloths, and one naturally wonders what they are like. They are very much like the old crepons of twenty-five years ago, only of rather a nicer construction. One piece we have in mind is called "klo-ka," and has a raised design in silk on a fine wool background of basket weave. The design on this particular piece is Egyptian, but that has nothing to do with the nature of the goods. The mill that makes this cloth has a penchant for Oriental designs.



Large soft roll model in red velours. Silk stitch edged brim and there is flower ornament at side.

Duvelyn, broadcloth, Poiret twill and tricotine are all used for fall costumes, and are made in coat-dress style with the draping coming over to one side, and caught up just a little below the natural waist line with a jet or metallic cabochon, or, on some models, there is a jet girdle or belt made of cabochons. This sort of trimming is going to be very fashionable for fall, and on silks, crepe or faille, the girdle will be finished with a deep fringe, full length in some places, say in the front and short on the sides. Large cabochons used to catch up the drapery also have deep bead fringe.

There is oodles of bead trimmings on the afternoon dresses of crepe de Chine, Canton crepe and crepe Georgette, and just by way of long distance advice, let me give you a hint—white is the color elect—if it can be called a color—for evening wear, but it is too early to talk of frivolous frocks this month.

The waist line is still what we call the Moyenne, although Irene Castle, the flapper's ideal, says she is going to wear her belt where nature intended it should be worn because she doesn't like floppy, negligee styles for street or evening wear. Talking of waist lines, brings us close to the subject of corsets.

It has been alleged that the up-to-date woman has not been wearing corsets for the past year or two. Well, if she hasn't been, there must be a tremendous



Mae Murray, Gorgeous Broadway Star, recommends Maybelline

"FASCINATION"

There is nothing so fascinating as large, beautiful, expressive eyes. Any eyes may be instantly beautified by applying

Maybelline

which darkens and beautifies the eyelashes and eyebrows, making them appear naturally long, thick and luxurious. Instantly and unfailingly the eyes will appear larger, deeper and more brilliant. "MAY-BELLINE" is unlike other preparations, it is absolutely harmless and greaseless, will not spread or smear on the face. Used by beautiful girls and women throughout the world. Each dainty purple and gold box contains brush and mirror. Two shades. Brown for Blonds. Black for Brunettes.

At all good drug and Dept. Stores. Accept only genuine MAYBELLINE and your satisfaction is assured.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO



Diana Allen, well-known film star, uses Garda Face Powder

DISCUSS Face Powder wherever women are gathered and you will find staunch admirers of Garda. Why? The One-Week Garda Sample gives the answer: a wonderful new fragrance—unusual fineness—and soft, clinging smoothness. There's a fresh, clean puff with every box of

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Send today to nearest branch for liberal One-Week Sample of Garda Face Powder, also attractive booklet on beauty and Garda products.

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MEN'S SHIRTS
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Inside the collar band
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SHEER BLOUSES
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\$2.00 CORSETS
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Good Corsets, elastic top, pink or white, aluminum boning, size 19 to 30, sent prepaid anywhere on receipt of \$1.00.

Corsets, higher bust and much stronger, size 19 to 36—Regular \$4 for \$2.

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Manufacturer, Jobber & Retailer in
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MOST OF ALL

That is new and desirable is found month by month in the Advertising Columns of the

Canadian Home Journal

(Continued on page 54)



A Canadian woman was protesting, the other day, about the lack of Canadian features in our newspapers. "Look at all the stuff we have in them—syndicate, I think it is called—which we get from the States. Who is Jane Doe? Someone in Chicago, I suppose. Then there's Thornton Burgess with his animal stuff. I'm sure our own Bertha Green, who writes for the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL and other publications can give us articles just as good as any which we import. Can't we persuade Canadian editors to give us native material?"

"Would the native read it?" asked the Teacher cynically. "My experience is that all the cheap, poor stuff which comes to us from New York or Chicago, is what Canadians want. Look at those dreadful colored comics. I don't look at them, as a rule, for they're bad literature and worse art. You will hear Canadians referring every day to characters in the comic features as if they were familiar friends. Of course," added the Teacher caustically, "our newspapers are not literature. Our editors seem to copy all the inaccurate Americanisms 'Gotten' and 'proven,' which are poetic and archaic forms, quite picturesque in their place, are used by Canadian editors almost as freely as by those on the other side. In fact we read 'Chicagoese' every day. It is only when I go to the library and get the English papers that I can escape from that dreadful 'gotten.' The best New York and Boston papers are models, but unfortunately Canada does not imitate those."

"It is so much easier to imitate cheap stuff," I murmured in apology.

"You needn't blame the editors for buying all this Yankee syndicate stuff," said a National Council lady. "Canadians refuse to read their own writers unless they have been approved by the United States or England. How many of us buy a Canadian magazine of any kind once a month? Where do the magazines, which are sold by thousands of our news stands every month, come from? New York or Philadelphia. They are beautiful, of course, and I buy some of them myself. But I contrive to buy Canadian magazines, too, and find that it is worth while to keep up with my own country."

"After all, we are reading some of our own writers in the United States papers," said a member of the I.O.D.E. "There is the syndicate letter on health and our nerves and all that kind of thing. It is written by H. Addington Bruce, and Mr. Bruce is a Canadian, a son of Colonel Bruce of Toronto. I think the comic stuff is deplorably crude and vulgar, but our people ask for it, and who are editors that they should seek to elevate public taste? Some day, perhaps, we shall cease to be interested in vulgar children who spend their time playing practical jokes at the expense of their elders—especially the infirm. And, at a later day, we may find family quarrels in large capitals and shrieking colors quite dull and stupid. In the meantime, the editors supply what the public demands."

"There's another matter," said a social service worker. "An editor told me the other day that it is women who demand vulgarity and the exploiting of sordid details. Some years ago, there was a highly sensational trial in New York. This editor gave orders that there was to be only a curtailed report of the trial in his paper. Another journal in the

same city (let's call it "The Rag") went fully into all the most disgusting details, and dwelt upon the case editorially almost every day. The editor of the decent paper said that many readers (all of them women) complained that they could not find enough about the trial in the columns of his paper:—while, at the same time, they declared the case to be 'simply shocking.' Did you notice that there were eleven women to one man during the hearing of the Delorme case in Montreal?"

"But the men were busy. They couldn't go," protested a young person.

"Why weren't the women too busy to go?" asked the member of the I.O.D.E. The truth of it is that if we women made our homes what they ought to be we should have no time to read about sordid crimes or to attend a court case. Poor cooking is the secret of much hard drinking."

"I don't believe in blaming everything on the women," said the young person.

"Neither do I," said the social service worker. "But it is too true that very few women know how to cook or how to make the best of a limited diet. There seems to be no way of educating the public in matters of taste, except by a slow process. Children who have been shown the best models in art and taught to appreciate good literature don't care for the poor stuff. It isn't by saying 'don't' that children's taste is formed. It is by the positive way of giving them the best. I know a widow—an Italian woman—who is far from rich—who has brought up her small boy—now fourteen—to care for good pictures and statuary. I wish you could hear the youngster sing. He has a glorious voice, and it is the opera, not jazz, which attracts him. You don't need to spend much time, telling children what to avoid, if you give them enough of the right stuff to do and to enjoy."

"That may be true," said the National Council lady. "But children are going to play with other children and want to read what the others are reading."

"The 'others' are not nearly as important as the mother, if she's a real chum," said she of the social service. "A youngster can have a wonderful time at the theatre and among the books, if he or she has only the right comrade in a mother who understands how to get the most fun out of the best things."

The young person said: "But what were we talking about? Syndicate articles from the United States in Canadian papers, I think. When we are anxious to have articles for our own benefit by our own writers, we'll make the editors get them; but, in the meantime, we must put up with Jane Doe and the rest of them. By the way, I wonder what's become of Ruth Cameron. She used to write nice little uplift articles, with a gentle pathos about them."

"There was another Ruth," said the member of the I.O.D.E. in reminiscent fashion. "Her name was Ruth Ashmore, if I remember correctly, and she wrote 'Side Talks with Girls' for a woman's magazine. There was a wicked comic paper which wrote a parody in 'Snide Talks with Girls' by Truth Mashmore. The parodies were much more interesting than the original articles."

"Well," said the young person. "I don't like some of the stuff which is addressed to girls, but I always read the Tower Room."

"So do we," said the rest of us, although much older than the enthusiastic speaker.

In an Age of Science

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TEA

is prepared most scientifically. Vacuum packed, electrically weighed and untouched by hand from Garden to Consumer.

H 334

The Delicious Flavor is preserved.

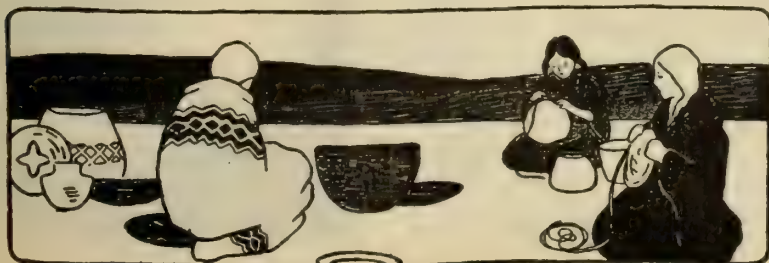
— JUST TRY IT. —



Keep a Kodak Story
of the Children

Autographic Kodaks \$6.50 up
At your dealer's

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited
Toronto, Canada



The Advertising in the
Canadian Home Journal

Is not so much an inducement to buy as an incentive to

BUY THE BEST

MADE
IN
CANADA



Almost Free Our New Hand Mop

Read this great
Introductory offer

We will send you this big, new, fluffy, 50c Liquid Veneer Hand Mop and a liberal trial bottle of

LIQUID VENEER MOP POLISH

Goes Twice as Far

We only ask you to send us the top of a carton of either Liquid Veneer or Liquid Veneer Mop Polish and 25c to pay postage and packing. This is a temporary offer and will be withdrawn very shortly, hence use coupon below. Act quickly.

The Hand Mop is a wonderful help in reaching those hard-to-get-at places like banisters, railings, chair spindles, fluting, crevices and corners. It is a great labor saver on large surfaces such as automobiles.

You will be delighted with the way Liquid Veneer Mop Polish will transform dirty, dull, scratched surfaces to their original beauty and finish, leaving a high, dry lustre and polish.

And don't forget the old standby, Liquid Veneer. On the market for over twenty-five years. It cleans, polishes, preserves and beautifies pianos, furniture, woodwork, automobiles, all at one sweep of the cloth.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY

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Gentlemen:—

Enclosed find 25c (coin or stamps) and top of a carton of (Liquid Veneer) or (Liquid Veneer Mop Polish) for which send me, postpaid, one regular 50c Liquid Veneer Hand Mop and a liberal trial bottle of Liquid Veneer Mop Polish.

Name

Street

City and State

From Canadian Home Journal Magazine.

Large Hats, an it Please Your Ladyship

(Continued from page 52)

army of women who are not up-to-date in Canada or else the corsetieres are fibbers, for nearly every time we go into a corset department to have a friendly chat with the corsetiere, she is always so busy fitting corsets that we can hardly get a minute with her. The fact of the matter is, that women have been buying soft, negligee sort of models that are next to no corset at all so far as supporting the figure is concerned, and now when they are in danger of losing whatever symmetry of figure they possessed, are beginning to get alarmed and are flocking to the corset shops to be properly corseted once again, and never has there been a corset fashion that required careful



Large picture hat of silk velours, with high roll front brim and narrow back. A blue velvet ribbon is caught with a jet ornament at side of crown.

fitting, such as the present low-topped model calls for, and to wear a skirt and waist with it is almost impossible, unless a good fitting brassiere is worn, and this is where the diaphragm control model comes in useful. It is cut deep enough to take in the top of the corset and has a reinforcement across the diaphragm which controls the flesh over the corset. It also has an elastic waist band and elastic inserts, which provide for waist adjustment.

Lighting Fixtures and Lighting Effects

(Continued from page 26)

If a ceiling light is used in entrance hall, the lantern type fixture is most effective with windows fashioned from glass or tinted parchment. A torchier or pedestal lamp is also effective for hall lighting and may be used appropriately on staircase landings. The base of the torchier may be of either wood or wrought iron with a lantern top, fashioned from colored glass.

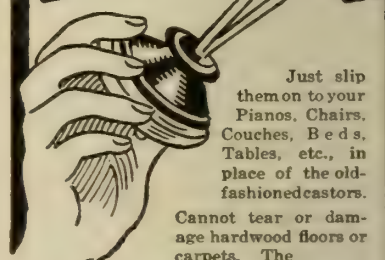
Decorative lamps may be made from wired vases with fringed silk shades of contrasting colors. In this connection it may be pointed out that rose or yellow are the best colors through which to sift light. No matter what color combinations may be introduced to carry out the general decorative scheme, it is always safe to line lamp shades with either yellow or rose, preferably yellow.

Warmed-up Dishes

Twice-cooked food will never be tasteless if you use Bovril. Bovril puts the flavour back. A spoonful in your stews, hashes, minces or pies, makes a big difference at small cost.

BOVRIL

Easily put on



Just slip them on to your Pianos, Chairs, Couches, Beds, Tables, etc., in place of the old-fashioned castors.

Cannot tear or damage hardwood floors or carpets. The

Onward

SLIDING FURNITURE SHOE should be on every piece of new furniture you buy. Tell your dealer you want them.

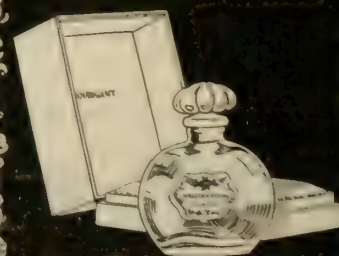
All sizes and styles, both glass base and smooth metal base

Made in Canada by ONWARD MFG. CO., Kitchener, Ont.

HOUBIGANT Paris QUELQUES FLEURS

Parfum
Calum Powder
Poudre à sachets
Eau de Toilette
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Poudre
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at smart shops everywhere



HOUBIGANT, LIMITEE MONTREAL
46 RUE ST. ALEXANDRE

1000 Children's Doctors Urge This Care of a Child's Skin

Recently we sent test packets of a new way of caring for a baby's skin to leading children's specialists throughout America.

In reply, we were amazed to receive over 1000 letters urging the care of a child's skin of even as great importance.

The vast majority of mothers, these doctors said, do not realize that children's skin is different from adults and must be cared for differently.

So now comes a scientific toiletry of childhood as part of a universal movement to assist mothers in protecting their children's skin from improper methods of cleansing.

Bauer & Black



Keeping her sweet and alluring, and guiding her to the radiance of clear skinned girlhood, is now but the detail of a few simple rules of care which any mother can follow

The simple new way of keeping a child's skin flawless which children's specialists are now advising

This is to explain a simple new way of caring for a child's skin, which more than 1000 of America's leading children's doctors endorse and are urging mothers to follow.

Also to offer, free, a liberal test of the two Bauer & Black nursery requisites it embodies—a cake of Bauer & Black Baby Soap and a sifter can of Bauer & Black Baby Talc, both in a charming miniature package. Simply mail the coupon below, and you will receive them by return mail.

Pretty at 6, but—at 16?

The answer is in every mother's hands.

Authorities now tell us that the charm of a radiant complexion in girlhood is dependent upon the care given the skin in childhood.

Yet many mothers do not realize that fact, and continue the indiscriminate use of ill-chosen soaps in the daily hygiene of the nursery.

Thus many a naturally beautiful complexion, that most envied possession of childhood and girlhood, is ruined before being given a chance to bloom.

But you can protect this appealing freshness, can keep the child's skin smooth and flawless, and lead to the radiant girl, or the clear skinned boy of your ideals, if you will.

Avoid the use of ordinary toilet soaps. Do not think that what is good for your skin is necessarily good for the children's.

Bauer & Black Baby Soap is made for infants and children. It is tempered to the delicate fineness of their skin. It embodies scientifically accepted elements, which the youthful skin must have to be healthy.

The New Treatment Children's Doctors Advise

First, rinse the skin with clear, lukewarm water. Then with a wash cloth (one not used by others of the family) work up a gentle lather with Bauer & Black Baby Soap. Cleanse the skin with light circular movements; do not rub up and down, do not rub hard. Then rinse thoroughly with lukewarm water. Then dip the cloth in cold water and "pat" it over the face. Dry with a soft, clean towel, avoiding harsh rubbing.

Then at Night, Do This

Follow the foregoing treatment, but after drying the skin, lightly powder the face with Bauer & Black Baby Talc.

This is recommended because Bauer & Black Baby Talc contains highly curative and soothing ingredients most necessary to protect the skin from rash and irritations. It is in no sense of the word an ordinary "talc" but a scientific agent of protection, designed for this purpose, and now employed by many of the most prominent children's specialists in America. A new preparation, embodying newly discovered principles of skin hygiene.

Note Results in One Week

Results from this method are quick—and amazing. In one week a marked improvement, both in skin texture and in color, is noted. Continued observance results in the refreshing sweetness of the naturally flawless skin of a healthy child.

The Test is Free

We urge all mothers to make the test. It is free. Simply mail the coupon.



Bauer & Black
Baby Talc
Baby Soap
MADE IN CANADA

B&B Products

Your druggist offers you, in all Bauer & Black products, the results of 28 years of ethical service to the medical profession and the public.

Mail This For Free Samples

Bauer & Black, Limited,
Toronto, Canada.

Gentlemen: Please send me a trial package of Bauer & Black Baby Talc and Bauer & Black Baby Soap—these without charge or obligation on my part.

Name

Address

City and Province

C. H. J. 9-22

FREE to MOTHERS

A test cake of Bauer & Black Baby Soap and a sifter can of Bauer & Black Baby Talc—scientific effectiveness in the charming guise of exquisite nursery requisites. Simply mail the coupon below.

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SEAL
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GUARANTEE

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
OR YOUR MONEY BACK

REMOVE SEAL WITH
DAMP CLOTH

Look for this Gold Seal

You will find it pasted on the face of every genuine *Gold-Seal* Art-Rug and on all *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard. Note the positive money-back guarantee.

If your dealer does not carry *Gold-Seal* Rugs we will gladly see that you are supplied. Write us for folder, "Modern Rugs for Modern Homes", showing all the beautiful patterns.

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1270 St. Patrick Street, Montreal, Quebec

Think of getting a 9x12 foot rug like that shown above for only \$18.00. The rug is *Gold-Seal* Pattern No. 323.

"Sorry I called you extravagant, Sally. This new rug is a beauty for \$18.00."

When anyone sees *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs for the first time, they always wonder how such beautiful rugs can be so inexpensive. For though they closely resemble woven rugs in beauty of design and coloring, they cost only a fraction as much.

Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs come in a wide choice of attractive patterns appropriate for kitchens, bedrooms, dining-rooms and living-rooms. All sizes too—from very little to very big ones.

And the ease-of-cleaning means so much to housewives! Just a light mopping leaves the smooth, sanitary surface spotlessly clean—the bright colors gleaming like new. How much quicker and easier than the tiresome beating and sweeping that woven rugs require.

And—*Gold-Seal* Art-Rugs never curl or "kick up" at the edges. They lie flat without any kind of fastening.

Note the Low Prices

9 x 3 ft.	\$4.50	9 x 6 ft.	\$ 9.00	9 x 10½ ft.	\$15.75
9 x 4½ ft.	6.75	9 x 7½ ft.	11.25	9 x 12 ft.	\$18.00
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Prices Winnipeg and points West proportionately higher to cover extra freight.

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS

Made in Canada—by Canadians—for Canadians

The Reposeful Bedroom

(Continued from page 8)

WHEN at all feasible, a bedroom should be planned with some regard for its future occupants and their tastes. For instance, the modern boy is inclined to use his bedroom as a den; a cosy and attractive place in which to study, to experiment with radio or even indulge in athletic stunts—in short, as a veritable club for the boy and his young associates. A book-case, a well-lighted desk and some strong, comfortable lounging-chairs have, then, a logical place in a boy's bedroom. This is likewise true of a young girl's room, as a provision for any informal entertaining that may be done by the youthful occupant. The average girl is also apt to lay particular stress upon ample wardrobe space and adequate dressing conveniences.

As a rule, the bedrooms intended for the use of the older members of a household can be planned more distinctively as sleeping-rooms. If space and other conditions permit, it is, however, advisable to so plan these rooms, that such furniture as a desk, a chaise-lounge or, perhaps, a great, chintz-covered fireside-chair can be eventually added without undue crowding of the more essential pieces.

The number and the character of the guest-rooms must be determined by the

is dependent in a large measure upon the right use of color; upon the avoidance of distracting patterns and upon the absence of useless furniture and fittings. Uncrowded wall-spaces and stretches of unoccupied floor, in promoting spaciousness of effect, also tend to confer reposefulness.

Desirable as the sense of repose may be, it is not at all necessary to entirely denude a bedroom of bright coloring and pleasant pattern: nor is it essential to set the exacting standards of a hospital in order to have the bedroom properly sanitary. Painted walls, for instance—sanitary as they are in finish and restful as they can be in coloring—are, of course, suitable for a bedroom: but that is by no means the knell of wallpaper for bedroom decoration. Indeed, if the wallpaper be changed frequently enough, it is entirely satisfactory from the sanitary standpoint; and it is advantageous in providing an excellent nucleus for the complete change of color-scheme which should be made from time to time in any much-used room.

Plain wallpaper is excellent as a background, especially when colorful, patterned fabrics are to be employed for the window-hangings and other accessories



A French gray paper of fabric weave, topped by a narrow garland of soft blue ribbon and pink rosebuds, is used on the walls of this attractive bedroom. The ceiling is painted ivory-white and the woodwork is enameled in a slightly deeper ivory. The unpatterned rug of subdued rose carries a wide border in two darker shades of rose. Next the glass hang shimmery curtains of silver gauze, which combine delightfully with the inner hangings of blue taffeta, lined and fringed in pale rose.

scale of living maintained within the home; but it is a very humble house indeed which does not boast of at least one room that is readily convertible into a guest-room. In the home where guests are but rarely entertained over night, it is, of course, the height of folly to set aside for them—and keep vacant the greater part of the time!—the best bedroom of the entire house; though this was a religiously-kept custom up until recent years in most communities. The better plan in a modest home is, instead, to merely turn over one of the family sleeping-rooms to the use of the occasional visitor. And is this any less hospitable in spirit than the practice of former years?

Of bedrooms for servants, much might be written—and, alas, in condemnation! Happily, though, we are at last beginning to realize that servants are human beings; and that, as such, they deserve proper treatment. As a result of this awakening, there has been of recent years a vast improvement made in their sleeping quarters. If "the laborer is worthy of his hire," surely the servants within our homes are entitled to some kindly consideration when the bedrooms of a house are being planned or newly equipped.

The prime purpose of a bedroom is to promote refreshing slumber. That being true, is it not axiomatic that the chief characteristic of a bedroom should be reposefulness? Fortunately, that quality is not difficult to impart. Reposefulness

As these plain papers are so extensively used at present in the other rooms of a house, many successful decorators are, however, indulging their love of interesting design by selecting patterned papers for bedroom walls; choosing, naturally, only the patterns and colorings that are not likely to quickly become wearisome. Small designs, either in pastel or neutral tones, are available in infinite variety. These include grass cloth and other fabric effects, as well as conventionalized floral treatments. Flowers, although usually of more naturalistic arrangement, also enter into the design of many of the larger-patterned wallpapers; the more attractive of these being somewhat misty in effect, as though the design were softly veiled in tulle or chiffon.

That old garden favorite, the hydrangea—its lovely lavender, pink and blue colorings relieved by foliage of silvery-green against an ivory background—patterns one especially alluring bedroom paper. The effect of this paper would be delightful in a room having glass-curtains of silver gauze, with unpatterned inner window-hangings of hydrangea-blue, lined and piped in pale pink, plain velvet rugs and furniture of French gray enamel—enlivened, perhaps, by chair-coverings of pink and gray striped linen. Silver lighting fixtures, shaded in hydrangea-blue over rose, would respond ideally to such a scheme of decoration.

(Continued on page 61)



This Free Test

Has brought prettier teeth to millions

The prettier teeth you see everywhere now probably came in this way.

The owners accepted this ten-day test. They found a way to combat film on teeth. Now, as long as they live, they may enjoy whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

The same way is open to you, and your dentist will urge you to take it.

The war on film

Dentists, the world over, have declared a war on film. That is the cause of dingy teeth — the cause of most tooth troubles.

The viscous film clings to the teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Old brushing methods left much of it intact. Then it formed the basis of thin cloudy coats, including tartar. Most people's teeth lost luster in that way.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Very few people have escaped these troubles caused by film.

Ways to combat it

Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to combat that film. Able authorities have amply proved their efficiency. So leading dentists the world over now advise their daily use.

Made in Canada

Pepsodent CANADA
REG. IN

The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over now. All druggists supply the large tubes.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, avoiding old mistakes. The name is Pepsodent. It does what modern science seeks. These two great film combatants are embodied in it.

Aids Nature's fight

Pepsodent also multiplies Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. One is the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which cling to teeth. In fermenting they form acid.

It also multiplies the alkalinity of saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids—the cause of tooth decay.

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Pamela Pounce

(Continued from page 19)

centre table, dispensing materials, had permitted herself a gratified smile over the snubbing of the English girl. For a moment or two there was silence in the over-lighted, under-ventilated apartment. The season was early July; a blazing white sunshine was pouring down through the casements which their muffled glass but feebly mitigated.

Then the little angry, sharp-toothed mouse that was the bland, coaxing, fluent Eglantine of the showroom found a fresh grievance.

"My God, Mademoiselle Anatoline, are you making a bouquet or tying bristles on a broomstick? And Heaven pardon me, Mademoiselle Eulalie, but if those hands of yours have been washed since—since—What have you been doing with those hands, *ma fille*? Blacking the boots or scratching your head?"

Anatoline, who was large and fat and fair, became an apoplectic purple; and Eulalie, who was the colour of a lemon with hair like a raven's wing, turned a shade more livid than nature had made her.

There was a titter, beginning sycophantically upon the lips of Mademoiselle Panache. But Pamela's smooth face, white where it was not delicately carnation, might have been that of a handsomely tinted statue. She cut her thread, tweaked one of the shimmering purple loops, and once again putting the hat on her clenched hand, gave it a little shake. The creation was complete!

Madame's swift beady eye rolled in her direction.

"Give yourself the trouble to bring that upstairs to the showroom, Meess," she ordered. "Madame D'Aimargues said she would call, herself, before midday, to try it on before it was sent. I will join you presently and you had better remain, in case there were required an alteration."

"*Bien, M'dame,*" Pamela responded with some alacrity. She might get a whiff of good open air as she went up the stairs. There might even be a window ajar in the showroom. Such a miracle had been known to occur on a very hot day.

Monsieur Ildefonse, Eglantine's husband, was sitting in the little glass cage off the back showroom, pompously referred to as the *Bureau*. This individual had once been a very noted personality; no other, actually, than the French Queen's appointed coiffeur; in consequence sought after to frenzy by every woman with the smallest pretension to Fashion. Fine ladies had had their heads dressed at six o'clock in the morning, nay, even three days before some special assembly at Court.

To be able to say, with a toss of flying vaporous curls, exquisitely redolent of *Poudre à la Maréchale*: "In effect, my dear one, Ildefonse's last idea, what do you think of it? It is succeeded. *Hein?*" To be responded to, perchance, with a cry of envy and despair: "Ildefonse! You managed to get Ildefonse!" And to know your interlocutor, younger than you perhaps, and prettier, yet altogether at a disadvantage, "a positive frump, my dear," under less skilful hands, that had been to reach, in verity, the very needle-peak of feminine triumph, a few years ago.

But star succeeds to star; one Monsieur Charles was Court twiddler, curler, crimper, frizzer, and general head artist. For Monsieur Ildefonse had come into a heritage and retired. Not a fallen star, therefore; merely astronomically removed to another hemisphere! He shone now, though, it may be added, with a doubtful radiance, in a restricted connubial circle; in other words, he sat at home and totted up accounts for his clever, money-making spouse; made bargains for her with flower manufacturers and mercers, and bullied the stewards of great houses when Madame la Duchesse or Madame la Connétable forgot to remember such insignificances as the settlement of bills.

Unanimously the workgirls adored him, with the single exception of Pamela; and the relations between Madame

Eglantine and her consort, characterised in public by the most touching demonstrativeness, were regarded as the very romance of matrimony. But Pamela, who had come under the glance, more often than she cared, of Monsieur Ildefonse's slyly roving eye, had her private opinion.

She shuddered from him as she had shuddered from the fat, sleek, brown slugs that came out after rain on the garden walls at home.

As a little girl she would explain: "Tain't that I'm afraid, you see, but it makes me creep."

She could have found no better words in which to describe the effect upon her of the fascinating Monsieur Ildefonse.

There was a midday lull, this scorching day, even in Madame Eglantine's thriving establishment. It was late season, too, and save for orders like that of the little Marquise D'Aimargues, for such as were privileged to join in the pastimes of Royal haymaking and churning, or a stray wedding order, business was slack, and the great little milliner herself was preparing for that round of the most noted watering places, with "just a few models" in her baggage, which was her thrifty fashion of spending the holidays.

Pamela cast, in passing, a hasty glance between the green curtains of the *Bureau*, to assure herself that her pet aversion was safely employed.

He had removed his wig on account of the heat, and she turned her eyes quickly away from the revolting spectacle of his close-cropped bristling black head and the roll of olive fat at the back of his neck above the embroidered collar of his blue cloth coat.

The pink, be-padded, be-wreathed, be-gilded, be-mirrored, be-padded salons of Madame Eglantine were empty. Pamela walked slowly into the middle of the front room and hesitated. Her own charming shape was reflected from every possible angle. Down below, the whole *Place* seemed asleep; a buzz of flies within and without, a lazy footfall on the shady side and a distant rumble emphasized the universal drowsiness.

When Madame la Marquise's coach came along there would be a prodigious clatter to wake them all up. Pamela knew that she was quite safe. It's all very well to trim a hat. You never know what it's like till you've tried it on.

Very deliberately she divested her glossy chestnut hair of its discreet cap, loosened the swelling waves a trifle more on either side of the firm rose-tinted ivory of her face.

"If a dash of powder was for poor girls like me, I wouldn't be too bad-looking. I'd say that for myself," she thought, and firmly set the hat of the Marquise at the right angle over her radiant brow.

Well, it was a complete success. Like every true artist she was doubly critical of herself, but Pamela had to admit that she could find no flaw in her own taste and that the wide-brimmed curving Italian straw with its bold sweep of purple ribbon, and its hanging bunches of cowslips was a remarkably fine set-off for the glory of her amber hair and the audacious brilliance of her complexion. Without a tinge of envy or discontent she surveyed herself thoughtfully.

"Upon my word, Pamela Pounce, my girl!"—she was fond of addressing herself mentally; as it were her strong reasonable mind to her agreeable body. "You would have held your own with the best of them if it had been the fancy of Providence to set you in the aristocracy. Ugh!"

With a piercing scream she started out of her complacent reflection.

A horrible olive-hued, leering face appeared over her shoulder in the mirror; a blue-clothed arm stole round her waist.

Pamela swung herself free, whisked the hat off her head ready to use it as a weapon should Monsieur Ildefonse pursue his advances.

In the dead pause the quick rustle of

(Continued on page 59)



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Pamela Pounce

(Continued from page 58)

Madame Eglantine's light summer flounces were heard on the stairs.

Instantly the ex-hairdresser's countenance lost its satyr smiles, and became composed into its usual mask of smooth propriety.

"Is that you, *mon Agneau rose*?" he cooed.

"Yes, yes, it is I, *petit rat de mon cœur*," she replied.

These endearments having perfunctorily passed between them, Madame halted on the threshold and sent the glitter of her swift glance from her spouse to her apprentice.

"I took the liberty of trying on the hat what I've just trimmed, M'dame," said Pamela then in her brazen way.

She wasn't going to put it into Monsieur Ildefonse's power to tell on her behind her back, or worse still, to pretend to be shielding her. She knew his slimy ways.

"You do well to call it a liberty," said Madame Ildefonse, showing all her small pointed teeth as if she wanted to bite Pamela. She was panting a little, and there was a sort of whiteness about her nostrils that pointed to considerable if repressed emotion. "But let it pass. You were giving your opinion, I presume, my cabbage-stalk?"

"Meess very naturally wished me to admire your exquisite taste, *ma tendre biche*," he responded. "No one," says she to me, 'but Madame Eglantine could have made this inimitable, this absolutely original and distinguished combination, all the while retaining the stamp of the most high tone.'

Monsieur Ildefonse was very glib of tongue.

"A-ah!" said Madame, smiling horribly. "You and Meess flatter me in your private conversations."

"My charmer, how can I console myself in your absence, except by—" he broke off, for at that moment, with sounds of pomp, a thunder of hoofs, a crash and a clatter, the street woke up indeed, as Miss Pounce had prognosticated. And Madame D'Aimargues drove up in her four-horsed coach.

Madame Eglantine cast off her rage, as one may divest oneself of a garment, to be re-assumed at the chosen moment; Monsieur Ildefonse, with a relieved shrug of his huge shoulders, began to retire, cat-footed, to his den.

"Remain as you are, Meess," commanded the milliner, now entirely concentrated on the exigencies of her business.

She shook out her flounces and summoning the bland business smile to her features cast a swift glance at the nearest mirror before taking two steps to greet her valuable patroness.

It was that glance at the mirror which precipitated the catastrophe. By some counter-reflection, Madame Eglantine's jealous eyes caught a vision of Ildefonse, her husband, her cabbage, the little rat of her heart, pausing in his turn to cast a final ogle upon the abandoned, the sly, the seductive, the shameless Meess!

Eglantine beheld that ogle. She swallowed her emotion. She was above all *femme d'affaires*. Everything must give way before the profit of the moment. She could wait.

The little Marquise, blonde and slim and rouged, ethereal yet vivid, fluttered in, fanning herself, tried on her hat, chattered, laughed, approved, exclaimed upon the heat, and, still fanning herself, departed, leaving on Pamela's mind the impression of a glittering butterfly, as lovely, as useless, and as impalpable. You could crush her, thought the girl, between finger and thumb.

Her serious lambent gaze had hardly followed the radiant apparition to the door, when the explosion burst forth.

It was all the more devastating for having been withheld.

Wanton! Hussy! Baggage! Designing intriguing slut! *Meess de Malheur*! What was Pamela, after all, but a stray apprentice, and an English one at that, flung upon her, Madame Eglantine's, benevolence for the sake of old friendship, living

on charity, a beggar! *Cette Lydie*, how she had haggled! But if such wickedness had been paid for in all the gold of false Albion, Madame Eglantine would not have kept her, to the destruction of her domestic happiness!

"Meess, you pack this day."

She further added a flood of vituperation, to which Pamela, all her pretty carnations dead on her white cheeks, listened in a fixed silence.

When the French woman had run herself out of breath on a high scream, Pamela answered her in English, which the whilom Bath milliner spoke brokenly, but understood perfectly. "That'll do, M'dame. I'm as pleased to get out of this place as ever you can be to see the back of me. As for that fat husband of yours, I wouldn't touch him with a pair of tongs. And as for yourself, I'd not remain a moment longer than I can help with one as doesn't know the meaning of truth, and would take an honest girl's character away out of pure spite and malice. And don't you dare," pursued Pamela, with a swelling voice, "say anything against my character, or as sure as there is justice in Heaven, I'll bring your business about your ears. I'll tell that old cat, my Aunt Lydia, what's happened, that you caught your horrid old Ildefonse ogling me in the glass, and that you haven't that trust in him—and sure, I'm with you there, for he ain't fit to be trusted the length of your apron, and so I tell you fair—you haven't that trust in him that you could have another moment of peace with me under your roof. God help you; I don't blame you! Give me the price of my ticket home, and I'll see Aunt don't get at you over the indenture."

For all her courage, for all the longing which the thought of England brought her, the heart of Pamela Pounce was heavy as lead. She knew that at the Kentish farm, things were going badly with the yeoman; she knew that she dared not add the burden of her penniless self to that which rested on his shoulders. She knew that odious as it would be, that abominably as her relative would abuse of the situation, there would be nothing for it, but to throw herself again on her Aunt Lydia's family feeling, as soon as the Dover coach landed her in London town.

Her aunt was now with her mistress in Hertford Street, back from the Wells, according to the latest reports, and that was one bit of luck; another was, that judging by the tone of the letter just received by Madame Eglantine with an order for hats, my Lady Kilcroney's maid was in the highest exultation over her mistress's royal promotion.

CHAPTER III

IN WHICH MISS PAMELA POUNCE, THE MILLINER'S ASSISTANT, BECOMES ARBITER OF LIFE AND DEATH IN HIGH SOCIETY

"Pray Mrs. Tabbishaw," wrote my Lady Kilcroney's woman to the Mantua-maker in Cheapside, "send Pamela along with those white feathers of her ladyship's, which you has, this ever so long, to be died blew, yours obleeged,

"Lydia Pounce."

NOW the fact of Pamela being Lydia's niece did not endear her to that maturing damsel, "which," she was fond of remarking to any beholding them together, "do seem prodigious absurd, seeing as how there's scarce a year or two betwixt us."

But if Miss Lydia was not fond of displaying herself in public with a fine strapping young woman of twenty-three who had an inconsiderate way of dropping out "Aunt" at every second word ("which, reely, my dear, I vow she does a' purpose"—and perhaps indeed she did), my Lady Kilcroney's indispensable Abigail, as she never omitted informing all and sundry, had a remarkable sense of family feeling. She had placed the inconvenient niece

(Continued on page 62)



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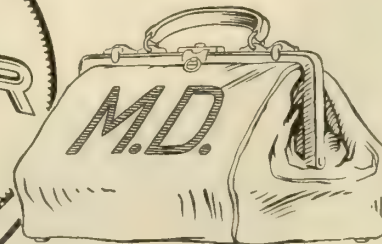
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Jellies and Jams

BY FRANCES M. McNALLY

THERE are many reasons why the thrifty housewife desires to have always on hand, a store of fruit jellies, and jams. They are the most wholesome forms in which sugar may be presented in food. With the breakfast toast or muffins, on the invalid's tray or for the children's lunch, they are almost indispensable, and for cake and tart fillings they are most acceptable. Jellies make attractive garnishes for cold meat and desserts and put up in usual sized glasses or jars they make popular gifts. A box or basket holding one-half dozen small glasses of jelly, each a different color and flavor, is most attractive and always acceptable.

Jelly-making is a simple process if one keeps in mind a few general rules and principles. Failures can usually be traced to one of four causes:— use of over-ripe fruit, use of too much sugar, cooking too large a quantity of fruit juice at one time, or using fruits lacking in pectin without adding something to supply the lack.

Fruit juice is largely water which holds in solution small quantities of flavouring

fruit product and its use has been endorsed by chemistry and food experts. In addition to making it possible to make jelly of all fruit juices, this product has several other advantages. It makes it possible to preserve the rich flavor of fully ripened fruit in jellies and jams and it increases the yield and lessens the time spent in preparation. A much larger proportion of sugar is used, but because of the increased yield, the finished product is no sweeter and little, if any more, expensive than jelly or jam made without this product. The chief object in boiling the fruit juice with the sugar is to concentrate to the point where jelly will be formed. Ordinarily this takes from twenty to thirty minutes, during which much evaporation and a consequent loss of color and flavor takes place. By the addition of this product, boiling may be reduced to one minute, the result being a much greater yield and better flavor and color. Directions for use come with each bottle.

Preparation of Fruit for Jelly Making
Wash hard fruits, such as apples, quinces, pears, etc., but do not remove skins.



Good jelly-making fruits

substances, sugar, vegetable acids and—most important for the purposes of jelly-making—a substance called pectin. Jelly results from boiling the pectin containing juices with the proper proportion of sugar, provided acid is present. The pectin must be cooked out of the fruit, but it is weakened or partly destroyed by too long boiling. Some fruits are very rich in this jelly-making substance while others have very little. If pectin is present in the juice it may be made into jelly, if it is absent no jelly can be made unless artificial means are employed; hence the choice of fruit is a most important point in jelly-making. Currants, sour apples, crab-apples, grapes not fully ripe, and quinces, are generously supplied with pectin, while strawberries and cherries are deficient. The deficiency may be overcome by combining the juice with a fruit juice rich in pectin. Apples are most often used in combination with other fruits, to supply pectin, as the apple juice is mild and will not obscure the desired flavor. Over-ripe fruit is almost entirely deficient in pectin and it is impossible to make jelly of it unless commercial pectin is added. The quantity of acids present in the fruit also effects the jelling qualities of the juice. Sour apples, sour currants, and unripe grapes are almost sure to yield choice jelly. Until quite recently, only fruits known to be rich in pectin were used to any great extent in home jelly making. There is now on the market a product containing pectin in a highly concentrated form. It is manufactured in a well-known Canadian town. It is a pure

Cut up and put in a saucepan, cores, seeds, and all. (The skins, seeds, and stones give flavor and color to the jelly.) Barely cover with water and cook until soft. Place in a jelly bag and drain until pulp is dry. Do not press the bag. Crush soft fruits (currants, grapes, berries, etc.) with a wooden spoon or pestle, add enough water to prevent burning and heat slowly over the fire. When hot, pour into a jelly bag and let drip. To make a second extraction from either hard or soft fruits, return the pulp from the jelly bag to the saucepan, add enough water to prevent burning and heat through. Return to jelly bag and let drip again.

Making the Juice into Jelly. Have everything at hand before putting the fruit juice to boil. Have everything that comes in contact with the juice hot, heat the sugar before adding it, and have glasses standing in hot water. Measure fruit juice, bring it to the boiling point quickly, let it boil five minutes and add the heated sugar. Stir until the sugar dissolves then boil rapidly until the mixture stiffens, when dropped on a cold plate, or until it falls in a sheet from the spoon. Skim while the juice is boiling and again after the sugar is added. Pour while hot into hot sterilized glasses. Make jelly in small quantities. They can be handled more safely and successfully.

Sealing Jelly. When the jelly is cold have ready pieces of paraffin paper, cut to the size of the top of the jelly glass. Press these on the top of the jelly. Also

(Continued on page 68)

New Oval
Shallow Casserole
or Covered Baker

Baking a Beefsteak "Stew"

THE cheaper cuts of steaks become as tender and delicious as a "Delmonico" Porterhouse when stew-baked in a Pyrex Casserole. Meats of all kinds, vegetables and fruits have an entirely new charm in flavor and savor when baked and served hot in Pyrex.

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The Reposeful Bedroom

(Continued from page 57)

To employ any patterned wallpaper successfully, it is essential to exercise the greatest restraint in the use of pictures. Indeed, the safest plan is to omit pictures altogether. If, however, some form of applied wall decoration seems to be needed, simply framed mirrors are entirely appropriate. Patterns in hangings, rugs and chair coverings should be avoided; unless they be very inconspicuous, as in some of the self or two-toned designs.

Plain rugs carrying a broad border in a slightly darker shade are always desirable for bedroom use. They are pleasantly restful in appearance—and their patternless surface serves to counter-balance the pattern that is almost inevitable in either the wall paper or the window-hangings. The rugs should, of course, repeat some color used elsewhere in the room; whether in the window-hangings, the wallpaper or the furniture. As a rule, too, the darker hues are preferable; they not only suggest the strength which we demand in floor construction, but they stand the wear and tear of everyday use much better than the more delicate colorings.

Rag rugs for the bedroom were never more popular than they are to-day: in part, probably, because they can be obtained in an almost endless variety of colors, from the very faint pastel tints to shades that are nearly sombre, and in every conceivable combination. The rag rugs in solid color with contrasting stripes introduced at each end and the old-fashioned "hit-and-miss" weaves are equally effective. Rag rugs of the "hit-and-miss" type in foamy sea-green shell-pink and old ivory adorn one very charming guest room, in which the furniture of quaint design is painted a light sea-green and the walls are hung with a faintly-striped ivory-white paper. In this instance, the rugs not only repeat the hue of the furniture, but they echo the coloring of the glazed English chintz chosen for the window-hangings, chair-coverings and bedspread: a creamy-white fabric carrying an all-over pattern of slumbrous pink poppies and soft green foliage.

For a bedroom decorated in the Colonial style, the round or oval braided rag rugs are rather more attractive than the conventional oblong woven rugs. The old-fashioned hooked rug in all the glory of its colorful pictorial design is also suitable for a Colonial room, although its employment there should curtail the use of other patterns. That, however, need not beget monotony. Let the walls be hung with a paper of soft golden-yellow and the windows with little ruffled curtains of white dotted Swiss and any room will form a cheerful and appropriate setting for old mahogany furniture and gay hooked rugs.

Although taffeta is very extensively employed—and with very delightful results from the purely decorative standpoint!—for the curtaining of bedroom windows, it is not altogether satisfactory economically. In the first place, it lacks the durability which the average home-maker demands when any considerable monetary outlay is involved. Furthermore, taffeta cannot be washed without impairment. It is, therefore, scarcely likely to dislodge from popular favor chintz, cretonne and block-linen, all of which can be laundered times without number—if reasonable care be used. For use next the glass, the "tie-back" ruffled curtains of dotted Swiss are apparently perennially popular, although they have rather a formidable rival in the straight-hanging hemstitched curtains of marquise, scrim, net or gauze.

In the planning and furnishing of a bedroom, the very important matter of artificial illumination frequently receives but scant attention—to the subsequent annoyance and general discomfort of the occupants of the room! Under ideal auspices, there should be several quite distinct lighting centres; whether or not a central ceiling-light be installed. Com-

(Continued on page 64)

So many things—

you can make bright with Twink—



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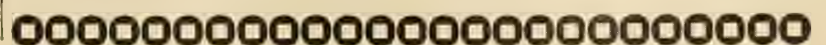
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POST OFFICE PROVINCE



Pamela Pounce

(Continued from page 59)

with the matchless Eglantine. With such a start in life she considered the girl's fortune made; and if Paris were to become the stable abode of so much bloom and bumptiousness, she, for one, would continue to bear the separation with fortitude.

When, after two or three years' absence, however, Pamela reappeared on the scene, extraordinarily Frenchified, unconscionably beautified, and quite unpardonably wideawake, having quarrelled to the death with Madame Eglantine, and possessing, to boot, only the clothes on her back and the price of her ticket, Miss Lydia Pounce was very justly annoyed. It was quite impossible to send the girl home, since bankruptcy threatened the Kentish farm. Once again Lydia's fine conception of family obligation came to the fore. There was Mrs. Tabbishaw, at whose second-rate establishment in Cheapside the elder Miss Pounce had been in the habit of having such odd jobs done for her ladyship as the dyeing and re-curling of feathers, the cleaning and mending of unimportant laces, the quilting of winter petticoats. Mrs. Tabbishaw owed her a good turn, and if she would now make room for Pamela, give her board and just enough wage for her clothes, Lydia would see to it that her mistress should go as far as to purchase an occasional hat.

Pamela had no choice but to fall in with her aunt's arrangements, for had not Madame Eglantine sworn that she would give her no character? (As if, indeed, it had been her fault that that odious Monsieur Ildefonse should take to ogling behind Madame's back, and her staring into the mirror!) She knew very well, however, that she was sadly wasted at the poor, unmodish place; and, indeed, since Mrs. Tabbishaw was too stupid to realise the treasure that had come her way, the younger Miss Pounce was forthwith turned into a maid-of-all-work. Her long, clever fingers were set to scrub and to cook, to pink or to quilt, or to whatever odd job pressed the most. She was kept running to and fro with parcels, and up and downstairs on messages. She was sent galloping to shops and warehouses to match ribbons and velvets, and all the while the wives and daughters of the city went on purchasing the modes of the year before last, as interpreted by vulgar minds, while spirit, delicacy, art, dash, millinery genius in fine, was actually within their reach! Not that Pamela Pounce had any desire to adorn them. Her aspirations flew very high. Some day she meant to be as great in her line as Eglantine herself, to exercise her talents upon heads as worth while as my Lady Kilcroney's own.

"You're jealous of me, you cat!" It was thus she apostrophised the worthy Aunt Lydia in the solitude of her bare attic chamber. "You're jealous of me. You know you're an old maid and peevish, and I'm only twenty-three and better-looking than you ever were in your life, with twice your wits, though yours are as sharp as your elbows. You think I'd take the shine out of you, you lemon-faced thing! You know I'd toss up a bit of lace and feather for your ladyship's boudoir cap, and that her ladyship would nigh faint with the ecstasy of it when she saw herself in the glass. And a sweet pretty creature she is—the one glimpse I ever had of her, and that through the door, you mean thing! Ah, give me a chance, and I swear the sedans and the carriages would be blocking the streets to get at me. But not if you can help it, old Miss Pounce! You're to be the only important Miss Pounce in this world; that's your little game! But 'tis not for nothing I've got it all in me!"

And hugging her knees as she sat on her bed—the chair being too rickety to bear her fine proportions—Miss Pounce the younger would map out her future in glorious processions of feathers and head-dresses, hats and bonnets, wreaths and négligés.

Through all the hardships, the dreary daily grind, the unkindness and the unremitting exertions, her star shone upon her with a light that never wavered. The first winter was a trying one, and Pamela found London, after Paris, a cruel, ugly place; a cruel cold one, and a cruel hard one. When the summer came, existence might be easier, but the hours were longer with the daylight, and there were nights when even Pamela's high heart gave way, and she would drop on her pallet bed almost too exhausted to sleep. She had grown thin, and there was a certain fierceness in the fire of her bright grey eyes, as if they looked on all humanity as an enemy, by that July 16th, 1789, when my Lady Kilcroney's woman wrote for the "blew feathers."

"Oh, drat!" said Mrs. Tabbishaw.

She was just sitting down to her dinner at three o'clock in the afternoon of a torrid day. The reek of roast duck and sage and onions was succulently in the air, and there was a tankard of porter facing and winking amber bubbles beside her plate already.

"Drat!" Mrs. Tabbishaw took a gulp of the porter, and waddled to the door to scream: "Those blue feathers, where the deuce were they put? Pamela! Pamela! I say, where is that girl? My chest is wore out screeching for her. Where's Pamela, Miss Trotter, dear?"

"Just a-setting down to bread-and-cheese in the scullery," screamed a thin voice from the countinghouse.

"Setting down! It's like her impudence! Send for her this moment, Miss Trotter. Tell her she's got to take my Lady Kilcroney's blue feathers to Hertford Street this very minute. Tell her it's pressing, Miss Trotter. And stay, look out my lady's bill, which Miss Pounce promised me to have settled this while back, and it twelve pound odd. Tell the chit to ask her aunt for it. I'm none too fond of letting fine ladies' bills run up, and it all for odds and ends that are scarce worth my doing. And, hark ye, tell her she'll have to hurry back too, with that pinking to finish to-night for Mrs. Alderman Gruntle's cradle, and her eleventh due any time."

...

"For mercy's sake, Aunt Lydia," said Pamela Pounce, as much to that damsel's surprise and annoyance she was ushered in upon her by Pompey, the black page. "Give me a bit of bread-and-butter, and a drink of Bohea, for I declare to Heaven I'm starving. And I've brought you the feathers. And they're dyed a dreadful blue, I think; but once you give anything over to Mrs. Tabbishaw you get the mark of her paw upon it, and so I tell you."

"'Twould be well if she put the mark of her paw upon you, miss, for your impudence. Bread-and-butter, quotha! And I'm sure 'tis a good thing if you are a trifle fined down from the gross size you was when you came back from Paris. 'Dear me,' says my lord's new man to me, when he caught sight of you, 'that's a prize one! She'd make ten of you,' he says; and him so genteel, I blushed to hear him."

"Oh, that fellow!" Pounce the younger tossed her head; "waylaying me on the stairs to say I couldn't be a Pounce, being so—well, so vastly different from you, Aunt Lydia. And begging to see me home; as if I'd let him—a valet, indeed!"

"Upon my word!" Lydia's faded, sallow, pretty countenance went a trifle more sallow, and looked considerably less pretty. "Who's to talk of impudence, I'd like to know, and what do you expect, miss?"

"Somebody considerably less like stripes and buttons. If I don't get a gentleman one day, Aunt—"

"A gentleman? La, hear her!"

"I'll go single, like yourself."

Pamela's full light grey eyes became abstracted. Anon, as she had turned in at the area railings, a young gentleman

(Continued on page 63)



Creamy Salad Dressing

TRY Carnation Milk when making salad dressing. The result will please you greatly. Carnation is pure cows' milk evaporated to creamy thickness hermetically sealed in the container and sterilized.

Use it for every milk need in the house—undiluted or diluted for tea and coffee—and for cooking add at least an equal quantity of water. Add more water if you want thinner milk.

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No Egg Mayonnaise Dressing 1½ teaspoonful salt, 2 tablespoonfuls Carnation Milk, ½ cup oil, ½ teaspoonful paprika, 1 tablespoonful lemon juice or vinegar. Put salt and paprika in a bowl, add Carnation Milk and mix thoroughly; add oil slowly, stirring constantly. Then add the lemon juice or vinegar. This recipe makes ½ cup salad dressing.

Carnation Cooked Salad Dressing with Egg 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 tablespoonful sugar, 1½ tablespoonfuls flour, ¾ teaspoonful mustard, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful onion juice, ¼ cup mild vinegar, ½ cup Carnation Milk, ½ cup water. Mix dry ingredients, add beaten eggs, onion juice and milk. Add the vinegar slowly, cook in a double boiler until thick, stirring constantly. Remove from fire, strain and cool. This recipe makes 1½ cups salad dressing. Always mix Carnation Milk and water thoroughly.

The Carnation Cook Book gives salad recipes as well as tested recipes for many other delightful dishes. Write the Carnation Milk Products Co. Limited, Aylmer, Ont., for a free copy.

Vaseline

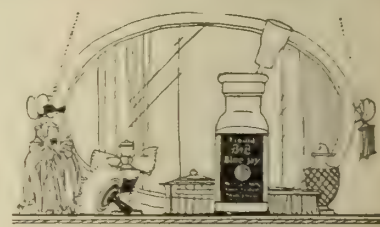
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Pamela Pounce

(Continued from page 62)

had dashed by her up the steps, and had set the knocker thundering against the panels of the hall door. As she had looked up he had looked down at her; and then he had smiled, and made a little gesture towards his hat, which if not the courtesy he would have paid to one of his own class, was nevertheless a genial, pleasant salute. She thought she had never seen so handsome a countenance; come under the gaze of such flashing dark eyes. There would be a lad for one who was lucky enough to be able to go in at the front door!

And, indeed, miss—
Lydia wheeled round, and perceiving Pompey lingering, all one grin, tweaked his wool.

"How dare you, you little blackamore! What are you doing here?"

"He's waiting for orders to get me a cup of chocolate and a bit of cake, aren't you, Pompey?" cried the quite audacious Pamela. "I'm sure my Lady'll never miss it. And as soon as I've got it to give, I'll give you a crownpiece, Pompey."

She laughed on the little boy, and when Pamela Pounce laughed, she was something to look on; for her wide, fresh mouth curled so deliciously, and the corners of it went up so gaily, and she had such fine, white, even teeth, and as the dimples came and went, she gained such adorable little lines of fun about half-shut eyes, and the most engaging little crinkle in her cocked nose!

"La!" Mrs. Tabbishaw's slavey cast herself into her aunt's arm-chair, untied the ribbons of her wide straw hat, and flung it on the table. She ran her long fingers, surprisingly white in spite of their toil, through the roughened curls of her chestnut hair, stretched her long legs luxuriously, and contemplating the dust on her shabby shoes: "Thought I should have dropped, I did," she cried, "when I come into Shepherd's Market—three big feathers and two little ones, Aunt Lydia! And, la, the blue! 'Tis the peacockest vile colour, I ever—And oh, here's my Lady's bill! And old Tabby must have it paid. She's all swears and spits and furlflying about it, as it is. 'Get your aunt to pay,' she says, 'for her beggarly odds and ends that don't bring an honest body a bit of worth while,' and oh!" she yawned outrageously, "I'm o hurry back, no less, for Mrs. Alderman Gruntle's eleventh is waiting on my pinking."

"My lady's account!" Lydia snatched the written sheet from her niece's hand: "Of all the—there, that's what comes o' dealing with them second-class shops. Mrs. Tabbishaw thinks my Lady can be treated like one of her City bodies, I declare."

"I'm not to go back without the money," said Pamela.

"Dear, to be sure! And my Lady so put about as never! What with her new hat being such a failure, and her out of sorts, too, over her gown for the Birthday, she about to take up her first turn as Lady-in-Waiting into the bargain—Court friends being that spiteful, and my Lord having the ill luck at Whites, and Bellairs' young nephew, Mr. Jocelyn, an audacious, gaming, young rascal, if ever I see one, as set on the dice as my Lord, and him but a beggar, so to speak. And my Lady paying his passage back to India twice over, to my certain knowledge, and him losing it on the green cloth within the hour! Well, my Lady's done with him, that's one good thing. 'Tain't the moment for Tabbishaw, and so I tell you!"

"Why, la!" Pamela had a graceful, lazy mockery in her eyes and voice which, however ill-placed in one of her humble station, somehow became her. "My Lord must have been, indeed, uncommon out of luck, if my Lady Kilcroney, her as every one knows is a-rolling in old Bellairs' money, can't pay twelve sovereigns to a poor shop in the City. But give me back the bill, Aunt, and I'll tell Mrs. Tabbishaw she's got to wait till my Lord casts a better tot."

Lady Kilcroney's maid gazed at her audacious relative as if deprived of speech.

Nevertheless, in all her wrath there was a certain grudging admiration.

"The girl's as insolent as if she'd been born a lady!"

The thought flashed across her mind as she whisked through the door brandishing the account. On the threshold the power of language returned to her.

"As if twelve sovereigns wasn't as many farthings to one of my Lady's wealth!"

Here she nearly cannoned against Pompey with a tray, and bidding him wait to be dealt with till his hands were empty of chocolate, disappeared, objugating, down the passage.

Pamela was half-way through her second cup of chocolate, vastly refreshed and comforted by it, and the agreeable little cakes which had accompanied it, when her relative returned, with a red spot on either cheek bone, her nostrils dilated over panting breaths. She had all the air of one who emerges from a wrestle. The light of battle, was still in her eye, but of battle victorious.

"Here, miss," she cried, "thirteen sovereigns to settle your Tabbishaw, and milady says you can keep the change. Gave me all sorts, she did, being, as who should know better than I, from early morning, my dear, in as peevish a temper as ever was. And—and what she can do in that way," said Lydia, turning up her eyes, "you'd never believe if you hadn't seen, the world being made up of Diddumses. There wasn't an item along here she didn't have her scratch at, and in the end, she says: 'For Heaven's sake stop talking!' (That's how poor servants is treated).

"You'll have me reeling in the head," she says. 'Take thirteen sovereigns from my purse, and get out of my room and don't let me hear another word of that there maddening bill!' And so you can keep the change, my love. And, if you'd believe it, just out of cussedness, the young gentleman what's annoyed her so prodigious has the boldness to come knocking at our hall door and demanding urgent, through Mr. Blandfoot, the butler, a few moments' conversation with her ladyship. My Lady having given orders that he was not to be admitted, the scamp sends for the butler—well, that's about dished him, I can tell you!"

"Tell him, Blandfoot," says my lady, 'that I don't give alms at the door. Tell him,' she says, 'to go and earn his living. I don't hold,' she says, 'with able-bodied beggars!'"

Oh," said Pamela, her thoughts flying back with compassion to the dashing young gentleman on the doorstep, "what a cruel thing to say. 'Tis insulting misfortune."

"Insulting fiddlesticks! Here, hasten, baggage, or you'll lose your good place, and I've had enough of you for one day, I can tell you that."

"And what a darling, sweet auntie you are!" said the second Miss Pounce, as she tied on her shepherdess hat with knowing little peeps at the mirror. "'Tain't any wonder I love you. Ta-ta."

She dropped the sovereigns into her worn reticule, kissed her hand from the door in sarcastic farewell, and departed.

With fourteen shillings and two pence to the good in her pocket, Pamela felt a singular sense of independence. Instead of hurrying back into the heat, crowd, and toil of Cheapside, she turned her steps towards Hyde Park, the green boughs of which seemed to beckon to her from the top of the street.

"I'll go and sit under the trees," thought the girl. "An idea for a hat has come into my mind, and I'll work it out and let Mrs. Alderman Gruntle and her cradle and the pinking go to the deuce."

She found a retired spot in the shade, and, the turf being dry and inviting, stretched herself luxuriously at full length to stare upwards at the odd little triangles and stars of blue sky visible through the interlacing leaves above her.

Composing her hat with the zest of a poet his verses, she lay at ease, in great

(Continued on page 66)

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The Aristocrat of fine Toilet Soaps

The Reposeful Bedroom

(Continued from page 61)

portable dressing, for example, calls for a serviceable light directly above or at the side of the bureau. A bedside light is almost equally necessary; and, even in a small bedroom, a good reading-light beside an armchair and table or over a desk is very desirable.

The shading of all the bedroom lights should invariably be uniform, for nothing is more incongruous than a conglomeration of unrelated shades. Although the shades of hand-decorated parchment and of softly gathered silk are entirely suitable for bedroom use, less conservative shades for this service are now being shown in

chestnut is a thing of beauty only, for even the nut-loving squirrels will have none of it.

The seedtime of the willow is not in Autumn, for the blossom-time that gives the bees their earliest honey feast in spring is succeeded by a correspondingly early ripening of the seed. There are two kinds of flowers at the same time, the prettiest of which form the catkins that we call 'pussy-willow.' The other type of flower develops the seeds packed in tiny pods, which open and set free the seeds, each one provided with a fuzzy sail like a dandelion seed.



White wallpaper and snowy dimity, each bearing a scattered pattern of tiny pink moss-rosebuds, add very materially to the charm of this quaintly-furnished little room. The dimity is used to cushion several chairs of mignonette-green wicker, that have been introduced as a contrast to the other furniture, which is furnished in white enamel. Some of the white-enameled chairs carry narrow lines of the mignonette-green and the same lovely grayish-green, in conjunction with rose, gray and white, appears in the "hit-and-miss" rag rugs that are so appropriately employed as a floor-covering. The bed is clothed entirely in immaculate white, just as in Colonial days: and be-frilled white dotted Swiss curtains are hung in the many-paned windows.

other materials. Filet-lace, mounted on tinted silk or gauze, is attractive; but even more interesting are the shades of gingham or organdy. The gingham shades are usually somewhat severe in their lines; even when decorated with a contrasting, Mid-Victorian fringe of yarn. On the other hand, the organdy shades are, as a rule, fluffiness itself—suggestive almost of the many frilled hoopskirts of a bygone day!—and blossomlike in color.

And now, with pleasant outlook and invigorating atmosphere, with agreeable walls and harmonious hangings, with appropriate rugs and comfort-bringing lights, with suitable space for furniture and ample place for treasured belongings, what bedroom could be other than invitingly reposeful?

The seed of the white ash resembles that of the maple, the winged keys are joined in twos or threes and hang in clusters in the branches, often clinging there until far into the following winter.

Pines, spruce, fir, balsam and hemlock hide their seeds within cones, which as they ripen turn downward, showering the seeds upon the ground below.

The seeds of the Dogwood and Sumach, and of the Mountain Ash are well hidden within a fleshy outside covering, as is the seed of a cherry. The Dogwood and the Ash bear their brilliant 'berries' in gay clusters of red and the Sumach conceals the seed in a crimson cone that lasts far through the winter.

Journal Juniors' Club

(Continued from page 16)

If they were good to eat there would soon be more horse chestnut trees than all others put together. As it is the horse



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in "The Bonded Woman"

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GLORIA SWANSON
"Her Gilded Cage"

A William de Mille Production
"NICE PEOPLE"
with Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels,
Conrad Nagel and Julia Faye

RODOLPH VALENTINO
in "Blood and Sand"
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"THE VALLEY OF SILENT MEN"
with Alma Rubens
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"While Satan Sleeps"
A Peter B. Kyne Special

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S
"Manslaughter"
with THOMAS MEIGHAN
Leatrice Joy and Lois Wilson

"THE OLD HOMESTEAD"
with Theodore Roberts

"BURNING SANDS"
with Wanda Hawley and Milton Sills
A George Melford Production

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD"
with Betty Compson and Bert Lytell

RODOLPH VALENTINO
in "The Young Rajah"

GLORIA SWANSON
in "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew"

"ENEMIES OF WOMEN"
by Vicente Blasco Ibanez
A Cosmopolitan Production

THE PRIDE OF PALOMAR
From the story by Peter B. Kyne
A Cosmopolitan Production

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"KICK IN"
with Betty Compson and Bert Lytell

RODOLPH VALENTINO
in "A Spanish Cavalier"



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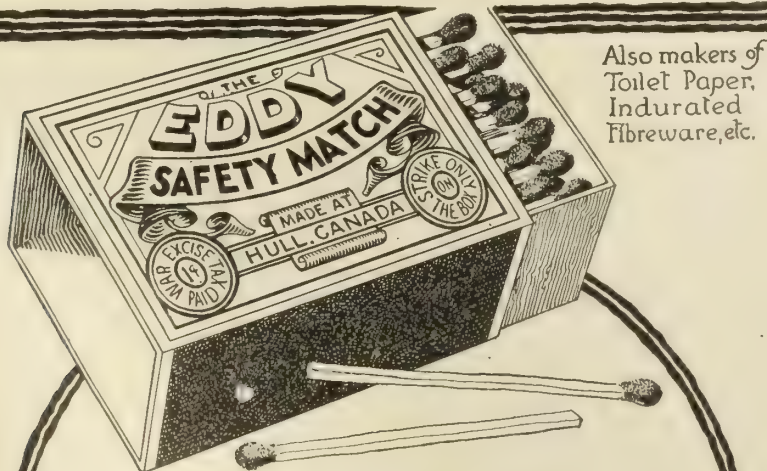
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Pamela Pounce

(Continued from page 63)

content, when she was startled by the sound of rapid footsteps on the sward.

She sat up and beheld a young man, a very fine and modish-looking young gentleman indeed, who advanced with great strides, brought himself to a sudden halt within the shady little dell, and casting swift looks from side to side, as if to make sure he was not observed, flung his hat on the ground and stood staring.

Pamela, shielded from observation by a clump of bushes, watched with a sudden and inexplicable feeling of apprehension, which grew as she caught sight of a drawn countenance, deathly pale.

"For sure," thought she, "the poor gentleman's desperate!"

The next instant she sprang to her feet with a scream; he had drawn a pistol from his breast pocket and, with an odd jerk, almost as if forced by some malevolent power which he could not withstand, raised it to his temple.

Pamela was one of those rare beings in whom swift wits unite with swift action. She hurled herself upon the would-be suicide and wrenched the weapon from his hand. For a strange moment they stood facing each other, eye into eye. It seemed to her as if the whole world held nothing but those mad eyes of his, dilated, starting, haunted; the pupils were contracting and expanding in the violet irises as with some dreadful pulse of his heart. Suddenly his whole being relaxed; he smiled.

"Good heavens," she cried, "'tis the young gentleman on the doorstep!"

"And you," said he, "are the young lady in the area. If the next world's as odd as this, 'twill be a vastly comic place."

"Oh!" cried Pamela, who did not at all like this reference to Eternity. Still less did she like the manner in which he put out his hand towards the pistol.

"By your leave, my dear. My property, I believe?"

She strove to avoid his grasp; she fought to keep the weapon in her hand. "Why, what farce is this?" he exclaimed, laughing. "What do you imagine, my good girl? May not an actor practise his greatest scene without—? Why, what prodigious nonsense have you got into your pretty head? The thing's not even loaded!"

"Ah, but what did you say yourself just now?"

She was a vigorous creature, and terror lent her strength. She remained in possession of the dangerous implement.

"What did I say? I merely tired the effect of my most telling speech upon you—with fine result. If my public are as impressionable—"

Once more he stretched out his hand, but, leaping from him, the girl raised the pistol, aimed at the nearest bush, pulled the trigger, and fired.

As the reverberations died away she turned a face, drained of colour but triumphant, upon him.

"So much for your story, Mr. Actor!" cried she.

"Why, you're too quick for me!" he answered, with a moody change, thrust his hands into his pockets, began to pace the dell backwards and forwards before her, kicking his hat each time he passed it.

She thought that he was no more than a boy, for all his manly growth, and her heart went out to him.

"Here, give me the pistol," he said. "Tush, child, 'tis safe enough for the moment. We'll be having the park-keeper upon us to see who's been murdered. Let us look innocent."

"Oh, oh," she shuddered, "if I had not been there!"

"Nay, my dear, I'm in no mood to thank you, I protest. Yet 'tis something to have had a vision of a pretty face and a kind, womanly spirit at the last."

"There you go again! Sir, sir!"

She surrendered the smoking pistol, and, as he slipped it into his pocket:

"Farewell, my dear," said he

"Ah, no!" She clutched his arm by both hands. "You shall not go till you have promised me—promised me on your honour as a gentleman to spare yourself."

"I could do that, on my honour," he answered her; "but that I will not quibble before such true eyes. Nevertheless it is to spare myself that I seek death. You bid me on my honour. 'Tis because I cannot live dishonoured that I hold this pistol to my temples. 'Tis not that I don't love life as well as another man, or better. 'Fore Heaven, it is because I have loved life too well. Had I as much as a guinea in my pocket I would have defied Fate. When I stood on those steps and rapped that knocker a while ago, I swear I had as little thought of blowing my brains out as you had. When you and I smiled at each other I thought this world a very good place, I do assure you. That woman in her fine house yonder, rolling in luxury, with her lap dog and her chocolate and her black page, her jewels and her laces, her silks and her satins; all in her cushions; that woman, I say, who finds the Bellairs' money of so vast a use to spend, might have given me a ten-pound note out of her store."

"When all's said and done, I'm the only Bellairs left. And, if but a nephew by marriage, nevertheless the last kin of her old Nabob. Ten pounds I asked of her—that contemptible sum! And what did I receive? The vilest insult, through the most insulting medium. Odds my life, when I think of it—"

He clenched his hands.

Pamela stood, reflecting profoundly, one needle-marked finger to her lip, her white brows drawn together under the shade of her hat.

Ten pounds to save a man's honour. It seemed indeed a strangely small sum! As if he read her thought, he broke forth:

"I dreamt last night, three times over, that I tossed a double six at tric-trac, and 'tis the sixteenth of July and I am twenty-six. My Lord Sanquhar promised to give me my revenge at the Six Bells at six of the clock. 'Twas such a conjunction of luck as could not fail. I would have won back my I.O.U.'s. I would have returned my Lady Kilcroney the passage money to India. She wants to ship me to India, my dear, the inconvenient poor relation. Ah, she need not fear. I shall beg from her no more. What a farce it has all been! 'Tis time to put an end to it. Bless you for your sweet looks, my pretty child. Think of me only as one who, after life's fitful fever, sleeps well. Aha! I shall sleep better I dare say, than my Lady Kilcroney when she has read the letter I sent to her anon!"

"One moment, Mr. Bellairs, since that's your name," said Pamela Pounce, with her wide, lovely smile. She dived into her reticule, and began to gather the coins together with counting digits. "If you'll condescend to borrow of a person who goes in by the area gates, here are thirteen sovereigns at your service. I've just had a long bill paid me. And, oh," cried Pamela, suddenly and unexpectedly bursting into tears, "I wish they were three hundred!"

"Gracious heavens!" said the young gentleman.

"If you don't take them I'll never know another happy moment," sobbed Pamela. "Oh, how could I? Oh, sir, don't say 'No,' because I am just a poor girl."

"Nay then, I won't say 'No.' Upon my soul, I don't care if you go in at the coal hole, you've the finest spirit and the prettiest face, ay, and the warmest heart I've ever met in woman."

He held out his hand, and she put the money into it. He hesitated then, and looked at her; and perhaps because of some warning that flashed through her wet eyes, or perhaps because of some innate spring of good breeding in him, he only kissed the hand that had been strong to save him.

"Pray, what o'clock is it?" He struck his waistcoat, where a black ribbon

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Pamela Pounce

(Continued from page 66)

made pretence for a missing watch. "My time piece has gone the way of most of my possessions."

"Tis past five," she said, "by the shadows."

The country girl had not forgotten her lore.

"Past five," cried he, "and I due at the Six Bells! If you will move a step, my dear, I will pick up my hat."

"Allow me, sir," said she. "Hats are my business."

She lifted the felt from the grass, dusted it with her arm, pushed out the dent where he had kicked it, and gave each corner a perfectly unnecessary twist.

"I'm in the millinery," said she, as she handed it to him.

"I thought there was something remarkably elegant about your headgear," he observed. "And pray oblige me with your address, that I may know where to return my loan, for the conviction grows in me that I am destined to win and to live."

She knew that sense of victory; it was akin to the conviction of her own confident soul; but while she smiled she pondered. Then she said demurely:

"My name is Pamela Pounce, sir. If you will inquire for me, care of my aunt, Miss Lydia Pounce, own woman to my Lady Kilcroney, 'twill be the safest address."

He gave her a quaint look, bowed profoundly, and hurried away.

"The safest address," he murmured, as he went. "Ah, Pamela, you're one of the wise virgins!"

Then he laughed.

"Farce did I call it? And I set for the blackest tragedy! Nay, 'tis a mighty delicate comedy, and we're but at the first act of it."

Pamela stood gazing after the retreating figure.

"Now," said she to herself. "I have the choice of three roads. I must go—to Bridewell, to the river, or to Aunt Lydia. It had better be to Aunt Lydia."

"Stripes and buttons," who had not forgotten how the younger Miss Pounce had snubbed him on their first meeting, informed her that she might "hunt up the old girl for herself," her ladyship having gone out her ladyship's woman, if not in her own apartment, might be found in her ladyship's chamber.

And here indeed, with a not altogether comfortably beating heart, Pamela confronted her aunt.

Lydia stared, as if beholding a ghost.

"La, whatever's to do?"

"The money's gone," said Pamela with great firmness.

She had made up her mind from the first that nothing should induce her to betray either the unfortunate young gentleman or her own rash interference with his concerns.

"Gone? Gone, miss?"

Pamela opened her reticule and mutely took out from it a vinaigrette, three pennies, a sixpence, and a pocket handkerchief, and showed the remaining vacuum to Lydia's horrified eyes.

"But how in the name of goodness could such a thing happen?"

"You lend me the money, aunt, and I'll pay you back faithful, and I'll trim you all your hats for three years for nothing into the bargain."

But with an action of little bony hands which typified her patronymic, Miss Pounce seized the reticule from her niece. She shook it, and tested it; she held it up to the light, she pulled its lining out. Then she tried the clasp, which fastened with a snap as uncompromising as that which now closed her own tight jaws.

Still, without speaking, she looked volumes at the milliner's assistant.

"I declare as I'm a living woman, aunt," asseverated the sinner, "that I have no more notion what's become of the gold than you have yourself. And all I can tell you is"—her courage rose with the sense of this perfect adherence to the truth—"that as I left this house it was

(Continued on page 70)

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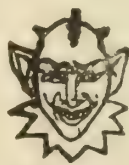
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Jellies and Jams

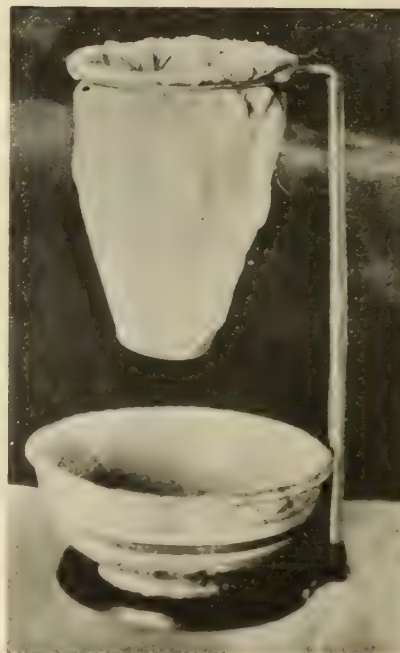
(Continued from page 69)

have ready, papers about an inch larger in diameter than the glasses, brush the underside of the papers on the edge with mucilage or white of egg, then turn the paper down pressing it against the outside of the glass to which it will adhere, completely protecting the contents. Another method of sealing is to pour a layer of melted paraffin over the jelly when it is cold. If this method is used, be sure that the paraffin touches the edges of the glass all around. A coffee pot is a convenient utensil for melting and pouring the paraffin.

Storing Jellies. Jellies should be stored in a cool dark dry place. Bright light will cause them to fade in color and also to soften, leak out and spoil the label.

Essentials of Good Jelly are a good color, with a sparkling transparency, a texture that is neither syrupy, gummy, sticky, nor tough, firm enough to hold its shape and tender enough to cut easily with a spoon.

Many people hold the opinion that fresh made jelly is superior in flavor to that which has been kept for months. It is quite practical to make the juice ready for jelly and store it boiling hot (without sugar) in sterilized glass jars.



A commercial jelly-bag

Then when jelly is desired, it may be made ready for the table in a short time. By following this procedure, one may combine fruits that are in season at different times. One-third raspberry to two-thirds apple juice gives a jelly of strong raspberry flavor.

Jams. Whole fruits are used in making jams, but they do not remain whole. The finished product is alike throughout in consistency. As in jelly making, care must be given to the selection of the fruit. One-half of the quantity used should be slightly under-ripe to supply pectin and give the desired jelly-like consistency. Jam should be cooked rapidly in a porcelain lined or agate vessel and stirred frequently with a wooden spoon. A more delicate flavor will be retained by using three-quarters pound of sugar to one pound of fruit than by using equal proportions.

To Make Strawberry, Raspberry, or Blackberry Jam. For each pound of berries use three-fourths pound of sugar. Put the berries, carefully hulled, washed, and drained, in a porcelain lined or agate vessel. Place over the fire and let heat slowly, till they are softened throughout. Break up the berries with a wooden spoon, then add the sugar and let cook until thick. Pour at once into hot sterilized glasses. Seal as jelly.

Grape Jam. Remove grapes from stems; wash and press pulp from the skins. Boil the pulp until tender and

(Continued on page 69)



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Jellies and Jams

(Continued from page 68)

press it through a sieve to remove the seeds. Add the skins to the pulp and weigh. To each pound of fruit add three-fourths pound of sugar. Cook together until the skins are tender (fifteen to twenty minutes). Pack hot into sterilized jars and seal.

Peach Jam. Two pounds of peaches, one-half cup of peach juice, one cracked peach stone, one-half teaspoon allspice, one sprig mace, one pound sugar, two teaspoons bark cinnamon (broken in small pieces), one teaspoon cloves, one inch ginger-root. Tie spices in a cheese cloth bag. Cook all ingredients together for twenty minutes. Remove the spice bag. Pack hot in sterilized jars.

Apple Jelly. Wipe apples, remove stems but do not peel. Cut out any imperfect spots. Quarter and put in a porcelain lined or agate kettle. Barely cover with water and cook until tender. Mash and drain in a jelly bag. Measure the juice and to each cup of juice allow three-quarters of a cup of sugar. Let the juice boil twenty minutes, then add the sugar (heated) and boil until the jelly test is obtained. To vary this recipe, cook a thin slice of lemon or orange in the juice before the sugar is added, or

delicately with green color paste. Pour into hot sterilized jars.

Spiced Crab Apple Jelly. Five pounds crab apples, one pint water, one pint vinegar, one teaspoon each whole cloves, mace blades, and cinnamon bark. Tie spices in a bag. Cook all ingredients together until the crab apples are soft. Drain and finish as apple jelly, using three-fourths cup of sugar to one cup of juice.

Five Fruit Jelly. Two quarts currants, one pint raspberries, one quart cherries, one quart strawberries, one pint apple juice. Stone the cherries. Heat all the fruit together in a double boiler, until the juice flows freely. Strain in jelly bag. Add the apple juice and let the combined juices boil about twenty minutes. Add one cup of sugar to each cup of juice and boil until jelly test is obtained.

Triple Fruit Jelly. Boil together until soft, four quinces, pared and cut small, one quart cranberries, and two quarts of apples cut in small pieces. Strain through a jelly bag over night. Measure the juice and boil about five minutes. Add one cup of sugar for each cup of



Materials for apple mint jelly

just before turning into the glasses, add one teaspoon of vanilla or almond extract to each quart of juice, or hold a lemon or rose geranium leaf in the hot jelly for a few seconds.

Apple Mint Jelly. For a quart of apple juice set three cups of sugar in shallow dishes in the oven to heat. Place the crushed leaves and stalks from a bunch of mint in the juice and let it boil twenty minutes. Strain into a clean saucepan. Heat to the boiling point. Add the hot sugar and let boil till the jelly test is obtained. Tint

juice and boil until jelling point is reached.

Currant Jelly. Remove the leaves, but not the stems, from currants and weigh the fruit. Mash the fruit in a porcelain lined kettle and heat gradually to boiling point. Let boil rapidly for twenty minutes, stirring frequently, to prevent burning. Drain through jelly bag. Heat juice to boiling point and let boil two minutes. Add one-half pound of sugar for each pound of fruit. Pour into glasses as soon as sugar is dissolved.



For a glass of iced tea



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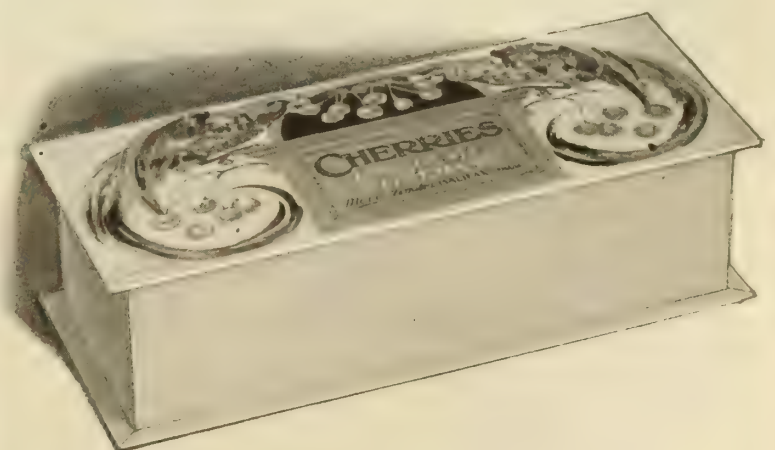
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Pamela Pounce

(Continued from page 67)

jingling in that bag, and when last I looked there wasn't one left. And if you don't come to my aid—why, you know what Madame Tabbishaw is? She'll always say I stole them. Come, you'll lend me the money, I know you will, for father's sake, and the name's sake. We Pounces ain't never been called thieves, aunt."

Her voice shook, for suddenly the word stung her, unrepentant though she remained.

"Lend you!" Miss Lydia let herself fall into my lady's own rosy-cushioned chair and broke into piercing remonstrance.

How in the name of goodness was she to find such a sum? Did Pamela think she was made of gold? Here was a return for all her kindness! A girl who was so wickedly careless—likely to keep her promises, indeed! She that ought to be racking her brains to pay back her dear auntie for all her sacrifices.

"Thirty pounds, miss, it cost me to send you to Paris, and you to be so unprincipled as to let Madame Eglantine's husband take to ogling you. And it's paying me back you ought to be, instead of having the brazenness to ask me for thirteen pounds. And indeed, miss, it's not thirteen pounds I'll give you; no, not a farthing more than the sum of the bill. You that might have had fourteen and tuppence!"

She suddenly broke off, sat up straight, and pointed a finger at her niece with a sharp throw.

"Where did you go to, miss, when you left this house? Straight, now! What? You went and sat under the trees in the park? Upon my word, I never! And how long might you have been a-sitting there? You don't know. Better and better. You went to sleep, miss, with that there bag full of gold. Oh, you—"

Pamela drooped her head, receiving the indictment as with the humility of a guilty conscience, though she was considerably relieved by the solution which the older Miss Pounce had found for herself.

Suddenly Lydia bounced out of her seat.

"Mercy on us, here's my Lady!" cried she. And then, with a scream: "Mercy on us!" she cried again. "What in the world has happened?"

Pamela stared. My Lady Kilcroney it was indeed, to judge by a fine feathered hat and a delicate flutter of muslins, but a vastly different Lady Kilcroney from the charming, happy little lady of Pamela's remembrance. A small figure with a stricken face crawled into the room, and as Lydia rushed forward, nearly swooned against her.

"My Lady, my Lady, what is it?" cried the maid in genuine concern, guiding her mistress's form to the chair she had herself but just vacated.

"Oh, oh, oh!" moaned my Lady. "Oh, in the name of Heaven, send for my Lord? Oh, Lydia, the letter, the letter!"

Both women then saw that in a little gloved hand my Lady Kilcroney was clutching an open sheet. Lydia took it into her own grasp and glanced at it.

"Mercy on us!" then cried she for the third time. "That dratted young man you've been so good to! Well, if ever was anything so ungrateful! To go and put an end to himself, just to spite you! Never you take on, my Lady, he's no great loss, I protest. A good riddance, say I."

"Oh, oh, oh!" Kitty Kilcroney sat up and wrung her hands. "Was ever any woman so punished for a fit of temper? Oh, Lydia! Oh! I shall never smile again! 'Twas my Lord being so late in yestereven from White's, mad-stupid with his losses. And, oh, the night I had, trying to show him the error of his ways and the vast folly of not letting bad be when the luck's against him. And him going off in a huff, God knows where, before I'd as much as swallowed my chocolate! And Mrs. Mirabel's hat coming

on the top of it, and it is a sight to frighten the crows after all my trouble. And my gown for Her Majesty's birthday the wrong yellow, and no time to get another! And for the wretched boy to come to me then, with his horrid tale of the dice and the cards, as bad as my Lord's own, him without a farthing but my bounty! Oh, oh, 'twas true I insulted him! What's that you say? Who are you, pray?"

She had dropped her cries of anguish to speak with the irritability of the afflicted.

"I am your woman Lydia's niece."

Pamela went down on her knees before the little distracted lady, and spoke very gently and deliberately as to a child; and the while she spoke Kitty's eyes widened on her smiling countenance as if they beheld an angel's.

"Mr. Jocelyn Bellairs has not committed suicide, my Lady Kilcroney, nor will he do so, because I took the pistol out of his grasp. Yes, my Lady, I, with these hands. And I gave him the thirteen pounds you sent me to pay Mrs. Tabbishaw's bill. Thirteen pounds! And he went away to gamble with them at the 'Six Bells,' and he was quite sure that he was going to win all his money back from Lord Sanquhar with the help of them, and I am quite sure, too, for him. Says he 'My lady is turned.' And—"

She was interrupted.

"And that's what happened to my Lady's money. Oh, you deceitful wretch! Oh, you vile young thief!"

Lydia forgot everything but her indignation. Her gimlet tones might have disturbed the dead, but neither my Lady nor Pamela paid the smallest heed to her, for Kitty Kilcroney had flung herself upon the young milliner's neck, and, shedding tears of joy, called her the most incomparable girl, the noblest creature, the nearest thing to a seraph that had ever walked a world of woe.

They were both as keen of wit one as the other, and it was wonderful how, with scarce a question and answer, the whole story came out.

"You turned into the park, you did not know why? Ah, but I know why! 'Twas Providence, child. A most merciful act of Providence! And you saw his desperate face? Oh, I can scarce bear it! You wrenched the pistol from his very hand? Oh, if I live to be a hundred, how can I be grateful enough to Heaven and to you? Rash and unfortunate young man! You gave him thirteen pounds? He only asked me for ten. Oh, where did you say he had gone to? I must send after him. Lydia, bid the carriage round again. I must go myself. And you shall go with me, child. Oh, you shall indeed!"

"Since her Ladyship's in such a fine mood of generosity," cried Lydia, who occasionally presumed on fourteen years' service, "perhaps she'll pay Mrs. Tabbishaw's bill over again? Or else my niece will be getting into trouble, and she needn't look to me to get her out of it, lying to my very face!"

Kitty was standing before her mirror, happily setting her flounces into trim, like a ruffled bird its feathers.

"And why did you never tell me you had such a niece, Lydia, I should like to know? And what do you mean by burying a fine young woman like that with a creature like Tabbishaw? Ugh!"

My Lady's nerves were pardonably on edge. The shriek that escaped her as my Lord Kilcroney marched into the room was as piercing as Lydia's own.

"Good heavens, my Lord, you'll be the death of me! You should have married Susan Verney, you should indeed, or some one with a cast-iron constitution. Stay—"

Kitty's frowns were never of long duration, and she was in no mood for frowning! "You've come in the very nick of time, my dearest love. Do I not hear your coach without? Hasten, hasten to the tavern of the 'Six Bells.' Pray, where is it, my dear? Oh, doubtless you

(Continued on page 71)

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Pamela Pounce

(Continued from page 70)

know, dearest Denis. And you will ask for Jocelyn Bellairs. You know, Denis, poor young Bellairs?"

"Faith, then, I've been beforehand with you, me darling!" said my Lord.

He was running Pamela's straight young figure up and down with the eye of the connoisseur as he stood there, a handsome, devil-may-care gentleman; one who patronised so superlative a tailor, wore such fine lawns and laces, and had withal so monstrous elegant a frame whereon to hang them that a trifle of a loop hanging here or a button loose there merely pointed to a genteel carelessness.

"Faith, I've been beforehand with you! Meeting my Lord Sanquhar anon, he took me to the 'Six Bells,' where he had a rendezvous with your poor young relative, Mr. Jocelyn Bellairs. And be jabers," cried my Lord, with his favourite Irish oath, "if that young rascal hasn't cleaned both me and my Lord Sanquhar as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard."

He paused; the investigating eye fixed itself with a guilty twinkle upon his Kitty's countenance, where a mixture of strange emotions were struggling for expression. And suddenly Lydia clapped her hands and broke into eldritch laughter. Whereat my Lady also made her choice of emotions, and laughed too.

"And troth, mavourneen," said my Lord, delighted to find the situation so unexpectedly agreeable, "I'm here to say 'twas you were in the right of it the live-long night. There's not a ha'porth of good in trying to force fortune when the jade has made up her mind to flout ye. And I'll take your advice, me darling, and go with you into the country the moment we get those devils of IOU's settled, till it's time for you to abandon me for that dashed damnation Court of yours!"

"Oh, I can't scold you!" cried his wife. "But, oh, why did you abandon me all day? 'Twas cruel unkind of you, and I dare swear if you'd been here 'twould never have happened; for you'd not see a fellow dicer go wanting for a ten-pound note, my Lord, if I know you! Oh, read that letter, Denis, and you'll understand. And if it had not been for Lydia's niece here, admirable girl! who took the pistol out of his very hand in the park, and gave him her employer's money—oh, if it were not for this noble, clever young woman, where should I be now?"

"You needn't worry about the bill, aunt," said Pamela, with the perfect composure that compelled that person's disapproving admiration. "I gave your address to Mr. Bellairs, and as he will certainly be punctual with repayment, her Ladyship will perhaps kindly allow me to remain until he calls with the money?"

There was nothing my Lady Kilcrome would have refused Miss Pounce the younger at that moment, and the milliner's assistant proceeded to add to her obligations.

"If your Ladyship would trust me with the retrimming of Miss Mirabel's hat meanwhile, I make bold to say I could alter it to your satisfaction —"

(To be continued)

A Tale of the Cariboo

(Continued from page 3)

be the admission of a fear of death, for these men who constantly face it never mention this word when they begin to feel its nearness. Refreshed by the rest and the food he made fifteen miles that night and at daybreak next morning was again on the trail. A day and a half later he found Shorty lying under a sage bush. He was unconscious, but still breathing, and laying aside his gun and pack he managed to hoist him onto his own broad back and with his burden he struggled on.

The stage was recently in and the Mining Recorder was reading his morning's mail when a large and haggard man with bloodshot eyes, bearing an inert form on his back stumbled against the counter and dropped his burden amongst the books and papers.

"What the —" began the Mining Recorder, and then stopped.

"Look after the little fellow" said the haggard man, "and make out these papers quick."

While willing hands administered restoratives to Shorty, and the Mining Recorder made out the papers the big man hung across the counter holding himself on by its far edge.

"What name shall I put in this other claim?" asked the Recorder.

Without letting go his hold on the edge of the counter the big man called out. "What's your name, Shorty?"

"Bill McLeod" came the feeble answer from the revived Shorty.

"Put that in," he said. "William McLeod" and then seeing the Mining Recorder write in the big book and lay down his pen he asked:

"Are they registered: both of them?"

"Yep," said the Recorder. "All in order."

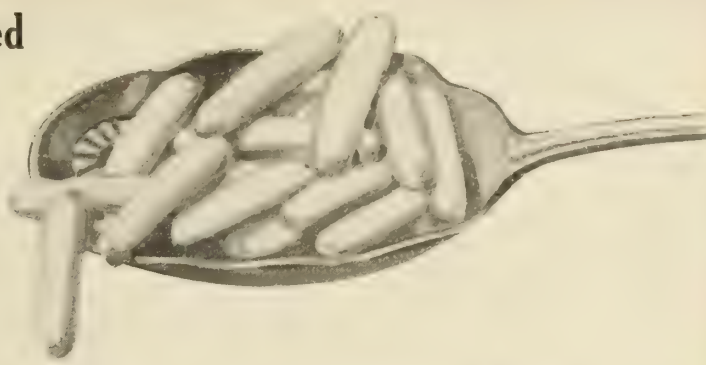
Then the powerful hands relaxed and Big Gab Billings slid to the floor in a heap.

THE ROOF-TREE

THERE are classes of men to whom nothing is lacking of what goes to make up the external trappings of a residence. Civilization has heaped their hands with treasure, given them comfort, room, peace, everything necessary to the setting up of this material home. But they possess it only to desert it. Parents and children go each his own way, and the family dissolves.

Elsewhere the contrary happens. "I know a bridge in Paris," says Charles Wagner, "where every day you may find a woman selling soup at two sous a plate. Her stand consists of three or four planks and an umbrella like awning, and it would be hard to imagine a less convenient place for a family reunion. No matter! Under this precarious shelter, open to all the winds of heaven, there gather every evening, round a smoky torch, all the children, some of them studying their lessons, and the father, resting after the toil of the day. These people have the spirit of family, and that is the essential thing. This spirit it is that must be saved, nourished, strengthened; and it is tenacious, strikes root in the most ungrateful soil."

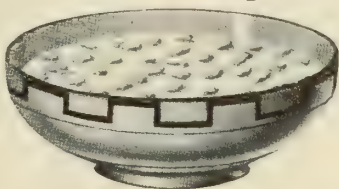
Puffed Rice



Like Bubbled Nuts

Queen of all Breakfast Dainties

These fascinating morsels now greet millions every morning. Toasted rice grains steam exploded—puffed to globules flimsy as snowflakes.



No morning dish was ever so enticing

They are food confections—almond-flavored bubbles.

Nobody ever tasted a cereal so delightful. They have brought new joys to breakfasts everywhere.

100 million food cells blasted

Yet Puffed Grains were not made for tidbits. Prof. Anderson created them as scientific grain foods.

In every grain we create over 100 million steam explosions—one for every food cell. Thus every granule in the whole grain is fitted to digest.

The nut-like flavor comes from fearful heat. The airy texture comes from these explosions.



Mix with berries to double their delights

The result is a whole grain made wholly digestible. Every atom feeds.

Serve all day long in summer



With melted butter for afternoon confections

There is nothing you would rather have children eat than whole wheat and whole rice. Here they are made enticing and easy to digest.

Then serve them morning, noon and night, in every way you can. Keep both kinds on hand, and in plenty.



Puffed Wheat

Wheat Tidbits

Air, flimsy—8 times normal size

Whole wheat supplies 16 needed elements. It is rich in iron, in lime, in phosphates. With milk it forms a practically complete food—the greatest food you can serve.

Puffed Wheat makes whole wheat tempting. With every food cell blasted, all those 16 elements nourish.

Let every child, at least twice daily, eat Puffed Wheat in milk.

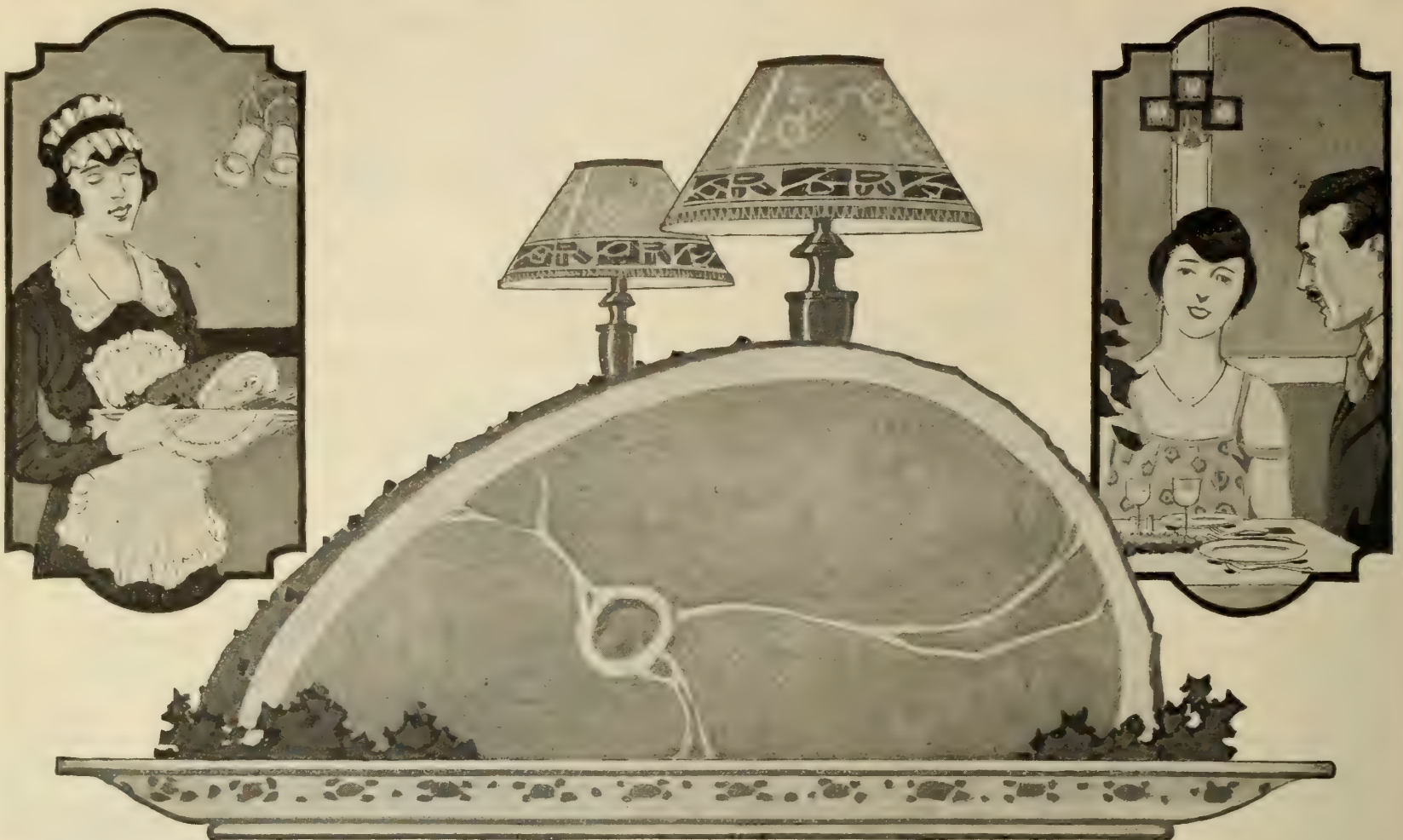


Puffed Wheat in milk—the good-night dish

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Canada Sole Makers Saskatoon, Canada





For your first dinner party this Autumn—try this—

WHEN summer days are over and the crisp, sharp air of autumn adds a zest to appetite—when with shortening days come the cheerful glow of home lights and the renewal of happy social evenings—here is a delightful answer to the question “What shall we serve?”

A Swift's Premium Ham, with its delicacy of flavor and its succulent tenderness, will furnish a delicious meal worthy of your guests.

By whatever method you cook it you will find every morsel has a richness and a sweetness you will say you never equalled. Only the finest hams are selected for the special Swift cure that insures the uniform flavor which has made fine ham mean Premium the world over. To be sure of this utmost in quality and flavor, look for the distinctive printed parchment wrapper and blue tag.

There is no waste to this delicious Premium Ham.

Bake the butt—the soft fat all stuck with spicy cloves! Cut the tender center into slices for broiling or frying—it's so mild it needs no par-boiling, either! And then boil the shank and serve it with vegetables—an old-fashioned “boiled dinner.” The last morsel is just as delightful as the first!

And when the meat is gone, boil the bone with almost any vegetable and get the last bit of that wonderful Premium flavor.

Swift's Premium Ham

Order from Your Butcher or Grocer

Swift Canadian Co.
Limited

Toronto Winnipeg Edmonton





PRUE COTTONS

THE ORIGINAL SLEEP-SHEETS

DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY
LIMITED

MONTREAL ■ TORONTO ■ WINNIPEG

Housecleaning

with

Old Dutch Cleanser

—is easy and
economical



Give Old Dutch the run of the house. From cellar to garret, from garage to front porch, the job will be cleaned up quickly with a saving of time, money and energy.

Old Dutch is a natural-born cleanser—a fine, flaky substance mined out of the earth. It contains no hard, sharp grit and doesn't scratch.

Its soft, flat flakes erase the dirt instead of scratching at it as grit does. The surface is left smooth and bright. No dirt is ground in. The things you clean are *cleaner* and last longer.

Use it today; use it every day—for every cleaning job.

Old Dutch removes the dirt—not the surface

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



Published by Consolidated Press, Limited, Toronto, Canada

PRICE TWENTY CENTS



Pretty Girls Have Always Known the Secret

These two pretty girls share the same beauty secret, although one lived 3,000 years ago. Girls who both know that a fresh, smooth, radiant skin is not only woman's greatest charm, but one within the reach of every woman.

For pretty girls used a form of Palmolive in the days of ancient Egypt, just as they do today. The crude combination of palm and olive oils, which served as a beautifying cleanser, was the inspiration of the familiar Palmolive cake, famous for its mildness the world over.

Modern science with all its progress, can find no milder, more soothing cleansers than these two ancient oils. It can only perfect their combination and offer it in the most efficient and convenient form.

Gives a Perfect Skin

To state that just washing your face every day will give you that all-desired, fresh, smooth skin may sound too simple to be true. But such cleanliness is the foundation of complexion beauty, for this reason.

The accumulations of dirt, oil and perspiration, cold cream and powder must be removed or they will collect and clog the tiny pores which com-

pose the surface of the skin. Such clogging enlarges the pores, which soon results in coarse texture, and the imbedded dirt causes blackheads, and when it carries infection, eruptions follow. There is no beauty in such a neglected skin, which repels when it should attract, and prevents popularity and social success.

Soothes while it Cleanses

Some women will complain that soap is too harsh, that it ages and dries their skins. This proves they are using the wrong soap.

The smooth, creamy lather of Palmolive soothes while it cleanses. It removes every trace of injurious dirt and skin accumulations and secretions, leaving the face becomingly soft and smooth, with radiant freshness and natural color.

The use of cosmetics isn't harmful if the basis is a skin that is thoroughly, healthfully clean. In case of dryness, apply your favorite cold cream both before and after washing.

Not Only for Faces

Don't forget that your neck and throat are also conspicuous for skin beauty or the lack of it, and that this is where age first shows.

Arms and shoulders should be kept smooth and white and hands must be beautified.

Use Palmolive for bathing and these results are insured, with the comfort of a skin which always feels luxuriously smooth.

Not Extravagant at the Price

If Palmolive was a very expensive soap, such advice would mean extravagance. But the firm, long-wearing cake of generous size costs only ten cents.

The reason is gigantic production which keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night and the importation of the bland, mild oils in vast volume which reduces cost.

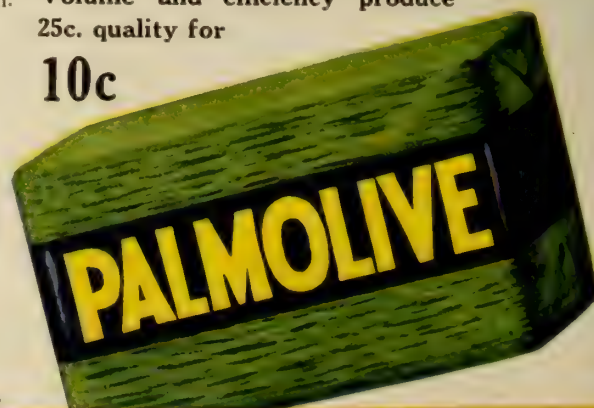
Thus this finest facial soap, which if made in small quantities would cost at least 25 cents, is offered at the popular price which all can afford for every toilet purpose.

The PALMOLIVE COMPANY of CANADA, Ltd.
WINNIPEG TORONTO MONTREAL

Also makers of Palmolive Shampoo and Palmolive Shaving Cream

Volume and efficiency produce
25c. quality for

10c



CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

A Monthly Magazine of Interest to All Progressive Canadians

OFFICE of PUBLICATION

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EDITORIAL CHAT

THE making of boats is an ancient craft—and the old workman photographed at Pierreville is busy on small birch bark canoes—such as will delight the boy who has a yearning to sail the river and the lake some day. The photograph, reproduced on this page, shows a worker of old Quebec province, who is a thorough master of his craft and knows what is the correct thing in canoes. By the way, if Canadians wish to see handicrafts at their best, they must turn to the East and watch the weavers of Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, as they turn out the homespun and basketry. It is true that there are homespun in the West, but they are chiefly the work of the newcomers; while Quebec, for many generations, has known its sons of the soil and daughters of the loom. This old maker of toy canoes is typical of the community in which nearly everyone works.

Our new serial, "Pamela Pounce," is now well on its way and the adventures which are befalling that handsome court milliner are enough to make the fortune of a movie star. Pamela is a young person of ambition, with a genius for hats, and some day, we are sure, she will "arrive." The well-known writers of romance, Agnes and Egerton Castle, have not given us anything more piquant than Pamela.

The French Canadian life, with its touch of adventure and its picturesque contrasts, affords a background to Mabel L. Stuart's "The Honor of the North," which is charmingly illustrated by Mary Essex. Another attractive fiction feature is "A Thanksgiving with Accidentals" by Edward Moore, illustrated by Marion Long. The heroine is a most plucky and self-reliant young person and we hope her next Thanksgiving will have no accidentals, but run a smooth course homeward to a good old-fashioned dinner.

Every woman, who has known a housewife's woes will appreciate the struggle of the heroine of "The Little House," whom Olive Delahaye tells about and who finally attains the desire of her heart. Men are a success, perhaps, as architects, and contractors, and, as real estate dealers, many of them achieve fame and fortune; but few of them understand what a woman really wants in a home of her own. It is well-nigh impossible to make a man understand just what a woman likes in her dwelling-place, and, no doubt the man will declare that a woman does not know her own mind concerning a house. She does—for all that—and especially does she know her own heart when it comes to a question of the roof-tree and the rooms beneath it. The mistress of "The Little House" belongs to a large sisterhood, and we know that many of our readers will enjoy the story of how she becomes a charming hostess in the house of her choice.

We seem to have chosen "house" stories for October—and there is another one, "How Malvina Learned to Play House," which is a touching

tale of a woman who had all work and no play until she resolved to change the course of her toilsome life. We are afraid that these stories do not exhibit the husband as an entirely admirable creature; but man has had the house too much his own way through many years, and it is time to show how very important it is to woman to have a desirable habitation.

Of course you have noticed how many of our most comfortable citizens have "year-round porches." They are an outcome of our realization that sunlight is necessary to health and fitness—and where will you get more and pleasanter sunlight than in an out-door porch? There is the coal problem, of course, this winter—and goodness only knows where the next ton is coming from and how long it will last. Still, it will only make us colder to worry over it, and we are quite confident that the Government, the Province and the Municipality united will manage not to let us shiver to death this winter. So, let us consider the "year-round porch," its furniture and its ferns, and try to understand how much it would add to the joy of living if we only had a porch shut in from all the stormy winds which blow. Mr. Collier Stevenson tells us, in this month's issue, just how pleasant and comforting the indoor porch can be and shows us, by means of photographs, how to have a picturesque apartment.

Miss Long, who is one of our best-known illustrators, has written for us an article on the important subject of pictures for the child's room. We are sure that you will be interested in what she has to say on this matter, for it is only by the choice of what is finest that the child's taste can be turned to the true and noble in art.

We have received many kind messages of late concerning the covers which our magazine wears. That of August by Mr. Ahrens was artistically a woodland gem, and we hope to have another cover design by this artist on our list for 1923. The design this month is by Miss Emily Hand, who has given us a wonderful witch for the month of Hallowe'en, with the traditional broomstick and the fiercest cat that ever walked on the last night of October.

For November there is a cover which crossed the seas to find a friendly harbor in our office; and, when you see how pretty the girl is, you will not wonder that the cover design found a happy home. It is not easy to find the suitable design for an outside page, and, so far, the magazine has been almost strictly Canadian in the coat which it wears.

The apple may have been the forbidden fruit which brought all our troubles upon us, when our first parents were evicted from Eden, and which started humanity on its chase from one country to another. Read! "Many Uses for the Apple" in our October issue and you will be convinced that the Canadian apple, as served in sauce or deep pie, is a continual blessing.



A MAKER OF BOATS

This photograph by Miss Edith Watson was taken at Pierreville, Quebec



From a recent letter:

"I, as a mother strongly recommend Fels-Naptha for all babies' things. It gets out all stains so easily—often without boiling. The clothes do not irritate Baby's tender skin."

What is his health worth?

Doctors agree *clean clothes* have almost as much to do with Baby's health as the quality of his food; or the temperature of his bath. By "clean clothes" is meant clothes that not only *look* clean, but which *are* clean, through and through each tiny thread. Fels-Naptha cleans clothes *that way*!

The naptha loosens all dirt and stains for the sudsy water to flush away, then vanishes completely—leaving the little baby-things fluffy, soft and soothing, with that clean-clothes smell. Fels-Naptha does *all* laundry work just as quickly, safely, thoroughly and hygienically. Directions inside the wrapper.

Fels-Naptha is *more* than soap. It is *more* than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners—a way that has never been successfully imitated! Wet the clothes, soap them, roll and soak them, rub the extra-soiled parts, then rinse. It's just that easy.

A full-color art print, 8 x 14 inches, of this beautiful baby picture, free from advertising and suitable for framing, will be sent with a sample of Fels-Naptha for ten cents in stamps, to cover cost of mailing. Write Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.



Real naptha! You can tell by the smell



The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

THE frost-bound river wound in a wide white streamer through the eery silence of the forest, now a broad highway glittering with countless diamond-stars, now plunged into sombre blackness where pines and balsams threw a murky shadow from bank to bank.

In Blondeau all was peace and sweet tranquillity. Lights twinkled from snow-laden cottages and the tinted windows of the chapel on the hillside shot beams of gold and crimson across the wastes of snow.

On the outskirts of the village where the black mass of forest cut sharply into the clearing, stood a dwelling more pretentious than the rest. Every window was ablaze with light. From the half-open door came the sound of shrill music—Gaston's fiddle scraping and sawing with unflagging zeal to the accompaniment of ringing laughter and the stamp of dancing feet. Madame Tascheraud was entertaining in honor of her charming niece, and Madame's dances were famous through all Quebec.

As the young people whirled about in gay abandonment one figure seemed to stand out clearly from the throng—a tall, slight girl with sad blue eyes and a wealth of gold-bronze hair. In the yellow glare of the lamp-light her delicate loveliness and simple gown contrasted strongly with the exotic beauty of Blondeau's black-eyed belles. "A sweet pansy in a basket of tulips," murmured Madame Tascheraud gazing adoringly at her niece.

Madelaine Tascheraud was apparently enjoying herself. Between dances she was surrounded by a circle of stalwart woodsmen. She was the perfect partner, light and graceful and vivacious, and yet, withal, there was something about her that kept her admirers at a respectful distance. Her blue eyes seemed to look sweetly and calmly right through into one's soul in an uncanny and disconcerting way. That glance had chilled more than one turbulent wooer and left him wondering dazedly why his bold declaration had remained unspoken.

One face was missing from this annual festival—the one face that mattered to Madelaine. She and Gaspard Duval had been playmates and comrades since the days of pinafores and pigtailed. Big, handsome, teasing Gaspard, famous hunter and expert trapper, the neatest shot and the best scholar in all the countryside, it was small wonder that he was worshipped as a demi-god by the fascinated femininity of Blondeau.

Madelaine had never imagined life without him. Everyone knew of his devotion to his old playmate. It seemed an ideal match, and yet there had never been an understanding. Gaspard liked to have his fling; he wanted to be free. Some day he would settle down with Madelaine in the green and white cottage behind the ivy-grown stone wall, but not yet.

It was only last Autumn that Madelaine's dreams had been dispelled. A serpent had entered her little Eden in the form of the doctor's niece from Chateaugay. Jeanne Duclos was an undoubted beauty and wiser than the serpent that she seemed to poor Madelaine. In a week Blondeau to a man was at her feet, with Gaspard, not to be outdone when so thrilling a contest was afoot, leading the circle of moths that beat about the enchanting flame.

And it had been on Gaspard that Jeanne finally bestowed her favor quite regardless of her engagement to Paul Olier, a trapper of Blondeau, whose absence in the western States had left her at liberty to weave her fascinating meshes around other victims. Gaspard's popularity and magnetic charm, but more probably his comfortable home and fat bank account had weighed heavily with practical Jeanne. With dismay Madelaine had watched him drawn into the net. She had even stood in stony silence and watched him wedded to the butterfly from Chateaugay.

When the trapping season had opened and the men left for their hunting-grounds in the northern forests Jeanne had decided to accompany Gaspard. Neither prayers, threats nor persuasions could dissuade her. Her lungs had never been strong; she wanted a winter in the woods, and she meant to go. Gaspard who knew only too well the rigours of those winter months, alternately raged

The Honor of the North

BY MABEL L. STUART

Illustrated by Mary Essex

and pleaded but was finally compelled to yield to her obstinacy.

All these painful memories had been surging through Madelaine's brain as she danced with flaming cheeks and careless manner. But as the evening wore away the strain began to tell. She felt that she must be alone even for a few moments, and watching her opportunity she slipped from the heated room and disappeared into a tiny bedroom off the kitchen, the abode of big Marie Robichaud who helped with the house-work and ruled the household. Here she was safe from intrusion, and seating herself by the window in the soothing darkness she leaned her cheeks on her palms and gazed out into the frosty starlight.

She had only been there a moment when voices outside caught her attention. At first she heard them dreamily, then as

On his way to Madame Tascheraud's that very evening he had run across Jacques, also bound for the hospitable home where all were welcome. Paul was too full of his injuries and his schemes to enter the house without unburdening his soul, so the two had retreated to the shelter of the trees behind the house to discuss the subject without danger of interruption.

They were in the midst of their conversation when Madelaine had overheard the few words that had stricken her with horror. Paul's curses and threats of vengeance drove the blood from her cheeks. She listened breathlessly as Jacques' clear-cut, mocking tones roused his companion to further violence.

"Are you a coward, Marquette?" snarled Paul, his voice hoarse with fury. "We pass near the place on the way to

aine felt that his bold eyes were reading her very soul.

Ever since that day seven years ago when Jacques had saved her life in the Blondeau Rapids, he had haunted her with dogged persistence. Only once in all those years had he spoken of his love and then so vehemently and violently that the girl had been terrified, and shudderingly rejected his advances. "Then it is Gaspard," he had taunted, his lips curving into a cruel smile that Madelaine detested. "The women make too much of Gaspard. He will go beyond Blondeau for a wife." And Madelaine had trembled at the murderous flash of his eyes.

And now Jacques was home, debonair and smiling, his prophecy fulfilled and his manner triumphant. He pierced Madelaine's flimsy veil of gaiety at a glance. He read the heart-break and the struggle to rise above her sorrow, and he admired her spirit and her bravery. His smouldering hatred of Gaspard burst into fierce, revengful flame. He would join Paul Olier on his mission of vengeance against this man who had scorned what he had coveted.

As Jacques swept Madelaine into the dance her thoughts were in a turmoil. For one dreadful moment she had been almost glad when Paul Olier had uttered his threats, then a bitter self-loathing had swept over her. She must outwit these plotters. Gaspard must be saved. A dozen mad plans sprang to life and were rejected. Whatever she did must be done quickly; men of the temper of these two were not apt to delay. She must be alone to think.

It was an hour later that a cloaked figure stole from the back of Madame Tascheraud's house and slipped through the church-yard to the shelter of the chapel. Candles were burning fitfully in their quaint, brass candle-sticks and the white Christ hung, pale and tragic, in the dimness beyond the altar. As Madelaine knelt in a halo of moonbeams where peaceful saints smiled down on her from gilded frames, a deep peace enveloped her. Her mind grew clear; the light of a great resolve shone from her eyes. She would go herself up the long white trail into the wilderness—her life for his if need be, the sacrifice of the "greater love."

Before the first faint pink of sunrise had flooded the misty hills beyond the river she was on her way, with Bijou, the big wolf-hound close at her heels. A trapper's daughter, inured from infancy to the hardships of life in the wilds, she was absolutely without fear. Her only confidante in her perilous undertaking was Madame Tascheraud, and that hard-headed, secretive person had entered eagerly into the spirit of her adventure, had helped her to prepare and accompanied her some distance on the way before giving her a farewell embrace and calling down the blessing of "Le Bon Dieu" and countless saints upon her.

Madelaine swung with easy grace across the powdery snow that blew in fine spray before her snow-shoes. The crimson globe in the eastern sky had revealed a land enchanted. The network of feathery branches overhead was festooned with glittering icedrops, each a tiny delicate-tinted mirror reflecting the glory of sunrise. A fox peered stealthily from the underbrush, only to be driven hastily to cover by Bijou's frantic rush: a jay piped saucily from a swinging bough; a rabbit looped across the trail. The girl's heart ached with a passionate adoration of it all.

* * *

THIS daughter of the wilderness knew the trail step for step—where it climbed the rocky ridges from which you caught a view as fair as Paradise itself, where it plunged into a shadowy ravine in whose depths the flaunting daylight was mellowed to a soft grey dusk. The perils of the way she knew right well, but the rifle on her shoulder was a trusted friend, and "Le Bon Dieu"—he would protect.

Madelaine could never give a clear account of that journey—where she made her camp-fire, where she ate and slept, or if she slept at all. She was driven on by the fear of being overtaken, for her trail was easy to follow and tho' she had a fair start expert woodsmen like the two conspirators might easily come up with her in a very short time.

(Continued on page 10)



She had never dreamed the cynical face could grow so gentle. His love for Madelaine was at least sincere.

their significance dawned upon her she started back hurriedly behind the muslin curtains straining every sense to catch the low tones so close below her. It was the trapper, Paul Olier. He had returned that day from his absence in the west and with him was the man whom Madelaine feared more than anything on earth—bold, daredevil Jacques Marquette.

Everyone knew that Paul was to have married Jeanne Duclos on his return from his western trip but that was nothing to the fickle Jeanne. She had taken a younger and wealthier husband without the slightest hesitation. Paul would just have to get over it. But she had reckoned without his fiery, revengful temper. As soon as the news reached him he had determined to square accounts with Gaspard and Jeanne. He would finish out his time in the west, but none the less he meant to be avenged.

* * *

ON the return journey he had been joined by Jacques Marquette, the happy-go-lucky fur-trader of Blondeau. Jacques was intensely interested in his tale. His cutting, sarcastic comments added fuel to Paul's bitterness and when the latter arrived at Blondeau and heard full particulars from the keeper of the "Golden Lion," he could scarcely contain his rage. Plans innumerable seethed in his brain. He would get Jacques to go in on this; Jacques had a grudge of his own against Gaspard—so much he had gathered from his non-committal comrade.

my trapping-grounds. A day or two up the long trail, then a puff of smoke, a handful of ashes, and the dead—they tell no tales.

"Quietly, you imbecile," cautioned the other, glancing suspiciously around. "This is no place for such talk. Come and dance now. To-morrow we can make plans."

Madelaine heard their footsteps crunching around to the front door where, a moment later, they were boisterously greeted by the youth and beauty of Blondeau and Madame Tascheraud, their beaming hostess.

Madelaine had fled from her retreat back to the long, low, dark-ceiled room where the dance was in progress, arriving before the newcomers had reached the door. When they entered she was once more the centre of an animated group.

The taller and slighter of the two was evidently the favorite, for nonchalant, adventurous Jacques, the man of champagne temperament, was popular in Blondeau despite his occasional bouts of drinking and smashing up things in general. He stood lazily in the doorway, his sharp, black eyes searching the moving crowd. When his glance encountered Madelaine's, his small white teeth showed for a moment between thin lips, then his face resumed its expression of studied indifference. With gliding, cat-like grace he shouldered his way to her side and bent low over her extended hand.

"What, not first at the door to greet an old comrade!" he laughed, and Madel-

Pamela Pounce

A Tale of Tempestuous Petticoats
by AGNES & EGERTON
CASTLE

Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Lady Kilcroney (formerly known as the fascinating widow, Kitty Bellairs), secures an appointment as Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Charlotte, wife of George III. This arouses the jealousy of Mrs. Lafone, who tries to injure Kitty, when a friend of the latter, Lady Mandeville, who had been guilty of a youthful folly, appears on the scene. Kitty's loyalty to her repentant friend triumphs, and Queen Charlotte greets her graciously. In the meantime, Lydia Pounce, Lady Kilcroney's own maid, is dismayed by the appearance of her niece, Pamela Pounce, upon the scene. Pamela has been dismissed from the milliner's shop of Madame Eglantine in Paris, because the latter's husband has tried to thrust unwelcome attentions upon her. Pamela enters the service of Mrs. Tabbishaw in London, and, in the course of her duties, comes upon young Jocelyn Bellairs, the nephew of Lady Kilcroney's first husband, who is about to commit suicide in the park. Pamela snatches the pistol, and, to save Jocelyn's honor, gives him the money which Lydia had handed to her to pay Lady Kilcroney's bill with Mrs. Tabbishaw. Kitty, who has been distracted about Jocelyn's threats, is delighted when she finds what Pamela has done and straightway takes her into favor.

CHAPTER IV

SHOWING STORM WITHIN AND WITHOUT

THERE are some who seem to be destined always to keep on top as the wheel of life revolves; no matter how others may suffer from the law of its relentless motion.

My Lady Kilcroney (still in the minds of those who had first known her in her brilliant widowhood "Incomparable Bellairs!") might be counted among the rare ones who are thus miraculously favoured.

Beauty, wit, charm, wealth, rank and the irresistible dash of the born leader she had already possessed; now she had attained to Court favour: she was Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Charlotte! It is scarcely necessary to add that she had become a power in the world; should she choose to exercise her influence on behalf of anyone clever and virtuous enough to profit of it, that person's fortune might be regarded as safe.

So do great planets, following their allotted orbits, carry in their wake lesser stars that bask and shine in a reflected light!

In the instance of Miss Pamela Pounce the luminary thus lifted into prominence, possessed a very considerable power of shining on her own account; and, once her position in the hemisphere assured, she required no borrowed brilliancy.

In other words, my Lady Kilcroney's recommendation obtained for Pamela Pounce a new start in life. Madame Mirabel, exceedingly dissatisfied with her head milliner, aware that Madame Eglantine of Paris was growing sleek on the very cream of her rightful British custom, and being moreover much struck with Pamela's genteel appearance, her manner and her aptitude, was all readiness to oblige so distinguished a client as my

Lady Kilcroney, and give the young woman a trial.

Before the autumn of her disastrous summer had waned, the younger Miss Pounce found herself firmly established in the very position which had been the object of her wildest dream. She was head of the millinery department of the great Bond Street mantua maker.

Like her unexpected patroness, it might seem that her cup of happiness was full. But there is no factor in the calculations of existence so easily forgotten as that most important item of all: the human heart.

Pamela, in making her courageous plan of life, had forgotten to reckon with her heart!

And this tiresome, irresponsible, uncontrollable organ began to trouble her exceedingly. In those hours of leisure when she was not concocting delightful schemes for the breaking of other people's hearts—for every one knows what a killing hat will do—she found herself considerably inconvenienced by the peculiar conduct of her own.

Said Miss Polly Popple, of the millinery department, to Miss Clara Smithson, the book-keeper:

"You mark my words, my dear, there's something up with that young woman Pounce! She'll be getting herself into a regular scandal with that dashing young spark of hers! And if she ain't got something on her conscience already ... I don't know the signs!"

Miss Smithson leant forward, wheezing heavily.

"Providence ain't always unjust, Polly," she said, "and people do come by their rights, no matter how many vicissitudes is against them!"

"Ah," said Polly, swelling her fine bust, and looking at herself in the fly-blown glass which hung over the chimney in the little room at the back of the Bond Street shop where she was sitting, after hours, with her friend. "That was a bit of jobbery, that was! There isn't one in the establishment, I do believe, that wasn't struck all of a heap when they heard that a strange young female was put into old Mrs. Dodder's place instead of me, which the next in rank is always, by law, you might say, entitled to. Lady Kilcroney being that prodigious in the fashion—not that I was ever one to admire her; give me breeding!—and Madame Mirabel being so set on cutting out Madame Eglantine—not that she ever will, and you mark my words, for London ain't Paris, I say, and that I'll maintain, and you may talk yourself blue in the face, Clara, and you won't alter that! If it hadn't been for that put-up job, 'tis I'd have been head of the millinery here this moment."

Miss Polly Popple's case was clear, but Miss Smithson's reasons for disliking Pamela were perhaps more abstruse. She talked big of the claims of friendship, of her sympathy for Miss Popple, and also of a "rising within her," which with her was an infallible sign of "something fishy" in somebody else. But the truth was that the new-comer's radiant youth, her success, her spirit of enterprise, had started the base passion of envy in Miss Smithson's withered breast; a passion the more prejudicial that it flourishes entirely outside the pale of reason! She listened very greedily, therefore, to Miss Popple's rapid exposition of her sus-

picious. Between gossip, malice, and inventiveness, the new milliner's character seemed indeed in a parlous condition when Miss Popple concluded.

That wheezing breath of Miss Smithson's was drawn with ever-increased intensity.

"Walking with the young gentleman late of an evening in the Green Park! Upon my word! If it had been you that had seen her last night, now, Miss Popple dear, instead of that poor foundling of a Mary Jane, which Madame Mirabel was saying only yesterday could scarce be trusted to match a skein of blue silk, I'd go to Madame Mirabel this minute with it. I would, being so to speak, a cousin—"

"Beware what you does, Miss Smithson, you'll ruin all. Give her rope."

"Rope, Miss Popple?"

"Rope to hang herself with," said Miss Popple vindictively. "That's in a manner of speaking. Plain, she'll give herself away or he'll give her away," she had an ill-natured giggle, "so as we give them time. It's his game to give her away, a devil-may-care handsome young buck who only wants to have her at his mercy, just for his fun. Wasn't he after her here—open—three afternoons out of last week?"

"After her here?" Miss Smithson again repeated her friend's last words. She was exceedingly shocked.

"Why, mercy to goodness," she went on in horrified tones: "Ain't it the rule of the house? No male belongings is allowed after the young ladies here if they were grandfathers itself. And they church-wardens."

"Oh, tush, Smithson," interrupted Polly contemptuously. "Of course my sly young beau comes dangling in with some lady friend, to help her to choose a hat—by way of—" Polly winked. "Toos-day, it was Mrs. Lafone as brought him, or, to be correct, he brought her, which, knowing the minx as I do—I refers here to Mrs. Lafone—'tis my intimate conviction 'tis he will pay for that there hat! But, as you knows, Miss Smithson, and none better, ladies' morals ain't our concern, thanks be, so long as we keeps our own respectable."

Miss Smithson admitted this regrettable truth with a doleful sigh. Polly took another pull at the brew of hot spiced beer which they had concocted for their comfort this cold December night, and proceeded:

"Thursday, if Mr. Stafford doesn't bring him along all innocent! He, with his handsome lady on his arm, up from Windsor for the day, to buy her a stylish head for a Christmas present. And, 'What are you doing, looking in at a hat-shop window, Bellairs,' says he, laughing and joking ('tis his way, my dear, a very agreeable gentleman!) 'Gad,' says he, 'you've not got a wife to run you up bills! Your chinkers goes hopping out on hosses and dice and cards, and what not! Selfish fellows you bachelors are!' And Mr. Jocelyn Bellairs, bowing to Mr. Stafford and declaring he only wished he had other people's luck—and indeed, Miss Smithson, Mrs. Stafford is a real beauty!—but all the while, my dear, who is he looking at and ogling and taking occasion to whisper to—but Miss Pounce, if you please! And if I didn't see the way her kerchief lace was quivering with the palpitation of her heart, and her hands shaking as she took down heads

for Mrs. Stafford and held them up for her—well, my name's not Popple."

Miss Smithson leant over the sulky coal fire and lifted the saucepan from the hob to refill her glass. Her own hands shook. That Pamela was a disgrace and would bring discredit on the whole house of Mirabel! She felt it in her bones.

"You may say so, dear." As her friend drank, Polly Popple tendered her own tumbler for replenishment, murmuring parenthetically, however: ("Not a drop more, love. I never did hold with stimulants, only you were so pressing and it is a foggy night, I won't deny, and a drop of cordial, a mere medical precaution, so to speak)—you may say so, the slighted young lady of the bonnet department took up her theme with fresh gusto. "And you'd say so a million times more if you had seen them to-day. For Mr. Jocelyn comes in with my Lady Kilcroney—and oh! the bold brazenness of it!—there he stands behind my Lady's chair and Pounce—La! I declare I'd have been sorry for her if she wasn't what she is, the baggage—red and white and not knowing where to put her eyes with him signalling to her. Yes, and if he did not thrust a letter into her hand as I went out, you may set me down a liar. And her stuffing it into her kerchief under my very nose!"

"Don't, dear, don't," moaned Miss Smithson, beating the air with her bony hand. Then, after a long pause, during which she seemed to be painfully bringing her virginal mind to confront the awful pictures just presented to it, she went on acridly: "There'll be a bust up. When a girl comes to that *pint* of disreputableness things is bound to happen. It can't go on like this—you mark my words."

Now, strangely enough, barring the inexactitude of the premise, such a conclusion had just formed itself in Pamela's own mind.

It could not go on. Something was bound to happen. She had saved the life of Mr. Jocelyn Bellairs; and he had demonstrated his gratitude by promptly falling head over heels in love with her. So far, so good; or rather, so far, so bad, where a dashing young gentleman of expensive habits, small principle and remarkable fascination and a young person of the working classes are concerned. For the mischief of it was she had fallen in love with him. Poor Pamela, with her high spirit, her clear brain and her strong courage, to be betrayed by a heart as vulnerable as any silly girl's of the lot! She was clear-sighted enough to know that, stripped of the golden glamour, the path of her romance led to a very ugly gulf. She despised herself for her weakness. She had no illusions on the quality of the attachment offered to her by Mr. Jocelyn Bellairs, but, as the short December day dropped away to Christmas, she found growing within her, a dangerous new self a reckless creature who cried: *The Devil might take the consequences, a girl was young but once; you found your fate, and had to clasp him or lose him, the one man you could love, and him only, or go wanting to your grave!*

"I know it's death and destruction some time," said Pamela to herself, sitting hugging her knees in the neat little chamber in Shepherd Street, where she lodged with a most respectable widow woman who had once seen better times.



His glance flickered over the comely proportions. Tall, generously made, he called her a nymph. "Goddess would have been a better appellation," murmured he.

"but isn't it death and destruction anyhow and at once if I have to give him up?"

She re-read the letter he had slipped into her hand—the audacious fellow—a few hours ago at Madame Mirabel's.

"It must be yes or no, my darling lovely girl."

My darling, lovely girl. That was what his eyes were always saying, and oh! it was sweet!

It must be yes or no! She told herself that if she couldn't say yes, it was still more impossible to say no. Backwards and forwards she struggled with the insoluble problem, till her tallow candle expired with a great stench, and she was left in darkness and misery. Worn out with her long day she fell at last asleep, to be awakened by the call of a cock in Shepherd's Market. Perhaps it was this farmyard cry which, weaving into her consciousness, had made her dream so strongly of the old place at home. When she woke she could hardly believe she was not in the billowing four-poster in the great attic, with pretty Sister Susie asleep beside her.

Again the cold, foggy, bleak London morning was rent by the crow of the cock. Then Pamela knew where she was, and she knew something else, too.

That other self which had got into her must not be listened to on any account. It must indeed be stamped out of existence with the utmost promptitude.

Now Pamela was considerably wiser than most young women in her position. She took a sensible resolution.

"I'll go to Mrs. Mirabel this very morning," she decided, "and ask for a Christmas holiday. She won't refuse me, being the good-natured soul she is, and me so useful to her. And once I get home and feel mother's arms about me—there! I know I'll be all right. I needn't be afraid of myself any more."

Pamela Pounce took seat in the Dover coach. She was in a sedate flutter, an

admirably dignified bustle. She knew to the fraction of an inch the amount of space to which she was entitled, and she possessed herself of it determinedly. She had, besides her own agreeable person, divers bandboxes and loose parcels to place, and this she did with an amiable assurance that put protest to the blush, and set other passengers' pretensions in a gross light. When her arrangements were concluded she heaved a sigh, presented a vague smile, and lay back, her hands folded, to survey the other travellers at leisure. She was herself better worth looking at than any of the coach-load, which contained a foreign couple, one or two of the usual bagmen on the road to France, a Dover shopkeeper, a farmer's wife, and an elderly gentleman of delicate and serious mien, who drew an old calf-bound volume from a shabby bag, and fixed large goldmounted spectacles upon his high, transparent nose with all the air of one prepared with solace for the journey.

But as he sat exactly opposite Miss Pamela Pounce, his shrewd, cold eyes wandered ever and anon from the point to fix itself upon her, as though—which was indeed the fact—he were puzzled in what category to place her. It was obvious to Sir Edward Chevalier, who, though impoverished, was himself a gentleman of the first water, that the ambulant nymph in front of him was not of his class, perfect as was the fit of her grey riding-coat, refined and reposeful as were the hands in their long grey gloves, tasteful in its coquettishness as was the grey riding toque, set on chestnut curls, and suitably as these curling tresses, unpowdered, were smoothed away to be tied with a wide black ribbon at the back of the long proud throat.

In the first instance, no young person of family with such claims to distinction as her elaborate travelling gear pointed to, would be voyaging in the public coach unattended; in the second, in her quiet

ease, and the full yet not immodest assurance of her glance, the manners of one accustomed to fight the world for herself were very obvious; in the third, there was an indefinable lack of the never-to-be-mistaken stamp of breeding.

"For all your clever counterfeit, my good girl," reflected Sir Everard, "you haven't the ring of the guinea gold."

Yet he reproached himself for the accusation. Here was, after all, no counterfeit; very good metal of its kind. "Fine yellow brass," thought he with a chuckle. "All in a good sense, my dear."

What was she? From whence and whither speeding? Not an actress. That fresh, close-textured skin had never known paint on its flower-like surface. The cheeks were not even rouged; indeed, after the flush of bustle, the colour of them was now settling back in a curious ivory pallor, which went well with the ardent hair. No fine lady's young woman; every movement had betrayed conscious independence. A shop-girl? The wife of some small merchant? Nay, 'twas the impersonation of maiden liberty, and what shop-girl could encompass such a wealth and detail of modishness?

She caught his gaze upon her, leaned forward and smiled. He had already noticed that her smile was rather dazzling. He quite blinked to find it addressed to himself.

"I trust, sir," said she, "my bandboxes do not incommode you?"

"By no means, madam," answered he civilly; and moved his long, thin legs back a further fraction beneath the seat.

"I haven't been home," said she, "for four years, and luggage do grow when one has five young sisters at home, sir, and presents run to hats."

"To hats?" he repeated, with that interested air that obviates the audacity of a question.

"Along, sir," said Miss Pounce, and her smile broadened, "with me being in the millinery business."

She drew herself up with a very pretty and, to his mind, becoming pride.

"A business," he said, "which I take it, madam, is in a flourishing condition."

"You may say so, sir." Her pride increased. "Since Miss Pamela Pounce—that's me!—has been made head of the department, Madame Mirabel can scarce execute the vast number of orders."

"Upon my word!" He had removed his spectacles, and was smiling on her in his turn in a kindly, detached, faintly satiric way. "I trust Madame What's-Her-Name recognizes her debt to you?"

The head milliner gave her curls ever so slight a toss.

"Well, sir, she wouldn't like to lose me. She knows I'm worth my weight in gold to her."

His glance flickered over her comely proportions. Tall, generously made, he had called her a nymph. "Goddess would have been the better appellation," murmured he.

"Well, 'tis a comfort to an old man like myself to meet one so youthful to whom work is proving both fruitful and blessed."

Miss Pamela Pounce didn't need any old gentleman to commend her. She knew the value of work, and who better? And if it was blessed to her, why she took good care that it should be. And, as to content with her lot—sure, if she hadn't been, she wasn't a fool, she'd have picked out another for herself.

"'Tis some old clergyman," so she thought, and laughed. "He'll scarce know what a hat means. Clergyman's wives and daughters in the country would give any woman of taste bad dreams for a fortnight. There was Mrs. Prue Stafford. Had she not still to learn that to wear pink and blue with such cheeks as she had was positive vulgar? And she married to the finest of fine gentlemen."

Sir Everard folded his spectacles, put them carefully into his breast pocket, and closed his Virgil. Here was an opportunity of studying a—to him—hitherto quite unknown branch of humanity, after an unexpectedly pleasant fashion. The girl pleased him. He had called her brass and humoured the simile. A shining, solid composition of metal that took a handsome polish and showed itself boldly for what it was. He liked her for her spring of youth, her frank pride of her trade, for having no petty nonsense nor poor pretentiousness to pass for what she was not. He liked her brave independence. There was, he thought, a better modesty in her quiet certainty than any prudish airs and graces could have lent her.

"'Twould be a presuming fellow," he mused, "that would dare to try his gallant ways with such an one, and if he did, I would back my young milliner to teach him a lesson."

She told him how she had, so to speak, graduated in Paris, which accounted, thought he, for a taste that was scarcely indigenous. And her home was between Canterbury and Dover, and she, brought up till seventeen on the farm, the eldest of eleven. Then he knew whence she had drawn that sap of splendid vigour; a hardy flower of English soil. And the chief of his many prides being that he was an Englishman, he was still better content.

She would alight, she told him, at "The Rose" at Canterbury, where she would lie the night. And father would fetch her in the morning; for 'twas mortal cold across the downs on a winter's evening, and 'twas a long drive for the mare even in good weather.

"Bravo," said he. "I, too, halt at 'The Rose.' I am glad to know that I shall have such good company. May I sit beside you at supper in the eating-room, my dear young lady?"

"Oh, you're vastly obliging, sir!" said Pamela Pounce, and a faint pink crept, like the colour of a shell, into her smooth, pale cheek, for she had a good eye for a gentleman, and she knew that she was honoured.

Her tongue ran on gaily, and he listened with a gentle air of courtesy and an interest which in truth was not assumed.

In spite of her sophisticated manner her chatter was very artless. It was a revelation of character which had remained curiously untouched by the world. The busy mart in which she lived had cast none of its dust upon her soul.

Dear, to be sure, how prodigious joyful they would be at home to see her back!

"Four years, sir, think on it! I was but a child when I left them, and now I'm a woman!" 'Twas like, indeed, that none would recognize her again, should they just happen to meet, accidental like. She half wished she could have walked in upon them and taken them by surprise. But then: "Father, sir, would ha' lost the pleasure of coming to fetch me," and her mother might have been vexed. "Mother's very house-proud, sir. She'd want to have things pretty for me, and bake cakes and that."

And they'd all be looking out for her on the house step. Just to think of their dear faces fair turned her silly. She blinked away a tear and gave her bright smile. But as he smiled back it was with a certain melancholy. The farmer with his eleven children—poor, struggling fellow!—the hardworked mother, the good, industrious child, returning home with her hands full of gifts, blessed in her honest toil for them, were they not all about to taste joys from which he had deliberately cut himself off in his fastidious isolation? He had scarcely ever regretted his chosen solitariness. His beautiful old shabby home, set in the loneliness of the snowy park, the wood fire in the library in the company of a favourite book, the ministrations of a couple of well-drilled servants, an austere silence, a harmonious communion with the high spirits of the dead; that was the Christmas to which he himself had looked forward with complacency. Now he wondered; his heart contracted with a most unusual sense of pain; had he lost the best in life? If he had had a daughter by his shoulder with a white, pure forehead such as this girl had, and had seen her eyes fire with love, heard her voice tremble at the thought of meeting him, her old father, would not that have brought him a sweetness finer than the most exquisite page in Virgil?

The day, which had opened blue and gold, with a high wind and clear sunshine, began to gather threatening clouds by the time the posting station was reached; and the "Dover High-Flyer" plunged away again into a snow squall with all the speed of its fresh horses.

"We are like to have a seasonable Christmas," quoth Sir Everard, and was pleased to note that, while the rest of the company grumbled and complained, the fine specimen of young womanhood opposite to him produced a warm shawl from a bundle, tucked it round her knees, and offered him the other end, declaring, with a smile, that she was as warm as a toast, and that she did love a white Christmas.

They all dined at Rochester, and had hot punch, of which Miss Pounce partook with enthusiasm, but in very discreet measure.

Conversation flagged on this, their last, stage. The snoring of the foreign pair who, having tied their heads up in terrible coloured handkerchiefs, leant against each other and gave themselves up to repose with much the same animal abandonment as that with which they had gobbled the beef-steak pie and gulped the hot rum of the "Bull Inn" at Rochester; the sighing fidgets of the farmer's wife, and the grunts of her neighbor, the Dover tradesman, each time they jarred him from a fitful somnolence, alone broke the inner silence. Without, the multiple rhythm of the horses' hoofs and the varying answer of the road to the wheels—now the crunch of cobble stones, now the slushy whisper of the snow-filled rut, now the whirring ring of a well-metalled stretch—formed a monotonous whole which lulled to silence those who could not sleep.

Sir Everard saw, by the shifting flicker of the lamps, how pensiveness gathered on the bright face opposite him. Once or twice the girl raised a finger to the corner of her eyelid as if to press back a rising tear; sighs lifted her bosom.

"Ah!" thought the old philosopher, "the goddess of modes is not so fancy free as I had thought. Here, truly, are all the signs of a gentle love tale. Perhaps the young man in the counting-house, or some sprightly haberdasher, who sees Miss pass to her work, and would fain capture for his own counter a face so fair and charming."

Sir Everard felt very old and stiff by the time Canterbury was reached, and half regretted his suggestion to his travelling companion, to continue their comradeship at supper. He thought it might have better become his years and aching bones to retire into a feather bed with a basin of gruel. Far indeed was he from guessing the singular emotions into which his old age was destined to be plunged that evening.

A fine room with a four-poster, no less indeed than the chamber which went by the name of "Great Queen Anne," this was what the landlord proposed to allot to Sir Everard. A chimney you couldn't beat in the kingdom for drawing, mine host averred, and a fire there this minute; agreeable to Sir Everard's obliging communication. And what could he do for Miss?

Sir Everard was a little shocked to hear Miss Pounce enter upon a brisk bargain for an attic, and hesitatingly began a courteous offer of his own apartment, when she interrupted him with the valiant good sense which he had already had cause to admire in her.

"Not at all, sir! 'Tis what suits my station—so long as the sheets are clean and there's a good bolt to the door; you'll promise me that, Mr. Landlord? And if you can't spare a warming pan, sure a hot brick will do vastly well. And now, sir, give me time to see my band-boxes in safety, and I'm for supper."

Even as she spoke she started. Her eye became fixed, her lips fell open upon a gasp of amazement. The healthy white bloom of her countenance turned to deathly pallor, and then a tide of blood rushed crimsoning to her forehead. Beholding this evidence of strong emotion, it scarcely needed the sight that met Sir Everard's glance as he followed the direction of her eyes to confirm his instant conclusion. The young man, of course! Stay, the young man is a gentleman—poor nymph! Here then were joy, and fear, confusion, the warning of conscience, and artless passion, all mixed together.

The young gentleman advanced; a fine buck, of the very kind, thought Sir Everard, who took an instantaneous

dislike to him, to turn the head of any girl beneath him in station, whom he might honour with his conquering regard. There was a black and white handsomeness about his chiselled countenance; all the powder in the world could not disguise that those jet eyebrows were matched with a raven spring of hair. With a smile, a dilation of nostrils, a swagger of broad shoulders, a leisurely step of high-booted legs, he came forward out of the tap-room. No surprise on his side: my gentleman had planned the meeting.

"La, Mr. Bellairs!" Pamela Pounce exclaimed, and her voice trembled. Then she rallied, and strove to pursue with lightness, "who ever would have thought of seeing you here?"

He took her hand and lifted it to his lips with an exaggerated courtesy, as if he mocked himself for it the while.

"Why, did I not guess rightly, my dear, you would be spending a lonely evening here on your way home?"

"Oh, Mr. Bellairs!"

He kept her hand in his, to draw her apart. Sir Everard, gazing at them, his chin sunk in his muffler, with severe, sad eyes, saw how she swayed towards him, as she went into the window recess, as if her very soul floated on the music of his voice. He watched them whisper ardently together, and then she went by him like a tornado, picking up her band-boxes as she passed, quite oblivious of his presence, or of anything, apparently, save the young rascal, so Sir Everard apostrophised him, who stood gazing after her with the same insufferable smile; the smile of the easy conqueror.

Sir Everard never had had a high opinion of women. Life had given him no reason to indulge in illusions. But now all his condemnation was for the man. The strong, self-reliant creature who had faced him all those weary hours with such unalterable good humour, such a candid outlook, such a pleasant acceptance of her own position that it was the next thing to high breeding, what was this Captain Lothario planning to make of her? And how, since he had found her already so hard to win that he must travel to Canterbury for the purpose, did she now thus readily yield herself to his plucking hand? Ay, the villain had struck at some peril point in the life of her soul. The child was tired after her long journey; tired, too, perhaps, by the mental conflict from which her integrity had hitherto emerged triumphant. A sudden assault had found the fortress unprepared. 'Twas the old story!

Sir Everard went wearily to his room. The thought of the feather bed and the gruel, of a selfish withdrawal from further association with what was like to end in sordid tragedy tempted him perhaps, but he did not yield to it. The girl's smile haunted him. It had been so brightly innocent; and he was haunted, too, by the last memory of her face, stricken with astonishment, quivering with joy. However she might fall, it would not be through light-mindedness. The folly, the misery, was deep rooted in her poor heart.

He made a careful toilet, and went down the slippery oak stairs, leaning on his gold-headed cane, looking a very great personage indeed, delicately austere and nobly haughty.

Alas! Pamela never so much as lifted her radiant head when he came into the eating room. She was seated beside her gallant at the end of the table in close conversation—that whispered, blushing, laughing, sighing conversation of lovers—and if the roof had fallen over them, Sir Everard thought, the two would scarce have noticed it, so absorbed were they in each other.

The young man had ordered champagne, and the girl's glass was filled, but the bubbling wine had barely been touched. Another intoxication, more deadly and more sure, was working through her veins. The old philosopher, seeing her condition, resigned for the moment all thought of interference, and sat down to his bottle of claret and bowl of broth.

Hardly, however, had he broken his hot roll, than the room was invaded by fresh arrivals; a young woman, wrapped in furs, conducted by a gentleman who had not removed his travelling coat, and kept his hat pressed on his brows; a personage who entered with an intolerable arrogance as if the place belonged to him, who ordered champagne and supper for the lady, and fresh horses for his coach, in a voice which rang like the crack of a whip. He could not wait; the servers

must bustle. A guinea each to the ostlers if they harnessed within ten minutes. "And, hark ye, sirrah, a bottle of your best Silvery, and—"

"Surely I know this autocratic fellow," thought Sir Everard, and as the traveller drew his companion with an imperative sweep of his arm about her, to the end of the table opposite to that at which Mr. Bellairs and his Dulcinea were seated. "My Lord Sanquhar!" cried Sir Everard, "by all that's outrageous! And who in the name of pity is his victim now?"

That the two were lovers, of a stage considerably more advanced than the poor milliner and her Beau, was obvious to the onlooker, and as my Lord Sanquhar now tore his hat from his head, to dash the snow that covered it into the fire where it hissed and spluttered like a curse, the young woman who accompanied him let herself fall on to the settle and turned a look of darkling challenge, of brooding suspicion, into the room.

She was clad in the most sumptuous garments. There was a bloom of royal purple against the tawny clouds of her sables. There was a fire of ruby at her throat, caught up and repeated at each ear, as if deep gouts of a lover's blood had taken to themselves flame for her adorning. But the countenance she turned upon the room was, Sir Everard thought, so striking, that all this splendour seemed its natural attribute; striking with a Spanish beauty, a richness and depth of colour, with flashing orbs, high nostrils, and scarlet lips.

"Good Heavens!" Sir Everard mused, "where has he picked the jade? Victim? Nay, 'tis the kind that keeps a knife in her stocking and will whip it out and under your rib, and make an end of you with less ado than another will shed a tear. My Lord Sanquhar will have to look out for himself. Illicit love is a dangerously charged atmosphere in which to handle live gunpowder."

The "Dover High-Flyer" had only dropped two of its passengers at "The Rose," and the landlord was free to attend to his imperious guest. He himself served my Lord Sanquhar's champagne, and with bent back received his "pishs" and "pshaws" on the dearth of proper entertainment for the lady. She wanted fresh fruit, and there was none. She asked for chocolate, and pettishly refused to touch it. One sniff was enough. All her desires and denials she communicated in a guttural undertone to her companion, who translated them into oaths.

Sir Everard, who had had but a poor appetite, was now, his broth bowl pushed on one side, dipping bits of roll into his wine after a foreign fashion, and watching the while the two sets of lovers at the further end of the room. He noticed, not without some satisfaction, that nonstraint had fallen upon the ardent Bellairs and his fair milliner. The colour on the young man's face fluctuated. He bit his lip and shot doubtful looks of question from the blatant couple to the downcast countenance of his companion, who had grown very pale, scarcely spoke, and seemed now and again as if she was struggling with tears.

A clatter of hoofs, the clang of a bell, and a shout from the door announced another guest, a solitary horseman, it seemed. The landlord, who was just entering the room with a plate of dried plums in the hope of tempting the appetite of the capricious lady—he had scented my Lord's quality with unerring nose—here thrust the dish into the hands of a waiter and turned back to receive the newcomer. He had left the door open behind him and all could hear the passionate explosion of a hoarse voice in the hall.

The dark little lady on the settle by the fire sprang to her feet, and stood, tense. Her companion gave a swift frowning look of surprise. Sir Everard, gazing upon her also, drew a quick breath. "By the immortal gods," said he to himself, "the drama is coming swifter than one could have imagined." And, indeed, what the ancient quiet inn was destined to hold for the next ten minutes in the way of human passion, conflict, and tragedy, might happily be never as much as guessed at in the lifetime of most men.

The landlord, his wig awry, his features discomposed, puffing and blustering, was vainly endeavouring to prevent the ingress of a small thick-set man who though wrapped in a cloak and carrying some considerable burden, which he kept hidden under its folds, contrived by a single violent thrust of his shoulder, to send him spinning out of the way. The intruder advanced then at a headlong

run, brought himself up short, flung back his cloak, and with the same gesture his hat, and stood revealed, swarthy grizzled, livid, panting through dilated nostrils, glaring upon the woman by the settle. There was a great flare of colour on his broad chest, where, wound in a scarlet shawl, a little child of about two, with a head of curls of that dark copper hue destined to turn black with years, lay placidly asleep; the curve of a plump apricot cheek was all that was visible of its face.

"Good heavens," said Sir Everard, and at the sight of the sleeping innocence something in his old heart began to lament.

There was a moment's extraordinary silence, broken only by the breathing of the man with the child, which hissed through his set teeth like the strokes of a saw. Then my Lord Sanquhar laughed.

The man leaped as if he had been struck. A torrent of words broke from him—guttural, fierce, intolerably anguished. Sir Everard knew a little Spanish.

The unfortunate was pleading: "Come back, come back! I will forgive all. Come back, Dolores, you cannot leave us. You cannot leave the little one. Come back in the name of God, in the name of His Holy Mother. *Madre di Dios*, look at her! You cannot leave that! Ah! unhappy one, you want gold and jewels. Was not our love your treasure? Is not our child a pearl? Look at her!"

In singular contrast to the unrestrained violence of his outburst, the manner in which he held out the child was pure, tender. The little one woke, stared about her with devouring black eyes of amazement, caught sight of the standing woman's face and cried, joyfully beating the air with minute dusky hands, "Mamma, mamma!"

At this a sob burst from the unhappy father, so deep and tortured it was as if it rent him.

"Dolores, our little girl, she calls you 'Mamma, mamma!' Call again my angel! Mamma, mamma!"

He went down on his knees and held out the babe, and as he did so she wailed.

The mother, meanwhile, stood, insolent lids half closed, red lips thrust forward, tapping the floor with impatient foot, the embodiment of cruel disdain.

At her child's cry she stuffed her fingers into her ears with savage gesture, stamped, and flung a raging glance at her lover as one who said, "How long am I to endure this?"

He answered it by the movement of a beckoning finger, which brought her to his side. Then he cast a gold piece on the table, clapped his hat on his head, and together they moved towards the door.

"Ah! By the blessed saints!"

The Spaniard in a bound was before them. He shook the screaming infant in their faces as if it had been a weapon.

"I swear this shall not be. I swear that I shall kill you and your paramour and the child and myself rather than that this shall be."

It was here that Pamela caught the little one from him. He was perhaps too far gone in passion to notice the action; perhaps he was glad to have his hands free for his fierce purpose—anyhow, he relaxed his hold. And the girl, clasping the baby in her arms, hushing it and soothing it, ran with it to the further end of the room. Sir Everard had also risen and Bellairs had started forward. But it would have been as easy to baulk a wild cat of its leap as to arrest the betrayed husband in his spring upon his betrayer.

No one ever quite knew how it happened. There was the flash of a knife, an oath, and my Lord Sanquhar's "Damn you, you would have it!" and the explosion of a pistol.

The Spaniard fell without a groan, right across the doorway. Sir Everard and Mr. Jocelyn Bellairs both knew that he was a dead man before he touched the ground.

"You are witness all," said my Lord Sanquhar, "that this was in self-defence."

The woman cast a backward glance into the room. Her rich bloom had faded. She was white but with a palpitating whiteness as of fire at its intensest, and the gaze of her great eyes was as fire too. Almost red they shone, repeating the blood fires of the rubies. Then she gave herself to Lord Sanquhar's embrace, and together they rushed out into the night.

"Odds my life!" said Mr. Bellairs, looking up at Sir Everard. He had flung himself on one knee beside the stricken man, and was going through the vain

parade of seeking for a pulse which he knew no longer beat. "Did you see that, sir?"

"He lifted her across her husband's very body! He lifted her right across the body?" said Sir Everard, in a hushed voice of disgust.

"Lifted her? Sir, she jumped!"

Pamela kept the child's face turned against her breast with a loving hand, and as she rocked and soothed, she herself wept as if her heart would break.

Through the doors, cast open to the night, the roar of a new snow wind hurtled in upon them. There followed a sudden clamour of voices, as the host endeavoured to arrest my lord's departure and was borne down, wellnigh annihilated, from his path; the crackling shout of my lord's orders; the plunge and clatter of hoofs on the cobbles. It seemed as if the blood-guilty pair had gone on the wings of the storm, and that the very elements cried after them as they went.

Sir Everard, as the most responsible witness, assisted the landlord in the preliminary investigation of magistrate and constable. He took a certain grim pleasure in furnishing Lord Sanquhar's name, and trusted the nobleman might

an interest so vital that both the faces now turned upon him were stamped with fierce emotion.

Sir Everard removed a chair from before the table and sat down on it facing the fire, and for a space no one spoke.

Pamela had cast the scarlet shawl across one shoulder so as to shade the child's head from the light. Her hand patted and her knees swayed, rocking the infant sleeper.

"Poor little creature!" said Sir Everard at last.

The girl gave him a quick glance. "I'll keep her to-night. I've told the landlord I would, and I'd keep her always if I could."

"'Tis a generous thought," said the old gentleman, with a faint smile for the magnanimous impracticabilities of youth, and as he smiled he was aware that Mr. Bellairs snapped his fingers and jerked his foot on the edge of irritable outburst.

Suddenly Pamela began to sob quickly under her breath, turned her head aside so that her tears should not fall on the little placid face.

"I've been a wicked girl! A wicked girl!"

"Hush!" cried Mr. Bellairs, and flung



In spite of the burden of the child in her arms, she had to wait for him on every landing.

be summoned to answer for his action. Even if acquittal were a foregone conclusion, to a reputation already tarnished this incident was not likely to add a lustre. By the quality of the murdered man's clothes, the massive gold of his watch-chain, the signet ring on his dead hand, it was judged that he was a merchant of the better class, and that the unfortunate incident would probably make some stir among his compatriots.

The cold and stiffening body which had been so short a while before pulsing with agony and passion, was laid in the harness-room of the inn, covered with a white sheet. Scarce ten yards away the grey horse that had borne its rider on the wild race to death was placidly munching its corn, the sweat not yet dry on its flanks.

When Sir Everard returned to the eating-room he found Pamela still on the settle, the child asleep on her lap. On the board beside her a half-finished bowl of bread and milk showed that she had been occupied with the worse than motherless babe, while he had attended to the last concerns of its doomed father. On the other side of the hearth, one elbow propped on the high mantelshelf, stood Mr. Jocelyn Bellairs. The old man's entrance had evidently interrupted a conversation between the two lovers, of

out his hand

"No, sir; I won't be silent!"

"But, good God, my dear, need you drag this stranger into our intimate concerns?"

"He's no stranger to me, Mr. Bellairs. We travelled down in the coach together, and he couldn't have been more civil to me if I'd been a lady born; no, nor kinder if he'd been my father. Oh, sir, I don't know your name, but I know by the pitying way you looked at me that you understood what dreadful danger I was in and how—again she sobbed—"how ready I was to yield to it! He wanted me to go to Paris with him. He did, indeed! He wanted his love to be my all-in-all, and nothing else was to matter. I've been a wicked girl! I listened to him. I never would listen to him before—not when he spoke like that—but to-night I did. Heaven forgive me! What took me?"

"Confound!" said Mr. Bellairs.

He wheeled away from the sight of her weeping, clutched the mantelpiece with both hands, and dropped his head on them.

"Well, 'tis all over now."

Sir Everard spoke uneasily. This openness upon a subject so delicate was painful to him, but Pamela had the yearning to relieve herself by confession.

"Oh, sir, how could I do it? I don't know myself. I swear when I look back 'tis as if I had not been myself at all. Something came into me—so rash, so desperate! 'Twas as if nothing mattered but just his love, our love. And then—then—when those two came in I saw our sin as it was. Oh, heavens! Oh, Heaven forgive me! Murder and every evil was there. Would I not have been just as cruel, done just as horrid murder? When the truth came out, would my father and mother and my own dear loves at home, waiting for me so fond and so trusting, and so proud of their poor, silly Pam, ever have held up their heads again? Oh, base, base! I would have murdered them for my pleasure. And that love, what was it? The thing that those two looked at each other, something vile, something that brought contamination even just to see go between them. Did he and I look at each other like that? It turned me sick even to think on, even before—before that poor, poor man came in! Heaven forgive me! Heaven strike those two in their bad hearts! Oh, sir, did you look at her when she stared back upon us, that woman? I suppose there was beauty in her face; I suppose he who went with her thought her handsome airs worth the cruelty and the blood and the crime on his soul. But to me she was ugly, all ugly, with the ugliness of her sin—"

She broke off, bit her quivering lip, and stared fixedly before her; an expression of horror on her countenance as if she still beheld the ugliness of which she spoke.

Mr. Bellairs straightened himself and snapped his fingers again.

"Tall talk, my dear," he began; and then broke off, dropped his eyes under Sir Everard's stern gaze, and stood abashed. Then: "Perhaps you're right," he said in an altered, strangled voice; and dashed from the room as if driven.

Pamela started, glanced after him, and then wiped her wet cheeks with the end of the baby's shawl.

"Let him go," she said.

"You're a brave girl."

"Oh no, sir! Only so grateful, so wonderfully saved, so ashamed. Oh, this little creature against my breast—must I not feel it—think of it—if I had had my foolish way I should never have been worthy to hold such a lovely, lovely little dear in my arms again."

Sir Everard insisted on lighting Pamela to her attic chamber. She went up before him with a step so elastic, in spite of the burden of the child in her arms, that she had to wait for him on every landing; which she did with a return of her bright amiability and even a flicker of its former radiance in her smile. Each time she halted she rocked the baby, swaying from foot to foot, murmuring under her breath a crooning song which the old man thought very sweet; so sweet indeed, that, with a swing of memory's pendulum it brought him back to his own childhood's days and the tender face of his mother, long dead—a mother who had never been old like him.

On the threshold of her poor room they parted. She spared him her right hand for a second from its motherly caressing and patting of the child which she bore with such ease on her left arm. He bowed over it as if it had been his queen's.

When he went down to the flaming hearth which justified the landlord's boast, he sat long by it.

He, who had hitherto lived apart in a world of books, found his mind obsessed by the thought of the frightful passions of humanity as they had this night played themselves out before him.

The whole scene reproduced itself in his tired brain with the colours of life; Lord Sanquhar's sardonic, pale, haughty face, the rich vividness, the unblest allurements, the cruel beauty of the unfaithful wife; the Spaniard's agony; the irredeemable tragedy of that picture of the father with the child; then the dead face

"Heaven strike their bad hearts!" had cried Pamela in her honest revulsion. Could God ever forgive those who had sent forth the soul of their victim so charged with fury and despair that even death could bring no peace to his brow?

And then he thought of Pamela's face as he had last seen it—pale, tear-stained, but with the old luminous innocence. And, after all, he thought, there had come good out of the evil.

"The providence of God is over us all," he thought with gratitude, as he rose stiffly to seek that feather bed, where there was small likelihood of sleep that night for him.

He heard the call of a coach horn beyond, in the night, and immediately afterwards the mighty clatter of the four sets of hoofs and the rush of the wheels in the streets. He went to his window, opened it, and looked out.

The up coach from Dover, pausing only to drop a single passenger. Stay, to take up a passenger, too. Sir Everard recognized the swing of the shoulders, the tall, alert frame, the indefinable swagger, even though muffled in the many-caped travelling coat.

Young Bellairs was not going to Paris with a fair companion!

"Thank Heaven!" said Sir Everard.

CHAPTER V

IN WHICH MISS PAMELA POUNCE DEMONSTRATES THE VALUE OF VIRTUE TO HER FAMILY AND HER FRIENDS

"AND I'm sure, my dear," said Mrs. Pounce, the tears welling in her eyes as she gazed lovingly at her eldest daughter, "'tis the golden girl you've been to us!"

"Ah, you wait, mother!" cried Pamela. "Just you wait! If I don't finish paying off that there mortgage with the new spring fashions, call me Tabbishaw, that's all I say."

The force of condemnation for vulgar stupidity could go no further on Miss Pounce's lips.

Farmer Pounce, seated before the kitchen fire, turned his big, grizzled head to cast a glance no less affectionate than his wife's upon the good daughter.

"This time last year," he said; then, in a ruminating voice, "ah, 'twas a black look-out! As much as I could do to squeeze the interest on the borrowed money and the expenses of the new loan. And Sir Jasper, with his eye on the farm this long while, turning the screw on me, he and lawyer Grinder between them. Cruel hard terms they made me, cruel hard, but there, 'twasn't as if I didn't know their little game. Aye, aye, they were but waiting, the both of them, to sell me up and get me out of it all; the land my father's father's father called his own."

Mrs. Pounce wept at the mere recollection. Where would they have been, they and the little ones, but for the golden girl?

Pamela winked away a bright tear of sympathy. Everything about this girl was bright; the spring of her chestnut hair from her white forehead, which itself shone as with a kind of luminosity, the glance of her full, shrewd eyes, the smile that curved her lips. Oh, above all, it was Pamela's smile that was bright with the gaiety and joy of life!

"Pish, you dears," she said now, and covered up her emotion with just one of those flashing smiles. "Don't be making too much of it. All those months I wasted at old Tabbishaw's didn't I know in my spirit it would all come right? Wasn't I sure the whole time?"—she played with her capable fingers in the air—"that there was a fortune in these hands once I could get them proper to work. And I tell you now, without vanity—oh, I ain't got a mite of vanity about it, 'tis my gift, the way pigs is father's gift—give me a yard of ribbon, a feather, and a bit of straw, and I'll turn you out two guineas before you can say 'knife'."

"Dear, to be sure," mused Mrs. Pounce, forgetting to knead her scones. "And think of the Christmas dinner we've had. A turkey fit for the Queen's table, though I says it as shouldn't. And me having to sell every one of my lovely birds last year and keep 'father on the salt beef, Christmas and all! And there's Susie, such a picture in the bonnet you trimmed for her, at morning service, that I'd never be surprised if Farmer Fleet's son were to come to the scratch to-night at Sir Jasper's barn dance, I shouldn't indeed."

"I've got a white cambric, mother, and blue ribbons ready for her," said Pamela, smacking her lips with gusto, "and a Shepherdess Dunstable. If that don't settle him! 'Tis the very thing, so simple and fresh, a sort of daisy-gown, father and mother, that'll start Master

Tom thinking o' dairies and the clean linen and the white flour in the bin; and, 'What a modest, nice girl,' he'll say, 'The very wife for a farmer. No nonsense of cheap finery. Only what a maid could buy for herself and stitch at home,' he'll think, poor innocent, and it's the model for the French Queen at Trianon, where she plays at milk-maid, you'd never believe!"

"Mercy on us!" said Mrs. Pounce, with an uncomprehending stare. "Frenchies be queer people, to be sure."

"And Jenny and Betty shall wear the sprigged muslin," pursued Pamela. "And my little pet, Peg, the robe-coat I made her out of the odds and ends Madame Mirabel gave me from her ladies' counter."

"And what will you wear yourself, my dear?" asked the mother, cutting her rolled-out paste into neat rounds.

"Is it me, mother?" Pamela hesitated. Then: "I don't mean to go," says she.

"Not mean to go?" screamed the farmer's wife, blank disappointment writing itself on her good-humoured countenance.

cry—"you fair break my heart. Why, 'twas all my thought, these days and days, how I'd let neighbours see what a beauty my dear, good London da'ter be, and as elegant as any lady!"

"If you've got a reason for disappointing your mother, out with it, girl, so it's a good 'un," said Farmer Pounce, with some sternness.

Pamela tossed her head. She was never one for making mysteries.

"Well, father and mother, if you must know so particular, wasn't that Sir Jasper Standish as was driving the high curriole away from Pitfold Church this morning? The stout gentleman, with the kind of red eye, and it rolling?"

"Aye, aye," grumbled the farmer, "the very man, my dear, and a hard gentleman he be. And queer tales there are about him. 'Tis a good thing he comes to Standish Hall but seldom. Aye, aye, 'twas him driving them bloods in the curriole. And a mort of fine ladies and gentlemen in the barouche. They'll be staying Christmas, I reckon."

"Aye," corroborated Mrs. Pounce. "A twenty-pound jar of my best salt, and

Pamela snapped her thread.

"You do want to know a lot, don't you, mother dear? But there! There's no reason why I shouldn't tell you. I've done nothing to be ashamed of. That young gentleman has the good taste to admire me a mortal lot, but he ain't got the good taste, in my opinion, to admire me the right way. He came after me to Canterbury, knowing I was due here for my Christmas holiday, and I sent him packing, and, thinks I, 'tis done now, once for all, and we'll be the best of friends at a distance. And you could have knocked me down with a feather when I see his black eye roaming round the church this morning. Encourage him by going with you to-night? That would never do, Pamela, my girl! says I to myself, and—"

"What dost mean by the right way, daughter?" interrupted the farmer, who had been ruminating her words, and not found them to his liking. The veins of his forehead were swelled; the hand that gripped the wooden arm of his chair shook.

"I mean the wrong way. Now, father, don't you be a-working yourself up. I can look after myself, and ain't that just what I'm doing? Mother, I vow your cap will beat the one I made for the Duchess of Queensberry all to nothing. Now, won't the children be pleased when they find those cakes all piping hot, mother? They ought to be in soon now—back from Rector's. I'd like to try the little gown on my poppet ere you put her to rest to-night."

It was the first party Sir Jasper had invited to Standish Hall since the death of his wife, and lavish as was his hospitality, the loss of that incomparable woman had never been more painfully felt. A widower-forlornness was over everything. Dusty, flowerless, unkempt the parlours; discomfort, an open negligence of refined detail, the lack of the controlling hand, in fine, was sensible to all his guests.

The Christmas dinner was over, and the ladies had retired. If you had cared to have examined the bottles in rows on the floor, or the cut-glass decanters on the table, you would have found that the company had drawn considerably on Sir Jasper's generous cellar, and had not scrupled to mix very freely.

Sir Jasper and his youngest male guest, Mr. Jocelyn Bellairs, were at the height of an argument, egged on and applauded by good-natured Squire Upshott, and that saturnine rake, Sir James Devlin, while Lawyer Grinder, from Canterbury, leaned back, smiling grimly, his grey fingers round his glass, his grey eyes acute, his large ears pricked outside his scratch wig for any business advantage the holiday dissipation should lay open.

"Pshaw! My dear fellow, the girl's been three years in Paris, I tell you! You'll not have me believe she's better than her neighbours. Why, don't I know all about her? Isn't her father squatting on a bit of land that juts into my ring fence—pon honour, like a fly in a man's honey—eh, Grinder? As handsome a slut as I ever laid eyes on, if that's the bouncer I saw at church this morning. If you're after her, lad, go in and win! If not, step aside, and make room for your elders!"

Mr. Jocelyn Bellairs took a draught from the beaker in front of him, then cast rather a wild glance at his host.

"You!" cried he. "You step in with Pamela Pounce! My dear Sir Jasper, I do not intend to be uncivil, but the idea is too droll!"

"How now? Is Miss so difficult? You know 'tis but a milliner."

"Ay, I know more of her, I dare swear, than you do. Difficult? Well, Sir Jasper, you or anyone may try their chances so far as I am concerned—I would not give that for them"—snapping his fingers. "Pure waste! When I tell you that I have failed—"

The unconscious cockseembry was greeted with a shout of laughter.

"Hark to him!" cried old Upshott. "Odds life!" jeered Sir Jasper. "You stimulate me! So fastidious!"

"Nay!" Young Bellairs flung a fine black eye about him. "So virtuous," said he, his voice sinking quite an octave deeper than its usual gay note.

There was another laugh, and then a silence, and then Sir Jasper repeated drawing.

"So virtuous." It all depends what the virtue is—eh, gentlemen? There's pru-

(Continued on page 54)

The Scarlet Trails

By Lloyd Roberts

*Crimson and gold in the paling sky;
The rampikes black where they tower on high,—
And we follow the trails in the early dawn
Through the glades where the white frosts lie.*

*Down where the flaming maples meet;
Where the leaves are blood before our feet;
We follow the lure of the twisting paths
While the air tastes thin and sweet.*

*Leggings and jackets are drenched with dew;
The long twin barrels are cold and blue;
But the glow of the Autumn burns in our veins,
And our eyes and hands are true.*

*Where the sun drifts down from overhead,
(Tangled gleams in the scarlet bed)
Rush of wings through the forest aisle—
And the leaves are a brighter red.*

*Loud drum the cocks in the thickets nigh;
Grey is the smoke where the ruffed grouse die.
There's blackened shells in the trampled ferns
When the white moon swims the sky.*

"Tut! tut!" cried the farmer, and wheeled himself round in his chair.

The London girl coloured, and a shadow came over her face.

"Some one's got to stay at home and look after little Tom," said she stoutly, "and him but ten months old, the poor fond lamb!"

She glanced at the wooden cradle to the left of the hearth, where, under a patch-work quilt, a chubby miniature reproduction of the farmer was lying, with fists clenched in a determined fashion, as if he defied anyone to rob him of his repose.

"Why, I never heard such nonsense!" Mrs. Pounce gathered the cuttings of paste together and dabbed them into a single lump with an irritable hand.

"And who's minded little Tom, do ye think, all the hours, miss, that I've got to be butter-making, plucking of geese, and cutting up pig for the salting? Who but old Nance, my love, who looked after yourself when you was no bigger than the little 'un there?"

"She's getting very old," said Pamela. "I caught her nodding yesterday with the Blessing on her lap, and he as near as anything into the cinders. Besides, my mind's made up, and there's no use your trying to unmake it. I've my reasons, and that's all there is to it."

"Why, Pam, why, lovey?"—Mrs. Pounce had a grimace like an infant about to

six turkeys, no less, not to speak of the geese—aye, and a ham, cured in that very chamber in the chimbley, child. But, dear, to be sure, was you set against meeting Sir Jasper just for the seeing of him step into his curriole?"

"You didn't happen to note, mother, the gentleman who stepped in after him?"

Farmer Pounce and his wife exchanged a scared look, and then by common consent transferred it to their daughter. There was silence, broken only by the cheerful song of the kettle on its chain over the embers, and the stertorous breathing of the infant farmer in the cot.

Then, with a catch in her breath: "Well, child?" ventured Mother Pounce.

Once more Pamela tossed her head. She was seated at a corner of the kitchen table, needle, scissors, and workbox at her elbow, and she turned and twisted the lilac satin rosette in her hand.

"Well," she said at last, without looking up. "I don't happen to want to meet him, that's all."

"How, my dear?" Mrs. Pounce shot a frightened glance at her husband's grim face, and another at her daughter's bright bent head.

"Ain't the young gentleman a friend of yours?" she asked faintly.

"THE next time we move," said Mrs. Winthrop reflectively, "The next time we move, I want a little house. I'm sick and tired of long halls, and big kitchens and endless steps. I wish you had to take a few of them Will, then you might realize what I've had to put up with in all these years."

Dropping his newspaper on the floor, Mr. Winthrop looked in surprise at his gentle little wife. "What are you talking about Margaret?" he demanded. "I think the houses we have lived in have been very comfortable, roomy and cool with plenty of space to move around in. Of course we have moved rather often but—"

"We have moved exactly fifteen times in the last thirty years," interrupted his wife, "and each house has been as bad as the one before it."

"But it was worth while to live in them. We always made money by it," insisted her husband.

"I didn't mind so much when the children were small and we had to have money," continued Mrs. Winthrop, "but now it is different. We two are the only ones at home and it is ridiculous for us to live in a regular barracks. I think it is time I had some say about our home. I have to work in it."

"Well," said Mr. Winthrop unwillingly, "Maxwell spoke of buying this place for a client of his who would like to open a boarding house for the Normal students. If I come to terms with him perhaps you can pick out the sort of house you want. The trouble is that small houses are all the rage now, and they cost like the dickens."

"There is a photograph of one I like in last week's *Illustrated World*," remarked his wife. "It has casement windows and broad porches and a sun parlor. There are tubs in the basement. The kitchen is wired for an electric stove and—"

"You never got all that information out of the *World*," interrupted her husband. "You must have seen the house."

"I did," confessed Mrs. Winthrop shyly. "It is on Osborne Boulevard near those lots you showed me last week. I went through it from garret to cellar, and I fell in love with it, I wish we could buy it ourselves."

"Well, we can't," her husband assured her sharply. "Houses on the Boulevard are beyond our means. Perhaps you will find a small one somewhere else. If I hear of any in the office, I'll let you know."

"And you won't take another house without consulting me?" his wife asked suspiciously.

"No! No! Of course not!" replied her husband. "Didn't I just say you could choose a house to suit yourself?"

Feeling as if a great burden had been removed from her shoulders, Mrs. Winthrop settled comfortably in her chair and prepared to finish darning the worn garment in her lap. Being the wife of a Real Estate agent, she had learned to dread the Spring because so often it had involved a hurried flitting to another house which Mr. Winthrop had obtained in the course of his business. With the assurance that she herself could choose their next house, Mrs. Winthrop could actually look forward to a change of abode, and while she sewed her mind was busy making plans. It would be so wonderful to have the kind of house she liked, little and sunny and clean, with lots of cupboards in the kitchen and a sun room for her to lie in during the afternoons.

But one evening toward the end of April, Mr. Winthrop came home so late for dinner, and was obviously so troubled and abstracted during the meal, that his wife knew something had happened. Still she could not bear to ask what it was. She felt so afraid that it might keep her from having the new house. She could only say to herself over and over again, "If Will has played a trick on me, I can't bear it. It would be too much."

They had almost finished dessert when at last her husband spoke. "Well, we will soon be out of this house," he began with an effort to seem at ease. "I made the arrangements with Maxwell this afternoon. His client wants possession on the fifteenth of next month. That will give you plenty of time to pack up."

Then as suddenly as it had come, Mrs. Winthrop's suspicion vanished. Her face grew radiant with anticipation. She laughed the dearest little, chuckling laugh. "Then I can begin to look for my house," she cried, "My little house."

The Little House

BY OLIVE DELAHAYE

Illustrated by M. H. Campbell

As if he could not bear to meet her shining, confident eyes, her husband looked down at his plate. "Well, not just yet, Margaret," he began awkwardly. "You see part of the deal with Maxwell was that I should take over the old Brown house on Smith street. It is smaller than this, more convenient. I thought we could live there until I have an opportunity to sell it or rent it to someone else."

"You mean," said Mrs. Winthrop in a queer, strained voice, "You mean that you have taken another house without my even seeing it? You want me to move there to Smith street?"

"Just for a few months," her husband assured her, relieved that she understood. "Well then I won't!" flashed his wife. "I'm done with moving. I'm done with everything."

He doesn't care about what I want. He never has cared."

Downstairs the telephone rang. Mrs. Winthrop heard her husband answer it and scraps of sentences floated to her keen ears. As she listened to them the first faint glimmer of an idea stirred in her mind. Going to her closet she took out the blue serge suit which had done duty for several seasons and the trim little purple hat she wore with it. Slipping these on, she turned to the mirror to adjust her veil and while she was standing there she noticed with astonishment the new expression in her clear blue eyes. The wistful gentleness was gone. In its stead had come a look of determination and unexpected strength.

"I've been a fool long enough," Mrs. Winthrop said to herself. "Now I'm



Upstairs in her bedroom, Mrs. Winthrop sat down on the box that did duty for a window-seat, and remained quietly there for a long, long time. She counted the number of times she had moved and estimated the labor involved in each migration.

While her husband stared at her in amazement too great for words, Mrs. Winthrop got up from her seat and walked slowly towards the door. "Don't come with me," she commanded, "Don't come with me. I've got to be alone."

* * *

UPSTAIRS in her bedroom, Mrs. Winthrop sat down on the box which did duty for a window seat and remained quietly there for a long, long time. She counted the number of times she had moved and estimated the labor involved in each migration. She recalled the scrubbing and cleaning, the laying of carpets, and the stretching of curtains. She pictured the long array of ugly rooms in the ugly houses in which they had always seemed to be forced to live, and her resentment against her husband's arbitrary conduct grew into a flame of anger.

"Will cheated me," she said to herself. "He never meant to keep that promise,

going to change my ways."

When she left the house, Mrs. Winthrop took the car directly to Osborne Boulevard, then walked eastward until she came to the large tract of land in which a small garden and little, white cottage stood out like an oasis in a desert of barren earth. Intently she endeavored to recall every word of the old conversation with her husband concerning his options on some of these lots.

"I've taken options on all of these lots, Margaret," he had explained in one of those expansive moods when he liked her to realize his cleverness. "A syndicate is after them for a new apartment house. I'm bound to make money for there isn't another block of land out here which is large enough for their plans. There is one fly in the ointment though. The old lady who owns the cottage and garden has refused to give me the scratch of a pen. I think she is holding out for a bigger price. She is a sort of crank, and cherishes a grudge against men.

Still I'll manage her some way. She is poor and money talks."

"Money talks," Mrs. Winthrop repeated to herself with a wry little smile. "But I'll talk too, and I'll talk first."

Then she opened the white picket gate and walked rapidly up the long path between the beds of early tulips which flung their challenge to the cool April air.

Mrs. Winthrop was a long time in the cottage. When the door opened again, the old woman who owned it came outside with her visitor, picked a few flowers for her and when Mrs. Winthrop said a pleasant good-bye stood watching her as long as she was in sight. "A bonnie woman, she has been in her day," the old lady commented to herself. "I hope she gets her way. 'Twould be good to see that husband of hers get his come-uppance. He made me tired the way he came into my house and tried to dictate to me."

Whatever Mrs. Winthrop accomplished by her visit, she said nothing about it to her husband who came in while she was busy washing the dishes which she had neglected earlier in the evening. With the air of a boy who wishes to make amends for a fault, he took a towel to dry some of them for her, while he kept up a flow of casual remarks intended to distract his wife's thoughts from the subject of houses. Mrs. Winthrop listened in apparent good humor. She even managed to laugh once or twice. In fact it was difficult for her to keep from laughing when she remembered her little excursion on Osborne Boulevard. Mr. Winthrop however, was absolutely reassured by her mirth. "Margaret has got over her mad fit," he said to himself. "I thought she would."

The next day Mr. Winthrop forgot the trouble over the Brown house in a new annoyance which he explained at some length to his wife. "I'm worried about obtaining the option on that cottage which I pointed out to you," he said. "The Syndicate people are almost ready to buy, but when I went to see the old woman who owns the cottage she was like adamant, and would not even discuss selling to me. I could wring her silly neck. Here she has a chance to make more money than she ever owned before, yet she refuses to take it."

"Perhaps she is attached to the place," suggested his wife.

"Attached to it!" repeated Mr. Winthrop with immeasurable scorn in his voice. "You women make me tired! What is there about a house that one should become attached to it? I don't care where we live."

Mrs. Winthrop checked the retort that rose to her lips. It was to her own interest to stick to the subject of the cottage and she asked pleasantly, "Will it matter much if you obtain possession of the place? Will you be terribly disappointed?"

"Disappointed!" ejaculated her husband, "Disappointed! I thought you knew something about business Margaret. Goodness knows I've tried hard enough to teach you! I'll be ruined without that option. If necessary I'd pay ten thousand for it this very minute."

Then Mrs. Winthrop turned quietly to the big roll top desk in a corner of the room, unlocked a drawer and handed a paper to her wondering husband.

"There is the option," she said. "I got it last night. You men don't know how to deal with women."

* * *

MRS. WINTHROP read the paper. He read it twice. Then with an expansive smile he tried to put an arm around his wife's slender waist.

"You are a wonder Margaret," he said admiringly. "This puts me on easy street. I can go right ahead with the Syndicate people now."

"Don't be so sure," advised Mrs. Winthrop coolly. "Remember that the option is mine, not yours."

"But you got it for me of course," cried her husband. "You deserve a commission. What do you say to a couple of hundred dollars for a trip to see Helen?"

"You will have to pay more than a couple of hundred," insisted Mrs. Winthrop. "You'll have to pay the ten thousand you just told me that the option was worth."

"Ten thousand!" exploded her husband. "Are you crazy Margaret?"

(Continued on page 10)

Gaspard's shack lay far to the east of the main trail and it required all her wood-craft to follow the seldom-used path that led in that direction. A cry of relief rose to her lips when she came suddenly upon the little log hut nestling cozily in a circle of tamarack and balsam. But to-day it had a desolate look. No smoke curled up from the snow-laden roof. No sound disturbed the intense, throbbing silence. A strange foreboding clutched her heart as she approached and knocked sharply. No answer—could she have come too late? But that was impossible. She was trembling with anxiety as she entered.

For a moment she thought the room was empty. Everything was in disorder, the fire almost out. But as she grew accustomed to the dimness she discerned the outline of a still figure on a bunk in the corner by the fire-place. At her approach the woman turned a wan face toward her. It was Jeanne, but what a change! Pneumonia was doing its deadly work. The beautiful butterfly from Chateauguay had made its last flight.

"She is marked for death," thought Madelaine, "but I must try to save her for Gaspard's sake." Soon the wood-stove was roaring cheerily and she held a steaming drink to Jeanne's pale lips. "Ah, Madelaine," sighed the sick woman, "thank God you came in time. I prayed so hard, here all alone. It would be dreadful to die alone." The tired eyelids closed and she sank into a peaceful sleep.

Madelaine worked and watched feverishly, but still no Gaspard. She feared he must have fallen a victim to one of the countless accidents to which the woodsman is exposed. In reality he had gone to Otter Lake to attend to his traps and had wrenched his knee so badly that he had been forced to take refuge with the "Protestant Priest," a stalwart prophet of the wilderness whose headquarters were in that vicinity. That decided person who was well versed in physical as well as spiritual ailments, knowing that he was quite unfit for the ten-mile journey home, had induced him to rest a day or two, much against his will.

All through the night Jeanne slept quietly and only roused at intervals during the following day. It was toward evening that a fierce roar from Bijou announced the arrival of the enemy. Gaspard he knew and loved, but Paul Olier was his pet aversion and he proclaimed the fact in no uncertain tone.

Madelaine threw her cloak about her and hurried outside. This frightful din would waken Jeanne, and she must keep the intruders at bay as long as possible. She had thought out her plan of action carefully, and though her face was white and strained it was illumined by the light of a great sacrifice.

"Jacques," she called across the snow-piled clearing, "I want you; it is Madelaine."

The Honor of the North

(Continued from page 3)

There was a sound of altercation among the dusky tamaracks, then a dark figure detached itself from the shadows and in a twinkling the swarthy woodsman stood before her.

Madelaine wrung her hands in an agony of pleading. "Jacques, you won't let him burn the shack. Jeanne is dying. We are alone. I am trying to save her for Gaspard's sake, but it seems hopeless."

The man looked incredulous. "Save her, and you love him!"

"That's why, don't you see—for him," cried the girl.

Jacques shook his head uncertainly. "I don't understand."

"You'll save them both, Jacques," begged Madelaine, "for my sake. It would be cruel, brutal murder. Gaspard isn't here; you must get Paul away. A shock would kill Jeanne instantly. There may be one chance in a thousand."

A flush mounted in Jacques' dark face and a light of triumph gleamed in his mocking eyes. "If you'll marry me next Spring," was his quick rejoinder.

Madelaine had nerved herself for this very demand. "Yes," she answered firmly, "I will."

She had never dreamed the cynical face could grow so gentle. His love for Madelaine was at least faithful and sincere. "Then adieu, little Madelaine," he whispered, drawing her close, "Don't look so sad. I'll call off Olier; He is bound to settle with Gaspard, but I know how to handle him."

All that night Madelaine kept constant vigil. It was long past daybreak when Jeanne roused suddenly and begged her to say a prayer and read something out of the book that the Protestant Priest had given her on his last flying visit. In a broken voice Madelaine obeyed, and as she read Jeanne slept again—the long dreamless sleep that smoothed the tired lines from her beautiful face and transfigured it with a calm, white radiance.

Just then there came a cheery hallo from the clearing and yelps of joy from Bijou. Gaspard burst into the room, glowing with youth and health, stamping the snow from his moccasins and peering with sun-blind eyes into the far corner by the fire-place.

Madelaine advanced toward him with her finger on her lips as he stood staring in dumb astonishment at the unexpected vision—his old playmate here at sunrise in this out-of-the-world spot, and with tears streaming down her pale cheeks. He half-extended his arms, then dropped them to his sides with a stifled groan. At his glance Madelaine's eyelids lowered and her heart bounded with wild exulta-

tion, for that glance spoke welcome and delight, and something that she had never seen there before. For a second only she felt that Paradise had opened, then she remembered—she had bought his life by her promise to Jacques Marquette.

* * *

GASPARD had already had ample time to repent at leisure. His infatuation for Jeanne had soon cooled beneath her sharp temper and inveterate selfishness. His brief married life had been a bitter disappointment. As the weeks had passed his disillusionment had been complete, and with it came the knowledge of what he had really wanted and had lost by his own stupidity and conceit. The sight of Madelaine seemed like a burst of sunshine in his cheerless home.

In a moment the girl was herself again. Silently she led Gaspard to the bunk where Jeanne lay with folded hands, the white radiance still on her face. With a cry the woodsman sank to his knees by the bedside and buried his face in his arms. Jeanne had seemed quite well when he left home, just a little cough. The shock was terrible.

Madelaine laid her hand gently on his bowed head. "She's all right now, Gaspard," she whispered. "It was pneumonia, but I was sent to take care of her. She suffered little, and now she is at rest."

Neither had heard the approach of the tall, bowed figure who entered silently and stood beside them. The Protestant Priest had suffered no little anxiety when Gaspard had limped away from his shack in the early morning hours and had felt impelled to follow him. A deep foreboding of evil was upon him as he traced the snow-shoe tracks to the woodsman's door.

Madelaine uttered a sigh of relief as she turned to find this mystic of the north woods standing beside them. His rugged strength and selfless sympathy could be counted upon at all times. In the benediction of his presence a strange sense of peace and security stole over her.

"My children," he said as the three knelt on the rough floor in a yellow shaft of sunshine, "the good God has spared her much suffering, for the White Plague had marked her for its own."

When Jeanne was laid to sleep beneath the whispering tamaracks with a white wooden cross to mark the spot, Madelaine and the missionary took up the long home trail to Blondeau. He had made everything so clear to both of them, and the path of duty and honor tho' not

always pleasant, has compensations of satisfaction and a sense of well-being. Life had lost its glamor and romance, but there is always work to do.

* * *

It was Springtime in Blondeau, the gay glad Springtime when still, white lakes and rivers burst their icy chains and leaped blue and sparkling into the sunlight. The trappers were returning with their store of hard-earned treasures, and among the first came Gaspard, a little sad, a little grey, sobered by the tragedy of early winter.

As soon as the cottage lights began to glow like will-o'-the-wisps in the dusk, he made his way to the house on the fringe of the forest where Madelaine and her aunt sat by the evening lamp starting at every sound, dreading every passing footstep—for was not Jacques Marquette coming with the Springtime to claim his own.

Gaspard's knock brought them to their feet with startled gasps and a tragic exchange of glances. Madame Tascheraud moved slowly toward the door, giving her niece a moment to recover herself, then she flung it wide with a smile of welcome, for one must meet trouble with a brave front.

The smile changed to a joyous cry as Gaspard stepped across the threshold seizing both her hands and kissing her heartily on each rosy cheek. Next moment Madelaine was in his arms. "But there's Jacques," she sobbed, "I promised to marry him very soon. You must go, Gaspard, at once!"

Gaspard laughed as he drew a crumpled yellow envelope from his pocket and handed it to the girl. "Good news! Quick, read it."

It was from Jacques. Madelaine's face lighted with wonder and hope as she read. "Dear Madelaine—I'm not all bad—just a little devilish when I drink. You can be brave and give up all for love: so can I. I am married by the Protestant Priest to Marie Dubois, a half-breed girl from the Fort. She wants me, and you don't. Good luck to you, and to Gaspard for your sake—Jacques."

"After all he is a noble man," cried Madame Tascheraud.

"Next week I start for The Pas," announced Gaspard when the two women had laughed and cried over the letter in overwhelming relief. "In a year I will come for you, Madelaine. We must honor the memory of Jeanne. Then when we are married, the little new home in the great new land will be waiting, away from these scenes of sadness."

"Ah, that will make it easier for Jacques," murmured Madame Tascheraud, as she left the room. "In this Northland you find honor and chivalry where you least expect."

The Little House

(Continued from page 9)

"No," answered his wife, "I'm not crazy. I've simply come to my senses. For more than thirty years you have dictated where we should live and how much money we should spend. Now it is my turn. To-night I looked up your rating with Bradstreet's. You are a wealthy man. Ever since the city began to grow you have been making money, and you have been turning it over and over and over, while I turned clothes and mended carpets. You have preached economy until I'm sick of the sound of the word. There is nothing you have not been willing to have me do. You even planned to let me live in Smith street in a wretched house in a wretched neighborhood. I've struck. I'll turn that option over to you when you have provided me with a proper house and arranged to pay me a fair allowance every month. That's final."

Without a word Mr. Winthrop sat listening to his wife. He seemed stunned by the suddenness of her attack. As the stinging sentences continued, something went out of his face, something conceited and cocksure and mean. He felt like a merchant ship attacked by a submarine, and he capitulated at once. He got up out of his chair.

"We have a house in Westpark listed," he said. "Put on your hat and coat and I'll take you over to see it now."

Mrs. Winthrop caught her breath. Westpark was the prettiest suburb in the whole city. She had never hoped to live there. She hurried into her bedroom. "I've won," her heart sang joyfully, "I've won."

Half an hour later a taxicab drove briskly along one of the loveliest streets in Westpark. It stopped in front of a little house, a quaint, little house set in a velvet lawn shaded by elm trees. There were awnings at the casement windows. There was a great stone chimney. There was a tiled porch and there was a beautiful sun room. Altogether it was the sweetest, cosiest little house one could possibly imagine.

As soon as she saw it, Mrs. Winthrop forgot the part she had to play, forgot the option, and the fact that her husband was at her mercy. She put a beseeching

hand on his arm and lifted to him her tender, wistful eyes. "Why, it's the house I've dreamed of for years and years," she whispered. "If I owned it I would be the happiest woman in the world."

At the change in his wife's voice, Mr. Winthrop started. The sullen resentment melted from his face, and suddenly he felt again a surge of the old protective tenderness with which he had regarded her before the business of making money had driven everything else from his mind.

"I'll buy it for you, Margaret," he said eagerly. "You shall have your little house."

When they had examined their prospective home from cellar to attic, when Mrs. Winthrop had exhausted her superlatives and could only express her delight by silence, her husband remembered that there was still something about the option which he did not understand.

In the living room of the little house, with the light from its French doors shining on his rugged face, he asked diffidently. "Margaret, how DID you get that option? The old lady was like a terna-gant when I dared to mention it to her."

Mrs. Winthrop looked embarrassed. "She was sweet to me," she explained. "You see you had told me that she hated men, and when I told her about all our different houses, and about the way in which you expected me to move to Smith street, she said it would be worth giving up her cottage just to have me bring you to time. Besides I promised her a good price. You will have to give it to her, Will. She trusted me."

Feeling that in the last twenty-four hours, he had learned more about women than in the whole previous course of his married life, Mr. Winthrop mopped his glistening brow. "I never thought that women would help each other that way," he remarked. "From now on, I guess I shall have to watch my step."

Mrs. Winthrop laughed. "We've only begun to do it," she assured him happily. "We've only just found out how well it works."

AUTUMN LEAVES

By F. O. Call

*Upon the hills the crimson maples burn
And clumps of mountain-ash are all aflame;
In upland pastures the white birches turn
From green to gold, and make a glittering frame
Around blue patches of October sky;
For Death with soft cool hand has touched each bough,
And nestling to their mother soon must lie
The flaming leaves that flaunt their glory now.
And though on frost-browned hillsides, one by one
Their leaves are scattered by an unseen hand,
Unbowed and glowing in the autumn sun,
Facing the wintry dawn the brave trees stand,—
Great color symphonies that burn and glow
With beauty that the spring could never know.*



WIND OF AUTUMN

By L. M. Montgomery

*I walked with Wind of Autumn across the uplands airy,
Where canny eyes might hope to spy the little men in green,
By road of firs that should have led right on to lands of faery,
Enchanted lands the sun and moon between.*

*We might have met the olden gods in those wild friendly spaces,
I think they peeped at us and laughed as we went on our way,
The little fauns and satyrs hid in all the haunted places
Where Wind of Autumn led me on that day.*

*The hemlock harp for music, immortal wine for drinking,
Oh, but we were rare good comrades, that gallant wind and I,
As hand-in-hand we wandered till roguish stars were winking
Between the scurrying cloudlets in the sky.*

*And oh, my sleep was sweet that night until the dawn came shyly,
And all the pretty dreams I had made haste to slip away,
For Wind of Autumn just outside was calling, calling slyly,
"Come with me for another spendthrift day."*

A Thanksgiving with Accidentals

BY EDWARD MOORE

Illustrated by Marion Long



"I'm just packing for my trip home to-morrow night."

"WHY all the rumpus? You're not leaving us?"

A sprightly girl of probably twenty burst impetuously and without knocking into the room next her own to see the occupant, a happy-looking young woman, probably a year or two older, bent over an open travelling-bag which stood on a chair near the dresser.

Joyce Wetherbee looked up from her packing just a bit roguishly.

"Jumping at conclusions as usual, eh, Beth," she noted. "No, I wouldn't go way from this house and you girls for a good deal. I'm just packing for my trip home to-morrow night. The train leaves at seven-ten so I have to go to the depot from the office."

"To-morrow night!" the comment came characteristically. "Oh dear. Then you won't be able to — Why, I just came in to ask you to be one of a party to jaunt over to Hollister's Knob on the holiday. We're planning to go over by trolley, have lunch at the hotel—the meals are dandy, they say—and perhaps hike back. The view from the mountain in the fall is simply superb. But of course . . ."

"It sounds splendid, doesn't it," the quieter girl said, turning to an open drawer of the dresser. "But I don't envy you that hotel lunch at all. For you see, with another of her roguish smiles, 'I'll have Thanksgiving dinner at home.'"

"Think of it, Beth!" She straightened up and stepped forward enthusiastically. "There'll be an eighteen-pound turkey. Dad and mother will have taken half an hour to-day to decide which one to kill to be good enough. Fatted calf for the prodigal, you see! And there'll be some sour onion pickles of mother's at one end and the sweet green tomato kind at the other. And there'll be little sausages inside that turkey

with the onions and breadcrumbs. And the corn that mother does up on the cob so it comes out quite as good as the fresh kind. And the mince pie, and raspberry tarts with whipped cream on. And dad will insist that I have a second helping of everything and I'll eat like a little pig till I —"

"Stop! You're cruel. Stop it," protested the younger girl. "Did you remember that I had a wretched cafeteria dinner tonight? You've made me hungry again already."

"But," she went on again in a moment. "Is it worth it? You only have the one day. It's just a three-hour run out to my home at Petersburg and of course I go out sometimes when the holiday comes so I can make a week-end of it, but for one day — How far is it to Middleville?"

"Oh, it's a good distance. Nearly four hundred miles. And with only the one day it means two all-night runs. There was a shade of wistfulness creeping into the voice here.

"It makes a good-sized hole in one's weekly salary, too, with two sleeper fares to pay. But," the enthusiasm came back again with the change of thought, "it's worth it all, doubly worth it. Why think, Beth. I get off the Limited at Burling at six a.m., in the dark, and take the little three-car and engine local for forty miles. Then when we reach the little station six miles from home, just after the sun comes up, I look out and see father and Sam, my kid brother, or Alice the baby—though she's eleven now—waiting. Then there's that rush in the little car in the cool morning air, out to the farm, probably with Sam driving and father in the back seat with his arm around me—I tell you it's nice, too." This, as a flicker

of a funny little smile ran across the listener's face.

"And there's mother at the door as we drive up the lane. And such a breakfast, with cream such as you people don't know anything about, on your cornmeal and thick ham home-cured, you don't know anything about that either—. You poor dear, as the city-bred girl simulated a grimace. "Am I making you hungry again?"

"To think of you, Joyce Wetherbee, private secretary to the Manager of the Billings Tool Company, raving like this," came the serio-comic comment. "Why, wasn't it only the other night on the way home from church I heard you tell that nice Peters boy that you liked the city awfully well?"

"And so I do," flashed the reply. "But, Beth," persistently getting back to the pet subject, "you know, these home things do get you once in a while. Why, after breakfast the neighbors will be calling on the phone. Everybody knows everything on those rural lines, you know. And I'm some important personage, let me tell you, to the people down there. Then there'll be the trip to the barn with dad to see the new calves and colts. And presently dinner with —"

"Yes, you told me all about that—once," interrupted the visitor with a mock expression of pain, at the same time rubbing a well-manicured hand over the section of her anatomy which is usually understood to harbor infantile sorrows.

"After dinner the aunts and uncles and cousins come in. And—"

"You get all the neighborhood gossip," broke in the irrepressible Beth.

"I guess you're right about that," Joyce admitted. "Though I do think it's kindlier than the way we talk about people here sometimes. And then," returning to the reminiscent stage, "there's the early supper and the rush back to the train. This time with father driving and mother in the back seat with Alice squeezed up close on the other side. And do you wonder, with all that," she looked up a little defiantly here, "that I haven't missed doing it a single Thanksgiving since I left home? That's five years ago."

Joyce, who held a reputation in the Billings Company as the "most efficient secretary Manager Potter had had," wondered whether there was any possibility that the one-day holiday might be stretched into two. But any faint hope was quenched when, after he finished his dictation, about three the next day, Mr. Potter said crisply:

"You may sign those for me, Miss Wetherbee. Please have them go out to-night. I have that special Directors' meeting at ten the morning after the holiday and will need that report you have been working with. You had better be ready, as well, to take the minutes of the meeting."

It took till nearly five to finish those letters. And there were some finishing touches to be put on the report. The young secretary glanced a bit anxiously at the manager's desk clock as she placed the document, in a folder, where his eyes would meet it readily.

"Gracious!" she said aloud. "I'll scarcely have time for dinner. Not much matter, though. I guess I'll make up for it to-morrow."

She did take time for a scanty supper at a nearby restaurant and then exulted a little in the unusual luxury of a taxi to the station. A few minutes later she was comfortably ensconced in her seat with a new magazine and a box of candy. She shared the section in the sleeping-car with a middle-aged lady who became interested in one of the magazine articles, who had travelled widely and who, as a good many such are prone to do, liked to talk about the places she had seen. It was quite eleven and a number of the other berths had been made up when the pleasant travelling companion caught Joyce involuntarily smothering a yawn.

"Poor dear," she said, apologetically. "When I get on these things I do run on interminably. I'm afraid I've kept you awake. You're fortunate, though," she went on, "to have a lower berth. I didn't decide till this morning to take this train and found everything sold out. The holiday travel, I guess. I only

got this upper through a cancellation at the last minute."

Just then the shriek of brakes indicated a train-stop and a moment later a light sign flashed into view.

"Camlack," noted the lady, who was occupying the inside seat. "A divisional point. We'll be here at least five minutes. Did you ever try, my dear, a breath of fresh air before you try to sleep in these stuffy cars of ours? Suppose we take a walk up the platform while the train is standing."

Joyce did enjoy that three minutes in the cool, clear night air. It seemed, however, to banish the drowsiness and every sense was keenly alert as, ahead of her companion, she stood on the lower step watching the moving lights near the station.

In the vestibule above the good-natured porter of their car was speaking to one of the trainmen.

"Couldn't manage it nohow, Fred!" she heard in the colored man's soft drawl. "Ever bu'th's full up, some of 'em doubled-up. Besides mos' my people's asleep. I'll git yo' some mo' pillows. Yes, missy," he broke off, smiling, as Joyce climbed the steps, "Yo' bu'th's all ready. Win'ow open as yo' said."

The trainman spoke as Joyce waited for her section-mate. "She's pretty bad. Nerves all gone. Thinks if she could lie down she'd be better. The coaches are crowded, too. And there ain't a doctor on the train."

When Joyce offered her "lower" to Mrs. Maitland that good lady refused, noting in her characteristic way: "No, my dear. People who make arrangements ahead deserve to get what comfort they can from them. After trying to sleep in those wagon-lits in France I guess I can make out up there. Probably I had better say Good-bye, though, since I shan't be up to see you in the morning."

For the time-being Joyce had forgotten the impression which had been made by the trainman's statement outside. But it came back to her in her berth as she said her prayer with thoughts as usual of the people at home, of the girls of her own age in the friendly apartment-house back in the city, and of her class of little girls in the mission down in the less-desirable business section. And with the usual last petition:

" . . . help me to be truly thankful for all the good things I have, by trying to do something worth while for others . . ."

there came a persistent query: "I wonder what's wrong with the person back in the day coach?"

Joyce had travelled enough to be familiar with sleeping car usages so, without hesitation, she rang for the porter.

"Is some one ill back there?" she questioned, in a whisper, explaining: "I heard you talking to the brakeman in the vestibule."

"Yessuh, miss," came the black man's quiet, though a bit loquacious reply. "Lady in de day coach. Sick all evenin'. Pears to be nervous like. Fred, he wanted me to ask some gemmen give up his bu'th. Like to, but I dassen't. 'Gaint company rules. If I—"

The rest of the speech, if it was completed, was told to closed curtains.

Four minutes later a demure maiden in a dressing gown made her way forward into the day coach. She sniffed at the almost nauseatingly stale air but pressed on between the seats which looked empty but proved to be filled with recumbent figures, most of them male and some snoring vigorously. Near the front of the car was a lady—her refinement evident in the quiet gown and shapely, ringless hand which was pressed to her forehead—who was partially reclining with her head in a nest of pillows. That she was suffering intensely was evident from the drawn, white face and the twitching of the closed eyelids.

The friendly brakeman appeared, as she approached, carrying gingerly a cool wet cloth, and looked at her questioningly.

"I want her to have my berth," Joyce explained at once. "Lower seven in the car right behind. I didn't know of it till a few minutes ago."

The closed eyes opened long enough to give Joyce a grateful glance which was reward enough for any sacrifice she was

making. The lady was apparently too ill to say anything.

That brakeman was a jewel. Fortunately, also, he was big and husky. He motioned Joyce ahead and, gently as one would handle a babe, picked up the sick woman and carried her back to the berth where, after the girl had loosened her clothing and removed her shoes, the sufferer relaxed with a long sigh indicative of comfort.

Joyce made her way, with her magazine to the ladies' dressing room, where, in a none too comfortable chair, which the porter had borrowed from the men's room, she finally dozed off.

She awakened with a start, heard a rumbling crash, and then experienced the horrible sensation of having the car move sideways while its forward motion was suddenly interrupted. She was tossed from her chair against the side of the car but got to her feet none the worse. The lights, fortunately still burning, showed that the car was tipped at a slight angle. Joyce, instinctively cool, glanced at her wrist watch which had not been removed.

"Ten to four," she said.

FOR breakfast that morning—the porter explained that the dining car had been dropped at Camlack—instead of the cornmeal and cream and—she had some chocolates from her box. By that time it had been discovered that a spread rail had been responsible for the wrecking of the train, every car of which had left the rails. Joyce had been out with Mrs. Maitland and had been rather horrified to see the engine and tender on their side at the bottom of a steep embankment and the cars spread skew-wise along the track. Their own sleeper was lying across the torn-up rails almost at a right angle, one end hanging unsupported over the same huge ditch. Fortunately there had been no serious casualties.

"Well," commented Mrs. Maitland. "I suppose we should be very thankful we're alive at all." She laughed when Joyce queried:

"Do you remember what day this is?"

A little later they learned from the kindly trainman that wrecking crews were on the way from divisional points in both directions but that it would likely be evening before the tracks were cleared and rebuilt.

"There'll be a special along a little after the wreck-train," he said, "to take you on to Burling. I'll let you know when it's here."

He came back after a few minutes. "If you ladies would like to send any wires one of the boys is going back to Delisle, the nearest station. Give 'em to George, the porter."

George produced pads of telegraph blanks and added the rather naive suggestion: "Won't matter how long you makes 'em. Course dey go at company's expense."

Joyce addressed hers to the chief operator in the Middleville telephone exchange, whom she knew slightly. She had not realized fully till then what the accident portended and a tear or two dropped while she wrote the following:

"Please 'phone my father, John Wetherbee, Rural Line Four, telling that accident to Limited near Delisle will prevent me getting home to-day. Assure him I am unhurt. Will likely be in Burling late this afternoon. Will try to 'phone him from there. Must take evening Express back."

For dinner they had some rough sandwiches and the diluted contents of a can of condensed milk, foraged by the porter from a mining camp back in the woods. Even this was interrupted by the call to the "special"—three worn-out cars and a wheezy locomotive—which pulled out jerkily at about two o'clock.

As they—the sick lady had been able to sleep when her nerves were not tortured by the motion of the train, was very much better and was naturally made one of the little party—finished the sandwiches and Joyce's candy she told them, smiling bravely, of her plans for the day as outlined to Beth at the bachelor girls' apartment two evenings before.

The "Special," delayed several times by weaknesses in the wheezy engine, pulled into Burling shortly after five.

"I'll run over to the telephone office," Joyce planned as she made her way out of the car. "Have a good talk with father and mother and the kids and then just have time for a nice dinner at the Burlington before I get the west express. If it weren't for that Directors' meeting to—"

The people on the steps behind were rather astounded to see the apparently reserved young lady impetuously drop her bag and wrap on the platform and rush headlong across to where a tall, bearded man was looking anxiously at the passengers from the other end of the car.

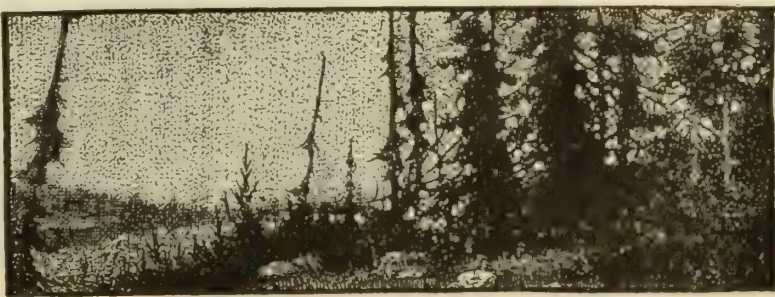
"Father—you!" she cried. "How in the world?" as with arms around his neck she pulled his head down to kiss him.



That night the larger box was opened—opened in the presence of five other bachelor girls.

Followed a rush around the end of the station and a long-legged small girl threw herself at the home-comer, while a slightly-older small boy, obviously uncomfortable in his Sunday clothes, stood off waiting a less exuberant welcome. Mother followed them closely and there were tears in her eyes as well as in those of the older daughter when father Wetherbee led the way back around the station to the parking space where a small car was standing.

"You dears!" Joyce commented, as they climbed into the car. "To think of you coming over that sixty miles through that bad clay on the mere chance of seeing me for even a minute. Oh I'm so thankful. And after I'd given up hope of anything but talking to you all by 'phone. It's almost better than the day I expected to have."



After a few minutes she asked: "Could I drive a bit, dad? I've been longing to get my hand on a steering wheel ever since summer but you know I don't ever get a chance in town. Do you remember the lovel road here you took me once, out around the city reservoir and the golf club? Could we? I can talk to you all the time."

When they got back, after the car was stopped several times to look and to talk, it was six-forty and the west express was due to leave in twenty minutes.

"Goodness, I'm glad there's a diner on this train," Joyce laughed happily, as she kissed mother good-bye. "Would you believe, mother-mine, that I haven't had a decent meal since yesterday noon. The dear sight of you all absolutely made me forget that I was hungry."

And this is Thanksgiving day—such a splendid Thanksgiving.

After she was settled in her section, alone this time, and was thinking about making her way to the diner, the porter appeared, looking around inquiringly. He carried two parcels, evidently boxes, one about a foot square, the other three times that size.

"Miss Wetherbee?" he asked, stopping beside Joyce. "Gentleman gave me these just when the train started. Asked me to tell you they had forgotten to give them to you."

On the cover of the smaller package was written in Alice's scrawly hand: "For To-night." The other, in smaller handwriting, somewhat like Joyce's own, and which she knew to be her mother's, noted: "Do not open until in your room."

"The dears!" Joyce said and whipped the cover off the smaller box almost voraciously.

Under the cardboard and tissue covering was a dainty white table napkin. Next oiled paper, which, being removed, exposed as Joyce knew it must—a drum-stick of that turkey, cut in convenient-sized pieces, likewise a slice or two of breast; some of the dressing with onions and sausages in it; two daintily-sized cobs of that corn, already buttered, and a tiny jelly jar of those sweet-tomato pickles. The box was divided by a cardboard partition. The other side revealed a quarter of the mince pie and two of the raspberry tarts. Underneath this were packed three of the rosy apples from the favorite tree in the back pasture.

"I guess this is where I become the little pig all right," Joyce commented to herself.

FIVE minutes before ten next morning, while Joyce was arranging pads and pencils around the big table in the Directors' room at the office, a gentleman who looked severe but who proved to be anything but that, came into the room with Manager Potter, who was smiling a little more than usual.

"Miss Wetherbee," the Manager said. "Mr. Appleton,"—he paused a moment till he noted that Joyce recognized the name as the big man, the newly-appointed director, whose name and financial strength the company had been eagerly seeking for some time—"Mr. Appleton specially asked if he might meet you. I'll be on the lookout," walking back to his office, "for the other men."

"I called my wife by long distance last night," the big man began, holding Joyce's hand just a shade longer than she wanted, "when I heard about the wreck on the P. & Q. And she told me about the charming young lady who gave up her berth and helped her during the excitement of the accident. She hadn't your name quite right but she knew you worked in a manufacturing office and had to be back in town here for a directors' meeting this morning and she wondered whether it was the same meeting I was to attend. She asked me to thank you better than she had done, if it were. I've just been making inquiries of Potter yonder and while he didn't know you were out of town, he says it must have been you. Says you'd be efficient anywhere, even in a railway accident. You must have made a strong impression on Mrs. Appleton," he went on. "And that is all the more notable when I tell you that she doesn't make friends easily. She expects to be back on Saturday morning and particularly wanted me to ask you to come out and spend the week-end with us."

That night the larger box was opened. Opened in the presence of five other bachelor girls who for once refrained from the usual cafeteria dinner. It revealed an assortment very similar to the smaller box though in more abundance and in somewhat greater variety. And there were six "little pigs" grunting in their own way for some time thereafter.

"A week-end at the Appleton's!" Beth exploded when Joyce told them of the morning's experience. "You're certainly in luck, sister. I saw their place the other night. It's among those big houses up the river with big trees and lawns in front and boathouses and things. They say, too, this with a roguish wink at one of the other girls, "there's a young Appleton, the apple of his mother's eye, who's following his father in business. Some Thanksgiving for you. I'll say, even though you didn't have a meal for a whole day, and travelled eight hundred miles not to get home."

"Of course that part of it is all right," Joyce commented, smiling. "I'm properly thankful for that. But," becoming serious again, "I am really and truly thankful for the day. For the home I've got even though I can't live there. For the father and mother who do things for me like this—waving a hand over the country-made dinner. "For the kiddies back there who like to see me. Oh," this even more earnestly, "I'm thankful, too, for the life I live which makes me appreciate these things and even railway smash-ups when they show how much your home people love you."

In Choosing Pictures for a Child's Room

BY MARION LONG

IN selecting pictures for a child's room one is doing more than merely decorating the walls. Just as the books with which a child becomes familiar determine to a large extent his future taste, whether it will be for really good literature or for mere popular trash, so the type of picture he continually has before him will affect his attitude towards works of art for years to come.

Really good pictures like fine poetry, will appeal to the sense of the beautiful,—that sense which can bring such pure pleasure, such unexpected joy, and can

is laughable, her high collars ridiculous and the length of her skirts—well, no smartly dressed miss of to-day would be seen with "such a dowd." Poor magazine-girl! Beyond her fashion of the day she had nothing that would survive the torrent of change that comes with the years; but when we turn to some of the old masters, like Rembrandt, we find something quite different. Instead of laughing at the queer clothes, we are interested in the woman herself. One feels that she has lived and experienced the usual lot of humanity—she has known



The Lake

By Corot

that is to be found in every work of art; but there is much more than that. In order to express what has aroused his emotions, the artist uses form, design and color. As this worthiness of idea with the beauty and rhythm of the means of expression are, together, what constitute a great work of art, it is a pity one hears so little stress laid on the second part when pictures are being discussed with children. A very little explanation will start a child's mind in the right direction, and he will begin to appreciate the beautiful way in which the subject is arranged on the canvas with its sense of balance, rhythm of line and its glory of color,—a much deeper way of enjoying pictures than just looking for a story or an over-exact imitation of some familiar thing. Study the picture yourself and explain it to the child, in this way making it a thing to be looked at carefully and to be thought about, not something to be taken as part of the furnishings, and passed over as such. Not long ago, I showed a copy of Whistler's portrait, "My Mother," to a small boy, asking, "Do you like it?" "But why do you like it?" I queried when he answered in the affirmative. "Oh,

I don't know—I think because—well, it looks like a very old person just resting." And where could you find a better appreciation. Then we talked for a while about the big, dignified mass of the figure, the peaceful quality of the wall with the simple spots of the light pictures with their black frames, the straight lines of the baseboard and the long folds of the straight hanging curtain and this boy of ten listened eagerly, realizing something of the dignified beauty of this picture's composition.

* * *

BUT as well as charm of composition there is the beauty of color with all its subtle influence to which we are so quick to respond. Good pictures will bring the child examples of exquisite combining and contrasting of colors, will cultivate his taste for pure and glowing shades, and teach him to appreciate those delicate gradations of the more neutral tints. And added to this they will open his eyes to the ever-lasting miracle of the changing color in the world around him.

(Continued on page 67)



Mother and Child

By Romney

set one "standing tip-toe on the misty mountain tops." In this work-a-day world where the mere material business of living tends to force all our dreams and fine fancies into the background, it is something worth cultivating, surely,—that possibility of escaping into a land of our own where the beautiful becomes ours through the power of appreciation.

Keeping this in mind, one should be sure, in choosing a painting, that it has some idea worth expressing—something beyond the superficial and trivial. There are innumerable pictures that have a surface appeal, showing as they do, what is popular or "smart" at the present moment, but like the fad they express, before long "something new" will come to the fore and the picture, like its subject, will be pushed into the background and forgotten. Take, as a very obvious instance, that ever popular favorite, the girl on the magazine cover. What charm do we see in the type of ten years ago? Her hair-dressing

joy and sorrow—and, by our understanding of these things written on her face we know that mere fashion of dress is an external and unessential thing. In one case the artist has chosen a superficial view of his subject, in the other, the painter's thoughts are as deep as life itself.

* * *

IF your choice is a landscape remember the power of nature, her moods of anger and joy, the might of the storm and the peace of the clear sunny day, the infinite variety and continual change that is around us all the time and don't degrade the wonder of it all by allowing yourself to think it is expressed by some pretty or "sweet little bit." Out-of-doors, even in her sweetest moods has an underlying strength that can never be quite hidden and can never be expressed by weak sentimentality.

So far we have thought only of the dominating idea or essential characteristic



Don Carlos

By Velasquez



Eunice Holmes
Stephenson.

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rugs!

And—

“Good morning, Mr. Robinson.
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fluttering—almost shout with relief
when they feel the dust and soot
depart in Ivory's gentle, safe suds.
No fear of fading or tearing for *them*!

And Ivory Soap jelly for scouring
rugs—

Dissolve half a large cake of Ivory,

shaved in 3 pints of hot water, and
let cool. Scour rugs with a brush,
dipped in the jelly, and wipe off
suds with a damp cloth — *all* the
colors will be restored. Safe for the
finest Orientals! For complete di-
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Fredericton—the Celestial City

BY KATHERINE HALE

WHAT a pleasant little place!" says the traveller, looking down from a hill-top at Fredericton, lying all blue and gold in the sun, encircled by her hills and rivers.

"A town of historic interest," affirms the student, and backs the remark with data.

"Fredericton the Celestial City!" cries the poet. And it is the poet's Fredericton that combines all three.

What the traveller sees is a peaceful yet thriving place, the Cathedral City and Capital of New Brunswick, the military centre of the Province, the seat of the Supreme Judiciary and of the Provincial University. He knows that it is also a centre of lumber trade, and a tourist's Paradise because of good roads, good fishing, and the joys of motor-boating.

The historian harks us back to the days of Villebon, when the site of the present city was a small Acadian settlement called St. Anne's Point. It was an Indian camping place as well, and down the St. John came the canoes of the Melicites piled with beaver skins. They came to trade with the gentlemen adventurers of France. Villebon, Governor of all

happy state that seems to mark this community as a thing apart from the usual scramble of modern life.

* * *

IN a charming account of his early home written by Charles G. D. Roberts years ago, and never before

Speaking of the Public Buildings on Queen Street, Mr. Roberts observes the severe gray pile of the Barricks where the men drill behind high walls, "that the glints of their scarlet may not bedazzle the passing demoiselles."

"The favorite residence portion of the City is within clear call of the Cathedral bells. Here are most of the handsome houses and the well kept grounds. Below the Cathedral, where the street runs close to the water's edge, where the bank is lined with willows, where rafts tie up at night along the shore, and where the houses all look out across the river, there stands a dwelling which should be dear to many American hearts. The author of 'Lob-Lie-by-the-Fire' and 'The Story of a Short Life' is beloved of her countrymen. This plain brown house, with the bow windows and the river view, is full of memories of Juliana Horatia Ewing who lived here while her husband, a Major in an English regiment, was stationed at Fredericton. Another guest not so highly distinguished lived a few hundred yards below Mrs. Ewing's house—Benedict Arnold, great General and great traitor. At the creek's mouth near his house he built small vessels for the river trade."

But the house best known and loved by Canadians in general, naturally within clear call of the Cathedral bells, was the Rectory of the Cathedral, a quaint red brick house now famous as the Roberts homestead. Here lived the Rev. George Goodridge Roberts, Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, with his wife Emma Wetmore Bliss, and here Charles G.D., the eldest son, a daughter, Elizabeth, now Mrs. S.A.R. MacDonald, Theodore Goodridge, a younger brother, and Bliss Carman, a cousin, all grew up in the happy atmosphere of the Rectory. Just recently, in the "Christian Science Monitor" of Boston, I came upon a charming glimpse of these festal youthful days at the Rectory, during the time of its occupation by the Roberts family, written by a grandson of the house who has inherited the literary bent of the family.

LOYD ROBERTS says: "It is any day, any month of the year—for what are seasons among friends?—when word goes round among the Clan that the Rectory is entertaining. That means four hours of undiluted joy, of unrestrained exuberance, a democracy of action that sets aside little differences and tumbles everyone helter skelter into the common basket of enjoyment. There is no master of ceremonies. Possibly the youngest and noisiest—probably yourself—shouts for 'My ship came home from India,' and the evening is off to a glorious start. How the dust flies from the flowered carpet and the black horsehair sofa! How the knickknacks tremble on whatnot and mantle! How the framed pictures of the animals disembarking from the ark and of Abraham offering up Isaac sway on their wires until they hang askew!... And this is the drawing-room where one came and went sedately on ordinary week days, careful not to disarrange furniture or leave a cushion awry. Grandpa's explosive gusts, that would have shaken walls less thick, are topped by shrieks and children's trebles until all is pandemonium and the neighbors, half a block off, shake their heads sympathetically over their knitting."

Mrs. C. F. Fraser has also written a delightful account of the Rectory in the days of "dear Rector Roberts," as he was affectionately called by the town. "He was," Mrs. Fraser tells us, "a scholarly gentleman of old English descent. Of winter evenings the favorite gathering place was about the great centre table in the sitting-room, where the young people were wont to read aloud for each other's amusement the rhymes or stories which the day had called forth. In summer weather the great old-fashioned garden, haunt of all fragrant and time-honoured flowers, was the favorite spot. There in and about the hammocks with their cousin, Bliss Carman, extending his great length on the turf below, and shaggy Nestor

(Continued on page 60)



A general view of Fredericton, the capital which Bliss Carman called, "that leafy northern city."



The historic Roberts rectory

Acadia, made the fort just opposite St. Anne's at the Nashwaak's mouth his citadel, in place of the abandoned Fort Royal.

No one pretended to look for peace in those days. If it was not the Indians it was the New Englanders. Villebon had a certain "old Ben Church" and his fleet of New England vessels to fight. But the Nashwaak guns were too many for them.

Generations later the Loyalist immigrants built St. John, and in 1786 New Brunswick became a Province. The first Governor, Thomas Carleton, must have remembered the ancient prowess of St. Anne and her invincible fort, for he made Fredericton its capital, and in a little building still standing near the present Queen's Hotel, known as the King's Provision Store, the General Assembly met for its third session in July 1788.

Two years before, the first sermon ever preached in the settlement was delivered here. It was remarked by the Rev. Samuel Cooke, the Rector, two years later, that the inhabitants of Fredericton number four hundred, "of whom one hundred attend church, but many of ye common sort prefer to go fishing."

The Celestial city of the poet includes all that the historian knows and all that the traveller sees. That vivid background, Indian haunted and pierced by the conquering note of the French, sharpens his imagination but he also feels the poetry in his City of to-day.

The shimmering waters that surround it, rimmed by the green hills, suggest to him certain celestial qualities, but if he knows his Fredericton the aspects of repose are not only those of a mellowed natural beauty. They imply a life of leisured intellectual pursuit, an unhurried,

published, the well-known poet and short story writer describes the beautiful setting of Fredericton, "Drawn about her," he says, "is the broad and gleaming crescent of the St. John and opposite to her wharves the lovely tributary streams, the Nashwaak and the Nashwaaksis."

To look over the City from the cupola windows of the University buildings, across Queen's Park and the spires of the church steeples, piercing the elm tops half a mile away, is to let the eye wander far. Beyond that there is the blue sweep of the river and the white villages of St. Mary's and Gibson, and further still the town of Marysville where the Lumber King, Alexander Gibson, holds sway. The great river itself is often dotted with the sails of wood boats. To quote Mr. Roberts again "Here and there puffs a neighboring tug, towing an acre or two of dark rafts, or a gang of scows piled high with yellow deals. On all sides is evidence that Fredericton is the centre of the lumber industry. The scene is one that fills the eye with gracious color and harmonious composition. In the Autumn when the trees flame out with amber and scarlet and aerial purple, when the air swims with a faint violet haze the picture is one that neither the painter's brush nor the poet's pen can do more than dimly suggest."

There is indeed a gentle charm everywhere. I remember the overhanging elm trees, which it seems to me should be part of every Cathedral town. The Cathedral itself though small and plain to the point of austerity is one of the most perfect examples of Gothic architecture on the continent. Queen Street with shops on one side and lawns and trees and river glimpses on the other is equally typical of tranquil Fredericton



The old Government House

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TO prolong the pleasure of independent home-coming, the first she had ever tasted in a considerable lifetime, Malvina Leed paused upon her small doorstep to admire her two acres with lenient leisureliness before fitting the key into the lock.

"Not much of a farm," she commented in high good-humor while a glow of rosy content overrode the look of pale suppression habitual to her countenance. "But it's all mine!"

This last came in a furtive whisper, as if she had good reason for supposing she might not be permitted to exult long if she exulted too audibly.

"Nor much of a house, either!" This second damaging admission seemed to afford her a satisfaction even more rapturous than the first. She literally trembled with pleasure as she turned the key and pushed open the door. Key, door, house, all were new to her, and the entertainment of the moment was immense.

Her usually exacting nostrils sniffed enjoyingly even the lifelessness of the air which crept out to her,—that subtle atmosphere of barren unwelcome which exhales from an untenanted dwelling.

Just as she had mustered sufficient audacity to make a possessive entrance, her mature but childish expectant face clouded with a panicky concern.

"Joey told me most particular to do something with the key, and what it was I clean forget. 'Twas either to hang it on a nail—or slip it on my key-ring—or—he'll be that annoyed!"

Then, the frown of concern turned to a frown of protest, and it grew courageously till it obliterated completely her subservient attempts to recollect. This frown marked absolutely the first rebellion in all her rather harassed, and decidedly excitable, married life against the dictating precaution of her extremely executive husband. With a nod of defiance she let the key take chances and dropped it among the bewildering miscellany of a capacious pocket.

"Why should I not do what I like with my own key and in my own house, too?" she muttered, sternly. She felt

Malvina Learns to Play House

BY MARION HILL

that sternness was necessary. Her resoluteness needed severity in order to be operative.

"My house!" The unusual words brought a smile to her lips. "Only three rooms—but all mine!" Again the lowering of her voice as if there were danger in a too audible expression of content. "Mine,—like the land."

Mingling with this inconsequential exultation, but without any depreciating effect, Malvina had a common-sense knowledge that her "inheritance" was almost valueless viewed as real estate.

Subconsciously, this knowledge gave security to her enjoyment. If her property were not worth possessing, perhaps no one would bother to interfere with her management of it. "No One's" name was—Joey.

The tiny place had come to her not long ago through the death of a relative. It was at that time being used as a summer home by a young married couple who had now gone back to the city,—gone, as summer visitors generally do, at the most gorgeous season of the year, in rich October, red with turning woods and plenteous with garnered harvests.

"And, Mally, you'd better hurry there at once and see what you've reely got," had been Joey's dictum. So of course she had hurried. She allowed Joey to plan her life down to the most trivial detail, not that she was incapable of doing it as well and better, but that it infinitely saved trouble to let Joey run as far as possible all of the universe that was not directly under the hand of its Creator.

So patiently had she submitted herself, and for so many years, that sheer habit had kept her from realizing how impatient she was and always had been of his all-prevailing assertiveness. Nor until she stepped within this little kingdom of her three-roomed house did she discover how needlessly thorough he

had been in his persistent thwarting of her harmless preferences.

"If there isn't a table in the middle of the sitting room!" she cried, and a flush of gratification intense enough to be pathetic in its inconsequent connection burned in her excited cheeks. "Now, isn't that cosy? Ma always had hers in the middle. Seems as if I never could see the use of a table up against a wall. It kind of wastes one side of it. I'm so glad the table's in the middle!"

In Joey's house—and hers,—if she could ever bring herself to feel ownership in anything so aggressively controlled by her partner,—nothing was ever in the middle of a room. Joey was large of bulk and resistlessly progressive and during progressions objected to hitting projecting portions of his anatomy against corners of furniture. He therefore arranged his belongings inexorably close to his walls, keeping his rooms as unobstructed at center as fighting rings,—which they often were.

Malvina walked around and around her table in ecstasy, gathering additional comfort from the fact that it was covered with a fringed cloth. Tablecloths irked Joey considerably, being in the way of free distribution of ashes from his pipe, and fringed tablecloths were utterly tabooed, fringe having aptitude to entangle in Joey's buttons with disastrous outcome as concerned Joey's temper.

Weaning herself from the table, Malvina went to the window, ran up the shade, raised the sash, gleefully surveyed her scant acres from this new vantage and gloried in her sole big apple tree just discovered at the back.

"Cayuga reds!" she murmured, and her calm blue eyes grew wistfully eager. She mourned because the apples were out of reach. She ached to handle one, hers, off her farm. Just here the muslin curtain blew against her cheek and

awoke a new train of rapturous sensations.

"Sash curtains!" she cried with another flush of exceeding pleasure as she ran a welcoming hand up and down their starchy smoothness. Joey was not sympathetic in the direction of sash curtains, holding that they harbored dust and obstructed the light, and he invariably emphasized his theories by twisting into unsightly ropes or rolling into damaged wads such curtains as Malvina ventured upon from time to time.

"Have the other rooms sash curtains, too?" wondered Malvina, letting her expectations broaden audaciously.

Exploration happily proved that her hopes had not betrayed her. Both kitchen and bedroom were whitely curtained and the curtains moved gently in the draft as if they were sentient things and waved their friendliness toward her. The bedroom appealed strangely,—it beckoned like a sanctuary,—so quiet and dim it was, so spotless and uncluttered, so free from pipes and boots and whip-thongs and earth-stained overalls. Except for the bureau and the bedstead, the small room contained nothing but a rocking chair and a table only large enough to hold a reading lamp and a book, yet the apartment seemed spaciousness itself to Malvina. It was as wide as—freedom.

She stole from it reluctantly, wooed away only by the magnitude of her interest in her possible kitchen ware. Those utensils were few, but eminently satisfying in their state of newness and cleanliness.

"Brides is the least messy people to live after as ever I see," admitted Malvina, as she entrusted to the glass cupboard the wisp of tea, the loaf of bread and the pat of butter which she had thriftily brought with her to serve as supper and breakfast. Her proposed stay overnight was practically enforced, for the return trains were inconvenient in hour, one being too early in the morning, the other too late at night, to permit

(Continued on page 26)



Hon. John Bracken, Premier of Manitoba, Mrs. Bracken and the four small sons of the family at their country home

THE YEAR 'ROUND PORCH

BY COLLIER STEVENSON

SOMEONE has very aptly said that the luxuries of one generation become the necessities of the next—and, by way of substantiation, we need but turn to the increasing popularity of the enclosed, or "year 'round," porch. Although the practice of enclosing a porch to make it suitable for use during even the coldest weather may be in part attributed to our desire to continue through the Winter at least a suggestion of Summer outdoor life, it can in some measure be viewed as a democratic outgrowth of the plutocratic conservatory or "plan room" of a former generation.

The conservatory was, of course, not used as an auxiliary living room: it was, rather, frequently attached to a house merely as a badge of the owner's social and financial status. Damp, cheerless and often far from sanitary as the home conservatory was, it, nevertheless, inspired the palm room, which flourished a couple of decades ago. The palm room, while intended to promote the cultivation of flowers and plants, was usually so furnished, that it could be used as a sunny sitting room. Notwithstanding this concession to creature comfort, the palm room—perhaps because its very name savored so of opulence!—never was anything but a luxury of the very rich.

In the meantime, however, there was a growing appreciation of the porch—or, as it was then more generally known, the veranda or piazza. The contour of the porch was gradually altering to facilitate more general use and more livable furnishing. Thus, it was but a natural phase of evolution when the quondam palm room and the popular open veranda were merged into the year 'round porch as we know and value it today.

Best of all, too, the year 'round porch is no longer a luxury: it is almost a necessity in any new home—and, thanks to the adaptability of sash-enclosures!—even our older houses need not be lacking in this essentially modern adjunct.

It is, as a general rule, more satisfactory to remove than to retain the railing of an existing porch when erecting either a temporary or a permanent enclosure. Otherwise, the railing has to be backed or faced by solid boarding, then topped by some form of sill as a footing for the

sash: and, of course, the established height of the railing tends to retard any individuality of design in the sash and eliminates the possibility of having the glass continuous from floor to ceiling.

On the other hand, in planning a new enclosed porch, there is an unrestricted field in the matter of design and construction. The outer walls can, for instance, be entirely given over to groupings of the familiar double-hung variety of window, which is weather-tight and convenient. Outward-swinging casements are equally suitable; more especially for the porch-enclosure of permanent character. Inward-swinging casements, too, are often used—but not always satisfactorily, as they are exceedingly hard to render water-tight. To counterbalance this disadvantage, however, they are notably easier than the outward-swinging casements to either screen or drape.

An enclosed porch does not fulfil its specific mission unless the ratio of glass to solid wall be properly balanced. Indeed, the more nearly the outer walls are given over to glass, the more cheerful the porch will prove during the Winter months, when abundant sunlight is a veritable boon within-doors. If, however, the enclosure is to be of a temporary character, the individual sash should be neither too large nor too heavy for convenience in assembling and disassembling. Preferably, too, the sash should be made up of many small panes, rather than of large, single sheets of glass: for the latter have a tendency to destroy balance in architectural design; to emphasize the porch and minimize the body of the house of which it forms a part. Naturally, the smaller units of glass are also the more economical, as any breakages can be replaced expeditiously and inexpensively.

When the enclosing of a porch was first inaugurated, it was not very seriously considered by either architects or interior decorators. Neither they nor the average home owner apparently seemed to sense the unique artistic possibilities of an enclosed porch as a quasi-garden room; a place where the formality of the house might appropriately be modified by the always-graceful informality of the world outdoors. As a result, practically nothing in the nature of elaborate wall-adornment



The walls and ceiling of this artistic year 'round porch are covered with a fine canvas that is painted to the soft yellow of old ivory. This finish is particularly effective because the stone used in the fireplace shows an unusual variation in color from light gray to a yellowish brown. The floor is of tile, ranging from yellow to brown, and the unpatterned rugs are of velvet in quiet taupe. Scalloped shades of glazed English chintz, its white ground garlanded with pink roses and blue ribbons, are decoratively used with inner hangings of square-meshed ivory net—finished with a deep cotton fringe that is suggestive of the Mid-Victorian Era, to which modern decorators are nowadays inclined to turn for inspiration.

was attempted at the outset; nor was there even an effort put forth to harmonize

the new enclosing walls with the structural material of the house walls.

Now, however, the inner walls of a permanently-enclosed porch are usually uniformly plastered, either in a smooth or a sand-float texture. The rough-surfaced plaster is frequently left in its natural coloring, which is grayish in tone: but it is even more often tinted or painted. Paint, too, is a favorite finish for the walls of smooth plaster, as it is easy to care for or renew.

* * *

WITH the plastered walls as a background, delightful effects attend the use of slender wooden strips arranged to form an all-over lattice. In one enclosed porch, where the walls are of light gray sand-float plaster, a trellis of delicate design painted in a soft shade of terra cotta extends from the floor to the ceiling; and, at its base, are low jars of the same warm coloring filled with English ivy, that will in time clothe the trellis with verdure. In another instance, nasturtiums trail over a latticework that is painted burnt orange to contrast with walls of old ivory. In still another case, walls, ceiling and trellises are finished in a blue that is almost green: and, in one enclosed porch which is used as a breakfast room, the lattices are painted white to match the other woodwork and the walls.

Lattices, of course, are usually viewed as accessories intended for outdoor use alone: but their appearance in an enclosed porch is entirely logical when the intimate relationship which the room bears to the garden is duly considered. And, in any event, were their use quite illogical, the lattices would both deserve and richly repay recognition because of their wonderful efficacy as a decorative feature when used within-doors.

Although wood as a porch flooring material is not at all likely to be completely supplanted in public favor, there

(Continued on page 33)



Dominated by a great stone fireplace and equipped with sash extending from floor to ceiling, this enclosed porch is marked by the utmost simplicity in its furnishing. The hardwood floor is covered with a Scotch wool reversible rug in two shades of grayish-green. Several pieces of antique mahogany furniture are used to relieve the comfortable wicker furniture, which is painted a quiet gray-green to harmonize with the rug. The chairs are cushioned in a light gray cretonne that is patterned in American Beauty red, dull green and tan. Several cushions in plain American Beauty red give interesting spots of color and sundry bits of prized pewter and copper adorn the mantel, above which a small deer's head is appropriately hung.

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Be careful never to use a cream with too much oil for such creams clog the pores. Creams that are too stiff stretch them. Pond's *Cold Cream* has just the right amount of oil to stimulate your skin and keep it looking youthful.

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THERE might be an article written on "the things we leave behind us." I am of the opinion that we usually find time for the things that we really wish to do and that we seldom leave behind the article in which we are deeply interested. The report recently published by Montreal hotels concerning the things which people leave behind them is an interesting revelation of human tastes and sense of values. Never, say the hotel authorities, is a powder puff left behind, no matter how much in a hurry Milady may be. She knows, to a nicety, just where her vanity box and all things pertaining to it may be, and will forget her pocket book or a war bond, rather than her treasured powder puff. There is evidence that man does not often forget his wig or his razor; so, we may conclude that an amiable vanity belongs to the race.

There is no denying that our grandmothers, also, were not above the small arts which lend themselves to beautifying; but they were more reticent about the manner in which they practised these arts. Go to the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto and you will find how ancient is the mirror and how enduring the little alabaster box which held the rouge of long ago.

* * *

THE "going back to school" is now almost a month old, the new books have been bought and the new class-mates properly placed. The boys and the girls who have passed into a higher form have lost their first shining sense of importance; while those who failed are determined to get a "pass" next summer.

Do you remember how important you felt when you had entered the High School, and how infinitely condescending you were to the young persons whom you had left behind you? Never, never again will come quite the thrill which was yours when you became a pupil in the High School and entered upon the study of French and Geometry.

Then, there are the girls who have just gone away to boarding school. I must admit that I have a great liking for the "girls' school." It is really more fun than all the co-education in the world and some day Canada will be rich enough to afford women's universities and we shall have something "for women only" to approach Wellesley College and Smith. I am afraid that it will be many moons before we shall have anything so good as Bryn Mawr. By the way, perhaps you do not know that one of the most widely known professors at the famous Vassar—Dr. Louise Cummings—is a Canadian, a former Hamiltonian. Her department is no less than mathematics.

* * *

THERE is hardly a Canadian artist or a poet who has not painted or sung the charms of October. England seems to revel in the spring-time and to find her supreme joy in April with its foam of flowers; but Canada

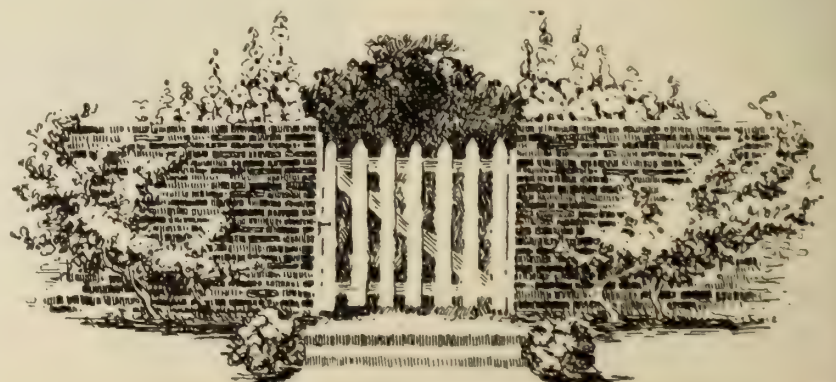
has a rare pride in October, with its warm richness of coloring. Someone from the West utters a word of protest here and says: "You should see Victoria in April!—there's an English spring for you."

By the time you read this—if you have leisure for teacup tinkling—October will be here, with its crimson and its woodland brown—and it will be autumn, indeed. To-day, as I am writing, it is early September, a day of pure gold, with a cloudless sky, yet with that haze on the horizon which tells of the approach of the Fairy of the Frost. There is a wealth of color everywhere, in fruit and flower and foliage. This is a delectable room, furnished in an Old Country fashion, with old tables and sturdy chairs, some of which have certainly crossed the Atlantic. Just beneath the mirror, above the mantel, there is a flaming cluster of nasturtiums, with the green stems showing their cool curves through the clear glass. Near the window, there is a huge Belgian blue bowl filled with asters, mauve, pink and crimson. Another bowl of blue, near the foot of the stairway, holds a golden wealth of zinnias, while marigolds show their smiling sunburnt faces above the lemon-yellow brim of a fat little bowl on the table near me. Who can write sober paragraphs, with such intoxicating color all around this writing table? The room, itself, belongs to a transformed carriage-house in the country, part of an enterprising woman's undertaking. Years ago, a farm house was bought, a porch was added, rooms were re-decorated and furnished and an old-fashioned inn was made, with a name which had walked out of "Martin Chuzzlewit," and china to match the name of the hostelry.

A few years went by, and so successful was the inn that the Lady of the Land decided to retire from the busy scene and transform the carriage-house near into a habitation for her household and for the wayfarer who wished the joys of country life within reach of a comfortable inn. So it comes that it overlooks, from a green distance, a busy road where all Ontario whirls by—and not a few travellers from the south—and it affords a refreshing shelter for day or week or month to the city-tired sojourner.

The inn is rented to a host who knows his business and the Lady of the Land owns a cottage and a rural "duplex", in addition to the inn and the House of Tranquility. There are ever so many women in this country who are talking vaguely about how they would "just love" to manage such an enterprise. Here is one who has quietly gone to work and succeeded. It has meant years of planning and toil, but the labor has been worth while for herself and for others.

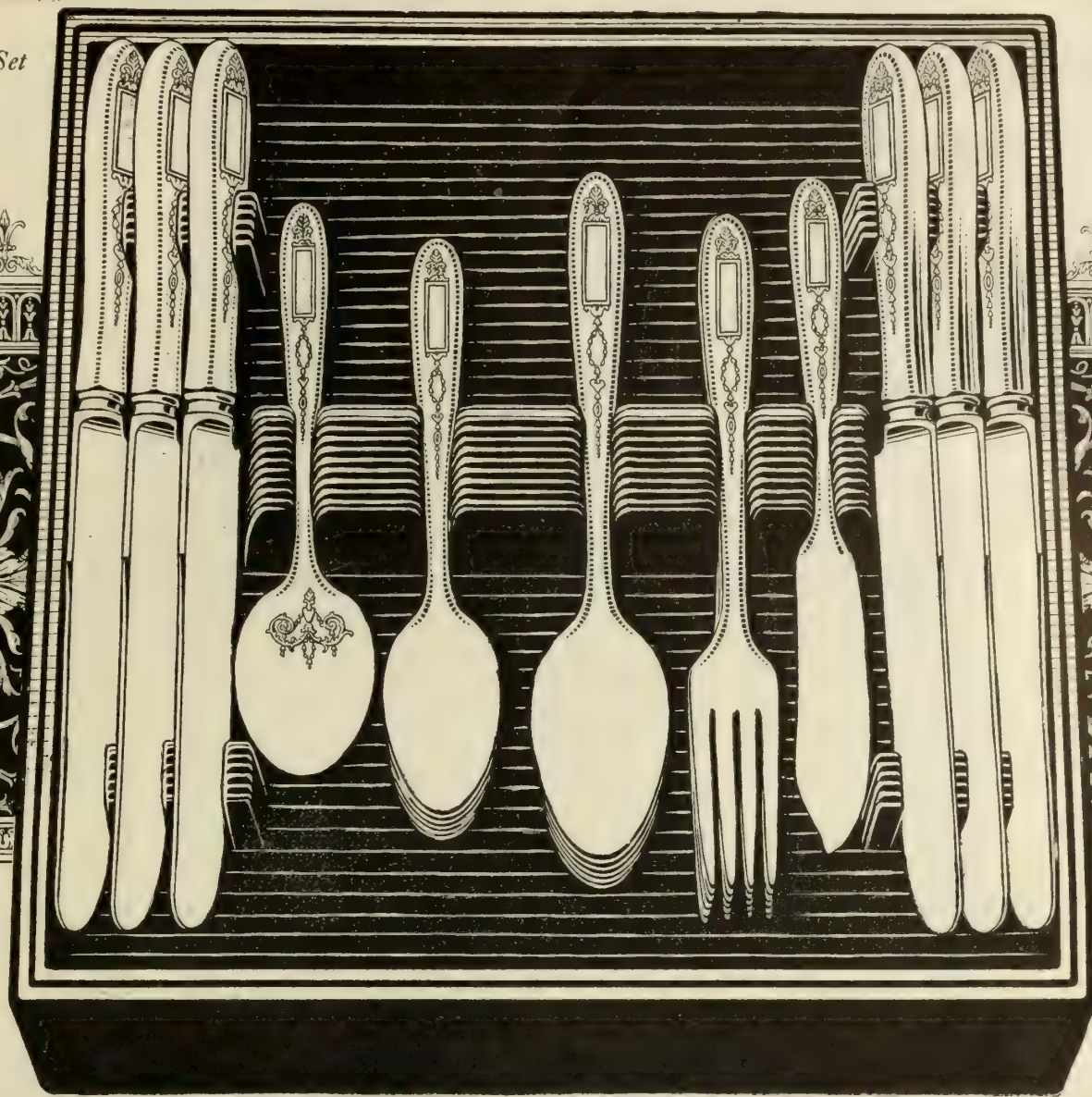
Everywhere in the House of Tranquility, there are soft colors and restful scenes, with no suggestion of the strife and turmoil of the near-by city. After days of wandering in grassy by-ways and surveying the early-autumn beauty of woods and gold-fringed roads, who would not sigh for a cottage, with pines and birch and maple in the background and a glowing mountain ash before the door?



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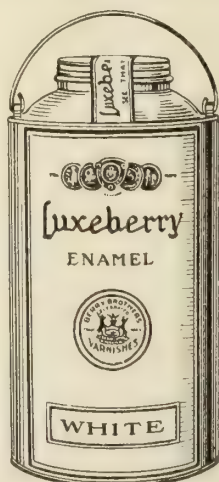
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Making the Boy Musical

By Hector Charlesworth

I have been asked to say something on the question of how to interest boys in music, and I confess that the topic is a rather baffling one. Unquestionably there have been immense advances in musical appreciation among the Canadian public within recent years, but it is doubtful whether there are as many boys in proportion to the population taking music lessons as there were forty years ago. I am speaking particularly of the smaller towns. In the larger cities somewhat different conditions, which I shall presently deal with, exist.

I suppose there was always a latent sentiment among boys that music was a girl's accomplishment, and therefore to be spurned by the haughty masculine mind. And then boy-life as distinguished from girl-life, evokes a much stronger social pressure against music-practice than exists in the case of sisters. How detestable, even to the boy of moderate musical temperament, is the thought of abandoning some juvenile expedition or a ball match on the back lot in order to go and practice the piano! The percentage of boys that are started on music lessons only to drop them, because of the disgust of parents at their lack of application must be very large indeed. Quite as large is the percentage of grown men who now lament either that they never had a chance to take music lessons, or that, given such a chance, they deliberately frittered it away.

One of the notable factors in music at the present time is the growth in the numbers of masculine concert-goers. No longer can it be said, as it once was, that musical events are attended only by the wives and daughters; the husbands and fathers to be seen at any ordinary concert have notably increased within the recollection of most of us. By many, regret that they do not know more about music is frequently expressed; while others find the little music knowledge they may have picked up in boyhood, before they kicked over the traces and refused to practice, a pleasant resource to-day. No doubt some of them look back with sentimental gratitude to the little music teacher in the old home town who used to come to the house once a week to try and pound the rudiments into them. In the cities the widespread introduction of the Conservatory system has led to the disappearance of the visiting music-teacher; but perhaps she still survives in the smaller places. At any rate, I hope she does. In the old days she led a trying life in her endeavors to make musical ideas shoot in her boy pupils, but the seeds she sowed did not entirely fall on barren soil. So far as the cities are concerned a peculiar characteristic of musical instruction at the present time is the great preponderance of boys of foreign parentage among the sum total of those who take music lessons. This is not so true of the girls; the big conservatories have countless girl pupils of English-speaking origin, but so far as the boy musicians are concerned, nearly everyone that one hears much about wears a foreign name. Within the past fifteen years there has been a great increase in the number of violin students in Toronto,—a splendid sign, for the violin calls for real musical intuitions and intellectual grasp of essentials,—but it is rather obviously a foreign movement in which I hope to see our boys of British blood ultimately join.

boys think about their future enough to cultivate the arts that make life worth living, but perhaps if the youth is at all thoughtful it can be done. The best method, I should say, both in general instruction in schools and in the individual instruction of private pupils, to interest boys in music is to make music interesting. Not only must the aspect of drudgery be avoided but it is also clear that music cannot be made interesting by setting up a too severe standard of taste. Some consideration must be had for what appeals to the adolescent temperament. There is not the slightest doubt that certain recent types of music on which the purists frown, have a natural and inherent appeal to the youthful nature, and are in a measure an expression of the ebullience of growth. That is peculiarly true of what is known as "Jazz." You may preach against "Jazz" and write editorials deploring "Jazz" and forbid the hated thing the shelter of your roof,—but,—you cannot help young people liking "Jazz" and taking a sort of dizzy exaltation out of it. The solution seems to be to winnow out the "Jazz" and give countenance to those manifestations of it which show symptoms of real musical quality. If the boys are to be interested in music it must be through lively channels that express their natural vitality.

How much even a little musical accomplishment means to young men was effectively demonstrated during the war. The boys in a regiment, who were definitely sure of popularity were those who could play some instrument or other, or sing a song. It was found that a good many had the gift of playing the piano by ear; but the lad who could really play unfamiliar compositions and could vary the usual fare by something "High-class" once in a while, was honored. Nor did the soldiers always insist on something lively. I have heard of one young Canadian officer who was awarded the V.C. posthumously for superb bravery during the great advance of the summer of 1918; and who had a most remarkable gift for playing on that haunting instrument the ukelele. He had, (it was afterwards known) a real conviction that he was never to see Canada again, and the soft melancholy strains he used to evoke from his instrument were an expression of his premonition. He undoubtedly gave solace to himself and much pleasure to his comrades by his music, sad though it was. In the trenches there was no scoffing at music as a girl's accomplishment; it was regarded as a precious asset; and so the growing boys whose ideas of the war are vague must be taught to regard it.

Undoubtedly music will ultimately benefit from the systems which are being promulgated on this continent, whereby children of both sexes are caught young and instructed in good music as a means of play. I have seen classes of little boys from four to seven years old, who had been taught to feel the fascination, even of some of the simpler works of the abstruse Bach. No doubt many if not all of these youngsters, as they grow older and develop the stronger boy-characteristics will take a more tolerant view of music. To return to what I have said already, the answer to the question, how shall we interest boys in music is to try our best to make music more interesting to them, and less of a drudgery than it used to be.

A great deal could be accomplished if parents could succeed in getting the idea through the heads of the growing lads that musical knowledge and musical accomplishment, however slight, is a valuable asset to live by, not so much in a financial sense, as in a social sense; as a resource and recreation in advancing years. It is a difficult matter to make

WHATEVER may be the present attitude of the boys toward music, this year's Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto has exemplified an enormous growth of musical interest and enthusiasm in the general public. Since this institution is attended

(Continued on Page 29)



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dust-proof!*

Malvina Learns to Play House

(Continued from page 19)

of her finishing her appraising trip within the day.

Incontinently, she set to work and kindled a fire in the stove long before she had any need of it. She really could not put off till its conventional hour the pleasure of lighting this fire, her first in her own home. The simple act was to her symbolical of very much more than she could put into words. The first leaping of the cheery flame, followed by its steadier glow, filled her with a sort of mysterious awe, an unguessed heritage through the ages from savage ancestry when the kindling of a hearth fire was a significant act in the ritual of possession and dominion. "Her" fire,—that is what exalted it out of the commonplace. Moreover, a fire is the best of company. Under its hearty crackling, the little house was as if filled with guests.

"Now, I'll have a good look around at the outsides," declared Malvina, nodding a temporary farewell to the cheeriness within.

SHE found that the kitchen garden had October written ruthlessly all over it. The one or two remaining tomatoes were dark and mushy from a recent frost; the corn rustled in yellow spoliation; the potato hills were merely hollows and empty at that; the bean poles supported but leafless strings of stem from which the podded wealth had long been stripped; nothing remained but a few tough squash and a head or two of rabbit-nibbled cabbage; but Malvina saw it with the eye of optimistic futurity, green in the sprouting rows of spring, next spring, when she herself would plant it according to her own desires, not with Joey's cast-iron precision. It was the goodliest patch of garden she had ever seen.

She pulled a leathery leaf from the seeded lettuce and chewed it with meditative gusto.

"What kind, I wonder?" she ruminated. "It's the best I ever eat." She was tasting more than lettuce; it was the improving savor of ownership which gave to every mouthful its unique superiority,—ownership not valued because it meant personal aggrandizement but because it permitted the unfettering of a soul. On Joey's farm even so infinitesimal a trifle as a bite at a leaf of lettuce might not always chance to pass without belittling comment,—was she taking to rabbit feed for a change? perhaps she liked dirt, he preferred lettuce washed!—had he slackened up any on provisioning lately? if so, he'd go to town and tend to it. Joey's fleers generally masqueraded as jokes, but each held its intentioned sting. Malvina mildly made up her mind that the jokes prevailing on her own two acres should be of her own manufacture, or approximating that brand.

From the comfortable environment of her barren inheritance, she gazed with unenvious curiosity at the wooded estates of her neighbors, whose angle of roof or curl of smoke showed sociably above the branching of distant orchards.

"I b'lieve I'll run over to one and see if I can't buy a pint of milk," she murmured, advancing perfidious reason, for she preferred her tea clear.

Possessing herself of the gayest of all the seemly little jugs in the glass-doored dresser she ambled her contented way through fields and lanes till she reached the farmhouse of her selection.

The protests of a barking dog had heralded her approach, and a woman was in readiness upon the back porch to greet Malvina before she had need to knock. The woman eyed her with stern caution, not unkindly, but with the shrewd appraisement of country-folk.

"What do you want?" she asked with unadorned directness. She examined the milk pitcher, aloofly critical, and without admitting that it carried any suggestion

Striving to conceal her pride in being a neighbor and a landowner, Malvina joyously sketched her milkless condition and wound up with,

"So I jus' run over to ask if you had any,—to sell."

"Well, I d'know," said the woman doubtfully. "I'll see."

It seems to be a point of etiquette with a farmwife never to express any certainty of knowledge concerning her possession of a drop of milk, a shred of butter or a single egg. She always has to "see." But before disappearing for the purpose this woman unhesitatingly appropriated Malvina's pitcher and soon returned with it filled.

"Oh, thank you very much," said Malvina, pleasantly, hastening to brush away the steely disapprobation gathering on the other's face by hurriedly adding, "and what's the price of it?"

"Well, I d'know," said the woman, again firmly intrenching herself behind doubt, though the quoted price of milk per quart as given by the weekly paper from town all but leaped from her eye in order to attack Malvina should the latter tender a cent short.

"Five cents?" offered Malvina, risking nothing, for she knew.

"Well, all right," was the woman's acceptance, still intoned doubtfully.

Malvina began to back away. The strange woman was one quivering question mark from head to foot, but she kept her lips sealed. She, too, much wanted to know. It is only your woman who really does not care who makes the most persistent questioner. Malvina comprehendingly helped out a little more.

"Any time you're short of something, come and see if I mebbe haven't it, over yonder to Malvina Leed's! Good evenin'."

She turned and retraced her way. "To Malvina Leed's!" How the music of the expression sang in her ears and in her happy heart! Everything had been "Joey Leed's" for so carpingly long that she had grown to connect the title only with things annoying and unrestful. The content of her surroundings grew with each atom of experience. Besides a farm, she now had a neighbor and a good one. For Malvina was not deterred by that neighbor's exterior from detecting the warm womanliness within. This cold bargainer, cautious about squandering her friendship, her dignity, her reserve, her provisions, was just of the sterling strength to be of help in time of need. The frank and open eye above a chary tongue,—that tells a reassuring tale.

"Who babbles her sympathy, dribbles it," philosophized Malvina. "She's all right. If I was took sick to-night, she'd be over in the shake of a calf's tail—with somethin' hot."

She almost wished to be taken sick,—for the joy of the companionship. Joey had been a discourager of neighborliness. "Don't want nobody's old hens cackling 'round my roost," was his defense, persistently jocose, but unfailingly selfish. Malvina dashed away this reminiscence with a happy jerk of her head; this was not Joey Leed's, but Malvina's.

She had regained her own doorstep. The brief October day, vanishing without a warning twilight, had given place to cool crisp evening which would soon be night.

Either driven from its hiding place by cold or hunger, or wooed out by the security of darkness and an uncanny awareness of milk, a thin but amiable kitten arched and purred on the doorstep.

"The trollop!" said Malvina, scourgily, referring not to the kitten but to the erstwhile unmessy bride. "Too sweet-hearted to give you a merciful drowning, kitty, but able to leave you to freeze and starve! I know the kind! There's a-plenty of them. And they're

(Continued on page 27)

Malvina Learns to Play House

(Continued from page 26)



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all city-folk and ought to know better. Come in."

Frenziedly appreciative of the invitation, the kitten made a contorted entrance, squeezing into slim retreats, making immediate reappearance, arching with nervous suddenness, treading on hot eggs and purring royally.

"I kind of like a kitten," mused Malvina, pensively pouring it out some milk. "Ma most generally let us keep one, though she talked a heap."

Joey never talked. He acted. He said he wanted animals kept in their "right place." From evidence, this place was wherever it was unseen of Joey.

After rebuilding the fire and setting the kettle to boil, Malvina indulged in a long-suppressed instinct for illumination, trimming three lamps and letting one burn at its brightest in every room, so that the tiny domicile fairly shone with light.

This audacity incited her to a greater. "Sheets!" she announced with triumph, and dressed the bed accordingly. Joey was hygienic to violence in his denunciation of sheets, insisting the year round upon blankets.

"No eating in the kitchen!" she continued firmly, setting her tea table in the sitting room. "Not even a sight of the kitchen!" and she drew the turkey-red portiere across the door.

"Thin toast!" was her next order which she proceeded to execute with a deliberate unconcern of time which was in itself a rare happiness. In the house of Joey things were generally kept jumping by the clock.

Her happiness augmented when she heard the distant shriek of the approaching passenger train,—the one which she might have taken but did not, preferring to arrive at a new destination by daylight,—what hours of enjoyment she had gained by deciding not to come on it!

Before sitting down to her pretty tea-table, she went into the bedroom and "did over" her hair in front of the mirror framed in pine cones, and she noted with joy that traces of past comeliness had crept back to her face by reason of relaxation and content.

"This little home is goin' to be my soul's sanitarium!" she vowed aloud. The startled kitten gave a big purr. Lifting the flattered animal to her cheek, Malvina passed back into the kitchen and sat a blissful moment to enjoy the tranquillity of her surroundings, the grateful glow of the quiet fire, the inviting brightness of the rooms, the serene and confiding snuggle of the cat against her neck, the uninvaded solace of a silence which was not loneliness, of solitude which was not sorrow.

A sudden stumbling upon her door-stone, a man's muttered imprecation at his own misstep, did not arouse a particle of fear within her; she was too proudly anxious to play the hostess if only to a mistaken wayfarer. She hospitably stood, even before he should knock.

But no knock came. The knob was boisterously turned and the door banged open for the volcanically jocose entrance of Joey.

"Ah ha! nothing like coming unbeknownst to find what's going on!" he chuckled, uproariously, slamming the door behind him and lunging into the room. The tiny house shivered like a structure of cards, for Joey was over six feet high and broad accordingly, with long swinging limbs ending in sledge-hammer hands and anvil-like feet.

In a stupor of surprise, Malvina looked at him, blankly silent. She put down the kitten, quite unconscious that she had given it the kitchen table for a base, quite unheeding that it consolingly curled itself up where she laid it. The silence, brief though it was, pierced Joey's malevolent sensitiveness and pricked him to splenetic outburst,—

"Why, if you're not glad to see me I can go back the way I came, only walking

stead of traveling!" and he crashed toward the door.

"No, don't!" cried Malvina, putting out a detaining hand. He was quite capable of carrying out his threat. His endurance was phenomenal,—when he could distress someone thereby. And she had been inhospitable. "It was good of you to come. I was surprised; that's all. It was real good of you, Joey."

Still glowering, he allowed himself to relent, sullenly relinquishing his hold of the doorknob. Then he divested himself of his coat and cap, hanging them upon the upper corner of the cupboard. Nothing was too high to serve him for a peg.

HE looked taller than ever in this confined dwelling. His immensity carried with it not the idea of strength, which is restful, but of force. His very coloring was aggressive. His hair was vividly red, glistening as if wet, and it virulently curled,—not loosely and softly, a lure for loving hands,—but curled with the vicious uniformity of copper springs. His eyes went inexorably with the hair, being brown as chestnuts but flecked with fiery red spots which gleamed maliciously whether in good humor or ill. His face was smooth except for the chin where there sprouted a suspicion of beard as crinkled, as red, as glistening as his hair. For the rest, he was a galvanic whirl of arms and legs.

"Not only did I think enough of you to come, but I brought you some supper," he grumbled. Snatching a parcel from his pocket and shaking from it a thick slice of ham, he thwacked a frying pan upon the stove, slammed the slice into it, and put all over the open fire where it was soon smoking and fuming and scorching and noisily spluttering.

"Now for a squirt through this dog kennel," he grinned, becoming amiable at the smell of the ham. He plunged into the sitting room, caught his shoulder in the portiere and without hesitation tore it from the pole and hurled it into a corner.

"Blamed poor taste putting hanging-truck in such a shantytan, wasn't it?" he asked, in a cordial tone which made sure of Malvina's cooperative approval.

She failed to answer him, being too nervously busy watching where the mud was spattering to, brought in on his heavy soles. She watched it with a weariness of heart out of proportion to the harm done, for she knew that October roads were prone to muddiness and that soiled boots could not help but leave a track, but tonight she seemed to see it all in a new light,—Joey was wilfully unchoicer of where he stepped, and how, and the mud in which he knowingly trod was significant of other avoidable things in life through which he drove ruthlessly, leaving dark stains over the lives of others.

Done with the sitting room, he promptly blew out the light and brought the tea tray in with him.

"No use wasting oil, is there, Mallie?" he demanded, still sure of having done the commendable. He set the tray upon the kitchen table, saw the cat, and without comment or question put it outside.

"Is this cubby-hole the bedroom?" he demanded, looking in with such scowling scorn that Malvina shrunk guiltily, almost as if her former approval of it had made her responsible for its meanness and his dissatisfaction in it.

His scorn changed to noisy laughter. "Of all the ratty quarters!" His laughter spent, he deigned to make the concession. "But I guess it's big enough to sleep in, just for to-night." As he spoke, he hauled the sheets from the bed, bunched them in a lump and tossed them to the floor, leaving the blankets in huddled disarray. Then he blew out that light. His overbearing demolition seemed to result less from an indiff-

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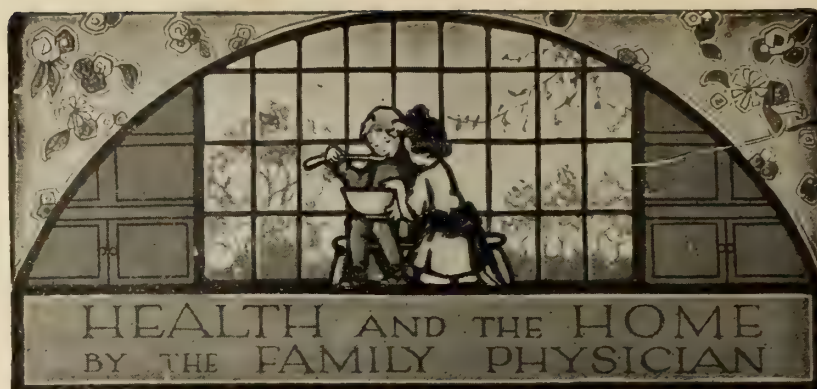
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Questions about Health, Sanitary Subjects and the Prevention of Disease will be answered in this column from time to time, subject to reasonable limitations.

If requested, replies will be sent direct to the correspondent if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed, but no diagnosis or prescription can be given. This coupon should be enclosed with inquiry.

INFANTILE PARALYSIS

(Anterior Polio-Myelitis).

It is a matter for great thankfulness that very few cases of this disease have been reported in Canada during the past fortnight. Our Medical Officers of Health in the cities where the first cases appeared did not think it likely that we were threatened with an epidemic and fortunately they were right, as they generally are.

THE USUAL INCREASE IN LATE SUMMER-TIME

Usually there is a slight increase in the number of cases of infantile paralysis reported during August and September over the number reported in May, June and July.

INCREASE IN 1921

There was a decided increase in the number reported in New York and other American cities during August and September 1921, but no increase was then noticed in Canada.

In New York, one of the most favourable signs observed was that the cases were not "grouped." That is, the reports did not show that a large number of the cases reported were in one block, or one district or one street. Such a "grouping" would have indicated comparatively rapid infection from one child to another.

BE CAREFUL BUT NOT OVER-ANXIOUS

Anxious parents should be first of all advised not to be over-anxious. It is not at all likely your children will have this disease.

Don't worry. That makes everything worse. Do not let the children over-exert themselves, especially in hot weather. They are better to play quietly with their brothers and sisters and in their own yard, or in a park. Do not let them play with other children. This is important.

If at all possible, have them lie down for an hour or two every afternoon. Never mind if they do not sleep; the rest in a darkened room is almost as good.

THE UNRECOGNIZED CASES

It is the mild and unrecognized case or "carrier" who is the chief danger in carrying infection. A child may have the causative germ in the throat and nose and may remain quite well or very slightly indisposed. This child remains almost or quite well, because he has good "immunity," or natural protection against this germ. Fortunately most children have this good protection, even at an early age. But if some poor child who has little or no natural protection (immunity) against the disease, plays with the "mild case" or "carrier" or kisses him or handles a pencil he has had in his mouth, such a child is in great danger of suffering from infantile paralysis. So do not let your children play on the street. Keep them at home and let them play by themselves. And wash their hands and faces sometimes; always do so before meals.

WE HAVE LEARNED SOMETHING

One of the most important things we have learned during the past year or two

about so-called infantile paralysis is that often those who suffer an attack do not have paralysis at all. The illness is short and light and leaves no bad effects. In other words, the cases are not recognized. This has been confirmed by "The Harvard Medical Commission," according to an article published in the "Journal of the American Medical Association," June 24, 1922:—

"The Harvard Medical Commission is making a five-year study into the causes and treatment of infantile paralysis, and recently made a report of progress. The Commission has about 2,000 actual cases under its supervision, while it is at the present time treating more than 1,000. The fundamental fact established is that infantile paralysis is not always or necessarily accompanied by paralysis; practically 50 per cent of the cases are not paralytic. It is estimated that there are 100,000 sufferers from the crippling effects of this disease in the United States today. The Harvard experts believe that they have found a method of after-treatment of the disease, based on "muscle training," though, even under the most favorable conditions, progress is likely to be slow."

Other authorities think that more than half of the cases do not suffer from paralysis.

WHAT SHALL WE DO

At all times, any acute illness in children, however slight, should receive the immediate attention of the family doctor, or if this is not possible, the child should be taken to the nearest hospital. Then the child will get every care and every case will be properly reported—a great protection to all. Headache, nausea, vomiting, fever, pains in back and legs—wanting to be held all the time in someone's arms, not wanting to move—these are danger signals.

Cleanliness is a safeguard. Do not let the child's nose get dirty, neglected or sore. It always makes a careful, sensible person uneasy to see a child with a sore, dirty, uncared-for nose.

It has been shown by Dr. Simon Flexner and other eminent authorities that the causative germ not only is contained in the naso-pharyngeal secretions of patients with the disease, but it enters the body of the patient by the same route—namely, the throat and nose. These are the gates of infection. That is where the enemy makes entrance. Never neglect a sore throat.

REPORTED CURES BY SERUM TREATMENT

It is reported that a serum, the mode of preparation of which is similar to the mode of preparation of anti-diphtheritic serum, has been successfully used in the treatment and cure of Anterior Polio-Myelitis in several places in the United States. A Sanitary Bulletin published in an American city on July 31, 1922, contains a reference to this, saying that the serum prepared by Dr. Edward C. Rosenow, of the Mayo Foundation, Rochester, Minnesota, has been successful.

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Making the Boy Musical

(Continued from Page 24)

by nearly all the men responsible for the direction of other great fairs in various parts of Canada and the United States, it is likely that the special attention given to music will prove an influence that will be broadcasted to many points of the compass, and is not merely of local or provincial significance. The Canadian Bureau for the Advancement of Music which started the "Music in the Home" movement a few years ago is largely responsible for the ever increasing enthusiasm which is being exemplified everywhere. At Toronto so many men working assiduously and patiently throughout the summer months in the cause of music were bound to achieve much. But they could not have made the musical outburst so splendid if they had not a prepared public sentiment to work upon.

Music Day, which was fixed for August 30th. was probably the most complete and varied exploitation of music from the popular standpoint that has ever been seen on this continent. On all parts of the vast grounds concerts of various kinds were constantly in progress, and roving groups of troubadours in costume sang in the open air. Perhaps the biggest hit was made by a small Ukrainian choir which sang the folk songs of Little Russia, and the cosmopolitan nature of the day was also emphasized by beautiful renderings of plantation songs, and more pretentious music by a negro choral society. Other factors which tended to give a musical stamp to the whole exhibition were a great multiplicity of band concerts and band contests. One professional band came from a city as far distant as Kingston, Jamaica but it did not compare with the Anglo-Canadian Band of Huntsville, Ontario, which despite the fact that it has its home in a partially wooded wilderness is a great institution. Grand opera on a high artistic scale at incredibly low prices was another feature of the later days of the fair which marks the beginning of a new era.

The effect of this sudden rise of music to an almost predominant place in the functions of the Canadian National Exhibition has been to give that historic institution a gala character that it never before possessed, and to attract to its gates daily throngs of people who in recent years have been satisfied with a single visit or have stayed away altogether. A feature which will undoubtedly be adopted by other fairs, especially in Western Canada, and which because of its unique character focussed attention, was the Pageant Chorus. It marked the introduction to this country of the monster choruses which for many years past have been a feature of musical life in the north of England. From the standpoint of high musical expression, I do not myself favor monster choruses. The best choral results are to be obtained from organizations ranging from 150 to 230 voices; but for gala occasions an aggregation like the Pageant Chorus which contained upwards of 1800 singers of more or less experience is certainly impressive. The experiment was one that Dr. H. A. Fricker, the conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir, who won his spurs at Leeds, Yorkshire, in the region which is the home of vast choruses, has been anxious to try ever since he came to Canada in 1916. His handling of his forces certainly justified his ambition, for it was literally amazing that so large a body of singers could be drilled into enunciating each syllable as though one individual voice were singing. The mass tonal effect in the open air was immense and in the closed buildings in which rehearsals were held almost too overpowering in volume. The success of the experiment with the public proved conclusively that the vast chorus for special occasions has come to us to stay, and in future it should be possible for other cities to organize similar singing bodies, if not of equal dimensions at least approximate thereto.

Is vacuum cleaning *really* hard on rugs?

Although electric vacuum cleaners are now used in millions of homes, and are regarded as indispensable by their owners, occasionally the question arises whether this method of cleaning is injurious to rugs.

Statements that it is, sometimes have gained wide circulation. Traced down, however, these statements have proved to be groundless. Prejudice, misunderstanding, imagination—and in certain instances, pure maliciousness—have been their inspiration.

Unfortunately, many people have been influenced by these rumors. As a consequence they have been deprived of time, labor, economic and other benefits that would otherwise have been theirs long ago.

What Users Say

"Because of its satisfactory service, and the fact that our rugs wear from 3 to 5 years longer than formerly, I say without the slightest hesitation that The Hoover produces the best results in cleaning and is more economical (from viewpoint of rug and cleaner) than any machine which I have ever seen demonstrated." MRS. ELIZ. C. GRIDER, House Director, Cornell Univ., Ithaca, N. Y.

"My Hoover has been in continuous use for 11 years and is still doing good work. The excellent condition of my Oriental Rugs is due largely to the efficient cleaning principles of The Hoover." MRS. JAMES McMURRAY, Marion, Ohio

What Carpet Makers Say

"In our opinion, the (Beating-Sweeping) brush—a feature of the Hoover Sweeper—is not injurious to rugs. We consider a brush a very important feature of a Suction Sweeper, and we fail to see how any valid objection can be raised against the (Beating-Sweeping) brush used in The Hoover." BIGELOW-HARTFORD CARPET CO., New York City.

"The Hoover Suction Sweeper purchased from you about 10 years ago has been used ever since and given excellent service. We always recommend The Hoover to inquiring customers." HARDWICK & MAGEE COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

What Oriental Rug Experts Say

"We know The Hoover to be efficient, durable and effective without injuring the fabric. It gives new life to floor coverings. We are glad to say a word of praise for The Hoover, and recommend it to all those desiring to purchase a cleaning machine." AMERICAN RUG & CARPET CO., Chicago, Ill.

"After a thorough investigation, we do not hesitate to endorse and recommend The Hoover for cleaning Oriental Rugs. The Hoover does not injure the peculiar construction of the Oriental fabric. In fact, it prolongs the life." A. ALEON'S SON (Oriental Rug Importer), New York City.

Over fifty thousand additional endorsements are in our possession
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Don't let needless work keep you in the kitchen. You can save at least two hours a day with a Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet. Think how you could spend the time you save.

The time — the labor — the energy saved in your work in the kitchen is worth many times the money you pay for a Knechtel Cabinet.

The Knechtel is strongly built of well seasoned lumber. Tops are of white porcelain and are very easily kept clean. Our Cabinets are made in so many styles and sizes that there is sure to be one that will suit you.

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HANOVER - CANADA

Possibilities of a Good White Sauce

BY FRANCES M. McNALLY

SOMEONE once said that a cook may be judged by the kind of white sauce she makes. There is more truth in this statement than would at first appear, for the woman who can make good white sauce has a foundation for a variety of luncheon and supper dishes, limited only by her own ingenuity and skill in combining.

A good white sauce must have certain qualities. It must be perfectly smooth, thoroughly cooked, of exactly the right consistency and properly flavored. The smoothness may be secured by adding the liquid slowly to the blended flour and fat and stirring constantly until the liquid thickens. To assure a thoroughly cooked sauce, allow the mixture to cook for several minutes after it has thickened. A delicate flavoring is secured by cooking a few chopped vegetables carefully in the fat and removing them before the flour is added. Different consistencies are desirable for different types of dishes, as will be noticed by the following recipes. The recipes differ only in the proportions of the ingredients; the method in each case is the same.

White Sauce No. 1, for toast, and the basis of cream soups: One tablespoon butter, one tablespoon flour, one cup milk, one-quarter teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper.

White Sauce No. 2, for creamed meats, fish or vegetables: Two tablespoons butter, two tablespoons flour; one quarter teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper, one cup milk.

White Sauce No. 3, for escalloped dishes and for soufflés: Three tablespoons butter, three tablespoons flour, seasoning, one cup milk.

White Sauce No. 4 for Croquettes: Four tablespoons butter, four tablespoons flour, one cup milk, seasonings.

The method in each case is as follows: Melt the butter, gradually stir in the flour and seasonings until the mixture

becomes frothy. Add the milk very gradually, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens. Cook for several minutes after mixture is the desired consistency. Scalding the milk before adding it is an advantage. Potato flour gives excellent results with much less cooking than wheat flour.

There are many ways in which a white sauce may be varied. One half cup of celery, asparagus, cauliflower, or green peas, added to one cup of White Sauce No. 2, makes an excellent sauce to serve with chicken, meat or fish croquettes, and is a good way to use up left over vegetables. By adding one cup of chopped mushrooms to white sauce No. 1 you convert it into mushroom sauce.

For **Egg Sauce**, place two eggs in rapidly boiling water, cover lightly, remove to cooler part of stove and let stand for six minutes. The whites should be solid and yolks soft. Beat in the soft yolks and add the chopped whites to White Sauce No. 2. Just before serving add one teaspoon chopped parsley. Serve with boiled fish.

To make a **Cheese Sauce**, simply add one-half cup of grated cheese to white sauce No. 2 and for **Tomato Sauce**, substitute strained tomato juice for the milk.

Brown Sauce may be made by substituting brown stock for the milk and adding a few drops of kitchen bouquet. Drain, rinse and dry eight medium sized olives and add them to the brown sauce, and you have **Olive Sauce**.

Cream soups are simply combinations of vegetable pulp with White Sauce No. 1, as the following recipes show.

Cream of Vegetable Soup: Take one creamed onion, a few peas, carrots, string beans, or any green vegetables left from dinner, and while still slightly warm press them through a sieve. Keep

(Continued on page 50)



Mother Love

However devoted the Mother may be in nursing her baby, additional nourishment is vital when the child reaches eight or nine months. Nothing so well supplements Nature's supply as Robinson's "Patent Groats." If the child has been reared on Robinson's "Patent Barley" alternate feeding of Groats should begin at this stage.

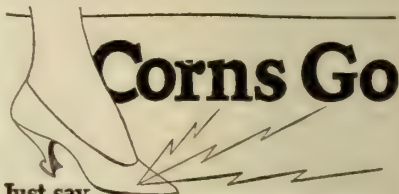
FREE—Our beautiful Baby Book, including Baby Record and advice to Mothers, sent on request.

COLMAN-KEEN (Canada) Limited
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TORONTO 106



"I told 'er off when I saw 'er. 'Some are ladies and some are women,' I sez. She ain't never forgive me for that."

From The Tattler



Just say **Blue-jay** to your druggist

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in a colorless clear liquid (one drop does it!) and in extra thin plasters. The action is the same.

Pain Stops Instantly

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Horlick's Malted Milk
Safe Milk
For Infants & Invalids
A Nutritious Diet for All Ages. Keep Horlick's Always on Hand Quick Lunch; Home or Office.

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Universal Folding Bath Tub for Town & Country Homes

A pure white enamelled metal bath tub, with or without instantaneous water heater. Gives all bathing facilities of city homes. No plumbing required. When not in use, folds up out of the way. Mounted on castors, can be moved anywhere. Moderate in price and lasts a lifetime. Write for folder and trial offer, also information on Indoor Chemical Closets.

30 DAYS TRIAL

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How to Make Money at Home in Spare Time!

*Every Wife or Self-Supporting Girl Can Use Extra Money for Clothes.
Why Not Make it Yourself—Right at Home, This New Way?*

IS THE more-money problem worrying you. Does it seem as if the rent comes due oftener, that the children's clothes wear out quicker, the family bills pile up higher than before?

Does it seem as if the dollars simply will not stretch to meet the bills and still get the things you need and want?

Think what it would mean, then, to be able to earn at home the extra amounts you need for the little luxuries you desire. Think of having always at hand a means of turning your spare hours into money!

If you are ambitious, if you want more money, if you have some spare time each week, plus the will-to-work and a degree of adaptability, you CAN turn your spare hours into dollars by knitting Old Tyme All-Wool Socks at home on the Auto Knitter.

Mrs. John Fitzgerald, a Newfoundland woman whose husband was working only half-time, took up Auto-Knitting in order to increase the family income. By managing her time systematically, she is able to make substantial amounts without interfering with her household duties. When she sells her output locally, to stores and neighbors, she often makes \$35.00 a week clear profit. Mrs. Fitzgerald says:

"I have made with my machine the net sum of \$500.00. This money has supplied me with the necessary wants for two years and I have been able to put some aside for a rainy day. I have also purchased a beautiful kitchen range, some pieces of furniture, a lovely sleigh for my horse, a clothes-wringer and many other useful things, besides clothes for my children. All these things I would never have attained if I had not purchased my machine some two years ago."

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Percy W. Taylor, of Alberta, has been made much more prosperous and happy by the use of an Auto-Knitter. They have a large family and the problem of making ends meet became all-engrossing. Then an Auto-Knitter advertisement showed the way to make money at home, and now the Taylors have this to say of their success:

"Within fifteen months after getting our Auto-Knitter, and after having provided food, clothing and other incidentals for a large family, we were able to pay \$600 cash for a piano. The oldest child now takes music lessons. The regular income that the Auto-Knitter brings in pays the bills and brings a confidence and encouragement that knows no doubt, as it has been our mainstay and comfort in times of adversity."

When Mrs. A. A. Clark and her husband, of Alberta, hopefully rented a farm they expected to make good money, but what with drouth and poor prices their plans failed and they were forced to find some way of making extra money. Then it was that the Auto-Knitter came to help. Mrs. Clark now writes:

"We had planned to send the whole output to the company, but when we saw what a good article the machine could produce and how readily they sold, we decided to build up a good local trade. In all we have made over \$200. this last winter."

These are but a few of the many people who are turning spare hours into cash with the Auto-Knitter. Many workers whom we prefer to class as exceptional report much larger earnings than those we mention. The earnings vary with the amount of time devoted to the work and the speed of the individual operator, but whether the amount be large or small, it is most welcome, and helps to make the lives of these workers easier and happier.

Guaranteed Price for Standard Products

You are given a signed Five year Contract, guaranteeing you a market for every pair of standard Olde Tyme Socks you produce, and fixing a definite price which you will be paid for your work, in addition to which you will be furnished with yarn to replace, pound for pound, that which you send us in the form of socks.

You can work as much as you please or as little as you please—and the standard product you complete can be disposed of promptly and profitably to the company. You are not compelled or obligated in any way to send any part or all of your work to the company unless you wish. You can make socks and sell them to your friends, neighbors and local trade. But if you prefer not to canvass or do any selling, then it is always your privilege to send your standard socks to us and receive our fixed rate of payment, together with replacement yarn.

More Than \$18,000 a Year Being Paid to Workers

To workers who are taking advantage of the Work Contract, we are now paying earnings at the rate of more than \$18,000.00 per year. In addition to this, we are shipping workers more than \$232,000 worth of fine Olde Tyme Wool Yarn.

From these workers, we are receiving Olde Tyme Wool Socks at the rate of more than 150,000 pairs per year. This does not include the large number made by workers and sold to their own trade. This immense number of pairs are received at the factory, where they are sorted and shipped to more than 1,000 dealers in all parts of the country, including department stores, men's furnisiers and general stores.

Yet out of this large number of socks received from novices as well as experts, from new workers as well as old, less than 5% have to be laid aside and returned as being below the standard set for Olde Tyme All-Wool Socks.

Positive Proof of Success

The large volume of socks received shows that Auto-Knitting is not an exclusive accomplishment, confined to the abilities of the few, but a profitable home occupation that can be successfully entered by the average individual.

Do You Want a Share of This Money?

Would you like to receive checks in your mail, paying you for spare time effort at home? Would you like to have a portion of this money that is being paid to Auto-Knitter Workers? Would you like to be one of the successful Auto-Knitter owners who have banished their more-money worries and who have always at hand a means of turning their spare moments into money?

Send for Fact-Stories and Full Information

If you have the slightest desire to earn more money—if you want to turn your spare hours into cash, then send the attached coupon today for full details of our offer, with stories of success telling what others have done and how you can get into the work.

Don't delay. Send the coupon today. Get the facts. Then decide for yourself. You do not want to postpone the day when you can have the extra money—so don't postpone sending the coupon. Make up your mind to let your spare hours solve your money worries. Get the coupon in the mail this very day.

THE AUTO-KNITTER HOSIERY (Canada) CO., LIMITED.
Dept. 4310, 1870 Davenport Rd., W. Toronto Ont.

THE AUTO KNITTER HOSIERY (Canada) Co., Limited.

Dept. 4310, 1870 Davenport Road, West Toronto Ont.

Send me full particulars about making money at home with the Auto-Knitter. I enclose 3 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY PROV
Canadian Home Journal 10-22-22.



The sound of music
---the shimmer of silk
---the graceful glide of
a youthful couple on
a polished floor!
Ah, that is beauty.

And if milady of charm
and grace, shows ankles,
and mayhaps just a trifle
higher, clad in silken
hosiery that glitters with
every turn and shows how
well it fits the form—
then she feels a part of
the picture, indeed, for
she wears Harvey Point-
eel Hose.

Harvey Pointeel alone
can give that artistic
form-fitting appearance,
due to its quality and its
special point-heel feature.

If your dealer does
not sell Pointeel,
write us direct.

Made only by
Hosiers, Limited
Woodstock, Ontario



The Advertising in the Canadian Home Journal

Is not so much an inducement to buy as an
incentive to

BUY THE BEST

Odds and Ends

The life of a Samoan woman is pleasant. She is neither overworked nor savagely treated. From her earliest childhood she is trained in the intricacies of the *siva-siva*, and all her life the dance is a source of pleasure to her. Samoan women will always dance for you if you ask them, and they show by their smiles and songs how much they delight in granting the request. In their girlhood they deck themselves with flowers and garlands of leaves and are fond of coquetry but, unlike their Polynesian sisters of the Marquesas and Society Islands, they are chaste, says Edward A. Salisbury in "Asia."

Before the coming of the Americans with new medical theories, the life of an infant was doubtful, and even now the old customs are carried out in some villages, it is said. The new-born child was laid on its back, and three flat stones were placed around the head. To make the baby beautiful, the family thought it necessary to flatten the forehead and nose. Nothing is uglier, they feel, than our hideous, pointed "canoe-noses." The baby was fed with filtered coconut-juice for three days, while a "wise-woman" tested the mother's milk. Often the child died. The birth of a child is the occasion for a feast. The father's man friends bring presents which they give to the mother's woman friends, and vice versa.

Children are carefully trained. The mother takes charge of the daughters, and the father, of the sons. The Americans have established schools, and many of the younger generation now speak English. Both girls and boys are anxious to be recognized as women and men. A girl becomes a woman at marriage; a boy, when tattooed. This custom is usually observed when the lad is sixteen. It is a severe operation. The boy does not face it alone. He gathers a half dozen friends of like age, and all go together to the tattooer who, like the house-builder, is a member of a very select profession. The tattooer takes his needle made of human bone, dips it into a composition of candlenut, ashes and water, puts it against the skin and raps the point in with blows from a mallet. When the boy can no longer stand the pain, another takes his place. The process requires about two months. At the end of that time, the boy is tattooed from waist to knee.

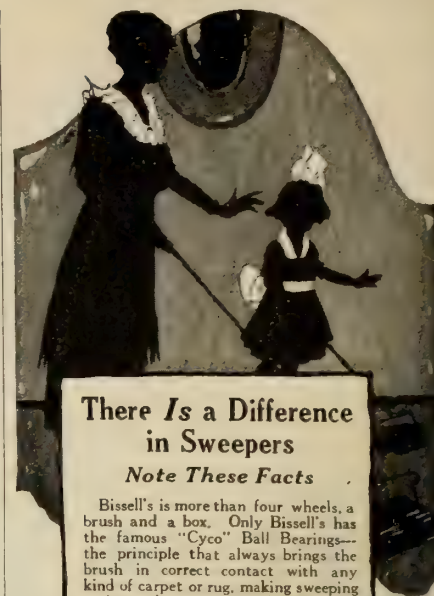
A writer in "Jack o' London's Weekly" has written an amusing article on Franco-English exchange of words. This courtesy, though doubtlessly well meant, is often clumsy in effect. Says Mr. Roche, the present researcher, to give our French friends the floor, they have adopted many of our sporting terms quite unnecessarily, since their own words have exactly the same meaning as those they have paid us the compliment of borrowing from our vocabulary.

Paper-chase, crack, preliminary, canter, hammerless (in the case of a gun), cruising, round (of a pugilistic encounter), stand, race, to dope, brook, have one and all their French equivalents in rallye-papier, champion, galop, d'essai, sans chien, croisière, reprise, tribune, course, droguer, and ruisseau. They have coined an extraordinary French verb in pouloler, which, it is claimed, is the English for galloper, since it is said to be "derived," save the mark, from to pull up!

Un squarmouth will be a puzzle to many, although many Canadians think it very English indeed, for do we not go on our travels with a square-mouthed kitbag? It was necessary for the writer to see a picture of a squarmouth, in an advertisement, to enable him to grasp the meaning of the word. Un smoking (our dinner-jacket) has long ago had the freedom of the ville de Paris and other towns, but dancings is of a much later date.

Rowing, which has held its own for many a long year, has fallen into disrepute,

(Continued on Page 48)



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Bissell's is more than four wheels, a brush and a box. Only Bissell's has the famous "Cyco" Ball Bearings—the principle that always brings the brush in correct contact with any kind of carpet or rug, making sweeping easier and more thorough. It is the cheapest sweeper—per year of service. Its average life is 10 to 15 years. So the cost is only a few dimes per year.

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BISSELL'S

"Cyco" Ball Bearing

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There are other models for less. Toy sweepers to delight little girls and teach tidiness habits. 35c and up. All prices slightly higher in the West. At dealers everywhere. Booklet on request.

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on a Bissell's Appliance

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Oldest and Largest Sweeper
Makers



Diana Allen, well-known film
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DISCUSS Face Powder wherever women
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patronize him. He saves you time and
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
Send today to nearest branch for liberal
One-Week Sample of Garda Face Powder,
also attractive booklet on beauty and
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Territories open for live salespeople. Write!

THE J. R. WATKINS COMPANY

Established 1868—The Original Dept. 329

Montreal, Que.  Hamilton, Ont.

Winnipeg, Man.  Vancouver, B. C.

The Year 'Round Porch

Continued from Page 20

undoubtedly is an ever-increasing use of various masonry mediums, such as cement, brick, tile, stone and slate. Linoleum, too, applied over a foundation of either cement or wood, has of late won wide approval as a porch flooring. Canvas is also frequently used, as it unquestionably prolongs the life of the wooden floor beneath.

A polished hardwood floor is well adapted to any enclosed porch that is intimately connected with other rooms having the same type of flooring. It wears indefinitely, if properly protected from the elements; and it offers a smooth surface that is easy to clean. From the standpoint of decoration, however, an ordinary wooden floor artistically painted has much in its favor. One attractive scheme has been developed around a floor that is painted dark gray and bordered with a two-foot band composed of alternating six-inch squares of royal blue and silver gray. A Scotch wool rug of a rather dark gray forms an ideal floor-covering. The furniture is of wicker, painted royal blue and cushioned in a changeable orange-and-gray sun-resisting material. The changeable fabric is also used for the long, straight window-hangings; with glass-curtains of old gold gauze that cast a sunny glow over the walls and ceiling of rough, light gray plaster and the gray-enameled woodwork.

The cement floor shares with the wood in these colorful possibilities, notwithstanding its rather lifeless basic hue. Occasionally, the entire floor is colored—but, unfortunately, as a rule only a bright pinkish-red that is glaring and altogether irreconcilable. Preferably, when color is desired to enliven a cement floor, inlays of tile, brick or slate are depended upon. Of these, tile is particularly dependable, as it is available in an endless range of colorings, sizes and designs; although slate is almost equally useful, as it can be cut in any quantity or form required. Slate, indeed, used alone is admirable, whether laid in simple square or oblong blocks or in some interesting geometrical pattern.

Brick and tile—alone or in combination—are now very generally used; as much because of their availability as on account of their cleanliness and colour variation. One floor of dark red brick is lifted entirely out of the commonplace by the square motif executed in small blue and violet tiles which is inlaid at two-foot intervals. Both tile and brick are sometimes used to impart spots of color to a porch-floor of stone. Interesting as this combination is, it is not suitable for other than an enclosed porch of somewhat rugged character; for stone, as a sturdy, coarse-textured material, can only be successfully used indoors when all the furnishings

Continued on Page 36



A delicate arrangement of white-painted lattice is disposed against the ivory-enameled plaster walls of this sunny breakfast-porch, where very simple furniture of dull brown mahogany is appropriately employed. The one large rug of Chinese workmanship has a soft rose-colored ground, with dull blues and yellows introduced in the characteristic design. The windows are devoid of tight-obscuring draperies. Quite as decorative as hangings, however, are the effective shades of a glazed English Chintz; its pattern gay with rose-hued blooms against a background of black-and-white stripes.

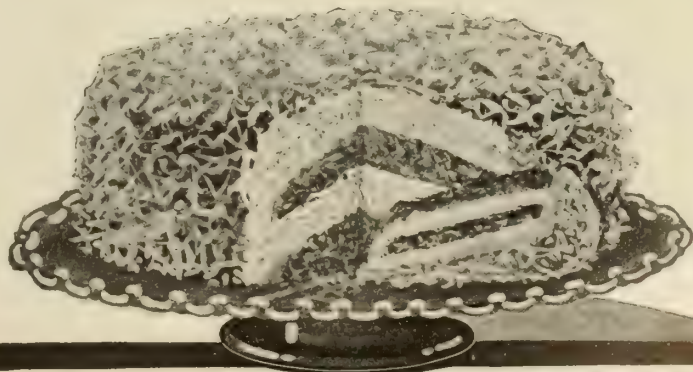
MAGIC BAKING POWDER

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*Contains
no alum*

Magic Baking Powder is scientifically made and has never failed to give the maximum leavening efficiency. Because of this, and the uniformly satisfactory results obtained by its use, we recommend it as Canada's perfect baking powder.



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Keep Their Young Eyes Young!

PROTECT the eyesight of your loved ones. The clear, keen vision of youth is priceless—nothing can replace it. Strong, healthy eyes are the means of letting sunshine, beauty and knowledge into your children's lives. Then Save Their Eyes!

Get Them a Quick-Lite Lamp to Study By

Under the bright, yet soft and eye-restful radiance of this beautiful light, the children can pore over their lessons the whole evening through without the slightest chance of eyestrain. And the cost of a Quick-Lite is but a small fraction of doctor's bills and buying glasses for ruined eyes.

The Quick-Lite is "Just the Thing for the Study Hour." The sight-saving light it gives is *natural* in quality—nearest like the daylight intended for human eyes. Nothing hard about it—no glare—no flicker. It is brilliant, powerful, steady and at the same time smooth, clear and pure-white.

Standard in price everywhere; Style CQ-329, \$11.50. Dealers everywhere sell Quick-Lite Lamps and Lanterns. If yours can't supply you, write us. Address Dept. 1158,

The Coleman Lamp Co., Ltd.,
QUEEN ST. E. & DAVIES AVE.,
TORONTO, Can.



Coleman Quick-Lite

"The Sunshine of the Night"

Malvina Learns to Play House

(Continued from page 27)

erence to the preferences of others than from an unassailable conviction of the universal superiority of his own.

"It's exactly as I thought, Mallie," he sagely announced. "The place is worthless, or it wouldn't 'a' been given to you." Here he flapped over the slice of ham and sent a grease shower hissing and snapping across the stove. "So I told Tod Beasley this morning that I'd trade it with him for his clover lot, down our way, and he, having folks hereabout, agreed. I told him the deeds and signing and such'd have to be seen to with you, but that you'd trade all right. What do you (me ownin' the finest farm in the state) want with a truck patch like this? I told him you *couldn't* pay the taxes on it and I *wouldn't*; and that settled it. Let's have supper."

Picking up the brown paper which had wrapped the ham, he planked it on the table for a mat, and dropped the reeking frying-pan upon it. Then he kicked off his boots, jerked off his coat, tore off his collar,—and was dressed for dinner.

He munched and crunched his meal to its resounding end, then elbowed the dishes out of the way, never doubting for a minute but that Malvina had finished because he had, lit his pipe and extended his wool-encased feet toward the warmth of the stove.

"Now, ain't this pretty comfortable?" he advanced persuasively. "Ain't this better than being alone, Mallie?"

She had been glancing furtively at the ruin about her, her heart acknowledging the same desolation as was miserably patent in her disordered dwelling.

Through the dusk of the rooms there still lingered the murk from the frying-pan. Huddled furniture, torn drapery, kicked rugs and muddled floors marked the havoc and wrack of Joey's ever unquiet passage. The banished kitten mewed persistently. Over and above all the material signs of destructiveness brooded the outraged spirit of Malvina's harmless individuality. The tragedy of the larger world—its dominion of aggressiveness—threatened to stamp itself in pale miniature upon her frightened face and silent lips, when through the blackest of storm clouds there burst the illuminating sun of rebellion.

"Ain't it, I say?" Joey jolted the table to obtain assent to his question; and then his jaw dropped almost in horror when he discovered that Malvina was not as usual quivering under his hectoring assault, and that her face was gathering the peacefulness known only to assertion.

"Joey," she said, explainingly. "The summer rent for my house was put into bank in my name, an'll pay for the taxes for some years to come, so I'm not a-going to sell yet awhile. No, nor trade, nor nothing, *never!*"

"What the—the—the dog!—are you goin' to do with the place?" he burst out.

Malvina rose to the awful height of levity.

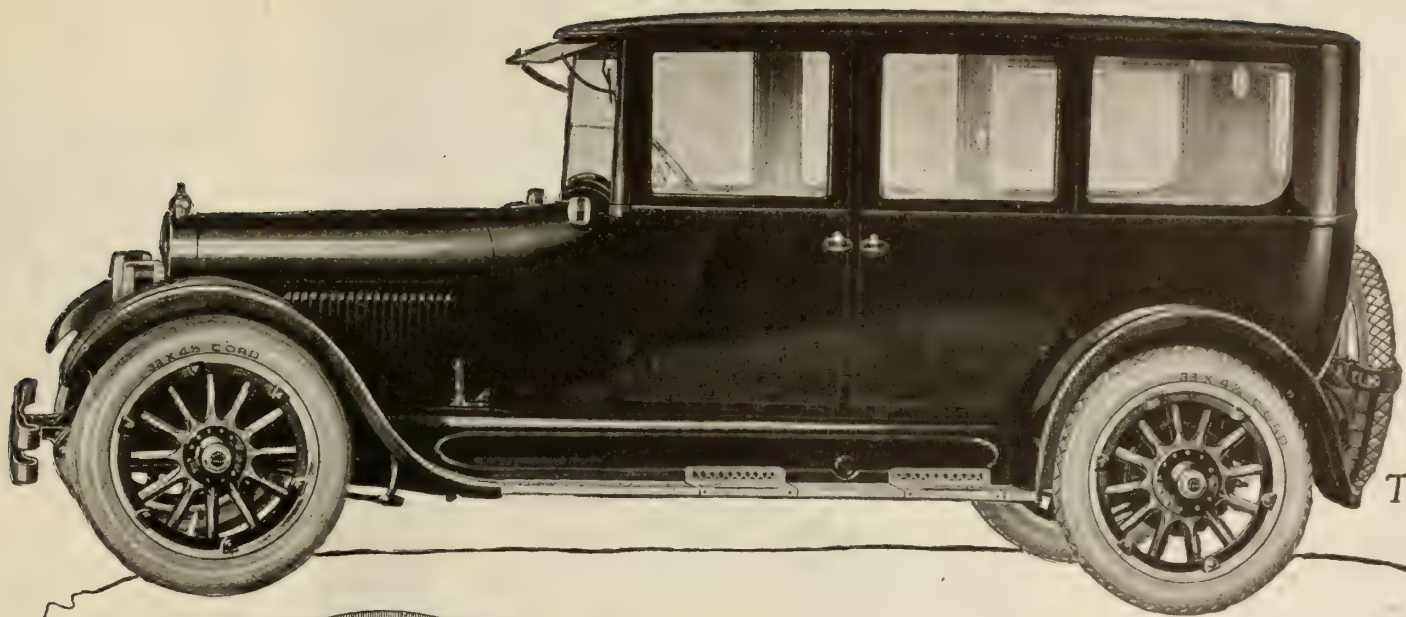
"Play house," she answered, with a benign smile.

Joey's jaw dropped a hopeless inch lower, and under the encouragement of that sign Malvina arose with gentle firmness, opened the door and let in the kitten.



AT DEAUVILLE

Lord and Lady Beaverbrock walking through a street near the Beach at Deauville.



*The Standard
of Comparison*

A Woman's Car ~ the New McLaughlin Buick Sedan for 1923



*Fifteen models, both Fours
and Sixes, comprise the
New McLaughlin-Buick
Line for 1923.*

**PRICES F.O.B. OSHAWA—GOVERNMENT TAX
EXTRA**

Master Fours—23-35 Regular, \$1235; 23-34 Special, \$1275; 23-35 Special, \$1295; 23-36 Coupe, \$1645; 23-37 Sedan, \$1950; 23-38 Touring Sedan, \$1855. Master Sixes—23-41 Touring Sedan, \$2725; 23-44 Special Roadster, \$1695; 23-45 Special, \$1725; 23-47 Sedan, \$2795; 23-48 Coupe, \$2675; 23-49 Special 7-Passenger, \$2095; 23-50 Sedan, \$3095; 23-54 Special, \$2295; 23-55 Special, \$2375.

Exquisitely appointed and of rare beauty, the 1923 McLaughlin-Buick seven-passenger sedan possesses the many special qualities which women for years have looked for in a motor car.

The body, by Fisher, is low and easy to enter. The interior is luxurious with rich plush upholstery and trimming. Deep, yielding seat cushions and springs of a distinctive type afford a new degree of restful riding comfort on any road.

The smooth, quiet McLaughlin-Buick Valve-in-Head motor is, as ever, a masterpiece of reliability. The steering wheel is placed at the correct angle for easy steering and responds to the lightest pressure of the hand. The control levers are at fingers' end. Every device for the comfort and convenience of the driver is provided.

With these qualities, which make the 1923 McLaughlin-Buick sedan an ideal woman's car, go the dependability and performance which are inseparably linked with the name McLaughlin-Buick.

Branches in Leading Cities. Dealers Everywhere

McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO., Limited, OSHAWA, ONT.

Subsidiary of General Motors of Canada, Limited

M 216

McLAUGHLIN-BUICK



Hair is Such a Care!

But brushing is so soothing to the scalp and so satisfying in results if you use a Keystone solid French Ivory or solid Ebony Brush.

The long, stiff, glossy, pure-white Russian bristles penetrate through the hair, and stimulate the hair roots to send forth new, soft, thick, lustrous hair.

Ask to see the exquisite Keystone French Ivory and Ebony Brushes and Mirrors. Shall we direct you to your nearest dealer?

Stevens-Hepner Company, Limited

Port Elgin.

Ontario



Keystone
French Ivory
and Ebony

The Year 'Round Porch

(Continued from Page 33)

are proportionately heavy in effect. Nevertheless, when rightly placed, a stone floor can be both practical and attractive.

In using linoleum, whether over wood or cement, the material is *cemented* down and a layer of deadening felt or builders' paper is placed beneath it. This insures a floor that is not only warm and weather-proof, but pleasantly resilient. Parquet patterns vie with tessellated designs and unpatterned surfaces of gratifying color rival intricate tile devices in the linoleum floorings now so widely obtainable for the enclosed porch.

* * *

ALTHOUGH a rug may not be an actual *essential*, it is a furnishing that can add very materially to both the appearance and the comfort of an enclosed porch. Whether one large rug or several smaller rugs be used is, of course, a matter of personal preference. When more than one rug is used, however, there should be complete uniformity in coloring and design.

The oval, braided-rush rugs are effective; provided the other furnishings have the requisite virility of line and construction—and this is equally applicable to any woven or braided rugs in straw, jute or grass. For use with furniture of lighter character, whether in willow, wicker or painted wood, the rag rugs that are so deservedly to the fore at present offer a limitless choice in size and shape, as well as in coloring and weave. The Scotch wool reversible rugs are equally commendable, as they admirably withstand the wear and tear to which the average porch rug is subjected.

If an enclosed porch is to be set aside for any definite purpose or if it is to be used only occasionally, the choice of a floor-covering can be governed accordingly. This is instanced by the selection of a thick-piled Chinese rug in rose, blue and yellow for one small enclosed porch that is occupied solely during the informal meals of the day. Naturally, the wearing qualities can be almost the last consideration in choosing a rug for limited service of this sort. In another enclosed porch, very heavy velvet rugs in subdued taupe are employed—and appropriately; because this porch is virtually only an alcove of the adjoining living room, where the rugs correspond in material and color.

The furniture and the furnishings of an enclosed porch should, under ideal auspices, be suggestive alike of freedom of the garden and the conventionality of the house. The combination of various styles and materials is, then, not only permissible: it is *desirable*. Painted wooden furniture can congenially hobnob with wicker, while willow can familiarly rub elbows with mahogany. In one delightful porch, for example, two old mahogany tables and a quaint footstool have as neighbors a davenport and several roomy armchairs of wicker, gray enamel as to finish and chintz-cushioned in gray, old blue and ruddy brown. And—possibly to emphasize the studied informality of this porch!—to the combination has been added painted wrought iron; a tall floor-lamp, a narrow console and a flower-stand, all decorated in browns and blues enriched with dull gold.

For home-owners of more conservative taste, furniture of either wood, cane, wicker, reed or willow, stained or painted in quiet colorings, is always popular: and, when effectively colored, even very inexpensive furniture can be made attractive. Green, blue, gray, sand, brown, certain shades of mauve and many varieties of yellow and orange are suitable for porch furniture. Black is distinctive, and white is interesting, especially when relieved by some brilliancy of color in the cushions or other accessories. A scarlet-and-white striped linen for the white-painted furniture would surely be pleasantly stimulating: a black chintz, parrot-patterned in rose, tan, blue and green,

(Continued on Page 48)



BIG-GAME HUNTING--CANADA

Pack your rifle and your kit, and come to the big-game country. Make this year's trip worth while

NOVA SCOTIA offers Moose, Deer, Caribou and Bear
NEW BRUNSWICK offers Moose, Deer and Bear
QUEBEC offers Moose, Deer, Caribou and Bear
ONTARIO offers Moose, Deer, Caribou and Bear
MANITOBA offers Moose, Caribou, Lynx, Wolf
BRITISH COLUMBIA offers Moose, Deer, Caribou, Bear
—grizzly and brown—Mountain Sheep and Goat.

"Where to Hunt, Fish and Paddle in the New North" describes fully the wonderful possibilities of Northern Ontario and Quebec. Write W. E. G. Bishop, District Passenger Agent, Cochrane, Ontario, for detailed information.

For descriptive literature and full information as to fares, open season, etc., write any Agent.

CANADIAN NATIONAL or GRAND TRUNK
RAILWAYS

or

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District Passenger Agent,
Montreal, Que.

C. E. Horning,
District Passenger Agent,
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Let Quality
be your guide—it pays

Ask for

CFM guaranteed
furniture

Made by

CANADA FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS
LIMITED

WOODSTOCK ONTARIO. 14

Manufacturers of all classes of
household and office furniture

Write for free booklet on Period Furniture

No
trouble to make
Sandwiches with

PARIS PATE
PARIS NEAT PATTY

No cooking—no seasoning
required. Spreads as easily
as butter. Deliciously
appetizing and nour-
ishing. Get it at
your grocer's.

WANTED

Reliable Parties to do Machine Knitting for us at home. \$7 to \$10 per week easily earned. Wool, etc, furnished free. Distance no hindrance. For full particulars, address

The Canadian Wholesale Distributing Co.
ORILLIA, ONT.



THIS is a glorious day in the first week of September—Labor Day, to be exact—but anything less suggestive of toil and trouble than the sunshine of to-day you cannot imagine. Of course, by the time you read this; the cold winds may be blowing and the brown and gold leaves may be whirling everywhere. To-day is summer in warmth, with a touch of autumn coloring and a hint of haziness which make it a perfect September memory. If one could only carry away the picture in

ing tangerine; zinnias, calendula and marigolds accentuate the gold and make the garden seem as if floral fires were kindled there. An old-time hostelry with grey, ivy-draped walls, stands invitingly near; and, to the north stretches a woodland of varied beauty.

Who would be indoors on the fourth of September when sky and woods and wayside are inviting us to come out and enjoy the golden hours while they last? There is a wonderful old woods, with oaks, maple and birch making a brave



"CARMEN" BY JUAN CARDONA
One of the notable pictures in the Spanish Art Collection at the Canadian National Exhibition.

one's heart of the fields flooded in the sunlight and the trees with branches waving softly to and fro! This is the country, be it understood;—the country *de luxe*, with electric light at your command and the best road in Ontario a stone's-throw away.

There are all the pungent odors of autumn already perfuming the breeze:—pine and cedar and nasturtium seem blended into health-giving fragrance. There are glorious blooms everywhere:—asters, from pale mauve to deep purple; nasturtiums, from light yellow to a flam-

display:—and there are pines everywhere:—such splendid sentinels they look, standing guard through grey days and gold. But what has all this to do with the Vanity Box? You may well make such an inquiry, but you are quite mistaken if you think the sunshine and the flowers have nothing to do with the needs of the seeker of fairness and "good looks." Now the September sun is beguiling, for you think that it surely will not do to you even as it might have

(Continued on Page 49)

Vanity Box Coupon

Should a reader desire to avail herself of any advice which might be given through this department, her inquiry, written on one side of the paper, should be accompanied by this coupon. In the case of desiring a private answer, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed.



Her rose-petal skin
and perfect complexion
bear the closest scrutiny
because she

uses

Boncilla

Clasmic Facial Pack

Boncilla Beautifier can do for every woman what it has done for this girl. This Clasmic Facial Pack is successful because it restores the fresh bloom of youth. It draws from the pores of the skin all secretions of dirt and grime, leaving the complexion and skin fresh and faultless, and rejuvenating the drooping tissues.

Boncilla Does These Definite Things

1. Clears the complexion and gives it color.
2. Cleanses and closes enlarged pores.
3. Removes blackheads and pimples.
4. Lifts out lines.
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6. Makes the skin soft and velvety.

BONCILLA PRICES

Boncilla Beautifier comes in 3 sizes:
No. 7 tube\$1.00
No. 5 jar 1.50
No. 8 jar 2.25
Boncilla Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Face Powder, each75c
Ideal Set, containing No. 7 tube Beautifier and full sizes Creams and Face Powder \$3.25

GET BONCILLA PACKAGE-O-BEAUTY - 50c

Contains enough Beautifier, Creams and Powder for 3 or 4 complete treatments. Easily applied in a few minutes.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND DEPARTMENT STORES

If they cannot supply you, send direct to us. The Package-O-Beauty will be forwarded immediately on receipt of 50 cents and the coupon given here.



BONCILLA LABORATORIES,
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I enclose 50 cents. Please send me Boncilla Package-O-Beauty.

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—whether you knit sweaters, scarfs, tams, capes or the numberless things for Baby.—

—you will find just the weight and shade you need in Corticelli Fingering Yarn.

Send 10 cents for a twenty-four page book illustrating in colors sports wear garments—sweaters, motor wraps and baby's things, including directions for this sweater. Address Belding-Corticelli Limited, Toronto.

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MADE IN CANADA
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Every Woman Who Sews---



realizes the great difficulty of trying to fit herself without the aid of a dress form.

The NEW QUEEN Adjustable Dress Form will solve your dressmaking troubles and cut short many tedious hours of labor and wasted materials. You can duplicate any normal figure, the various parts being all independently adjustable and the long papier mache skirt affords a smooth working surface. The form can be collapsed when not in use.

EASY PAYMENT TERMS

\$4.85 will bring this NEW QUEEN to you the balance of \$15 may be paid \$3 monthly. Cash price is \$17.50.

Write to-day for free booklet which contains valuable information to dressmakers

Queen
ADJUSTABLE DRESS FORM

**THE ADJUSTABLE DRESS FORM CO.
OF CANADA, LIMITED**
DEPT. C, 14 Millstone Lane, TORONTO, ONT.

MOST OF ALL

That is new and desirable is found month by month in the Advertising Columns of the Canadian Home Journal



\$2.00 CORSETS FOR \$1.00

Good Corsets, elastic top, pink or white, aluminum boning, size 19 to 30, sent prepaid anywhere on receipt of \$1.00.

Corsets, higher bust and much stronger, size 19 to 36—Regular \$4 for \$2.

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Manufacturer, Jobber & Retailer in Corsets.

The Longer Skirt Triumphs

BY CHARLOTTE M. STOREY

HOW true it is that "self respect is often born in the tailor shop or the costumer's parlour," as someone has wisely said. We visit the tailor or the costumer, conscious of being clad in a mis-fitting or ill-chosen garment and feeling at cross-purposes with the world in general; we come out, feeling as if there were a different sun in the sky and as if somehow, the people we meet in the street had undergone a transformation, all because someone has known just how to hang a drape or choose a color. Surely the designers of women's garments who work these miracles are benefactors of their race. We never know just how much comfort we get

body, and this is rather difficult to accomplish. A corset that will hold the figure flat across the back is very essential to the new silhouette, and only one of firm material and snug-fitting can be expected to do this. On the other hand, the tight hip-line gives the slender figure beautiful lines, and some of the most graceful street gowns are made of fine Poiré twill, navy blue of course, low waist-line with the back of the body blousing over it, the hips tight and the front drapery caught up at the side front with a large cabochon of some kind. We must not forget that the lower edge of the skirt dips and curves and does almost everything but follow a straight



Here is a study on one hand, in corners and drapes done in brown crepe with tucked chiffon yoke and girdle; on the other, one in cream chiffon and lace with coral ribbon girdle all damascened in gold and silver.

out of our clothes until we find ourselves in a distressing nightmare, enduring the humiliation of finding that we have started upon a journey with considerably less on us than convention demands and are trying to find our way back to cover without being seen. This is one of the occasions when we are not sorry to awake and find it only a dream. And all this is apropos of the "lure and wonder of clothes."

By this time, we suppose all the readers of the JOURNAL have accepted the fact of longer skirts? Of course we don't like them; at least we say we don't; condescendingly, we say we suppose we shall have to wear them. But, really, I think we shall like them when we get used to them. They may add years to the appearance of the figure, but they will also add grace, if worn gracefully and made to hang properly. That is the great difficulty with most of those we see on the street so far, and that is why we do not like them. The tight hip line has come into fashion simultaneously with the longer skirt, but it is not everyone who can wear it. The large woman must wear her clothes easy fitting and never skin tight, so the tight hip-line is not for her unless she can modify it with a bloused

and even course. Navy blue is enlivened with facings and extensions of a beautiful shade of red like that of ripe mountain ash berries and stitched with a fine gold thread.

* * *

THE large woman need no longer feel constrained to apologize for her proportions for the designer of ready to wear garments has recognized her and is making models to suit her requirements; even the exclusive specialty shop that sells gowns by appointment, has taken note of her needs and is selecting the models that will be most apt to appeal to her.

The low waist line seems to have been specially devised for the large woman, but beware of the dress that has no drapery, even though it be gorgeously embroidered. It needs panels, pleatings or skilfully arranged drapery to make it look really modish.

Skirt drapery is an art in itself this season as you will see when the fall gowns are displayed in the shops. One wonders how the designers manage to get the folds that appear to come from somewhere

(Continued on page 39)



To Woo Restful Sleep

Let the Sheets and Pillow Cases be made of Horrockses' Cotton

Horrockses

SHEETINGS

MADE-UP SHEETS
(plain, hemmed and hem-stitched)
PILLOW CASES TO MATCH

are unsurpassed for texture and wear. For more than a century and a quarter, the superfine quality of HORROCKSES' SHEETINGS has been the admiration of the world of women who take pride in their homes.

For name of nearest store where procurable, write

JOHN E. RITCHIE, Canadian Agent
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Made by
HORROCKSES, CREWDSON & CO.
Limited
Cotton Spinners and Manufacturers
Manchester, England

LOOK FOR THE NAME
Horrockses
ON THE SELVEDGE

The Longer Skirt Triumphs

(Continued from page 38)

under the hem and cross over to the opposite side and disappear under the girdle, or how they contrive to make a skirt out of three pieces of cloth without a seam. But they do and the effect is pleasing. Cascades and irregular hem lines go a long way towards making the fall models attractive.

Sleeves refuse to be confined to any set style. There are just about as many different styles as there are designers making them. Now and then one finds a dress without any sleeve at all; in fact our friends who are returning from Paris, tell us that even day time dresses are made sans sleeves, but they are not credulous enough to hint that any Canadian will face the rigors of this climate wearing a sleeveless frock—except for evening wear—even for the sake of being said to be in the fashion. Designers are very skilful at compromising with Fashion and we have seen some models with a deep *berthe* over the shoulders which veils the arm to the elbow and almost—not quite—conceals the fact that the frock has no sleeves. These are pretty for misses' afternoon frocks and are also used for evening wear. But one of the prettiest sleeves we have seen seems to have been made by draping an oblong piece of material over the shoulder, allowing as much of it to fall over the back as the front and stitching it over the shoulder to the bust in front and the same distance in the back. This leaves a straight line across the top of the bodice and the sleeves hang in points.

It used to be said that Russian blouse suits were a "winter style," and perhaps they are, for no Russian blouse looks well unless it is buttoned up tight around the throat and that of course is what we want during our crisp winter weather, or even the invigorating autumn days. At any rate, Russian blouse suits are one of Fashion's choicest offerings for the coming season. Let us describe one that is before us as we write. In the first place it is made of black velvet with grey caracul trimming. The shoulders are long with the sleeve joined on well below the curve of the shoulder; the waist line is low and the body blouses over it as every well conducted Russian blouse should. It fastens down the side with the material laid in three pleats which are repeated on the skirt directly in line. The collar is high and tight, the peplum is also tight, not very deep and trimmed with two rows of fur. The sleeves also have two rows of fur around the rather wide wrist. This is essentially a winter suit, but there are others which may be worn summer or winter—the plain tailored twill or velours for instance, with fur trimmings that may be removed or without any fur at all.

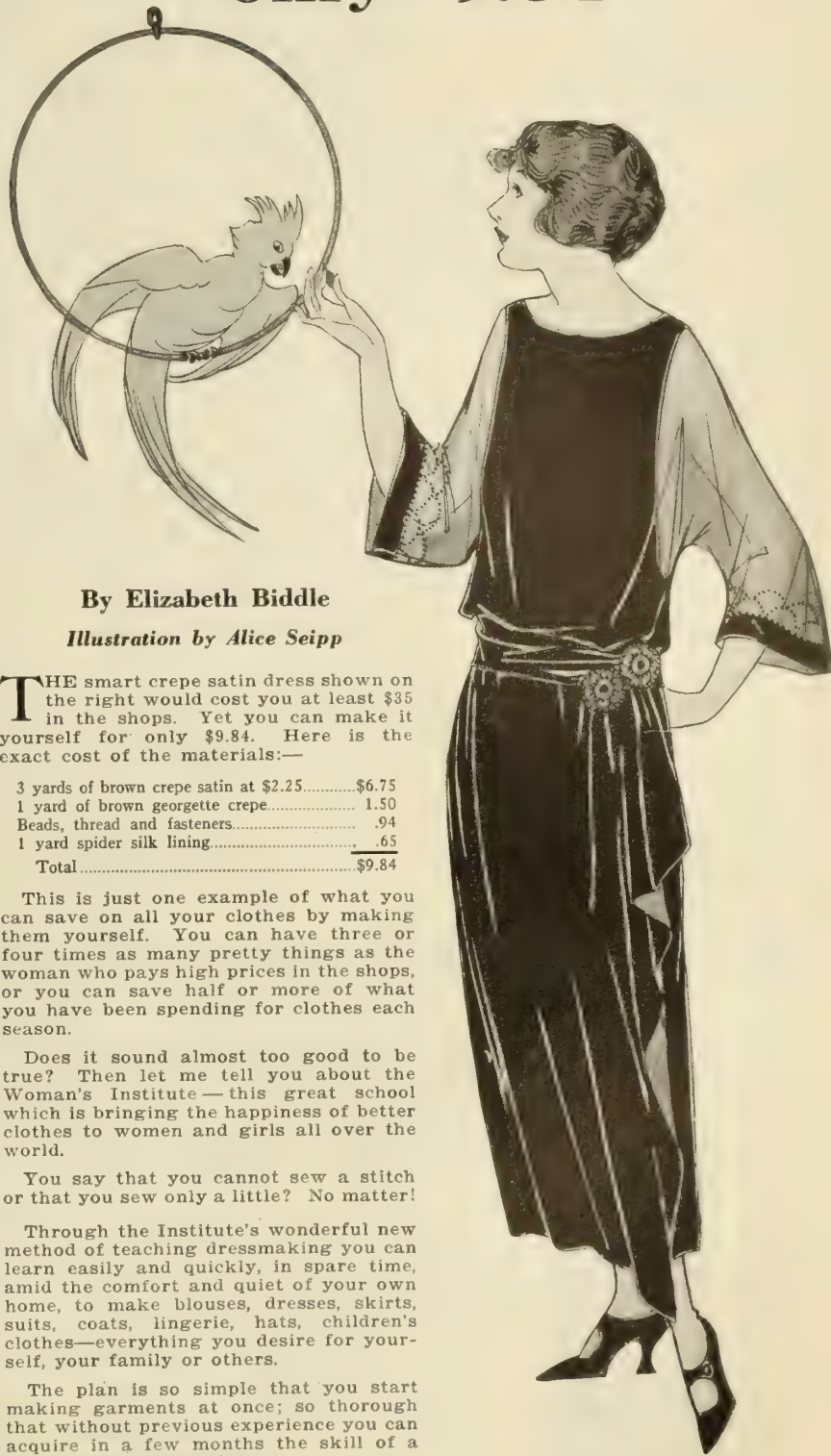
* * *

THOSE who buy the extreme coat or wrap this season will not know whether to say they have a cloth or a fur coat for the quantity of fur and cloth is so evenly divided. You will find them with the upper part, extending as low as the moyenage waistline entirely of such fur as mole, astrakhan or squirrel; others have huge fur sleeves with deep bands of fur across the bottom of the side panels or elsewhere and of course the collar. If you buy an ordinary coat—the kind you select with the utilitarian idea in the back of your head that you will make it last two or three winters, you will be confronted on all sides with models of marvella, duvetyn, bolivia and even fabric fur, richly trimmed with one of the many kinds of popular furs. It may have embroidery or braid trimming, but it will have fur trimming also. You will find many trimmed with low-priced furs that you may think are cheap because of the price, but beware of the cheap furs; better spend a little more money or have less fur and have it good. It will look better and wear better.

The new fall coats are generously endowed as to collar and sleeves and they are longer in the skirt because of the

(Continued on page 43)

You can make this \$35 dress for only \$9.84



By Elizabeth Biddle

Illustration by Alice Seipp

THE smart crepe satin dress shown on the right would cost you at least \$35 in the shops. Yet you can make it yourself for only \$9.84. Here is the exact cost of the materials:—

3 yards of brown crepe satin at \$2.25.....	\$6.75
1 yard of brown georgette crepe.....	1.50
Beads, thread and fasteners.....	.94
1 yard spider silk lining.....	.65
Total.....	\$9.84

This is just one example of what you can save on all your clothes by making them yourself. You can have three or four times as many pretty things as the woman who pays high prices in the shops, or you can save half or more of what you have been spending for clothes each season.

Does it sound almost too good to be true? Then let me tell you about the Woman's Institute—this great school which is bringing the happiness of better clothes to women and girls all over the world.

You say that you cannot sew a stitch or that you sew only a little? No matter!

Through the Institute's wonderful new method of teaching dressmaking you can learn easily and quickly, in spare time, amid the comfort and quiet of your own home, to make blouses, dresses, skirts, suits, coats, lingerie, hats, children's clothes—everything you desire for yourself, your family or others.

The plan is so simple that you start making garments at once; so thorough that without previous experience you can acquire in a few months the skill of a professional dressmaker.

You will not only learn how to make clothes, but to make them as they are made in the best shops. You will learn the secrets of distinctive dress—what colors and fabrics are most appropriate for different types of women—how to design and create original dresses—and how to adapt and combine features that make clothes distinctively becoming.

There is not the slightest doubt about your ability to learn. More than 150,000 women and girls, in city, town and country, in all circumstances and of all ages, have proved by the garments they have made and the dollars they have saved the success of the Institute's methods.

The training is so complete that you can take up dressmaking as a profession, sew for your friends, secure a position, or have a shop of your own. Hundreds of ambitious women and girls are earning \$20, \$25 \$30 and even \$40 a week as a result of the Institute's courses.

It makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you desire, and whenever it is convenient.

Send for Handsome 64-page Booklet
"Dressmaking Made Easy"

IT tells all about the Woman's Institute. It describes the courses in detail, and explains how you, too, can learn easily and quickly, in spare time at home, to make your own clothes and hats, and dress better at less cost, or prepare for success in the dressmaking or millinery profession.

Use the coupon below or write a letter or post card to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 31-K, Scranton, Penna. A copy of this handsome booklet will come to you, absolutely free, by return mail.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 31-K, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject marked:

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

Dell, Farnol, McCutcheon

*Each of these names means a good deal in Books
And each is represented by a new book as noted.*

Ethel M. Dell

CHARLES REX

You'll remember how you liked the other Dell books. This is said to be by long odds the best thing Miss Dell has done. It is absolutely new and rather novel in plot. **\$2.00.**

George Barr McCutcheon

VIOLA GWYN

McCutcheon has never written a more fascinating or enthralling story than this one about lovely Viola Gwyn and conditions in the early years of the 19th century. It will make a splendid Christmas book. **\$2.00.**

Jeffery Farnol

PEREGRINE'S PROGRESS

Sort of a sequel to "The Broad Highway," this one, even continuing some of its characters, and written with the characteristic Farnol ability and charm. **\$2.00.**

Ridgwell Cullum

THE MAN IN THE TWILIGHT

Here is a novel which will be certain to please anyone who likes stories of life in the wild. A hero and heroine in rival pulp camps are the strong characters. There is an abundance of excitement and romance. **\$2.00.**

*See what Canadian Home Journal's critic says
of three of these books in another column*

THE RYERSON PRESS
PUBLISHERS TORONTO



A BOOK of poems of more than passing interest was recently published by the University Press, Toronto, "Elise Le Beau," a dramatic idyll of lyrics and sonnets written by Evelyn Durand and edited by Laura B. Durand. More than twenty years ago, (in 1900), Evelyn Durand passed away in Colorado, leaving to all who knew her a memory of singular splendor and tenderness. As a student, she had been noted for her appreciation of literature, especially of the Greek spirit, and only her frail health kept her from taking an honor course in the classical studies so dear to her. Her friends have always wished that her poems might be published;—and now her sister has completed what must have been a labor of love, the result being a volume to be held in high esteem as the work of one of our young poets whose love of beauty and freedom made memorable music. This sonnet, "Truth," indicates the ideals of the dreamer.

"O Truth, unto thine ominous behest
Our conscious being shall be wholly bent;
E'en though it leadeth not to calm or rest;
E'en though a little human life-time spent
In vain endeavor to perform thy will
Leave an imperfect, unfulfilled theme;
And over thine impassive face there still
For us no light, no recognition seem:
So, with our eyes on thine and incomplete
Years, wept or smiled, depart, as doth a
breath.

And we, not ruth, but constancy entreat,
That we may learn to welcome pain or
death—
As, at the burning stake of old, men
stood—

Accepting thy decree as our best good."

There is a seriousness in this poet's lines which we do not find often in the productions of modern writers of verse. Elevation of spirit and a certain flaming courage are shown throughout the songs which are found in this unusual book. The conclusion of Camille's song has a haunting wistfulness of note:—

"Snug in my little bed
Under the hills I lie
Quietly with the dead.
Ne'er should I hear a sigh,
If those above my head
Sighed not in passing by."

Mr. Henry St. John Cooper has written another novel, which will probably be as popular as "Sunny Ducrow." This latest production by this writer of cheering tales is "The Imaginary Marriage," with a heroine who is impressively haughty when she finds that an entirely strange gentleman has calmly assured several friends that she has become his wife. Joan Meredyth is justly indignant when she hears of this liberty and all manner of complications follow the telling of this apparently simple little lie. The hero had his own good reasons, of course, for the story, but he finds himself in a peck of trouble before the heroine discovers his motive. There is a most unpleasant villain, whom the author is too kindhearted to kill, and altogether the story is one of the good old-fashioned kind with ever so much love-making and everyone happy in the last chapter (Published by the Ryerson Press, Toronto Price, \$1.75)

Ethel M. Dell writes novels which are "best sellers" and movie thrillers. They are far from fine literary achievement, but they afford a sensational happiness to many thousands of readers. "Charles Rex" is her latest venture in fiction and

has the traditional hero of melodrama. Lord Saltash is of the St. Elmo brand, a wicked and mysterious dare-devil, whose favorite pastime is yachting. Toby, a waif who is the daughter of a bewitching danseuse, becomes enamored of the wicked lord who behaves in most chivalrous fashion to the unconventional young person, whose affection is decidedly of the spaniel order. The story is one of amazing adventure from the beginning, and we shall see Toby in a film play ere long. The two most prominent masculine characters in the book—Lord Saltash and Jake Bilton, have a curious fashion of pinching the arms and shoulders of their various "lady friends" which is somewhat in the manner of the cave man. "Charles Rex" will please a host of readers, but will bore those who enjoy the works of E. V. Lucas (Published by the Ryerson Press, Toronto. Price, \$2.00).

* * *

"The Breaking Point," by Mary Roberts Rinehart, is a new story by one of the most widely-read writers in the United States. Mrs. Rinehart has so many and such humorous stories to her credit, that this latest novel is sure of a large audience. "The Breaking Point" is not so stimulating as the "Tish" tales, but is much better than "Dangerous Days." Mrs. Rinehart has the rare quality of "naturalness" and is especially happy in depicting the modern girl, as she is found in the United States. Her heroines are not the dazzlingly rich and beautiful creatures, given us by Mr. Robert Chambers, nor the freakish flappers in whom Mr. Owen Johnson delights. They are everyday and interesting girls, such as you know and like. In "The Breaking Point," there is such a heroine in Elizabeth Wheeler, whose love for Dick Livingstone brings tragedy into her quiet-colored life. There is a mystery of course. Mrs. Rinehart revels in mysteries and knows how to make them spin out for the length of many chapters without losing their breath-holding effect. The end is such as the popular taste would demand, and, altogether, Mrs. Rinehart has given us a decidedly readable narrative and a heroine to be desired. (Published by McClelland and Stewart, Toronto Price, \$2.00).

* * *

The author of that sensationally popular novel, "If Winter Comes," will find many readers for his latest work of fiction, "This Freedom." Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson has a literary style far superior to that of the ordinary novelist of to-day, and his "The Happy Warrior" remains a pleasing memory. "If Winter Comes," while graphic in style and vivid in characterization, had a note of hysteria which threatened to dominate the narrative. Mark Sabre, the hero, was as foolish as he was unfortunate and was over emphasized as a martyr. "This Freedom" is a problem novel, as the world understands that production. Rosalie, the heroine, accomplishes wonders in the business world of Lombard Street, falls volcanically in love with her cousin's fiancé and then tries to carry on matrimony, with her business life as her chief interest. The experiment proves a dismal failure, so far as Rosalie's husband and children are concerned. In fact, the disaster is too great in proportion to be convincing. There is not a single attractive character in the book. In fact, it is a machine-made production and Mr.

(Continued on Page 41)



He Wouldn't Part with It

Ask any owner of an Eveready Flashlight how much he'd take for it, if he couldn't get another. He simply wouldn't part with it—because Eveready is the safest, strongest, handiest portable light that was ever invented. There's no end to its uses—around the house or out-of-doors. Every day discovers new emergencies where an Eveready proves its value.

If you're one of those who don't already own an Eveready, go to the nearest electrical shop and investigate.

And be sure to ask for Eveready Unit Cell Batteries—they fit all flashlights.

CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON CO., LIMITED

Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg,

EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES

The Book
Corner
(Continued from Page 40)

Hutchinson's form of expression is degenerating into a shriek. Of course, there are many "answers" already being written, which may prove more boring than the original. We hope Mr. Hutchinson will give over these "screeching" novels and give us something in his earlier style. (Published in Toronto by McClelland and Stewart. Price, \$2.00.)

That indefatigable novelist, Mr. George Barr McCutcheon, has forsaken such melodramatic heroines as "Beverly of Graustark" for tales which are uncannily disagreeable. "Viola Gwyn" introduces a charming girl, who is the daughter of a somewhat repulsive person, a woman who betrayed one of her best friends, incidentally stealing the husband of the aforesaid friend. Viola, however, is not at all like her unpleasant "mamma" and the hero, who is the son of the woman whom the latter had wronged, inevitably loves Viola, who turns out not to be his sister, after all. It is a tale of pioneer days in Kentucky and the Middle West, with fights aplenty and love-making of a highly romantic order. (Published in Toronto by the Ryerson Press. Price \$2.00).

"The Story of the Canadian Revision of the Prayer Book," by W. J. Armitage D.D. Ph. D., with a foreword by the Most Rev. S. P. Matheson, D.D., Primate of All Canada, is a volume of interest to all who recognize the spiritual elevation and literary beauty of the Book of Common Prayer. The necessity for such a revision was urgent, since, as the writer tells us in the preface: "The changing conditions of our life in Canada, with its political, social and industrial problems, with its influx of races and peoples; and with the development of a national spirit; in the course of time led many to feel that we needed to bring our Prayer Book into a closer relationship with Canadian life." The writer has accomplished his task with a painstaking accuracy and an appreciation of the significance of the changes in one of the world's great books. (Published in Toronto by McClelland and Stewart).

"Social Civics," by William Bennett Munro and Charles Eugene Ozzane, is a book which is divided into three parts, the first concerning itself with "The American Environment." In fact, even in the last section of Part III we have two chapters on the United States in the "International" aspects of civic activities. The most valuable portion of the work for the average reader is that which deals with "The Organization of Government." (Published in New York by the Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.90).

Ridgwell Cullum has chosen the wild places for the background to his stirring tales. In his latest book, "The Man in the Twilight," he takes the reader off to lonely Labrador, where making a livelihood is a stern business and the competition of men who would be masters, either of the soil or of the mills, becomes keen to the point of deadliness. Bat Harker and Leslie Standing are partners, with such a depth of understanding as comes to men who live in the far places. The falls of the Beaver River mean paper mills and pulp and various plans to these two; but there is a foreign foe with whom they have to reckon. There is a wonderful girl, Nancy, whose Bolshevik aims threaten trouble for a time, and whose mother had been the romance of Leslie Standing's life. There is adventure of the most blood-curdling nature, there is the bitterest of industrial strife—and, withal, there is a tale of true love which knows anything but a smooth course. (Published by the Ryerson Press, Toronto. Price, \$2.00).

60,000 YOUNG AMERICANS DIE

Each Year—From Old Age Diseases
—Due Largely to Faulty Food

PROFESSOR McCOLLUM, of Johns Hopkins University, says these old age deaths, from diseases of the heart, blood vessels, kidneys, brain, digestive organs etc., have doubled in thirty years, and that younger persons are every year being attacked. McCollum also says 10% of all deaths are due to tuberculosis, and "this condition is largely due to faulty food."

Conditions are identical in Canada and all civilized countries where the same foolish food habits prevail.

The food mistakes of civilization and therefore of us Canadians—of me and mine—of you and yours—are too much "denatured," "deficiency," "excess acid," white flour, refined cereals, meats, and sweets; too little whole grain cereals, milk, eggs, leafy vegetables and fruits, the immemorial natural food of the human race.

McCollum has demonstrated that a combination of whole grains is even superior to one whole grain—because bet-

ter balanced. Roman Meal is the only combination of whole grains cereal known. It supplies the deficiencies of white flour, other cereals, meats and sweets. It was designed by a food scientist for that purpose. For this reason it nourishes better than meat, relieves most forms of indigestion and positively relieves all forms of constipation.

Because of its Flaxin, Roman Meal contains more bone making salts and protein than even milk, thus it is the best possible food for your child and for the nursing and expectant mother.

Buy Roman Meal at Grocers and try this Delightful Recipe to-day

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Stir 1 rounded cup Roman Meal into 4 cups boiling, salted water. Boil slowly for 10 minutes. Set in a cool place to jell, or in ice chest. Serve cold with milk or cream and sugar, honey, preserves or jelly or bananas or berries, etc. (If hot foods are preferred, reheat in double boiler after it has jellied by standing over night.)

Add ROMAN MEAL to Your Daily Diet.



ROMAN MEAL is the only balanced combination of whole grains—wheat, rye, Flaxin, and comminuted bran. It is a delicious family food, to be used as porridge, or baked into anything half and half with flour. By using Roman Meal in some way every day, with plenty of milk and some leafy vegetables (preferably uncooked) you provide your body—and the bodies of your children—with every element necessary to sturdy health and long life, and correct the "deficiencies" of modern "excess acid" and "deficiency" foods. Roman Meal aids digestion, positively relieves constipation.

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With the New Circular Skirts, Waists may be Fitted or Bloused

Blouse 1289
Skirt 9509
Embroidery 12716

Dress 1293

Dress 1309

Dress 1301
Beading 12681

Dress 1306

1289—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 9509—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3¾ yards 40-inch ragoon Canton crêpe—2¾ yards 40-inch ragoon Georgette crêpe for panels and sleeve sections—½ yard 40-inch white Georgette for collar and vestee—2 yards frilling—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Embroidery, in design 12716, gives a decorative note to the white vestee and also to the panels which extend in points below the hem-line. The embroidery may be worked with rope silk in flat satin and outline stitches. Picoting finishes the edges of the narrow panels and slashed edges of the sleeves.

1306—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch hankow tricotine—½ yard 36-inch allover lace for collar—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The sides of the skirt of this attractive Fall frock are very full and hang below the skirt falling in soft folds. The waist is quite snug and the plain button-trimmed sleeves are also tight-fitting. A large collar of allover lace either white or dyed in a shade matching the tricotine may be used. A narrow girdle finishes the low waist-line. The lower edge of the skirt presents an attractive ripple effect and is finished with a binding of self-material.

1287 1293 1301 1300

1289 9509 1309 1306

Descriptions continued on page 46

The Longer Skirt Triumphs

(Continued from page 39)

longer dress skirt. You can scarcely be out of fashion because there are so many different types. It is still quite the thing for an up-to-date coat to have a full back with a sweep from the neck to hem, but the front is straight. The

FASHION BRIEFS

Heavy silk gloves in gauntlet and elbow length will be used for street wear in winter, and there are some splendid looking fabric gloves that look like suede.



A Charming Autumn Wrap

back may blouse and be quite as fashionable as the Russian blouse suit although those who buy for the large stores say that comparatively few Canadian women like coats of this style, in spite of the fact that our American cousins find them very smart. For slender figures we find the tight hip-line in the coats just as in the dresses and suits and the side fastening is considered very smart. The fastening is invisible except for the cabochon at the waist or the narrow string girdle that has two long ends and loops when tied on the side.

Silk and wool hosiery in beige and grey—in fact there is a big range of colors—will be worn with brown or black Oxford ties.

Fancy handkerchiefs—the kind we shall be buying to give our friends for Christmas perhaps—have net centres with ruffles of net footing. Tissue centres also have ruffles of net footing, and the printed linen handkerchief is still considered good style.

The End

When You Buy a Corset



Ideal Average Figure



Ideal Large Figure



Gossard Brassieres

Gossard Brassieres, like Gossard Corsets, are unerringly designed for types and are moderately priced within the reach of every woman. See the new "Longerlyne" models; they are specially shaped to meet the need of those many women who require special support at the diaphragm and added length to prevent their brassieres from slipping up over the low tops of the modern corsets.

WHEN you buy a corset, you want one that looks good, one that is anatomically correct in design, one that will wear and be comfortable and make the best of your figure. Some of these things you can see at a glance. Others may be learned from the trained corsetière who fits you. But the most important of all can't be seen or felt in any mere try-on. For the way the corset is going to feel—and look—tomorrow, and next week, will decide your appearance, your comfort and your satisfaction.

What "Gossard" Means in Your Corset

This matter of designing for type is the whole secret. Gossard artistry introduced the principle of type corsetry, and now models have been perfected to take care of every sort of figure there is and prevent every sort of figure there ought not to be. Because the Gossards created for you are designed to fit *your very own figure*, they will never attempt to change you radically or make you conform to some fleeting style tendency not inherently becoming to you. If you haven't found the Gossard that fits you—the corset that moulds, restrains, supplements, easily, gently, naturally and brings you by hidden ways to the goal of your desires—then it is because you haven't gone to the right shop. Study yourself. Remember that there are Gossard Corsets with just the support you need at your age and weight to give you the proper proportions of the type to which you belong. Understanding your type is one of the most important aids to beauty you will ever find.

Go to the Best Store

Go to the best store you know; there you will be correctly fitted to a Gossard by a trained corsetière who will know just how to idealize your figure. Gossard Corsets are moderately priced within the reach of every purse. Because they are made of such fine materials, they launder beautifully and so softly follow the natural movements of your figure that they will outwear two or even three ordinary corsets.

"You"

If you feel you have a very special corset problem and you'd like a bit of personal advice, write to Miss Jane Hill, the Gossard corset specialist and authority on becoming dress, whose years of experience and proven ability are at your service. Miss Hill has just completed a tiny gem of a book, "YOU." It talks of personalities and becoming clothes in a way that any woman who would make the most of her natural beauty will treasure. A copy is yours for the asking, if you will write your request to

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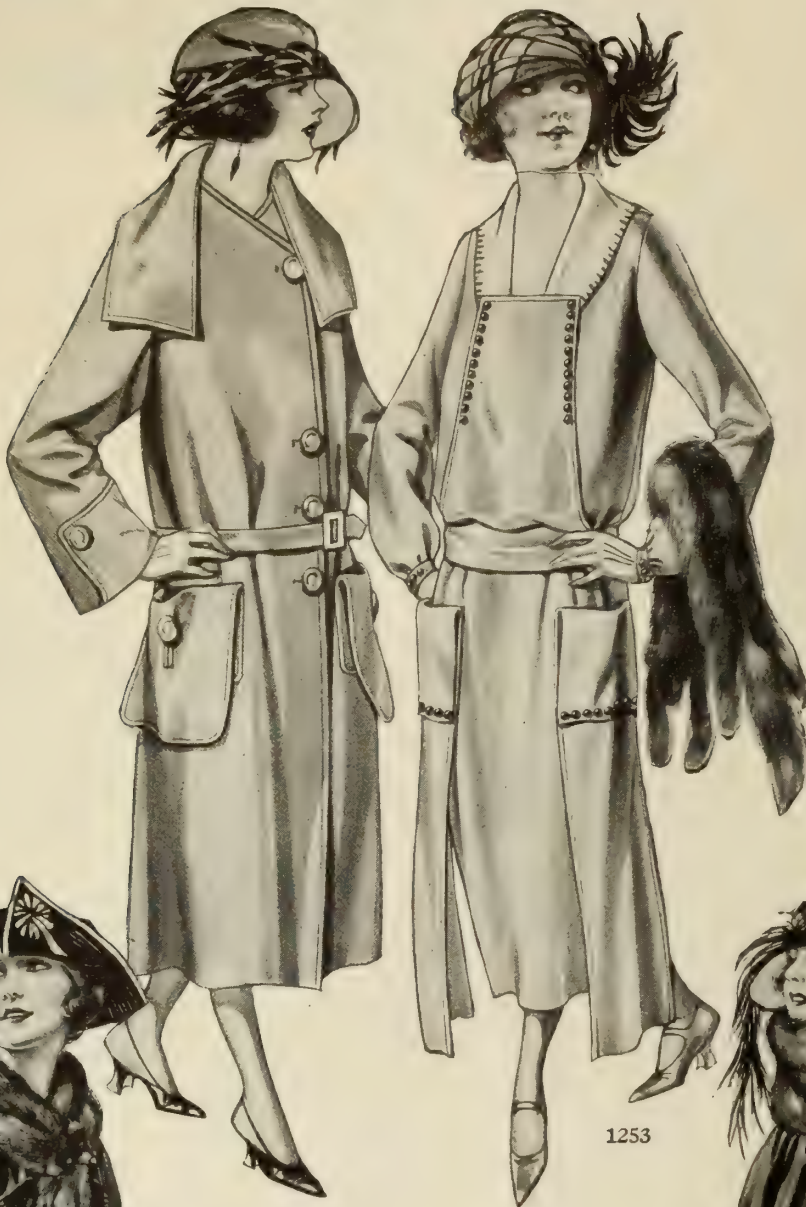
Name _____

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Attractive Gowns and Suits for Autumn Days



1228

1253

1228—Misses' Coat. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch Bolivia cloth— $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch silk serge for lining. A novel touch is introduced in the patch pockets which are covered with deep flaps extending beyond the lower edge of the pockets.

1253—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch crêpe satin— $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 40-inch contrasting for collar— $\frac{1}{8}$ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The side panels are stitched to form pockets, the top lapping over forming pocket flaps.

1189—Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 16 requires 2 yards 54-inch tricotine— $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch satin.

9896—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Cape. Designed for 16 years, 36 and 42 bust. Size 16 requires 2 yards 54-inch velvetyne— $\frac{1}{8}$ yard 9-inch fur banding for collar— $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 36-inch Canton crêpe for lining. This practical cape is gathered at the neck and finished with a wide collar of fur. The diamond-shaped trimming-pieces are novel.

Coat—1228—	Price 35 cents.
Dress—1253—	" 35 cents.
Dress—1189—	" 35 cents.
Cape—9896—	" 35 cents.



1228.

1253

1189



9904

9392

9896

9896

These are only a few of the new styles in Stanfield's Ladies' Underwear. Ask your favorite store to show them to you.

We have a sample book, showing weights and textures, which we mail free on request. Write for it.



Style No. 12



Style No 81

STANFIELD'S Ladies UNDERWEAR

is the perfected elegance and comfort in Underwear achieved by Canada's most famous makers of satisfactory unshrinkable Underwear.

For years, the Stanfield mills at Truro were devoted to the manufacture of underwear for men, exclusively.

When the name "STANFIELD" had been firmly established as meaning absolutely unshrinkable garments of style, fit and comfort, then—and then only—Stanfield's Limited turned their attention to underwear for ladies. Now, Stanfield's Limited make a complete line of ladies' underwear, comprising all styles, all fabrics, all weights, for every climate and every section of Canada.

And—in Ladies' Underwear—the name Stanfield stands for perfect fit, attractive styles and dependable service for ladies—just as it has stood for unshrinkable fabrics, comfort, warmth and sturdy wear for men.

Style No. 42



Style No 62



Made in combinations and two-piece suits, in full length, knee and elbow length, and sleeveless, all weights and textures, for ladies and men.

Stanfield's Adjustable Combinations and Sleepers for growing children (patented). Ask your dealer; if he cannot supply you, write us for the name of a dealer in your neighborhood who can.

Style No. 32 adjustable combinations



Style No. 32 adjustable sleepers



Stanfield's
Limited
Truro, N. S.

Style No. 71



New Frocks and Coats for School Wear



Dress 1177

Coat 1226

Coat 1094



Coat 9984

Cape-dress
9803

Dress 1292

9984—Girls' and Juniors' Coat. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 54-inch velours— $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining. Like most of the new Fall coats this model has raglan sleeves which are finished with

straight band cuffs. The collar may close high to the neck in chilly weather or it may be rolled with the fronts of the coat. Stitching worked with heavy rope silk trims the collar, revers, band cuffs, pocket laps, and the narrow belt.

OCTOBER PATTERNS AND PRICES

(Continued from page 42)

1293—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Size 36 requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch dune crêpe Romain— $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards ribbon for binding and trimming. Narrow panels extend below the skirt, forming an uneven hem-line.

1309—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 4 yards. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards 40-inch black canton crêpe.

1301—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 36 requires $6\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch brickdust crêpe satin— $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch bittersweet crêpe de Chine for facing panels and sleeve sections— $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Beading, in design 12681, adds to the trimming of this frock. Chalk, colored glass, crystal, steel, jet, or opalescent beads may be used.

Blouse—1289—Price 30 cents.

Skirt—9509—Price 35 cents.

Dress—1293—Price 35 cents.

Dress—1309—Price 35 cents.

Dress—1301—Price 35 cents.

Beading—12681—blue and yellow, 25 cents.

Dress—1306—Price 35 cents.

Coat—1324—Price 35 cents.

Dress—1284—Price 35 cents.

Jacket—1325—Price 35 cents.

Skirt—9392—Price 35 cents.

Dress—1304—Price 35 cents.

Embroidery—12717—blue and yellow, 35 cents.

Coat—1319—Price 35 cents.

1226—Boys' Single-breasted Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 54-inch tweed— $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard sateen for lining. This mannish looking coat has a convertible collar which may button high to the neck on cold days or may roll with the fronts of the coat. The large patch pockets are finished with tailored pocket laps.

1177—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 54-inch tricotine— $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 40-inch voile for collar and cuffs— $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards frilling— $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch lining for underwaist. The dainty voile collar and cuffs give a smart contrast to this tricotine frock which makes a serviceable dress for the young girl's school wardrobe.

1094—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 54-inch veldyne— $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine for lining. The roomy sleeves are joined to the coat at a lowered shoulder-line. The straight collar has tab-extensions, one end of which is thrown over the left shoulder.

9803—Girls' One-piece Cape-Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 54-inch twillcord— $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch white linen for collar and cuffs. This makes a practical costume for early Fall wear and any number of the new wool fabrics may be chosen for developing it.

1292—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 54-inch wool Jersey. The dress closes to the left of the narrow inserted vestee. The long one-piece sleeves are gathered to straight wrist-bands.

Dress—1177—Price 30 cents

Coat—1226—Price 30 cents

Coat—1094—Price 30 cents

Coat—9984—Price 30 cents

Cape Dress—9803—Price 35 cents

Dress—1292—Price 30 cents

Dress—1275—Price 30 cents

Dress—1173—Price 30 cents



1275

1177

1226

1094

9803

1173

Applique and Cross-Stitch Popular Decorations



No. 12672—Appliqué Flower Motifs

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12672, blue or yellow, 25 cents (English Price 1/3), furnishes 3 each of 15 motifs for appliqué embroidery being suitable for trimming children's clothes.



No. 12580—
Nature Appliqued
to Please Kiddies'
Sense of Style



No. 12723—Cross-Stitch Designs

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12723, blue or yellow, 25 cents (English Price 1/3), supplies 2 1/2 yards of each of the cross-stitch borders, and 3 of each of the fronts to match. These designs have gained wide popularity as the decorations for dresses and blouses; the fronts may be used to decorate the waist and the borders used for the skirt of the same frock.



No. 12707—Motifs Used Above on Spread

No. 12728

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12728, blue or yellow, 25 cents (English Price 1/3). A real lesson for the kiddie, as well as a decoration for the rompers, dresses, aprons, sun-bonnets, and bibs, are these charming little motifs, worked in appliqué. Above are the 10 motifs illustrated, which constitute the design. 2 duplicates of each are included. If appliqué embroidery is not desired, the plain embroidery stitches may be used. Outline, French knots, lazy-daisy stitch, and cross-stitch may be used to carry out these fascinating motifs.



The above is one of the flower motifs contained in Transfer Design 12728, described above. This flower was worked in 3 shades of lavender, with the edges blanket stitched in black silk floss.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12707, blue or yellow, 35 cents (English Price 1/3), furnishes 10 large rose motifs measuring 5 1/4 by 7 1/4 inches; and 10 small ones, 4 1/2 by 6 inches. Three reverses of each flower are also given. These motifs may be worked in appliqué or in the plain embroidery stitches. Illustrated below is a spread made charming with these rose decorations. In the lower left hand corner is illustrated an enlarged rose of each of the sizes furnished. Ladies' and children's apparel may also be decorated with these.

No. 12707—Worked on Charming Spread—Illustrated Below



No. 12728—
Flowers
Attached to
the Background
only at the
center



No. 12682—Animals in Appliqué

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12682, blue or yellow, 25 cents (English Price 1/3), furnishes 2 of each of the designs illustrated above, also extra pieces allowed for cutting. For children's dresses, aprons, and play frocks, there is no decoration that adds more charm. Blanket stitching is usually used to appliqué the figures to the background. If the motifs are worked on the background, outline or chain stitch may be used. French knots, Mille Fleur, and raised satin stitch are used to represent the centers of the flowers.



For Children Comfort Is Happiness

If a child's underclothing irritates him don't be surprised if he is cross.

Mothers are asked to be critical of Mercury Undergarments for Children. Every care that a thoughtful mother would exercise in choosing materials, in shaping the garments, in stitching and felling seams, is shown in Mercury Underwear.

Dealers everywhere can supply you.

214

Mercury



Underwear

Mercury Mills Limited—Hamilton—Canada
MAKERS OF HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Odds and Ends

(Continued from Page 32)

and l'aviron has once more come into its own, but le footing still foots its way along. Five o'clock simply means our afternoon "tea," as can be seen on the signboard—to name but one place—of an hotel at Garches, which informs the English-speaking tourist of the fact that there is "Five o'clock à toute heure." Hence, five o'clocker means "to take tea." Most of us have eaten lirlies in France without being aware why they were so called. They are our early rose potatoes; at first, the tuber was called l'early—the early—but it was subsequently surprisingly transformed into lirlie, the article and the noun being welded, as in the well-known case of lierre, originally and correctly l'ierre.

A funny thing it is to hear a boy called Lili, but just repeat twice the last syllable of Charlie, as pronounced in French, and you have the explanation. It must, however, be borne in mind that Lili also represents Emilie.

To come to ourselves.

Reveille is common in England, but not in France, where the diane is sounded in barracks at early morn. Le réveil, an abbreviation of réveille-matin, was formerly said, but it has long since given way to la diane. Double entendre, for double entente—meaningless in French—is dying a very hard death, for it has made its appearance quite recently, while morale, to designate the moral of troops, is, like the poor, always with us. Vive (for Vivent) les Anglais is, alas, too familiar with us.

* * *

One of the literary shrines of Italy was reported destroyed when the Fascisti set fire with incendiary bombs the famous "Byron Palace" at Ravenna, where the poet lived in 1819. The building, which was known in the middle ages as the Rasponi Palace and was one of the tourist attractions of Ravenna, is situated across the square from Dante's tomb, which escaped injury. The palace was reduced to ruins because it was used as the headquarters of the Socialist Cooperative Society. General strikes have been declared throughout the province of Romagna, in protest against the Fascisti, who continue to occupy Ravenna under martial law.

The Year 'Round Porch

(Continued from Page 36)

could not but be appealing against furniture of black-enameled wicker.

The question of curtains for an enclosed porch is almost invariably a mooted one; with the advocates of abundant light and air definitely and solidly ranged against those more esthetically-inclined individuals to whom an undraped window is anathema. Heavy, light-obscuring draperies certainly are not appropriate, unless when so hung that they may easily be moved to and fro as occasion demands. On the other hand, a filmy veiling of net, gauze, scrim or marquissette serves not only to exclude any excessive glare, but to relieve the windows of any suggestion of undue bareness. Shades, of course, have the same practical value: but they usually lack the decorative quality of curtains. Made of glazed English chintz, however, window-shades can be both smart and useful. They are especially artistic as a background for the very sheer curtains of square-meshed net that are now very frequently terminated by a deep cotton fringe redolent of the Mid-Victorian Period.

And what of the accessories? Books, lamps, bright-painted tin, tinted glass and lustrous old metal; an aquarium, perhaps, or an ornate cage for the feathered songster; flowers assuredly—and growing plants by all means! To these varied and colorful objects may be added with entire propriety a gazing-globe to reflect the garden just beyond: to typify, indeed, the outdoor spirit which should characterize every well-ordered year 'round porch.

The Four- Feature Sock

Elastic cuff — makes the sock easy to put on—helps the ankle fit snugly and neatly.

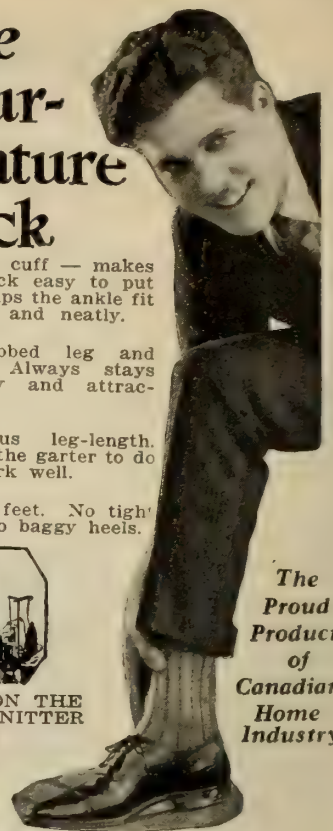
Full-ribbed leg and foot. Always stays shapely and attractive.

Generous leg-length. Helps the garter to do its work well.

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There's cosy warmth and comfort in Olde Tyme All Wool Socks. They are made by hand on the Auto Knitter from the finest, pure worsted yarn. And their shape-retaining qualities, generous length, perfect fitting softness and long wear make them ideal for golf, hiking or business wear. In popular heather mixtures and plain colors. On sale at more than 1,000 men's stores.

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For the acme of cool comfort — delight in the real — the joy of the beautiful — to get away from the commonplace in your linen, write to Robinson & Cleaver, Belfast, Ireland.

Get the pure Irish Linen and get it at its Irish price — the

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STAMMERING

or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature.

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
KITCHENER, - CANADA

The Vanity Box

(Continued from Page 37)

done in July. There you are greatly mistaken, for early September is especially fond of freckles and you are likely to be "speckled" on hands and arms (as I was), if you spend too long in the September woods. Never mind, however, so long as there is buttermilk to rub on the spots and a bleaching cream to take them away.

By the way, I have discovered such a smooth and satisfactory bleaching cream which makes freckles and sunburn scamper away into whatever country they deserve to inhabit. There is a whole series of preparations, in fact, put up by the people who make the bleaching cream, all of them worth while in keeping the face, neck and hands fresh and blooming in appearance. Now, there is no use in denying that you are interested in things of this kind. If you are a true daughter of Eve, you wish to know all about anything new, to smooth the wrinkles away and to keep the softness

and continue the exercises which give suppleness and strength, let us also give heed to the fairy tale of the small girl from whose lips dropped pearls—the softly-shining gems which mean peace, contentment—and a lovely complexion.

* * *

THE LETTER BOX

CATHERINE:—What is the use of hesitating about the matter of wishing to be as fair and attractive as possible? Of course, you wish to be rid of the sallowness in the skin. It is entirely natural to seek for its banishment. I believe, however, that sallowness comes, rather from defective digestion or some "infirmity of the liver than from any surface trouble. Of course you can have "skin treatments" and put a dash of rouge on the cheeks—but, if you wish to get rid of the sallowness, you should pay attention to the diet and take vigorous and systematic exercise. This is extremely old-fashioned advice, you will say, not nearly so interesting as information about a new cream which will cleanse the skin and make it rose-tinted forever after. Creams and lotions have their valuable place and should be used with care and discrimination. They soften and refresh the skin and the wise woman will make use of them. When it comes to a matter of continued sallowness, the complexion requires stimulation from within. A leaf of lettuce and a few carrots will go far towards making the complexion fairer, if you will only take the lettuce daily and the carrots more than once a week. I have sent you the names of good cleansing creams—but, in the meantime, look to the diet also.

* * *

BERTHA:—The hair has a wilful way of coming out, in spite of our attempts to observe every known rule of hair health. I think your scalp is in need of regular nightly massage and that you would do well to use a hair tonic every night for a while. If your hair is oily, it will require more frequent washing than if it is dry. Just devote yourself to your hair for a fortnight and you will find that such devotion pays.

Health and the Home

(Continued from Page 28)

A summary of results shows that of sixty patients in which this serum treatment was begun early, every one recovered without paralysis; of 61 patients with slight paralysis at the time of serum treatment, all but one recovered without residual paralysis; of 123 patients with advanced paralysis at the time of serum treatment, 18 died; 30 recovered with residual paralysis; 61 made complete recovery; while the results of the remainder are unknown;

Dr. Rosenow states as follows:—

"The conclusion that my Immune Horse Serum, prepared by repeated injections of increasing doses of freshly isolated strains of the pleomorphic Streptococcus, has curative power in poliomyelitis, especially when given in the early stage of the disease, is warranted."

GENERAL TREATMENT

A great deal can be done in the after care and treatment of children, even if paralysis has taken place. Twice as much, at least, can be done now as was thought possible twenty years ago. The doctor does not despair of any case now. Muscle training, skill, patience, sometimes operation by a specialist, frequently produce great improvement and even a more or less perfect recovery.



THE INDISPENSABLE HANDBAG

A very charming handbag in soft leather with openwork bronze top and silk rope handle with tassels.

of youth in the complexion. There is an astringent which helps to stop the "sagging" which every woman dreads. There is oil for the muscles and cream for the sunburn and a lotion to make the dust depart. It is a solemn fact that those of us who live in the city have all manner of trouble in keeping the face clean. The best of soap, a goodly allowance of warm water and a persevering application of cleansing cream will all be required, if we are going to fight the demon Dust successfully. In fact, Dust seems at times to be a dragon which is continually persecuting us, upstairs, downstairs and in my lady's boudoir. We certainly must have been made of dust, for it seems to have an affinity for our hands and face and all our belongings.

These preparations above-mentioned, which are among the latest products of the beauty-bestowing art, are attractive in their wrappings, especially the powder, in its cover of pale grey, with label of ceiling-wax red, on which are the black letters which spell the name of the maker. Every time we see such tempting wares, a fresh hope arises that we shall emerge from the using, somewhat more youthful and blooming than when we entered. There is nothing more persistent than the idea that we shall some day be either rich or beautiful—perhaps both—and the sight of a new jar or bottle always inspires a breath of courage in our search for youth and all its gay charm.

Perhaps, however, we are making a mistake, after all. It may be that youth is to be attained by keeping in sympathy with all that is radiant and hopeful and trusting. Wherefore, while we look for the jar that contains a healing balm

FLEXIBILITY

Flexibility of your corset is essential to poise and charm, whether in the evening gown, the afternoon frock or the street costume.

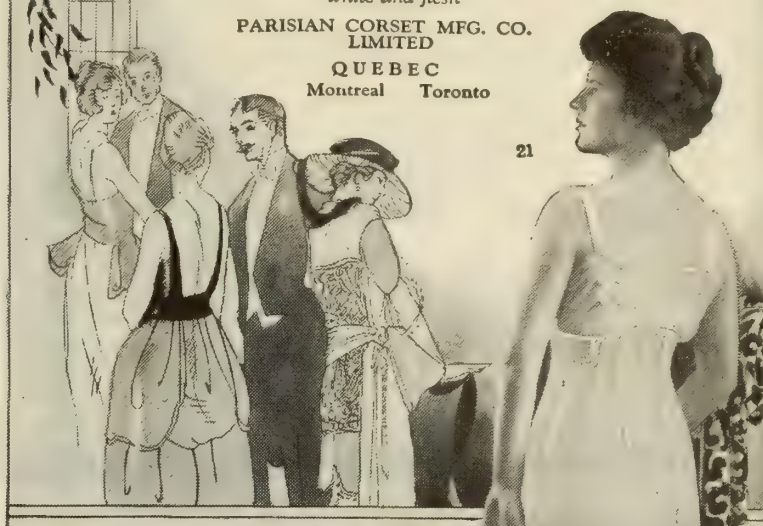
Corseted the P.C. way assures not only absolute comfort, but also an air of fashionable poise and dignity. P.C. Corsets make for figure improvement.

Ask your dealer for P.C.'s. They are the utmost in value, style, comfort and service.

Front lace, back lace,
white and flesh

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Write for booklet showing the new
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NEW CADILLAC ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER

The Cleaner with all the most
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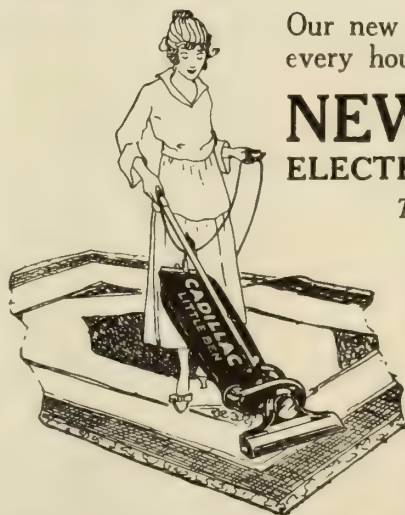
Unrivalled for efficiency, economy
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The New Cadillac is made entirely in
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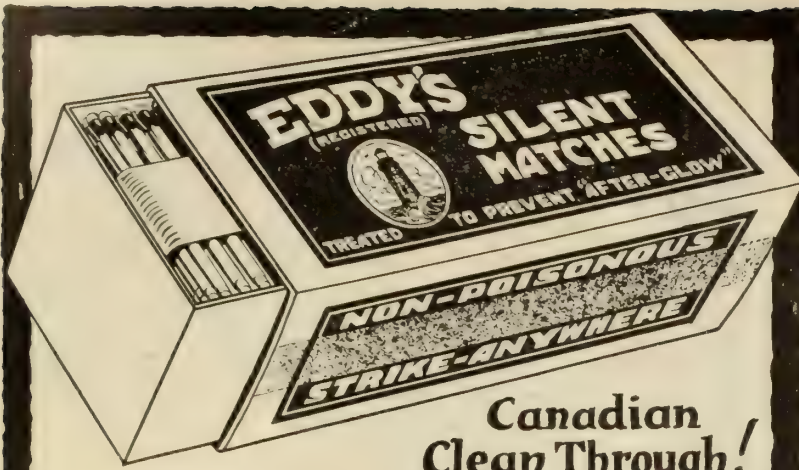
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MATCHES**

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Branches and Agencies throughout Canada.

for swellings

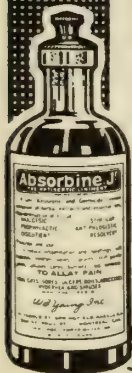
Swellings usually mean inflamed tissue. Absorbine, Jr. gently rubbed on the swollen part will quickly reduce the inflammation, and the swelling with it.

Though powerful, Absorbine, Jr. is absolutely harmless, and can be used with safety and comfort. It is a dependable antiseptic and germicide.

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

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New System of Poultry Keeping.
If You Keep Chickens**

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The average pullet lays 150 eggs. If kept the second year, she may lay 100 more. Then she goes to market. Yet, it has been scientifically established that every pullet is born or hatched with over one thousand minute egg germs in her system—and may be made to lay them on a highly profitable basis over a period of four to six years' time if given proper care.

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If you want your hens to make more money for you cut this out and send it with your name and address to Henry Trafford, Suite 342 R Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N.Y. and a free copy of his 1000 EGG HEN Bulletin will be sent by return mail.

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Herpicide is guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it or your dealer will refund purchase price. **Buy a bottle today and have beautiful, luxuriant hair.**

**Sold By All Drug and Dept. Stores
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Mrs. Anna Conner

Possibilities of a Good White Sauce

(Continued from Page 30)

in a cool place. Use this pulp next day for a cream soup by combining with it an equal quantity of white sauce No. 1 and any desired seasonings, and heating all together.

Cream of Celery Soup: Take the tough stalks and leaves of celery, wash carefully, cut in small pieces, cover with about three cups of slightly salted boiling water, and cook until very soft. Press through a sieve. There should be two cups of pulp and liquid. Scald two cups of milk in a double boiler with one slice of onion. Strain and use this to make two cups of white sauce No. 1. Add the celery mixture to this and heat all together.

Cream of Corn Soup: One cup corn, one slice onion, two stalks celery, two cups white sauce No. 1, seasonings. Cook the onion and celery in water for half an hour. Add one cup of the water, in which they were cooked, to the white sauce. Add the seasonings and the corn and heat all together. Serve without straining.

By following these general directions you may use any vegetable or any combinations of vegetables for cream soups:

1. Make a white sauce No. 1.
2. Cook the vegetable until tender and rub it through a sieve.
3. Combine equal quantities of vegetable pulp and water, and white sauce.
4. Add the seasonings. Reheat and serve at once. In the case of tomatoes it is essential to serve as soon as combined. It is not necessary and not desirable to use soda in making cream of tomato soup. The soda destroys valuable food substances in vegetables, and should never be used in vegetable cookery.

When starchy or strong flavored vegetables, such as potatoes, peas, lima beans, etc. are used, use one half as much vegetable pulp and water as white sauce.

Celery Toast: Take the outer and less tender stalks of celery and cut them into half-inch pieces. Cook in very slightly salted water until very tender. Drain and use one-half cup of the celery water and one-half cup of milk to make a white sauce No. 2. Add the celery to the sauce and pour over slices of buttered toast.

Carrots and Peas in Croustades: Prepare four croustades, in the following way. Cut slices of bread, two inches in thickness and trim off the crusts. Remove centre a half-inch from each edge, being careful not to break through the bottom, dip each in melted butter and place in oven until evenly browned. Combine left over peas and carrots (cut into small cubes), add seasonings, and mix with white sauce No. 2. Heat and serve in the hot croustades.

Macaroni and Cheese: Break macaroni into one inch pieces and cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain; using a colander or sieve. Pour cold water over macaroni in sieve to wash off starch and prevent it from becoming sticky. Mix one cup macaroni with one cup white sauce No. 2, to which one half cup grated cheese has been added. Place mixture in a buttered baking dish, cover with buttered crumbs and bake until crumbs are browned. Tomato sauce may be substituted for white sauce or

spaghetti or rice may be used in place of macaroni.

ESCALLOPED DISHES MADE WITH WHITE SAUCE NO. 3 AS A BASIS

Corn a la Southern: Combine one can of corn with one cup of white sauce No. 3, place in a buttered baking dish, add seasonings, cover with buttered crumbs and bake until crumbs are browned.

Cauliflower au Gratin: Break a cauliflower into flowerlets, cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and place in a casserole. Pour over white sauce No. 3, filling the dish two-thirds full. Sprinkle thickly with grated cheese cover with buttered bread crumbs and bake until crumbs are browned.

Escalloped Cabbage: Boil cabbage in salted water until tender, drain, chop and season. Mix with white sauce No. 3 in the proportion of one cup of sauce to two of cabbage. Butter a baking dish and put into it the mixture and cover with buttered crumbs, using one tablespoon melted butter to one-third cup of dried and rolled crumbs. Bake in a quick oven until the sauce bubbles through the crumbs and they are brown. Individual ramekins may be used instead of the large dish. Tomato sauce substituted for white sauce makes a good variation.

Fish Scallop: Two and one-half cups cold flaked haddock, halibut or salmon, one and one-half cups white sauce No. 3, two-thirds cup buttered crumbs, one eighth teaspoon pepper, one-half teaspoon salt, one tablespoon butter. Put one-half of fish in the bottom of a buttered baking dish, add seasoning and small bits of butter, cover with crumbs and pour over one-half of the white sauce. Repeat this process with the other half of ingredients and brown in a hot oven.

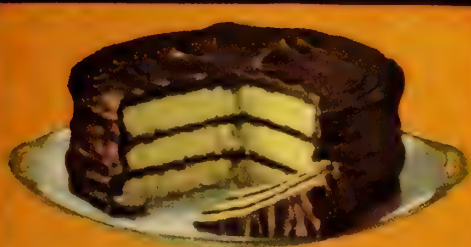
Cheese Souffle: One cup white sauce No. 3, one quarter teaspoon salt, one-half cup grated cheese, three eggs. Make white sauce and while it is hot add the cheese and seasonings, stirring until cheese melts. Remove from heat and add yolks of eggs, slightly beaten, let cool, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and turn into a buttered baking dish. Place the baking dish in a pan of warm water and bake in a moderate oven until set. Do not let the water surrounding the dish boil. It is essential that souffles cook at a moderate temperature to avoid toughness.

CROQUETTES FROM WHITE SAUCE NO. 4.

Salmon Croquettes: Three quarters cup boiled or canned salmon, one-half cup white sauce No. 4, one-half cup green peas, one-half tablespoon lemon juice, seasonings to taste. Flake the fish, season and sprinkle with lemon juice. Press peas, without any liquid, through a sieve, combine all ingredients, and set the mixture away to get very cold. Shape, roll in fine crumbs, dip carefully in slightly beaten egg, and roll again in crumbs. If the mixture is too soft to shape, add a few fine crumbs. Fry in deep fat. Chicken or any left over meat may be substituted for salmon.

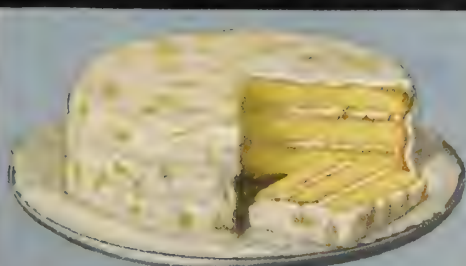
Peanut butter or cheese (grated) make good croquettes, but in using these ingredients the quantity of white sauce should be reduced. Use just enough to make a consistency which may be shaped.





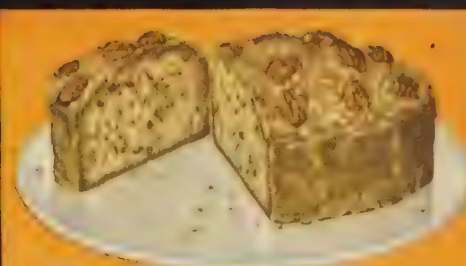
CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening with 1 cup sugar, beating well; add 1 beaten egg, 1 cup milk slowly, and mix well. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour sifted with $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt and 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder; mix in 1 teaspoon vanilla and bake in 3 greased layer cake tins in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Put together with chocolate filling and icing made with 3 cups confectioner's sugar to which is added slowly sufficient boiling water to make smooth paste; add 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 oz. unsweetened melted chocolate and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated orange peel.



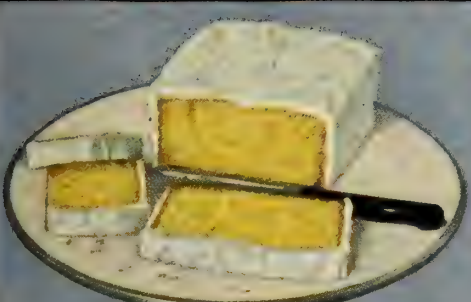
PINEAPPLE LAYER CAKE

Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening; add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar slowly; add 2 beaten egg yolks. Sift together $3\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour and add alternately with $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk; add 1 teaspoon vanilla and fold in 2 beaten egg whites. For filling and icing—Put 3 cups confectioner's sugar into bowl; add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk and beat until smooth; add 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 1 tablespoon small pieces of canned pineapple; add 1 teaspoon melted butter. Spread between layers and sprinkle with small pieces pineapple drained well. Spread icing on top and sides of cake and add pieces of the pineapple while icing is still soft.



MAPLE NUT CAKE

Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening with 1 cup light brown sugar; add 2 egg yolks; mix well and add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk; sift together $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and two teaspoons Royal Baking Powder and add; mix in one cup finely chopped nuts—preferably pecans—and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Bake in greased loaf pan in moderate oven 35 minutes. Cover top and sides with maple icing as follows: add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon butter to 2 tablespoons hot milk; add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups confectioner's sugar to make smooth paste; add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon maple flavoring and spread. Sprinkle with nuts while icing is still soft.



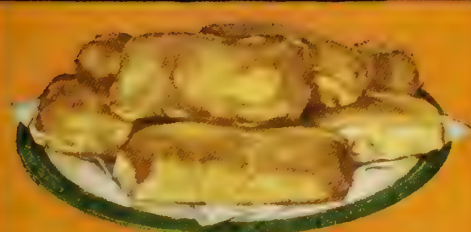
ROYAL CREAM LOAF CAKE

Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening well with 1 cup sugar; add 2 egg yolks; add 1 teaspoon lemon extract; add, a little at a time, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rich milk or thin cream. Add 1 cup flour sifted with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cornstarch and 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder. Fold in 2 beaten egg whites and bake in greased loaf pan in moderate oven about 45 minutes. Make frosting as follows—Put 1 unbeaten egg white into shallow dish; add gradually $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups confectioner's sugar beating with wire whip until of right consistency to spread; add 1 teaspoon vanilla and spread on top and sides of cake.



CHOCOLATE ROLL

Beat 2 egg yolks; add 1 cup sugar slowly and 4 tablespoons cold water. Sift 1 cup flour with $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons Royal Baking Powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, and add alternately with 2 beaten egg whites. Spread very thinly on long greased pan. Bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes. Turn out on damp cloth sprinkled with powdered sugar—trim hard edges; spread with filling and roll in cloth while warm. When cool remove to plate, and sprinkle with powdered sugar. For filling—scald $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk with $1\frac{1}{2}$ squares melted unsweetened chocolate. Thicken with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour mixed with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold milk; add 1 tablespoon butter. Beat $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 egg and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt together and add. Cook over hot water until smooth and thick. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla and spread.



ROYAL DINNER ROLLS

Sift together 4 cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, and 6 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder. Rub in 1 tablespoon shortening; add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk and mix to smooth dough; turn out on floured board; knead well to make smooth. Cut dough into small pieces to make rolls about $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches long by 2 inches wide; form each into smooth roll with square ends. Place on greased pans far apart and stand in warm place 20 minutes. Brush with butter; bake in very hot oven 10 minutes; brush again with butter; bake 5 minutes and serve hot.



ORANGE CREAM LAYER CAKE

Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening; add 1 cup sugar slowly, beating well; add 1 beaten egg. Sift together $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, and 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder and add alternately with 1 cup milk, a little at a time. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and bake in 2 greased layer cake tins in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Spread 1 cup sweetened flavored whipped cream thickly between layers. Cover top with orange frosting made with 1 cup confectioner's sugar added slowly to 1 tablespoon cream. Add pulp and grated rind of 1 orange, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon orange extract and 1 tablespoon melted butter.



THREE-EGG ANGEL CAKE

Mix well and sift together four times 1 cup sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar, 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup scalded milk very slowly, while still hot, beating continually; add 1 teaspoon almond or vanilla extract; mix well and fold in 3 egg whites which have been beaten until light. Turn into ungreased angel cake tin and bake in very slow oven about 45 minutes. Remove from oven; invert pan and allow to stand until cold. For icing add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon butter to 2 tablespoons hot milk and gradually add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups confectioner's sugar; add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla and spread. (Use the yolks of the eggs for a Royal Sunshine Cake.)

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FULLER BRUSHES

69 USES — HEAD TO FOOT — CELLAR TO ATTIC

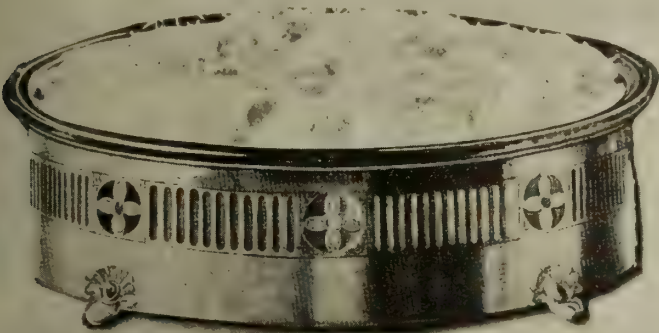
Many Ways to use Apples

BY FRANCIS M. McNALLY

There is no fruit more universally popular than the apple. Its wholesomeness, its delicious flavor, its medicinal value, and its rare keeping qualities all contribute something to its popularity. Then, too, apples may be used probably in a greater variety of ways than any other fruit: as dessert, salad, garnish or relish, they are attractive and palatable. They may be served for breakfast, dinner and supper, and an apple between meals is not open to the objections against eating sweets at such times.

Apples in Bloom: Cook red apples without removing skins) in boiling water until soft. Have the water half surround the apples and turn often. Remove skins carefully that the red colour may remain, and arrange on serving dish. To the water add one cup of sugar, grated rind of one lemon and juice of one orange. Simmer until reduced to one cup. Cool and pour over the apples.

Apples en Casserole: Pare, core and slice two quarts of apples, and put in an earthen dish, sprinkling each layer with sugar. Add one-fourth cup of cold water,



Apples in casserole with whipped cream

No country in the world produces finer apples than Canada. A specialist in agriculture has recently advanced the theory that the nearer the ocean a fruit is grown, the finer will be its flavor. Perhaps this is why the Annapolis Valley of Nova Scotia and the Okanagan Valley of British Columbia have become world famed apple growing regions.

cover the dish and bake in a moderate oven. Serve either hot or cold with cream (whipped or plain).

Porcupine Apples: Select apples of uniform size. Pare, core and cock in syrup made of one cup of water to each half cup of sugar. Stud each apple with blanched almonds, and fill the centres with jelly. When apples are



Frozen Apple Fluff

In the fall and early winter, apples are at their best and should be used extensively in the diet. While they are not difficult of digestion and most delicious raw, cooking probably increases the ease of digestion for most people. The following recipes are offered as suggestions for variety in the use of this delicious home grown product.

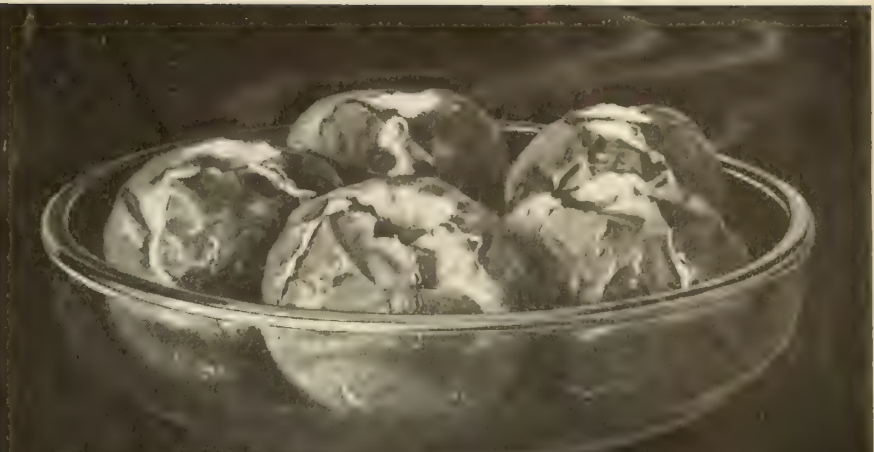
Apples should always be cooked in earthen or granite ware utensils, using granite or wooden spoons for stirring

tender, place on serving dish and pour syrup over them.

SOME WAYS TO VARY BAKED APPLES

I. Wipe and core tart apples, place in a baking dish, and fill centres with sugar and cinnamon, allowing one-half cup of sugar and one-fourth teaspoon

(Continued on page 57)



Round Shallow Baking Dish for Baked Fruits, Puddings and Vegetables

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But until you bake them in the Pyrex Oval Baking Dish you will never know what a real confection they can be. The secret is because Pyrex is scientifically designed for the uniform distribution of all the oven heat which bakes the apples quickly and evenly without breaking or mashing them down, and retaining all their delicious flavor.

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While we are on this matter of skin, I want to tell you all over again about wonderful Kora-Konia. It's the most amazing remedy I have ever employed in my years of baby raising. Almost unbelievable are the results I have observed in cases of prickly heat, teething rashes, or inflammation caused by damp diapers.

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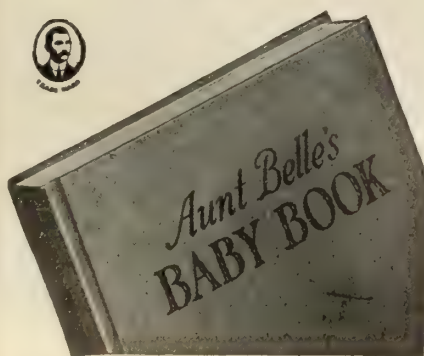
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Pamela Pounce

(Continued from page 8)

dence, now—they tell me 'tis much practised of the French."

"What am I to take out of that, sir?"

"Why lad, you may take it that Miss knows her value. With all due deference to your good looks, you might fail where one like myself might succeed."

"Meaning, Sir Jasper?"

"Meaning, Mr. Jocelyn Bellairs, that little milliners, especially if they've been in Paris, may have learnt to have an eye to the main chance."

There was again much and loud merriment. The four other gentlemen looked at the one handsome youth of the party as if it were agreeable to see his comb cut.

"Gad, if there's any betting going on it, I'll back Jasper," said Sir James Devlin, with that cold smile of his which seemed to blight where it rested. "But the mischief's in it, who'd take up the wager at such odds? What? Sweet, penniless Romeo in the one scale, and rich Sir Paris in the other, and Juliet a French milliner! Pshaw!"

"Why then, Sir James," cried Mr. Bellairs. "Romeo is none so penniless but that he can back his own word. I'm ready to wager Sir Jasper this moment as much as he cares to risk that Miss Pamela Pounce—who is not French, sir, but good Kentish stock—will send him to the right-about, as she has sent—aye, though 'tis I say it—a better man! That all his money-bags will not weigh this nutshell—he crushed one under his clenched hand on the mahogany as he spoke—against her virtue."

Sir Jasper grew red in the face; his eyes protruded, his veins swelled.

"Why, done with you, you poor innocent—"

"Stay, stay," intervened Sir James. "If there's to be betting, let's do it proper, a Heaven's name! *In primo*, what is the wager to be?"

Sir Jasper and Bellairs spoke together:

"That pretty Pounce will pounce fast enough if it is made worth her while," cried Sir Jasper, with a guffaw. And: "That Sir Jasper has about as much chance of Miss Pamela Pounce's favour as of the Princess Royal's," asserted Bellairs.

"Now, tut, tut!" Sir James Devlin shook his head, and clacked his tongue. "If I'm to draw up your wager, gentlemen, you must, if you please, be a trifle less slipshod. You can't bet on a pun, Sir Jasper, nor you on a highfalutin' comparison to royal ladies, young man. You've got to bet on facts, my lads. Say, that a week from today we find the young person agreeably installed under the protection of our host here, in—better say London—eh, Jasper? Might be a bit awkward, too close to Miss's family, what? Mr. Jocelyn Bellairs here to be given ocular proof that circumstances alter cases. Let your charmer ask him to tea in her new abode this day week."

"Carry her off, carry her off, good old style. Tally-ho!" cried the tipsy squire.

"Capital idea!" Mr. Grinder shook with amusement. "Run away with her! Carry her off, and keep her from the hats and feathers, Sir Jasper, and I'll see that you get Little Pitfold at long last. We'll foreclose for the rest of the mortgage. Zounds, we will! Drat that girl! She's been paying off at an uncommon quick rate. Took my breath away, she did. We had to give old Pounce a couple of years for the look of the thing, you remember—never dreaming—But there! Time will be up next Lady Day, and—he broke into dry chuckling—"if you carry off the girl you'll win your wager, and get your land into the bargain. Kill two birds with one stone."

Jocelyn Bellairs lay back in his seat with arms folded, and a scornful smile on his countenance. He did not care what conditions were imposed, and the higher the stake the better for him. He was so sure of the result.

Sir James Devlin had drawn out his tablets.

"The wager's plain enough now," quoth he. "Sir Jasper Standish wagers Mr. Jocelyn Bellairs that the girl, Pamela Pounce, will give him a dish of tea this day week, at an address hereafter to be determined, the said Pamela Pounce being then established under the protection of the said Jasper Standish. What are the stakes?"

"Oh, make it worth while!" eagerly cried Bellairs.

Devlin gave him a keen side-glance.

"'Tis scarce usual to make the stakes higher than you can meet, Mr. Bellairs."

The young man flushed darkly. But before he could reply:

"Odds my life," exclaimed Sir Jasper. "Let's make it worth while! What say you to a thousand guineas?"

"Done!" cried Jocelyn eagerly. Then he added: "I'd like to make a stipulation. If Sir Jasper loses, let him remit the rest of that mortgage first, whatever it is. I'll be content with the residue."

"Pon my word, sir, that's a strange proposal," said Sir Jasper, staring with an air which gave him an odd resemblance to an incensed bull.

"You can cry off the whole bet, if you're afraid of it," taunted his guest.

"Foh!" said Mr. Grinder. "'Tis but a matter of a hundred and eighty-nine pounds, when all is said and done. Never nigger at that, Sir Jasper. Go in, and win! 'Pon me soul!' cried the old sinner, rubbing his hands, "I'd sleep better in my grave if I thought the Standish estate had got Pitfold at last."

"The stakes to be a thousand guineas," murmured Devlin as he wrote. "out of which Sir Jasper remits the rest of Farmer Pounce's mortgage, one hundred and eighty-nine pounds and hands the residue eight hundred and eleven, plus the shillings for the guineas, to Mr. Jocelyn Bellairs. Any backers? Fifty guineas on Jasper. Who'll take me?"

Squire Upshott was too far gone, and Lawyer Grinder shook his head, so Sir James had to content himself with jotting down: "No backers."

"Why, zounds!" exclaimed Sir Jasper, after he had ruminated a while. "It seems that more hangs on this betting to-night than the virtue of Miss, after all. What? The farm that we Standishes from grandfather down have vainly been trying to get hold of. That's a fine idea of yours, Grinder, odds my life, it is! A thousand guineas besides, and as fine an armful—hark ye, Devlin, did ye notice her 'tut morning in church, as neat as a chestnut filly? Foh! There's blood in her, sir, there's blood in her, or I'm no judge—"

He broke off. 'Twas a dashed superior smile on young puppy's face. What made the fellow so cocksure, in the name of all that was sly? A sudden thought struck him.

"Look you here, Master Bellairs," cried he, with a muffled roar. "No collusion! No putting your head and Miss Pounce's together to do me out of a thousand guineas! Eh, Devlin? Eh, Grinder? No blanked tricks!"

Jocelyn's nostrils quivered scornfully. "I give you my word of honour, Sir Jasper," said he, "to have no communication in private with the young lady till your week is out."

"Come, come!" said Sir James. "Split me, Jasper, we're all gentlemen here!"

The smile on the face of Mr. Bellairs became accentuated.

"I'm ready to give Sir Jasper any guarantee," said he.

"Deuce take him! He's like a fellow with a card up his sleeve!" thought Sir Jasper. "Word of honour, or no word of honour, I'll make Devlin keep watch for me."

When they went upstairs to the splendid, neglected drawing-room where Lady Barbara Flyte, her niece, Miss Lesbia Ogle, and Mrs. Colonel Dashwood were waiting to pour out tea for them, Mr. Jocelyn Bellairs showed himself in high spirits.

(Continued on page 55)

A danger signal — tender and bleeding gums

HEALTHY teeth cannot live in diseased tissue. Gums tainted with Pyorrhea are dangerously diseased. For not only are the teeth affected, but Pyorrhea germs seep into the body, lower its vitality and cause many ills.

Pyorrhea begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the poisonous germs that breed in pockets about them.

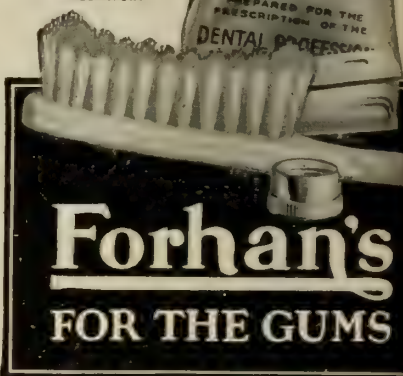
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Pamela Pounce

(Continued from page 54)

"Ah, Pamela, my girl!" cried he to himself, "that was an angry look you cast at me across your prayerbook this morning, a monstrous, unpeaceful kind of look to a man of goodwill; but if this day's work has not wiped out old scores—A 'filly,' he called you. Aye, you'll come over the fence as clean as a bird. I've no fear of you, my splendid girl, and you'll be kinder to me, I dare swear, when next we meet; but that won't be this day week, at any lodging paid for by Sir Jasper."

* * *

"Why, la, Sir Jasper, what a merry tune!" And "Oh, Sir Jasper, what a strange, pretty place!" And, "Why, Sir Jasper, 'tis the most Christmas sight I've ever beheld!" And, "Pray, pray, Sir Jasper, don't ask me to trip it with your country bumpkins, for I vow and protest I could never pick up those vulgar steps!" And, "Oh, Aunt Bab, do but look at the pink roses in Goody's cap!" And, "Oh, Miss Ogle, you're nowhere, I declare, beside Miss in feathers yonder, plucked from the old turkey before mother put it in the pot." "You're too droll, Mrs. Dashwood!" "Do you think, Sir Jasper, the buck in the top-boots would have me for his partner if I simpered ever so sweet upon him?"

Sir Jasper, moving in this fire of chatter, a lady on each arm and Miss Lesbia Ogle hanging on his coat-tails, appeared at the barn-door when he believed his guests to be assembled. The merry, tune to which Lady Bab had alluded fell silent at his approach; there were curtseys and dips and bows on every side, while the three fiddlers mopped their streaming faces and, rising as one man from the wooden bench on which they had been seated in a row, duly ducked their shock heads to their patron.

Sir Jasper gave condescending smiles and short, indifferent nods right and left, the while his eyes roamed, seeking, this way and that. Here was old Mother Pounce, right enough, as large as one of her own feather beds, in a lace cap, if you please, mighty genteel, with lavender knots. And Farmer Pounce in his red waistcoat; confound the fellow, with his air of independence! Aye, was there not a sort of triumph about him? Don't cry till you're out of the wood, Mr. Yeoman! And split him, what a row of young Pounces—a fine healthy litter! And, 'pon honour, a monstrous pretty little chit in white muslin with a straw hat! Pshaw! He had no time to waste on silly seventeen. Where was their agreeable bone of contention; where was the handsome Pamela?

"How, now, yeoman, where is your elder daughter?" "At home, Sir Jasper," answered the father, with the brevity that declines discussion.

"Sure, Sir Jasper," put in Mrs. Pounce, conciliatingly. "My daughter was vastly obleeged, but she was a trifle fatigued this evening."

"She would stay and look after our Tom," piped Susie.

"She preferred not to come, sir," said Yeoman Pounce, frowning.

Sir Jasper's brow had likewise gathered thunder-clouds. His eyes rolled inward. One excuse contradicted another; the farmer's insolence voiced the truth. And Master Jocelyn Bellairs, who had not accompanied his host to the dance, because forsooth, it might be difficult for him to keep his honourable pledge—Master Jocelyn Bellairs, who had announced his intention of taking a pleasure stroll this freezing Christmas night—Master Jocelyn Bellairs, whose very presence at Standish Hall demanded explanation; who was practically a self-invited visitor, where was he? Pshaw, did they take him for a fool? Was he to be mocked in his own house and jockeyed by his own guest? Zounds! The whole plot was clear in a minute.

(Continued on page 58)

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BY M. BOWLER

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1. A pillow shaped cushion in black satin, embroidered in colors as taste dictates, the principal feature being the long fringe at each end which makes a graceful finish.

2. Is a durable cushion made out of strips of leather in varying colors and widths, and set round a plain centre.

3. This cushion is also of leather, bound together by thongs which give it an air of distinction.

4. Is a pillow-shaped cushion for the bed-room made of lawn in contrasting colors and edged with a narrow lace. The ends are gathered up with ribbon, and thus the cover can be easily slipped off and washed. The ends of this cushion

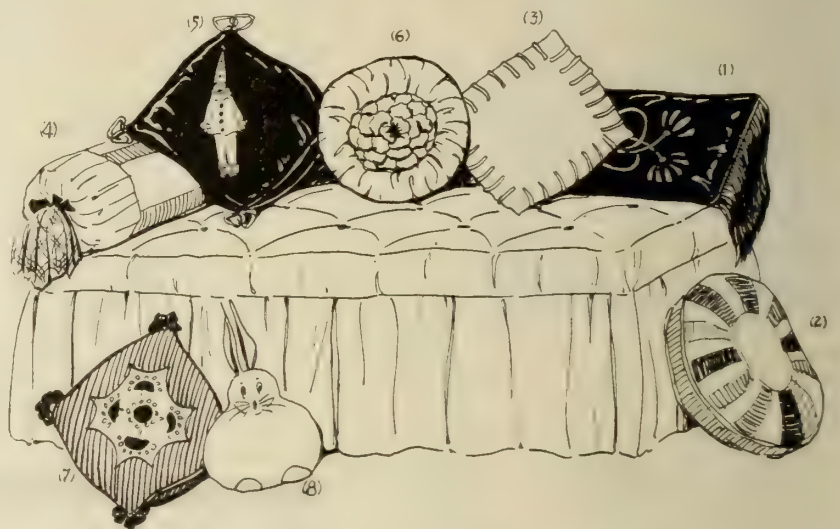
are effective when made of deep or all over lace.

5. A Pierrot cushion is fashioned of black corded silk, on to which a Pierrot is appliqued in black velvet. The face, hands, ruffles, and ankles being of white silk, and the cap, a combination of black and white.

6. A dahlia cushion is covered as desired, and the top, about three inches from the edge, is covered with picot-edged petals, and arranged sticking up, round and round to resemble the flower.

7. Is a charming square cushion fashioned in silk and velvet in contrasting colors. The silk may be plain or figured, and can be appliqued on, or finished with very narrow braid. If plain silk is used, a conventional design should be worked in the centre.

8. Bunny cushions for the children are made practically round, usually of factory cotton, and ornamented with very large ears. The face, eyes, mouth, and paws being outlined in large wool stitches.



Secret of Oriental Color Harmonies

THE question is sometimes raised as to whether or not civilization is as destructive of the natural sense of color as it is of sight, hearing, smell and the other natural senses. When we study the color combinations of primitive peoples, we are apt to think that this is so, and it is only when we turn to the wonderful use of color by races of far older and higher civilization than our own that we realize that it is not civilization in itself, but our kind of civilization, that destroys the power of pure perception and unerring combination of color.

That this should be so is in line with the other defects of our crude western civilization. We have lost the power of discerning the most subtly harmonious color combinations because we are always seeking for obvious and striking effects that are quickly and easily obtained. This is partly because we do not see rightly and partly because in this age of swift action we do not stop to analyze the relation of colors to one another and to their surroundings. We are given to using color in an intentional way rather than as something that is inevitably a part of the whole scheme of things. We may like a certain color and so we put it into the furnishings of a room,—not because it is the color that naturally belongs there, but because it is something that is interesting to us and so we put it there. Therefore, with our dulled color-perception, we make some astonishing blunders, and, with all the pure and brilliant colors that modern science has placed at our command, we fail to obtain as brilliant and beautiful results from their combination as we find either in the work

of the Oriental craftsmen, or of primitive peoples like the South Sea Islanders or our own American Indians. There is no question about the harm that we do to the work of primitive people when we replace their native dyestuffs by our own modern dyes; and we know equally well how impossible it is to copy the dull rich colors of Oriental rugs in such a way as to produce the same effects. They are as close copies as we can make, but something is lacking in the colors themselves.

Perhaps something of our defective color-perception is the result, as well as the cause, of our method of producing color, as contrasted with the more natural methods of Eastern or semi-civilized peoples. A long and painstaking investigation of this point shows some startling results. The question which started the investigation was the brilliancy of the hues used in some of the Oriental work. This led to a comparison of the most glowing of these colors with those produced by our modern dyestuffs, and the first surprise came with the discovery that the Oriental colors were dull beyond belief. A yellow that seemed fairly to blaze when associated with the other colors around it, turned out, when isolated, to be a dull soft straw-color. The blue which appeared so brilliant was no brighter than the shade of an old-fashioned blue stocking and the reds and greens were equally soft and dull. The method used to isolate these colors was to cover a fine old Japanese print, that was chosen as the subject of the investigation, with a card. Then a small hole was cut in the card, in such a position as to show only

(Continued on page 65)

Many Ways to use Apples

Continued from page 53

of cinnamon to eight apples. Cover the bottom of the dish with boiling water and bake in a hot oven until soft, basting often with syrup in dish. Serve hot or cold with cream.

II. Peel and core tart apples, fill the cavities with shredded citron, raisins, sugar and a little lemon juice. Place in baking dish and pour over them one-half cup of water, sprinkle with sugar. Bake in a slow oven until tender, sprinkle

cut into strips, using about one-fourth as much date as apple. To each pint of material add two tablespoons of salad dressing. Mix thoroughly and serve on lettuce leaves.

Apple and Cabbage Salad: Shred the cabbage fine and soak for one hour in celery water, made by adding one teaspoon of celery salt to each quart of water. Drain and dry on a soft towel. Add an equal amount of apple, sliced and slice,



Apple and cheese salad

with soft bread crumbs. Bake ten minutes longer and serve hot with cream or pudding sauce.

III. Core and pare large tart apples, fill the cavities with butter, sugar, and spice, and bake in the usual way. Cook separately the parings and cores with one large chopped apple in water to cover. Strain juice, add the juice of one lemon and sugar in the proportion of two-thirds of a cup to one cup of juice. Cook to jelling point and pour over the baked apples. Chill and serve with whipped cream.

Apple Peanut Salad: Pare, core and chop slightly acid apples and mix with half as much chopped celery. Mix a dressing of peanut butter, using five tablespoons of lemon juice to one tablespoon of peanut butter. Mix dressing through the apples and celery and season with salt and paprika. Chill the salad

shredded and mix with salad dressing. Serve on lettuce leaves.

Apple and Cheese Salad: Mix chopped pecans or walnuts with twice their bulk of cream cheese, adding a little cream to blend the mixture. Pare tart apples, core and slice crosswise, in slices about one-half inch thick. Arrange rings on lettuce leaves and place cheese balls in centre of each. Serve with cream salad dressing.

Apple and Cheese Salad: Mix chopped pecans or walnuts with twice their bulk of cream cheese, adding a little cream to blend the mixture. Pare tart apples, core and slice crosswise, in slices about one-half inch thick. Arrange rings on lettuce leaves and place cheese balls in centre of each. Serve with cream salad dressing.

Apple Whip: Beat the whites of three eggs until stiff and dry. Fold in lightly



Baked apples with sausage

and serve on lettuce leaves, garnishing with peanuts.

Red Apple Salad: Make apple cups of bright red apples and put them into water containing a little lemon juice until time to fill them. Mix some of the apple pulp with celery, grapefruit and mayonnaise dressing and fill the apples. Garnish with red Maraschino cherries that have been drained and stuffed with blanched hazel nuts. Serve on lettuce leaves.

Apple and Date Salad: Cut pared apples into fine strips. Stone dates and

one pint of apple sauce. Add one cup of chopped nuts and one cup of candied cherries. Beat until stiff. Chill thoroughly.

Frozen Apple Fluff: Beat the whites of two eggs until stiff and dry. Fold into the mixture one-half cup of apple jelly and one-half cup of grated or shredded cocoanut. Blend ingredients well and turn into a freezer. As soon as the crank of the freezer begins to turn hard, open the can and add the whip

(Continued on page 60)

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Pamela Pounce

(Continued from page 55)

A plot it was; no wonder Mr. Bellairs had that insufferable air of certainty. He and his lady-love would soon be laughing over the thought of how they had swindled him of a thousand guineas. And what a spending time they would have together!

If the revelation came swift as lightning to Sir Jasper, no less swiftly did he make up his mind for action.

It was a three-mile walk to Pitfold Farm. He would have out his curricie, and his bloods, and be beforehand with Bellairs.

Some ten minutes later he was bowling along the frozen road at the highest speed of his roughed horses, an astounded groom beside him. Purpose was setting in his mind as hard as the ice in the ditches. There was no time like the present. He had a slippery pair of young rascals to deal with. If he was to win his wager he must carry off the girl this very night.

He laid his plans with a wiliness which is not infrequently a characteristic of gross natures. Conscious in himself of a fine capacity for evil, such as he will be suspicious of every one and everything; look for treachery from his most trusted friend, and infidelity in the wife of his bosom.

He dismounted at the farmyard gate, and bade Job Stallion, the groom, drive in alone and announce that Sir Jasper Standish had sent the curricie for Miss Pounce, as it was her father and mother's pleasure she should come to the dance.

The ruse succeeded with a facility beyond his expectations. Pamela had been finding the lonely evening disconsolate enough. Baby Tom slept, while old Nance displayed uncommon wakefulness. The time was heavy on Pamela's hands, and to while it away she had had the happy thought of trying on the pretty garments which she had prepared before Mr. Bellairs' appearance in church had made a call upon her prudence.

Now the reaction which so often follows self-sacrifice had set in. She was beginning to call herself a fool, and to regret her excessive discretion. Thus when old Nance laboured, panting, to the attic chamber, and supplemented Job's message with: "You'd never think of saying nay now, Pam, my dear. Ain't it Providence you should just have been fitting on? And, oh, to be sure, was there ever so pure lovely a gown? You'll be the belle o' the ball, my dearie, that you will, and easy!"

Pamela never hesitated at all. She caught her travelling-coak off the peg, and lifted her best feathered hat from its band-box—how could a milliner resist such an opportunity?—pinned it on her auburn curls, cast herself headlong down the stairs, out through the farm kitchen like a whirlwind, and laughing, swung herself up on the curricie beside the grinning Joe.

She was rather taken aback when this latter halted outside the farmyard gate, and a portly figure appeared from the shadow of the oak tree. Hat in hand, Sir Jasper pleasantly saluted her.

"Why, Miss Pounce, this is capital. Your father and mother vowed you'd never come, but I said I was sure so good a daughter would be obedient to her parents. Nevertheless—he was climbing up beside her in the high seat, while Job shut the gates behind them—"I was ready, you see, to exercise a neighbour's persuasion, should you persist in your cruel resolve. The ball would be nothing without you, 'pon honour. There are half a dozen fine young bucks with faces as long as my whip-handle already."

By this time Job was up on the back seat, and his master started the chestnuts at a pace that only his own pride and temper would have urged upon them.

"Oh, la!" cried Miss Pounce, and made a clutch for her hat. She drew the pure keen air into her lungs, felt the wind of their passage blow with the most delicious invigoration against her face. "Oh, la!" Was there ever anything so beautiful? 'Tis the first time I have

driven by moonlight. 'Tis the first time I have ever driven in a curricie! Oh, 'tis like flying, Sir Jasper! Oh, what a night! I vow I feel like a bird!"

The moonlight flooded the road, hedges and trees sparkled and shimmered white as diamonds. The sky was one mighty sapphire, darkly, wonderfully blue. The stars, fainting in the moonlight, looked like the thousand facets of a jewel.

"Oh," cried Pamela again, "I'll make a head out of it for the opera, I will indeed! Sapphire blue ribbonds and frosted silver feathers. 'Tis an inspiration."

This gave Sir Jasper his opening.

"Why," said he, "'tis a monstrous pity such a monstrous fine girl as you should have to work for her living. The moment I set eyes on you this morning, said I to myself—"

Pamela interrupted:

"Keep your pity and your compliments, sir. They're wasted on me."

"Why, how now, I like your spirit. I vow, my dear, 'tis you are wasted on such a life."

"What if I like my work, sir?"

"You were born to wear 'em—the fine hats—not to make 'em. You were born to be a lady, that's what I said to myself the moment I clapped eyes on you this morning."

"Foh! I know 'tis gentlemen's way to start this kind of silly talk whenever they get with a poor girl, but I assure you, sir, I've no relish for it. And as for my being a lady, I've seen too much of gentlefolk. I wouldn't thank the Lord to ha' made me one."

She spoke with her head up and a straight back.

"'Tis but gentlemen's way," she repeated to herself; "but I'll let him see he'll have to respect me, lady or no lady."

She gripped the rail of the curricie, not to give herself courage—for she had no thought there was anything to fear—but to brace herself the better against any further presumption. She was quite unprepared, therefore, when he turned his bloods away from the road leading to Standish Hall, and, with a flourish of the whip, sent them helter-skelter up the hill on the London causeway.

The cry she gave was one more of anger than of fear. A solitary pedestrian, coming at a swinging pace along the road which led from Sir Jasper's residence, heard it, and beheld the curricie as it topped the hill, fantastically silhouetted in black against the moonlit sky. He gave an answering shout, and started running. But he had as much chance of overtaking the gig as if it had been a bird on the flight. He gave up, panting, after a yard or two, stamped his foot, shook his fist at the radiant sky, and started running again in the opposite direction.

"Where are you taking me to?"

Sir Jasper's teeth and his eyeballs flashed horribly in the silver light as he smiled upon Pamela.

"You'll be uncommon grateful to me one day, my pretty little milliner."

"Good Heaven, what do you mean, sir?"

"I dare swear you ain't so far from being grateful now. Oh, aye! 'Tis the regular thing to set up a hullabaloo, but I'm not to be taken in by any tushery, and so I tell you! You may scream till you're blue, there ain't a soul on the roads to hear you, and as for kicking, 'tain't easy on a curricie, so, like a girl of sense let's pretend you've had your vapours, and you and I will have a glorious time together. Why, who was talking of silver feathers? 'Tis golden chains I'll give you, my splendid child; aye, and a pearl each for your pretty ears—I can't see 'em under your hat but I dare swear they're pretty like the rest—and maybe a diamond brooch for your kerchief. And you shall have a house of your own and a pair of fine London maids to wait on you, and I'll take you about my dear,

(Continued on page 59)

Pamela Pounce

(Continued from page 58)

and you will have naught to do in the world but enjoy yourself."

She listened in dead silence till he had finished, and then without condescending to reply to him, turned her head over her shoulder, and hailed the groom.

"Job Stallion, Job Stallion," she said. "your father was reared on my father's land. Will you see a Kentish girl carried away to perdition against her will, and not lift a finger to save her?"

"Job Stallion," said Sir Jasper, snatching a pistol from the seat beside him, "if you unfold your arms you're a dead man."

Then Sir Jasper and the yeoman's daughter stared into each other's eyes, each drawing long, fierce breaths through dilated nostrils. Suddenly he laughed and dropped the pistol back into its holster. Again he sent his whip circling. The horses broke into a canter on the downward slope, the light-hung vehicle swaying and leaping behind them. The very intensity of their speed saved them from stumbling.

At length Pamela said in a low voice:

"At least I have a right to know where you are taking me."

"Did I not tell you? To London."

"You do not think I am so simple as to believe you can drive to London with these horses to-night?"

"Why, of course not. We'll stop at Ashford, and get a chaise and four of the best postmen money can hire. We'll be in London to-night, never fear. Hark, there's nine of the clock striking from Cattleford Hill."

He pointed with his whip. Pamela saw the square tower of the little church silver and black against the sky. A lump rose in her throat. For the first and only time that night a burst of hysterical weeping threatened to overwhelm her.

"I'm lost," she said to herself, "if I don't keep brave. If I don't keep my head, I'm lost."

No strong soul ever cries vainly on courage. The anguish passed, her spirit rose.

"Sir Jasper Standish," said she, "why are you running away with me? Tell me that."

"Won't you believe I want to make a lady of you?"

"No."

"Well, then, the mere sight of that handsome face of yours this morning has made me mad in love with you. Will you believe that?"

"Neither the one nor the other, sir. You see," she went on, "I am not kicking nor screaming, I am in your power, and I can't help myself. I think you'd find it better for yourself, sir, and better for me, if you'd tell me the truth."

Her quiet tone, the perfect composure of her face, very pale and lovely in the moonlight as she turned it upon him, struck some faint spark of generosity.

"By Heaven!" said he admiringly. "You're a well plucked one. The truth you want. Split me, 'tis all true! But you're right, there's yet another reason. I want to win a wager, my little darling!"

"What wager, sir?"

"You." He grinned at her. "That spark of yours—he is a spark of yours, ain't he?—that fine young fellow, Jocelyn Bellairs, he wagered you were too virtuous for a man to have a chance with. But I wagered him you wasn't. Come now, you're a good-hearted piece. Help me to win my wager, and I'll make it worth your while."

Pamela reflected profoundly. Then she gave a little laugh.

"Why, Sir Jasper!" she exclaimed. "What sad, wild creatures you gentlemen are! It comes to this, then. I've got to make the best of a bad job." Then she swallowed hard, and said, with a still more sprightly air, "You'll give me a bit of supper at Ashford, I suppose, for I'm mortal hungry."

He broke into hoarse laughter, and cried again that, by Heaven, she was a well-plucked one, and they'd get on first class; that she should have the

finest supper the Bear Inn could afford. If she'd stand by him, by Jingo, he'd stand by her. There wasn't a gentleman in England who'd be such a friend to the woman who trusted him as he would be to her.

When they arrived at Ashford, she demanded, with a sudden air of command, which became her, he thought, mightily, and tickled his already high good humour to positive hilarity, that she should be brought to a sitting-room and partake of the meal in privacy while the post-chaise was being got ready.

"And," quoth she, "let it be champagne, Sir Jasper, since"—she gave him a wide, taunting smile—" 'tis to be made worth my while."

He flung an arm about her the moment the waiter had withdrawn; she freed herself with a vigorous thrust, but as she did so, she laughed.

"Nay, drink your sillery, sir. Aye, pour me a glass. Oh, aye, I'll drink any toast you like. Have you not said it yourself? I'm the best-natured girl in the world—so long as you keep your place, sir. Why, 'tis the finest pigeon-pie I've tasted since Paris. You know I was in Paris, Sir Jasper?"

Sir Jasper chuckled, winking at her.

Her fingers clenched round her knife, the while her smile would not have misfitted the lips of a Bacchante.

"And will you bring me to the opera, Sir Jasper? Oh, and to Ranelagh? Oh, to think of me going to Ranelagh on a gentleman's arm, like a lady!"

He was enraptured. He tossed the remainder of his tumbler down, and filled himself a third, emptying the bottle. He had almost forgotten the wager in the intoxication of his personal triumph. Dash it! It had not taken him long to cut out young Bellairs. What a demnition handsome piece she was. There wasn't one of those raffish ladies he had left behind him at Standish Hall could hold a candle to her. And odds his life! What a pair of eyes she had, and what teeth, and what a skin!

Suddenly she dropped her knife and fork.

"Sir Jasper," said she, with an air of great gravity, "I'll not go a step farther with you unless you do something for me."

"Name it, my dear."

"Why, sir, send Job back with a letter to my parents. And 'twill be the best for yourself, I can tell you, as matters stand. My father wouldn't let the king rob him of his daughter without a fight."

He stood staring at her doubtfully, his wide nostrils scenting mischief like an irritated bull; she went on very quickly, "I'll not go a step farther with you unless you do. Give me your tablets—gentlemen always carry them, I know. You shall see for yourself what I write."

"Dear Father—don't be alarmed, I'm going with Sir Jasper for a wager. 'Tis a mere joke. He's too grand a gentleman to let harm come to me out of it.—Your loving daughter, Pam."

She read it to him. He went over it himself, then once more tried to catch her to him, vowing she was as clever as she was handsome.

"Nay, nay, nay!" She was the most imperative, tantalising creature possible to imagine. "Now, Sir Jasper, run and give this to Job yourself. Stay, put a guinea with it, to make the lad eager. Tell him to ride, ride, ride, hell for leather! Isn't that what you gentlemen say? Hell for leather," she repeated, laughing, as she hustled him from the room. "Don't come back to me till you've seen him start."

He went. That third bumper of champagne on the head of so many potatoes earlier in the day, after the long, cold drive, had fairly stupefied him. He went, because her strong will drove him, without attempting to analyse her motive. For the moment his suspicious brain was lulled to a kind of imbecile complacency. He went pounding forth. As soon as

(Continued on page 62)



For You, Also

Prettier teeth—whiter, cleaner, safer

Look about you and you'll see glistening teeth on every side today.

Teeth which once were dingy now have luster. And women smile to show them.

The reason is this: A way has been found to fight film on teeth, and millions now employ it. It is also at your command—a free test. So don't envy such teeth, but get them.

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There forms on your teeth a viscous film. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

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Now endorsed by authorities and advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over. All druggists supply the large tube.

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ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

Table talks

By Mrs. Knox

*"For the jovial season when grapes abound
And mellow apples strew the ground."*

THE other day I happened to be at the opening exercises of one of our district schools. It was a pretty rite—this welcoming of the "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness." And as one gingham-clad youngster stood up to "say her piece" about grapes and apples, I thought to myself:

"They have appropriate exercises to commemorate the season at the schools, why not co-operate with the mothers of these children and suggest to them recipes of appropriate and seasonable things to eat at home. And so, I suggest two dishes—a Dessert and a Salad—especially good for October—one made from grapes and the other of apples and celery, and in my books you will find many more recipes."

GRAPE JUICE SOUFFLE

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 tablespoonful lemon juice $\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy cream
1 pint grape juice, sweetened
Whites of four eggs
Soak gelatine in grape and lemon juice ten minutes, then heat in double boiler until gelatine has dissolved. Strain into bowl set in saucepan containing ice water, and when mixture begins to thicken, fold in whites of eggs beaten until stiff. Half fill individual mold, first dipped in cold water, with mixture. To remainder add cream, beaten until stiff. Fill molds with cream mixture, and chill. Remove from molds to serving dish, and garnish with whipped cream (sweetened and flavored with vanilla.)

LUNCHEON SALAD

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 cup cold water 1 cup celery, cut in small pieces
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water 3 tart apples
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice 3 tart apples
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar 1 cup nut meats
Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and dissolve in boiling water. Add lemon juice and sugar. When mixture begins to stiffen, add apples, sliced in small pieces, chopped celery and broken nut meats. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Accompany with mayonnaise dressing. This mixture may be served in cases made from bright red apples.

Other Seasonable Recipes Free

My books "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy" contain hundreds of very remarkable recipes for all kinds of meat and fish molds, relishes, salads, desserts, candies and invalid dishes. Write for them, enclosing 4c in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name.

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"Wherever a recipe calls for gelatine think of Knox."



Plain Sparkling Gelatine for general use Contains Lemon Flavoring, No lemons required

Many Ways to Use Apples

(Continued from page 57)

from one cup of cream sweetened and flavored with almond extract and finish freezing.

Frozen Apple Sauce: Wipe, pare and core ten apples, and cut in quarters. Add one-half cup of sugar and one cup of water and cook to a mush. Rub through a sieve, add two-thirds cup of sweet cider and two tablespoons lemon juice. Freeze and serve in cups made of bright red apples.

Apple Pie I: Sift one cup of flour and one-fourth teaspoon of salt into a bowl, rub into it five tablespoons of shortening, mixing until the mixture is granular. Add cold water slowly, to make a stiff dough. Chill. (If the paste can be kept on ice for several hours, it will be much more flaky than if used immediately on mixing.) Place paste on a slightly floured board and roll into a circular shape. Roll quickly and lightly. Line a pie-plate with the paste, fitting it loosely. Brush lightly with egg white, to prevent lower crust from becoming soaked. Fill with thin slices of good cooking apples, sprinkle with one-half cup of sugar which has been mixed with a heaping teaspoon of flour and a pinch of salt. Brush the edge with unbeaten egg white or water and cover with upper crust. Press two crusts together with the thumb and finger or with a fork. Always leave openings in the centre of upper crust, that the steam may escape. Bake pies having a cooked filling in a hot oven and those with an uncooked filling in a moderately hot oven.

Apple Pie II: Line a deep pie plate with paste; pare, core and slice enough tart apples to make one quart. Mix with the apples one cup sugar, one tablespoon flour and juice of one-half lemon. Fill the shell with this mixture and dot with small pieces of butter. Lay one-half inch strips of pastry across the top, crossing them in diamond shape. Bake in moderately hot oven.

Deep Apple Pie: Use a shallow agate dish in place of an ordinary pie plate. Butter the dish and fill it with sliced apples, sprinkled with sugar and spices. Add three tablespoons cold water. Cover with paste and bake for forty minutes. Serve with cream.

Fairy Apple Pie: Core, quarter and cook until tender four large tart apples rub through a sieve, sweeten to taste and chill. Beat the whites of three eggs until stiff and dry. Fold in the apples and flavor with lemon juice or spices. Turn into a pastry shell and bake in a hot oven. Serve hot with plain or whipped cream.

Apple Sauce Pudding: Cream one quarter cup of butter with one-half cup brown sugar, add one beaten egg, then one quarter cup milk. Gradually add one cup of flour and one-half teaspoon baking powder, sifted together, and beat thor-

oughly. Bake in layer cake tins and put together while hot with apple sauce. Serve with lemon or hard sauce.

Bread and Butter Apple Pudding: Cover the bottom of a shallow, well buttered pudding dish with apple sauce. Butter slices of stale bread, cut into diamond shaped pieces, and place close together over the apple sauce, butter side up. Sprinkle with sugar and grated nutmeg or cinnamon. Bake in a moderate oven and serve hot with cream.

Baked Apple Dumpling: Two cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon salt, two tablespoons butter, two-thirds cup milk, two cups thick apple sauce. Sift the dry ingredients into a bowl, rub in the butter until mixture is granular; gradually add the milk to form a soft dough. Fill well buttered muffin tins half full of apple sauce, cover each with two tablespoons of dough and bake for twenty minutes in a moderately hot oven. Serve hot with lemon or caramel sauce or maple syrup.

Brown Betty: Pour four teaspoons of melted butter over one and one-half cups of soft bread crumbs and stir until crumbs are evenly buttered. Mix together two cups chopped apples, one cup chopped raisins, one teaspoon cinnamon and one quarter teaspoon cloves. Butter a baking dish and arrange in it alternately layers of crumbs and apple mixture, beginning and finishing with crumbs. Cover closely and bake three quarters of an hour in a moderate oven. Serve hot with hard sauce or cold with cream.

Apple Fritters: One and one-third cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one-fourth teaspoon salt, two-thirds cup milk, one egg, two apples. Wipe, pare, core and cut apples into eighths and slice the eighths. Mix and sift dry ingredients. Gradually add the egg and milk, mixed together and beat thoroughly, stir in the sliced apples. Drop by spoonfuls into hot deep fat and fry until delicately browned; drain on brown paper and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Apple Sauce Cake: One cup apple sauce, one cup sugar, one-half cup shortening, yolk of one egg, one teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon cloves, one-half teaspoon soda, one teaspoon baking powder, two cups flour. Strain apple sauce and add soda and the melted shortening. Sift together the dry ingredients and gradually add them to the apple sauce mixture. Beat all thoroughly, bake in layer cake tins and put together with apple icing.

Apple Icing: One cup sugar, one-third cup water, one egg white, two tablespoons grated apple. Boil sugar and water until syrup will thread when dropped from fork. Pour slowly over well beaten egg white, beating constantly. Continue beating until thick enough to spread, then add grated apple.

Fredericton, the City Celestial

(Continued from page 16)

wisest and most understanding of household dogs, wandering about from one to another for a friendly word or pat, and a score of half tame wild birds fluttering and twittering in the trees above, the young people did indeed see visions and dream dreams. It is of this scented garden that Elizabeth, the sister, too frail to companion her stirring brothers in the active sports in which they delighted, sings so beautifully in many of her poems.

To a sportsman and naturalist the environs of Fredericton, the great forests and the waters, are of more importance than the town itself. The moonlit nights of October are the time for Moos-calling, and still in the wild heart of the woods, bears, lynxes and wild-cats are to be found. The great salmon waters of the Miramichi, and the trout waters of the Tobique, the Squateooks or Green River, the cock and snipe covers and partridge grounds are all fairly land to the hunter as well as to the writer. Out of such a background have come great

stories such as "The Heart of the Ancient Wood," "Kindred of the Wild," and "Earth's Enigmas" by Charles G. D. Roberts, while the Rev. H.J. Cody of Fredericton has written a good lumbering story in "The Fourth Watch." And the woods of New Brunswick have attracted other than Canada's native writers. Dr. Henry Van Dyke has used them for many an essay and story, and so has Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the famous Philadelphia novelist, in "When All The Woods Are Green," a charming idyll of out-of-door life on the Restigouche.

It may be that only one out of every hundred of the travellers who tarry at the Port of St. John knows the ancient lovely Capital of the Province, for Fredericton has not yet been discovered by the tourist. But that is only because "She has sat long aloof, Narcissus-like admiring her own image in her splendid threshold of water, too loftily indifferent to proclaim her merits to the world—so that travel has gone blindly past her gates."

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Journal Juniors' Page

CONDUCTED BY BERTHA E. GREEN

CELLARS FULL AND CRADLES TOO

ON the top rail of the fence, that zigzags along at the woods' edge, sat Saucebox, the chipmunk. He was a cute, striped, fuzzy, little fellow, usually mischievous, but just now very serious, for he was looking upward at the overhanging branches of the beech tree, and thinking hard.

And lie midst the leaves scattered there on the ground, Belong just to those by whom they may be found."

"They didn't fall. We shook them off," said Chut-Chut, the black squirrel, angrily.

"It doesn't make any difference," said the Blue Jay, "The law is the law:—and who may you be to say a word about it?"



The Tree Toad

"Yessir!" said Saucebox to himself. "Just as I thought: those beech-nuts are ripe and ready to fall. If I joggle the branches a bit, the nuts will start to fall that much quicker."

But a chipmunk does not weigh very much, and with all his jumping and shaking of branches, the beech-nuts that fell were disappointingly few.

"I must get some help," said the chipmunk, scratching his head. Then he called out at the top of his voice: "Fuzzytails, Fuzzytails, the beech-nuts are ripe!"

There was a scurrying and scampering, and three squirrels appeared at the foot of the tree. There was Chut-Chut, the black squirrel, Whisk, the grey squirrel, and Chic-Chic, the red squirrel. As soon as they spied the chipmunk, they scampered up the trunk and out upon the branch on which Saucebox was sitting. Without a word, the four fuzzytails, the red, the grey, the black, and the stripy one, jumped and danced, while the beech-nuts fell in showers to the ground. They were quite out of breath after a bit, and, looking downward, Saucebox saw someone coolly walking away with a load of beech-nuts.

"Hi, there! You're a bad beech-nut stealer, Master Talky Tooter. That's what you are," cried the chipmunk, who recognized the intruder as the Blue Jay.

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" laughed Talky Tooter, "The law of the forest, you all will agree, Says plainly, the nuts that fall down from a tree,

Now, Whisk, the grey squirrel, never got angry with anyone, and his eyes twinkled as he replied to the blue jay: "We're not such lazy birds as you, With tails like feather dusters;

We gather nuts, but earn them, too; We're busy beech-burr-busters."

Master Talky Tooter laughed. "I'm not mean like that," said he. "You shake the nuts down, and I'll pile them up." And this was the way the four fuzzytails and the Blue Jay began nut-gathering that wonderful Autumn.

"I do believe a pig has some sense after all—he 'preciates an acorn," said Talky Tooter to his furry friends, as they perched in an oak tree, some time after the beech-nut harvest.

This was Talky Tooter's special picnic, for he was especially fond of the sweet acorns of the white oak, and stored ever-so-many of them away for the winter. They had all worked hard, and in their storehouses were more different kinds of acorns than perhaps, you know grow in oak trees. There were sweet-kernelled nuts from the white oak, the post oak, the chestnut oak, and the burr oak. There were far more of these than the bitter kinds gathered, for the sweet nuts are not to be found on the trees in the winter-time, while the bitter ones take two years to ripen, and may be found hanging on the branches, summer and winter.

The bitter acorns had been gathered from the red and scarlet oaks, the pin,

(Continued on page 64)



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Pamela Pounce

(Continued from page 59)



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the sound of his heavy steps died away on the wooden boards. Pamela was out of the room like a dart.

She had seen the dark pit of the back stairs gape on the passage as they had passed along to the sitting-room. She was down it now, as sure-footed as if it had been lit up. In another moment, past a pair of staring kitchen sluts and a tapman, she was out in the back yard and running along the village street.

She always declared afterwards that she had been as one guided. She did not pause to reconnoitre or hesitate at turning. Fleet and light as a shadow, she raced through the alleys of the little town, deserted this Christmas night, till she came to a point on the main road which she knew Job Stallion must pass on his homeward way, and then she hid herself.

She had not very long to wait before the beat of horses' hoofs resounded on the frozen ground. Hell for leather, indeed! 'Twas the most egregious jog-trot that ever took lazy groom and unwilling horse from warm quarters on a Christmas night!

Job Stallion let fly a terrified oath as Pamela rose out of the ditch and laid a hand upon his bridle. He was scarcely less alarmed when he discovered that he had to do with neither wraith nor high-waywoman, but with his master's prize. She cut short his "darsents" and his whimpering expostulations very sternly.

"I am going to ride pillion behind you, Job Stallion, and you must whip up that fat brute of a post-horse to something of a canter, for you've got to carry me back home before Sir Jasper can overtake us. Thank your stars, my lad," she went on, "that the Lord has given you a chance of redeeming the night's work, for I tell you it would have gone hard with any who had a hand in it. Men have been hanged for less!"

She kept him busy with whip and spur till the old grey mare wheezed and bucketed along the road at a pace astonishing for her years and size.

It was somewhere midway between Ashford and Pitfold that they crossed Mr. Bellairs riding towards them on his own rakish chestnut as if for a race. If Pamela's heart beat high at sight of him she did not avow her pride and pleasure even to herself; if her bright, clear heat of anger and triumphant determination gave place to tender, womanly emotions, she betrayed no sign of them. She postponed explanations, and issued instructions to Mr. Bellairs as to Job Stallion in the accents of one who means they shall be carried out.

"You will kindly ride a hundred paces behind me, Mr. Bellairs. I have no notion of having my name mixed up with yours or Sir Jasper's this night. As for you, Job, hand me over that tablet. You can keep the guinea for yourself. And you will drop me, if you please, in the courtyard at Standish Hall, for 'tis not too late to join the dancers in the barn. And I mean there shall be no talk on this night's work, if I can help it."

"If you breathe a word, Job Stallion, you'll wish you never were born, or my father's name's not Jeremy Pounce! And as for you, Mr. Bellairs, sir, you've won your wager—yes, I know all about it—so you owe me a good turn, I think, and all I ask for is silence, silence! My father's a violent man, and it does no woman's name any good—no, not even a poor milliner's—to be made such sport of as mine betwixt you two gentlemen to-night. As for Sir Jasper, I warrant he'll hold his tongue. He don't cut so fine a figure!"

And so it ended. Pamela went to the barn dance, after all, and danced in vast condescension with several agreeable young farmers. Jocelyn Bellairs got the rector to introduce him to Mrs. Pounce, and sitting beside that lady, made himself so agreeable that she was, as she expressed it, quite in a twitter. Mindful of his word passed to Sir Jasper, he did

not again approach Pamela, but the gaze with which he followed her about the long room was eloquent enough.

When the little Pounces had nearly yawned themselves off the benches, and Pamela's poppet, Peg, had gone to sleep outright, her curly head on her mother's ample lap, it was the elegant young gentleman who conducted Mrs. Pounce to the waiting farm cart, with as much courtesy as if he were leading a duchess to her barouche. The moon was set. The courtyard was fitfully illumined by torches thrust into clamps in the wall, and by the shifting rays of the lanterns carried by the revellers.

As Pamela, standing by the cart, lifted Peg up to her mother's extended arms, while Mr. Bellairs obligingly held the lantern, Sir Jasper's curricie wheeled slowly into the yard drawn by a pair of fairly exhausted thoroughbreds. Without stirring from his high seat, the reins slipping from his hands, Sir Jasper stared at the picture painted on the night as at some spectral vision.

"Why, here's Sir Jasper!" cried an obsequious voice. "Three cheers for Sir Jasper, lads!"

Perhaps because his appearance had been as unexpected as his disappearance, perhaps because the sight of his dreadful face of wrath, flamingly illumined by the red glare of a torch was enough to choke off any demonstration, perhaps because he was too unpopular a landlord even for so many glasses of negus and so many mince-pies to counterbalance—however it may have been, there was but a poor response; a faint cry, that rose and quavered away. It was almost more deadly in its effect than an execration. Sir Jasper rolled a bloodshot eye upon his tenants and neighbours.

"Blast you all!" he cried huskily, let himself drop from his seat, and reeled towards the house.

* * *

On New Year's day Pamela returned to London, and, on the day after, a summons to Yeoman Pounce to attend at Mr. Grinder's office in Canterbury caused some perturbation to the inmates of Little Pitfold. But when he returned he brought astounding intelligence.

"You'll never believe it, wife!" he cried from the threshold, "but the mortgage is paid off! Buss me, mother, we're free of our own again!"

"Oh, 'tis our Pam! 'Tis that best of children! Oh, the surprise, father! Oh, the slyness of it, never telling us a word! Oh, was there ever so good a girl?"

"Lawyer Grinder," said the farmer, letting himself drop heavily in a chair, "kept a close mouth. He wasn't at liberty, those were his words, to say who it was as had paid it off. 'But paid off it is, and that's enough for you, farmer,' says he. 'I reckon I know whom I'm beholden to,' I says, 'and I'll tell you plain, lawyer, says I, 'I'm not a man as 'ud be beholden without it was to one who, so to speak, be but paying back what's due to a parent.' At that he smiles on the wrong side of his mouth, after his fashion, wife, none best pleased, I can tell you. As for Sir Jasper—well, he won't get hold o' Little Pitfold nohow now!"

When Mrs. Pounce wrote to Pamela in London the letter was very full of blessings on a good daughter.

"And your father is so out of himself with joy, my dear, 'tis a new lease of life."

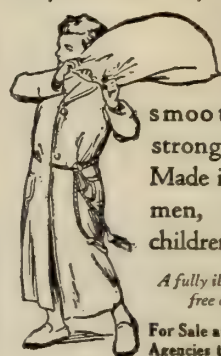
And Pamela smiled as she read. Her lover, now very respectful, though by no means less ardent, had told her the story of the wager. Who was to say, after all, that she had not paid off the mortgage? As for the rest, she knew when to speak and when to be silent.

(Continued on page 63)

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Pamela Pounce

(Continued from page 62)

CHAPTER VI

IN WHICH MY LADY KILCRONEY STRIKES
A MATCH AND MISS POUNCE THROWS
COLD WATER ON IT

THE late Lady Standish was one of my Lady Kilcroney's earliest friends.

When Kitty first burst upon society in the select precincts of Bath—then the fabulously rich, unpardonably pretty, delightful, audacious, amazing little Widow Bellairs—Julia Standish was scarce a three weeks' bride.

From the very beginning Kitty's endeavour had been to insert some backbone into the lovely but invertebrate Julia, and once, in despair, she had summed up the situation by exclaiming: "That 'twas like trying to mould too soft a jelly: the moment you thought you had her into shape, she was deliquescent again."

Therefore, though the connection was long and close; though Kitty, whether as Mistress Bellairs or my Lady Kilcroney, counted no party complete without her Julia; though, when in town together, scarce a day could pass upon which Julia, driven by the stress of some overwhelming emotional crisis, did not fling herself, weeping, upon Kitty's breast, it could not be said that my Lady Kilcroney was very ardently attached to Lady Standish, or that her death, sad and premature as it was, plunged her in any depth of sorrow.

The truth was that Julia Standish, elegant and virtuous, fair to look on and fond of feeling, belonged to the class that wear out the affections by over-usage. The stuff of Kitty's sturdy good comradeship had been worn so uncommonly thin, that at the time of Julia's lamented death scarcely enough had been left between them to make a darn worth while.

Kitty liked life in a strong brew, and Lady Standish wept into her cup so persistently that there was nothing left but salt water.

Nevertheless, when the news of the irreparable event reached her, my Lady, being the best-hearted little woman in the world, wept herself for quite three minutes, and then, dispatching her Lord to see what service he could be to poor Sir Jasper, ordered her sedan and had herself deposited at Madame Mirabel's in Bond Street, to order a black bonnet and mourning mantle for the funeral.

My Lord had set out on his melancholy errand with a dutiful concealment of its intense distastefulness.

He thought Jasper's case the most confounded dreadful a man could be placed in, and shrank, with all his Irish softness, from the spectacle of a woe beyond his consolation.

He found matters even more tragic than he anticipated. The last word Sir Jasper's incomparable Julia murmured to him, as, her hand in his, she left him for a better world, was to remind him of his promise never to replace her. This pledge had been exacted many times during the seven years of their existence together, but never more solemnly than in the hours that had preceded her demise.

From the moment of her seizure—spasms on the lungs—to that last breath, Sir Jasper had been in unremitting attendance. Every physician of note had been summoned to her bedside; but, in spite of all the resources of science, bleedings, blisters and cuppings, pills and potions, poor Julia Standish persisted in succumbing. He was the most afflicted of widowers! She had been the pearl of wives. No woman could ever compare with her in the whole world again. He was a blasted man. Console himself! he roared. That angel, that departed saint need have put him to no promise. She might sleep in peace; her Jasper was henceforth naught but a solitary mourner. What was left him, indeed, but to live for his little ones, those five pledges of their mutual affection; to rear them worthy of such a mother, and,

his task accomplished, take his broken heart to lie beside her in the grave? "For I will be buried with my Julia," he cried upon each fresh gush of tears.

"Faith," said Lord Kilcroney to his Kitty, describing the scene to her when they met again, "she's dropt her mantle upon him with a vengeance. Wasn't it the watering-pot you used to call her, me darling? The poor lady. He caught me by the neck a while ago, and troth he soaked me to the skin. 'She was the most elegant woman!' cries he. 'She was that, me lad,' says I. 'And the most virtuous!' cries he, with another gulp. 'Aye, that she was,' cries I. And sure, Kitty, if ever a poor soul made virtue tedious and dismal—"

"Hush, hush!" my Lady Kilcroney interrupted. "Speak no ill of the dead, sir. Poor Julia, she was a fond, foolish creature, but she was an old friend, and, 'pon honour, Denis, I'm crying for her myself. 'Tis but fitting indeed, that Sir Jasper, who was a sad, bad husband, my love, and would have given any woman red eyes, should mourn her now."

"'Tis the frantickest widower I ever met. Mourn, quotha! 'How shall I survive?' is all his cry, and to see him going on that way, you'd scarce give him a sennight."

"Pshaw!" said Kitty. "Such frantick fits never last. I give him a sennight, my Lord, to—to dry his eyes and look about for number two."

"'Pon me honour, Kitty, you're out of it! Didn't she extract a promise from him, the dying angel, that he'd never look at woman again, and as for marriage—"

"And if that isn't Julia all over!" cried Kitty indignantly. "And he with five children! A man of Sir Jasper's temperament! Tush! Pooh! And were I on my death bed, Denis, 'twould be the last of my wishes to lay such a monstrous bit of nonsense on your spirits. Why, 'twould be but tempting you to perjury. Yes, you—or any other man. 'Look out for a well-bred creature, pray,' I would say, 'and a healthy, that she be kind to our little Denis, and pick her sensible, for the Lord's sake.' Now, Sir Jasper, mark my words . . . I give him a week to bellow, and, after that—observe me—he will be found at such common, low places as a cockfight, or a bruising match, with a kerchief high about his neck, and a hat down on his eyes. And he will, like as not, make expeditions to Bristol and Plymouth, where he is less known, and where a man may attend a bit of sport without his friends' eyes upon him. Do I not know your masculine ways, my Lord? And by and by he will be found at the clubs, at the cards, and the betting; and however lugubrious he may show his countenance, and however sadly he may heave his sigh when he first appears, 'twill wear off marvellous! And oh, and oh," cried Kitty, breaking into wrathful laughter, "then there will be never such a buck on the town, nor one with such an eye for petticoats, as your disconsolate widower!"

"'Tis a biting tongue ye have in your head, me darling," said Kilcroney, half admiring, half displeased.

"Before the year is out," concluded my Lady triumphantly, "'twill be the duty of all his friends, aye, and of poor dear Julia's, who care for the welfare of her children, to see that he is safe wed. I shall look to it myself, I owe it to the memory of poor dear Julia!"

Kitty broke off. Her glance roamed. A frown corrugated her white forehead. Kilcroney saw that she was mentally seeking, among all her acquaintances, for a substitute with the desired qualifications.

About the time of Sir Jasper's bereavement, that distinguished peer, my Lord Ongar, put off this mortal coil. The title and fortune passed to a nephew, and it was found that his widow, and the daughter who was yet too young to have left the parent nest, were singularly ill provided for. My Lady Ongar, who was a French-woman, was in poor health;

(Continued on page 66)



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Journal Juniors' Page

(Continued from page 61)

and scrub oaks, and the willow oak at the edge of the marshlands.

Master Saucebox, the chipmunk, had hollowed out an acorn for a cap, and was making funny faces at the Blue Jay. But Talky Tooter was tired, and said:

"You Fuzzytails will help me to day, but to-morrow I must help you, so I'm going home early to my nest in the Balsam Grove. Meet me bright and early by the shagbark hickory to-morrow."

Chut-Chut, the black squirrel, was the first one to arrive, and he had a hard time climbing up the scaly-barked trunk of the hickory. When the others came, the three squirrels threw down the nuts, while the blue jay and the chipmunk spread them out so that the husks might dry and be taken off later.

The five nut-gatherers visited the walnut trees, and the butternuts, too, and they had a prickly time of it, taking the dark brown chestnuts from the burrs. They might have waited until the Frost Fairies opened the burrs for them, but, as Talky Tooter said: "What is hard to get at seems, somehow, to be all the sweeter."

The storehouses were nearly full, and, one day, Chic-Chic, the red squirrel, said:

"I don't think we missed a tree, and now we have every kind of nut stored away for the winter."

"I know one kind we haven't got," said Talky Tooter, the Blue Jay.

"I suppose you mean Horse-Chestnuts," said Chut-Chut. "I don't like them."

"Not horse-chestnuts," said the blue jay. "There is no sweeter nut than the one I mean, and it grows on the smallest tree of all."

The feathered chap led the way to what seemed to be no more than a shrub, but on its branches were nuts quite as large as the chestnuts they had found.

"Hazel nuts!" cried Chut-Chut, scampering forward.

By the time the others joined him, he had a nut in his front paws, and was looking at it in amazement. "Someone has been here before us. Look at this little round hole in the shell. Who do you suppose made it?"

"Put that nut down this minute," said a sharp voice. "That nut isn't good to eat, and, besides, it's one of my cradles."

A brown beetle, less than an inch in length, stood facing them on one of the hazel leaves. From out between the beetle's eyes was a bill-like projection as long as the body, with a small, sharp-toothed mouth at its end. It was Mistress Nippy Noser, the nut weevil. "O, we'll be careful not to take any nuts with the holes in them," said Whisk, the grey squirrel.

Then as they began gathering the hazel nuts, the last of their Autumn harvest, the funny nosed nut-weevil said to them:

"O, Autumn brings its nutting-joys. The harvest of sweet-kerneled store, For squirrels, chipmunks, birds and boys; Plenty for all who seek and more. But Mistress Nippy Noser's brood. When all the woods are winter-drest. Rest safe and sound, for warmth, for food, Each in its nut-shell cradle-nest."

* * *

JUST A FOOT OR TWO

IF you know what a bird eats, you can form a very good idea of the place it chooses for its home. If you can get a good look at one of its feet, you can tell almost as much about the bird's home, and a great deal about its habits.

It may not have seemed very polite of me to be so curious about the toes of my feathered friends, but they did not seem to mind, and they told me a great deal.

The tiny foot of the Goldfinch is covered with a scale-armor that extends well up on the leg. I wonder if this

is a protection against the prickles of the thistles that are such favorites of his. There are three toes pointing forward, and one backward, all of them long, but weak, with the curved claws far from sharp. The little thistle-bird's toes tell me he is a good percher, but a poor walker and scratcher.

A different sort of foot altogether has that busy chap, the Nuthatch. Three toes forward, one backward, they are all strong, and, what is very important, they are especially suited to a bird who works upside-down. No matter how rough or unequal the bark, the Nuthatch twists his clinging feet sideways, or right around, whichever way will give him the firmest hold.

The Downy Woodpecker has, I think, quite as serviceable a foot as the Nuthatch. He works right-side-up, and has little trouble holding to the bark of a tree, for his toes are turned two on each side, forming a double-pointed pair of grasping nippers.

The foot of the Meadow-Lark tells me something, too. The front toes are long, and the hind toe long and but slightly curved, making a splendid foot to stand on.

The third and fourth toes of the Kingfisher are grown together part of their length, a strange arrangement, seemingly, but he needs just this, for his toes are weak, and unless they were strengthened in this way, he would make poor work of digging his nesting-burrow.

No bird has a more serviceable foot than the Screech Owl. With his strong, sharp-clawed toes he strikes, scratches, and grasps, and that he may do all these things easily, he can, when he wishes, move the outer toe so that it works with the hind one, much like the foot of a Downy Woodpecker.

The strong, grasping talons of the Red-tailed Hawk are particularly noticeable for this one thing—he keeps his toe-nails brightly polished. No other bird I know is nearly so particular in this regard.

That feathered fellow, the Barn Owl, with the funny face has, like others of his kindred, stout, powerful claws, and, besides that, the edges of the nail on his third toe are notched like a saw.

Swallows are perchers, and but little else. Their curved, weak claws make it almost impossible for these wonderful fliers to either walk or hop.

Wonderful little clinging feet has the Chimney Swift. The least roughness on a wall serves him for a resting-place, and I have never seen one alight or perch anywhere else. I do believe he sleeps that way.

Diving birds have a varied arrangement of webbing on their toes. The foot of the Loon has a full web from toe to toe, while that of the Grebe has each toe webbed separately like an irregular, scalloped, leather border.

Gulls and Ducks have full-webbed feet, as have geese, but the short hind toe of the river, or inland Duck is without the webbed edging to be seen on Ducks along the sea-coast.

One of the strangest of our birds is the Bittern, and one unfamiliar to most of us. The reason that we are not better acquainted with him is because our feet are not suited to the country he lives in and his are. The three front toes are long, and spread widely, and the long back toe sets flatly on the ground. It is just the sort of foot for traveling the insecure marsh paths, just the sort of foot for one who does as much standing as our queer friend, the Bittern.

The foot of the Crane is much like that of the Bittern, excepting that the hind toe is much shorter, and the entire foot does not lie so flatly.

Woodcock and Snipe have wide-spread toes, and mud and sand do not bother them in the least when they go a-walking.

Quail and Partridge have large, strong feet, and stout legs too. These are good scratching feet, and swift running ones.

(Continued on page 65)

Journal Juniors' Page

(Continued from page 64)

Strong toes with hooked claws show their use to the hawk. A good percher, and one with a powerful grasp, needs just that sort of foot.

This little talk on toes would not be complete without mentioning the Yellow-capped Woodpecker, for he has only three toes on each foot, two in front, and one behind. Just why he should have to get along with one toe less than most other feathered fellows, is one of the many mysteries of the bird-world. It doesn't seem to bother him, however.

A little observation, sharp eyes alert for even toes, will take you at least 'a foot or two' along the way to a better knowledge of our feathered friends

* * *

NEW HOMES FOR OLD

ALREADY many of our summer birds have left us, and each October day marks the flight southward of those who find our winters too severe to make their homes with us the year 'round.

A pleasant pastime for an idle hour is to make a list of your bird acquaintances of the past summer, and follow them, in fancy, to where each spends its Christmas.

I made a list for myself the other day, a very incomplete list, and divided it into four sections. In the first I placed those of the migratory birds who winter nearest Canada.

The Southern United States is as far as some of our birds fly in their Autumn migration. One of these is the Bluebird, and I feel his departure only a little less when I remember that he will be one of the first to return to us in the coming spring.

That noisy, noticeable fellow, the Red-winged Blackbird, will spend his Christmas somewhere among the rice

fields, and the Phoebe, of the twitching tail, is now somewhere in the southern woods.

The Kingfisher perches, it may be, on a dead limb that overhangs a Southern river, and, in cities and over fields on which no snow ever falls, the nighthawk flies in the evening. The woodcock hides in the underbrush on the south slope of the Cumberland mountains, and the Sparrow-Hawk and the Barn owl haunt Southern farmyards.

In the marshes, the Wild Duck, the Canada Geese, and the Bittern, will make their Christmas home, but never forgetting the road they must travel to come back to us.

Wintertime of bright flowers, strange trees, and scolding parakeets—here, in Central America, we will find some of our summer birds. I wonder if the Wood Thrush with the speckled breast has brought his clear, sweet song with him to this land of sunshine.

The Catbird is here too, doing his best to mimic the bird-voices that are strange to him. The Yellow Warbler flits here and there like a flash of gold, and the red-eyed Vireo sings joyously all day long. Bright bits of color bring to notice the Rose-breasted Grosbeak, the Indigo Bunting, and that maker of basket nests, the Baltimore Oriole.

How did our little friend, the Wood Pewee, make such a long journey? He is here, and, would you believe it, the tiny Ruby-throated Hummingbird has managed, in some way, to reach this land of warmth and flowers.

Even further South, in the Northern part of South America, we find the Scarlet Tanager, the Purple Martin, and the Barn Swallow. A long way it is for these feathered folk to journey, and we miss them, but we do not forget that the passing of the cold days will, next spring, bring these followers of the summer back to us.

Secret of Oriental Color Harmonies

(Continued from page 60)

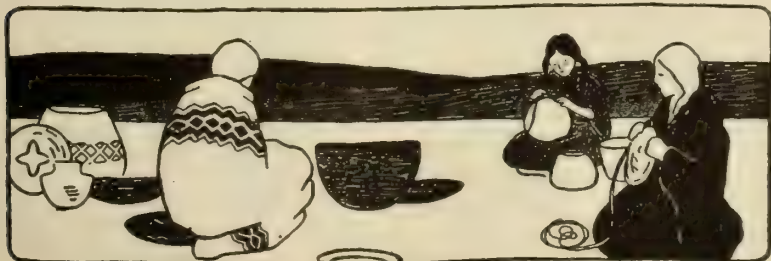
a portion of one color. When the color was thus isolated from its surroundings it was matched exactly by combining the colors from the regular painters' tubes.

After a long series of trials, sets of cards were made which perfectly matched the Oriental colors, but this was accomplished only after it had been discovered that no match was possible except when each color contained all three of the primary colors. The blue was found to contain both red and yellow; the yellow, although apparently pure, contained red and blue in no small quantities, and the red had a considerable proportion of blue and yellow. The purple, although the brightest color used, had in it an appreciable quantity of yellow.

Another peculiarity of the colors so obtained was that the cards on which the matching tints were painted were absolutely harmonious, producing brilliant Oriental combinations no matter how they were shuffled. As the different colors came together they accommodated themselves to one another with visible changes in tint, not one color clashing with any other, nor was it possible, by

any combination, to produce a discordant note. The fact that each color contained all three primaries gave to them all the effect of mutually reacting on one another in the direction of harmonious combinations.

The primitive and old Oriental dyes and paints all seem to have had this peculiar composition. As each primary color contained the other two, the dyes were not pure color like our modern dyes, and as a consequence they had in them something in the harmony seen in nature and in natural things. These statements may easily be proven by matching, with water colors, the colors of an old-fashioned Japanese fan or a fine old Oriental rug, an experiment that could not fail to be both interesting and valuable to the student of color. When we learn enough to prepare low-toned colors in this way, rich and brilliant color combinations will be possible as well as the duller, softer harmonies which we find so restful. It may be possible also that when we take the time to do this we will reap as a result a much keener and purer perception of color.





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Pamela Pounce

(Continued from page 63)

and much sympathy was felt for her situation, as well as for that of the little Lady Selina, who, on the threshold of presentation to the world, found herself suddenly at so great a disadvantage. It was true that both her sisters had made good marriages; one to Lord Verney, who had a house in town as well as country property; the other to Squire Day, of Queen's Compton. But then, as Kitty Kilcroney said, who, that had a heart in her breast, could suggest placing a high-spirited girl under the charge of Susan Verney? "For sure, my dear, somewhere back there must have been a slave-driver among her ancestors. And as for Nan Day, was she not lost in domestic bliss? and no one ought to expect pretty Selina to bury herself in haycocks and babies—other people's babies!"

It was owing to the Viscountess Kilcroney's influence that the young lady was offered a post about the Princess Augusta, the second of the bevy of beautiful Royal Princesses; for, since assuming her duties as Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Charlotte, Kitty had vastly pleased Her Majesty in that capacity.

Not indeed that my Lady Kilcroney, who now had her own personal experience to go by, approved of Court life as a career for any young unmarried female. 'Twas monstrous cramping, she declared to those who had her complete confidence; and the Royals, perfect beings as they were, and gratifying as it was to be chosen to serve them, had a fashion of very naturally considering themselves paramount, and their favour the chief benefit of existence.

"I'll not have the child's youth sucked out of her," quoth my Lady, in the strict privacy of her chamber, to the grunting Denis, who himself disliked the Court and all its ways with a large intolerance, born of its demands on his Kitty. "But a year, my love, 'twill give her a certain stamp of elegance. We can scarce look for a very great marriage for our Selina, with never two farthings in her pocket, but there are a vast of pleasant gentlemen of the second rank who water at the mouth at the thought of anything favoured by Royalty."

It was not till Lady Selina had been some nine months in her new post, and Sir Jasper Standish well nigh a year a widower, that the great idea flashed into Kitty's mind.

Sir Jasper was a personable man, and had not yet topped thirty-five; a very prime age for a bridegroom with the greenness of youth cast off, the tedium of maturity not yet as much as dawned. With your man of thirty-five it is a point of honour to be as ready with the generosity of youth as the lad of twenty, especially should his fancy turn to sweet seventeen. He will have gained, however, a vast experience, and, unless he be a fool, a seasoned judgment. Sir Jasper was no fool; and though he had so far justified my Lady Kilcroney's prognostications as to be more conspicuous at any dashing sport-meeting than ever before, he kept chiefly in the company of his own sex, and never so much as noticed the passage of the most flouncing petticoat; and who was more likely to know than Kitty, since she was the only lady in the world whose society the widower now frequented?

At first the talk would be all of his Julia; but in a little while lamentations gave way to more cheerful discourse anent the young family.

It was in her capacity of godmother to little Kate Standish that, a due interval having elapsed since the loss of their ever-to-be-regretted Julia, Kitty Kilcroney first addressed Sir Jasper on the subject of a second marriage. She was, of course, quite prepared for the shocked refusal which met her.

Was it possible my Lady Kilcroney should not be aware of the solemn vow, by which he had pledged himself to his Dying Treasure, to remain ever faithful to her memory?

My Lady Kilcroney was very well aware of it. Heaven knew, she exclaimed,

rolling her pansy eyes towards the ceiling of her drawing-room—she was for the while free of her Court duties, and was established in the Hertford Street mansion—Heaven knew, if ever there was anyone in the world who could appreciate what a second marriage meant to a true mourner it was she! When Bellairs went—"Ah, you never knew my first, Sir Jasper! The most excellent, the most estimable, the most generous and noble-minded of men. There was not a condition in his will, I do assure you! Everything, everything left to me! 'My dearest wife, Kitty, in token of the perfect happiness she gave me.' Those were his words, Sir Jasper. But a year's happiness, alas! and he, poor seraph, scarce able to endure anyone in the room with him with the gout so cruel settled in his joints that, if you'll believe me, his feet were like nothing so much as warming-pans, and his hands—my poor Bellairs' hands, why, there were days when he could not have borne that a butterfly should settle on them! When my cherished martyr was released from his sufferings, did I not, like you, vow in my heart that I never, never would replace him?"

Here Kitty fixed her eyes upon Sir Jasper's lugubrious countenance, and, positively, though her tone was filled with such pious melancholy, they twinkled.

"I fail to see the analogy, my Lady Kilcroney," said he huffily. "My Julia was as young as she was fair, as elegant in form as she was virtuous in character."

"True, true, Sir Jasper! Bellairs became, very shortly after our espousals, a wreck, an absolute wreck. But he retained the most admirable amiability of temper. 'Twas indeed that which first drew my heart to him. 'My dear,' he said to me, 'when I heard that my poor old friend Ned had gone smash, and shot himself, and left a little daughter without a farthing to buy a ribbon with, I cast about in my mind what I should do to help her. And, faith, I can think of no better way, my dear, than to make a rich widow of you.' And then he set to laughing in his droll, wheezing way. 'I'm game for a year,' says he, 'if you can stand the old man for a year,' says he. 'I'll put you in the way of getting the best the world can give you; honour and good repute, and wealth and a young husband in due time—better than if your poor father had kept out of indigo. If you'll trust me, I'll trust you,' says he. And my dear Bellairs kept his word royally. He'd never so much as a suspicion of me; or ought but a smile for my pleasures." Here a tear suddenly flashed. "I'm proud to say," cried Kitty. "I deserved his confidence. Is there ever anything so beautiful in life as wedded trust?"

Sir Jasper went home thoughtful. His Julia had had every merit, but if she had had also just the tiniest part of Bellairs' the Nabob's generosity of mind, would he, could he have so often—as alas! he had! But there were times when he had been goaded, indubitably driven, to seek distraction. Angel as she had been, to what screaming vapours, what swoons had she not treated him? How often also—here he held his head higher, and made a knowing thrust at a door post with his gold-headed walking-stick as he went by—had she not suspected the vilest deeds when he had been as innocent as the lambs in the field?

"You cannot," said Sir Jasper, sapiently to himself, as his marital crimes appeared before him suddenly transmogrified into peccadilloes. "You cannot be said to betray a trust that has never been reposed in you."

Next time my Lady spoke of matrimony to the bereaved, it was in the tone of one who regrets a rash determination, but recognises its binding quality.

"What a pity, Sir Jasper, you should have been led into such fond folly! To take such a vow! Irrevocable of course. Who would have the dreadful courage

(Continued on page 67)

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Pamela Pounce

(Continued from page 66)

to suggest the breaking of a pledge to one who is now among the saints. What if a father's duty points one way? that death-bed obligation sternly points the other."

She pitied Sir Jasper—she did indeed. How was a man, and he so young, to deal with five children, and they with all the difficulties of life before them: character, education, and—heavens!—illnesses? Measles and mumps, hecetics and whooping coughs, and all the rest of it! "Poor Julia, could she but see now to what her intemperate passion for you has led! If our Julia had a fault—dare I say it, Sir Jasper?—she was a little, leetle inclined to jealousy."

When Kitty returned to Queen's Lodge, to take up service with Her Majesty, Sir Jasper and she had come to discussing very freely the kind of person who might be regarded as worthy to fill their dearest Julia's shoes.

Kitty was full of suggestions, but, one way or another, the paragons enumerated by the lady were never to the gentleman's taste.

When Lady Selina joined the Court circle, she was, if truth be told, the very last young female whom Kitty could in conscience have selected as a fitting companion for a widower of Sir Jasper's kidney, or the proper kind of stepmother to his peevish brats. Nevertheless when the idea came, it was with the brilliant conviction of a flash of lightning.

Selina Vereker was not dark and masterful like Susan Verney, nor was she soft and warm-hearted, all feminine impulse and charm, like Nan Day. She was a bold piece, Kitty had decided from the first, with a short nose and a short temper, and hair under her powder as blazing as Sir Jasper's own, and a grey eye that possessed a certain cold, reflective audacity which made Kitty thoughtful. She was a judge of minxes. Withal the creature if not pretty, was mighty attractive; with a little head on a white throat, and a way of tossing it; slim, long limbs like a boy, and a freedom of movement inside her voluminous skirts that was almost unbecoming to her sex. And the tiresome child was in a hundred scrapes, and in Royalty's black books before she had been a fortnight at her duties. This was unpleasant for Kitty, who had recommended her. And, as she had a kind heart, it filled her with apprehension for the future. For if anything so awful were to happen as that Selina should fall into serious disgrace and be dismissed from Court, what in the world would become of her? So poor, so naughty, and so innocent; with a pair of selfish sisters, and her mother retired to a convent! Why, with Royal

displeasure upon her, never could she hope to ally herself to a genteel family!

Sir Jasper! Was not the man to her hand? He deserved a wife with some fire in her, after having so long endured the deliquescent Julia, and he deserved too, sad rake that he was, something with a temper of her own to keep him to attention and in his place.

"To heel, sir, or beware, there are other fine fellows in the world who are ready to appreciate what you have the bad taste to neglect."

Her mind made up, Kitty set to work with a transparent artifice, to which only the blundering male would fall a prey.

"Pray come to tea, to-morrow, sir—or stay, perhaps better not, for I have Princess Augusta's Maid-of-Honour, the little Selina Vereker, and, oh no, I would not for the world that you should meet!"

"And why, pray?"

"La, Sir Jasper, and you on the lookout for a new Lady Standish! You might fall in love with her, to be sure."

"And what then, my Lady Kilcroney?"

"Oh, Sir Jasper, Sir Jasper, that would never do!"

"And why not, ma'am?"

"But eighteen, sir."

"I see no objection there."

"Fie, Sir Jasper, and you turned thirty-six!"

"But thirty-five my last birthday, ma'am, as I'm a sinner."

"A sinner, indeed, Sir Jasper, and now you have it. What? Would you, sir, mate with innocence, guilelessness; lamb-like light-heartedness, and sprightliness; you with—?"

"Come, come, my Lady Kilcroney. I've not been a model husband, I dare say."

"I dare say not, sir. Heavens, my poor Julia!"

"Your poor Julia, ma'am, would have driven a saint—Pshaw! She was too good for me!"

"Believe me, sir, you should wed a young lady of some experience, if not a widow; a staid female, sir."

"Thank you, my Lady, I'm vastly obliged, I'm sure."

"And you so jealous, Sir Jasper, who could scarce even trust virtue's self, in the shape of Julia! La, to think of you with Selina—such beauty, Sir Jasper; such grace, such charm, so ready to take the pleasure of her years, so pure ignorant of the world's ways."

"Good heavens, my Lady Kilcroney, if I do not come to your tea-party to-morrow, 'twill be that I am a dead man."

(To be continued)

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In Choosing Pictures for a Child's Room

(Continued from page 14)

As to the special subjects to select, this depends largely on the child's individuality, but generally speaking, children love pictures of Mothers and Babies. And what a big field this opens up in the choice of a picture; the Old Masters painted this subject over and over again—Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio. In later times Carriere, the French painter, made this a study of years. Millet, with his pictures of French peasant-life, shows it in many different forms. Children also are attracted by pictures of other little girls and boys. Why not try Sargent's picture "Carnation Lily, Lily Rose," with its additional charm of the garden, or Manet's "Boy Blowing Bubbles" a real boy painted with sure vital brush strokes or, by way of contrast "Little Rose by Lyme Regis" by Whistler.

If they know the sea at all, a copy of one of Winslow Homer's marines with its sense of awe before the vastness and power of the ocean can't fail in its appeal. For wealth of color a reproduc-

tion of one of Brangwin's would be fine, and if you particularly want illustrations of some favorite book, many really fine artists have given time to this kind of work—Arthur Rackham with his wonderful pictures for "Peter Pan"; Edmund Dulac, with his fanciful drawings for the Arabian Nights, and other themes, and Maxfield Parrish with his fine color effects.

But when the pictures are satisfactorily selected, one must exercise great care in hanging them. Just as watching a crowd tires one because there is so much to see, there is no sense of rest, similarly a wall covered with all sorts of pictures arranged without any idea of balance or of producing an ordered effect, will have the same result. Hang each picture in such a way that it can be seen and enjoyed without fighting for recognition with a motley array of others. Your whole wall should be arranged so it will have a well-balanced restful appearance—a thing of beauty for the eye to rest upon.

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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



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EDITORIAL CHAT

THERE are few dates which this generation of Canadians will remember more vividly than the eleventh of November—Armistice Day, as so many now call it. The four years, which have passed, since that joyful yet solemn Monday, when the early bells proclaimed the ceasing of strife, have been marked by many changes and momentous conferences; but the world hopes that out of them all may come the peace for which we have yearned, through all the strife and contention.

Especially, in this month of November, do we remember those thousands of Canadians who sleep far from the land of their love, fallen in the cause of freedom and righteousness. "Their name liveth forevermore," as said the writer of old, and every Canadian should feel a pride and an inspiration in the honor lists which confront him in church or school, in bank or shop, that tell the story of how our young nation did her share in the Great War.

On this page is reproduced a memorial tower erected at that historic spot, Niagara-on-the-Lake. The upper illustration on the page shows the Cambridge War Memorial, unveiled in England by His Royal Highness, the Duke of York, on July third. This statue, called "The Homecoming," is the work of Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, the eminent Canadian sculptor, who was born in Almonte, Ontario, a town whose High School has long been noted for its gifted boys. Dr. McKenzie graduated in medicine from McGill University. After training in the Montreal hospitals, and at sea as ship's surgeon, he was appointed Assistant Demonstrator of Anatomy at McGill. He rapidly qualified for advancement to Senior Demonstrator and probably would have become a lecturer in Anatomy but for his acceptance of the Chair of Physical Education at the University of Pennsylvania.

When Dr. McKenzie first entered upon the work of sculpture, it was through his desire to reduce the theoretical figures of Dr. Hall Phillips of Amherst College to their actual form. Dr. McKenzie made a model figure, embodying the measurements of eighty-nine champion sprinters. This figure, known as "The Sprinter," brought renown, and the sculptor's achievements have received recognition in many countries.

"The statue unveiled last July in England shows a private soldier in full kit on his triumphal return after the War," explained Dr. McKenzie. "With discipline relaxed, he is striding along bare-headed, helmet in hand, a Boche helmet as a trophy is slung on his back and partly concealed by a laurel wreath carelessly flung over the rifle barrel. In his hand he holds a rose. Another rose, thrown to him, has fallen to the ground. His head is turned to the side, his expression is alert, happy and slightly quizzical, and his lips are slightly parted, as if he has recognized an old friend in the welcoming crowd and is about to call to him. In this face I have tried to express the type on whom the future of England must depend. Blond, with hair wavy rather than curly, head well-rounded, forehead slightly flat, the boss over the eyes large, but not so developed as it will be in later life. The brows are straight, the nose not continuous with the brow as in the Greek, the mouth large and lips not too full."



This Cambridge War Memorial was unveiled in England by His Royal Highness, the Duke of York, on July third. This statue called "The Homecoming," is the work of Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, an eminent Canadian sculptor, who was born in Almonte, Ontario.



Soldiers' Memorial, Niagara-on-the-Lake

Dr. McKenzie has been entrusted with the execution of the memorial statue, to be erected in front of the House of Parliament in Ontario, to the late Lieutenant-Colonel G. H. Baker, M.P. for Brome, Quebec. This officer was killed at Sanctuary Wood on June second, 1916, while with his regiment, the Fifth Canadian Mounted Rifles. The statue represents an officer standing "at ease" and while it is to suggest the general proportions of Colonel Baker, it is not intended as an accurate personal likeness, but rather an idealized figure of the Canadian officer. It is interesting to note that Dr. McKenzie has been commissioned to execute a Victory Memorial, to be erected at Almonte, his native town.

The years since that Armistice Day have not brought the settlement for which the world had hoped, and there are still anxious days for those who yearn for peace and progress. The war cloud in the Near East is not the only threatening aspect, but the world of womankind is praying that further strife may be averted.

As the month of November comes, with its memory of Armistice, the spirit of Thanksgiving is once more abroad. Compared with many other countries in this war-torn world, Canada has a happy and easy lot, and has little cause to dread the future. Work there is, a-plenty, in this new land of ours, but there is also an abundance, in reward for the worker.

Memories of many sacrifices in war years come to us in autumn's closing month, memories of mingled sorrow and gladness. We are proud of our youth in Canada:—of our boys who so willingly went at the call of a cause which meant a struggle for liberty and right. The sailing of the first contingent will not soon be forgotten and the memory of the readiness and the valour of Canada's young manhood should inspire us all to service in the day of our country's need. For the gallant lads who lie in Flanders, we may say with the writer of "Jimmy—Killed in Action,"

"Horses he loved, and laughter and the sun,
A song, wide spaces and the open air;
The trust of all dumb things he won,
And never knew the luck too good to share.

"His were the simple heart and open hand,
And honest faults he never strove to hide:
Problems of life he could not understand,
But, as a man would wish to die, he died.

"Now, though he will not ride with us again,
His merry spirit seems our comrade yet,
Freed from the power of weariness or pain,
Forbidding us to mourn—or to forget."

There are various ways of observing Armistice Day, but there is no better memorial service in honor of those who have given their lives in the Great War than the devotion of part of the anniversary to those soldiers still in hospital or in need of home cheer and comfort. November eleventh should be a great rallying day for the veterans and their friends, for the memory of those four war-darkened years should form a bond such as no days of peace, no season of pleasure could ever make. We are always in debt to those who fought for our homes and our liberties, and the debt to the dead can be paid most honorably when we show attention and care to their comrades with us.



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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

The Picciola

By Virginia Macdonald Cummings

Illustrated by G. W. L. Bladen

It was afternoon in the little town of Ajax. The sky and the raggedy mountains were tight together, and the sun was edging between them like a copper in a slot. A stream of human beings, begrimed from head to foot except for each shining dinner-pail, poured over the railroad tracks and spread fan-like in all directions. The miners were coming off shift. Nothing very remarkable in that, save for the fact that it was April, Nineteen-Twenty-Two. With all the world of labor on strike who were the people of Ajax that they should pursue their coal-digging, quite as usual?

Some such sentiment was voiced by the stranger who sat beside Dr. Cartwright in the latter's car. Mrs. Cartwright with two small children occupied the rear.

"Do you see that burly Italian who just raised his hat to us?" It was the Doctor who spoke.

"The one with the snow-white hair? Yes?"

"That's Dominic Citra, President of the Local Union. He is the key to the whole situation."

"He must be a wizard if he can keep men working these days."

"Wizard is the correct term! Some say he hypnotizes them. And at that he used to be the worst man in the Pass to stir up trouble. A regular demon."

"But that was only after he lost his son in the Big Explosion," gently interpolated the Doctor's wife.

"Yes, that was enough to make anybody rabid. The boy was only fifteen, and it was his very first day in the mines. However, father and I almost went broke trying to run a contract hospital, with the men off work half the time. When the big strike in Winnipeg was called by the One Big Union, Ajax was the first place to declare a sympathy strike. Every worker even to the employees of the Water, Light and Power had to walk out. But Dominic at least, got enough of it that time. He is still adamant for the rights of his men, and usually gets a better bargain than most unions, for the operators know he is both firm and reasonable. But as for strikes—he says there will never be another while he can prevent it!"

"But what brought about such a change of heart?"

The Doctor and his wife exchanged long reminiscent smiles.

"Shall I tell him?"

"Go ahead if you want to, I don't care," said the latter. But her face grew pink as she sank back among the cushions.

So the facts the Doctor related were, briefly, what follows.

* * *

ONE evening in the spring of Nineteen-nineteen, the telephone rang so sharply in the Nurses' home that Ruth Kennedy gave a start and hurried to the receiver.

"Yes?"

"Oh yes, Doctor," Ruth flushed, and her voice broke a little.

"The Surgical nurse? I'll see."

That young lady was just climbing, with slightly accelerated movement, into a run-about.

"Oh Isabel! Dr. Jim wants you at the hospital."

"No doubt of that," laughed Isabel complacently, "But he'll not see me to-night."

"But Isabel I think it's emergency, and the old Doctor is out on a case."

"Some fat dago that you couldn't kill with the axe! He'll do just as well in the morning." Again that knowing soft laugh, and the arch look at her companion. That young man, convinced that the Doctor often resorted to these subterfuges, let his chest out and his gears in with such energy that the car was far down the road by the time Ruth got back to the phone.

"I'm sorry Doctor, but the Surgical Nurse is out this evening."

She could hear him sputter with vexation before he asked if she could help him.

"Of course," she said brightly, visioning "a fat dago that you couldn't kill with the axe."



He turned abruptly away. Quite as an afterthought, he looked back long enough to tell the fair-haired Welshman where he might spend the Hereafter.

Now was her opportunity! Her secret ambition was to work in the Surgery, but Dr. Jim thought there was nobody like Isabel. Isabel's assurance was so amazing that it communicated itself to everybody. If she made a mistake people got the subtle impression that, even at that, it was better than anyone else could have done. Ruth on the other hand was apt to be desolated with the thought of how far she was at all times from her ideal. But she would prove herself to-night! She must be very cold and efficient and above all betray no emotion!

By this time she had reached the hospital.

"I'm sorry Isabel couldn't come," she said demurely.

"So am I," returned the Doctor, grimly. "But it's about what I expected. Confound it! There's something in the air these days. Everybody trying to see how much work he can get out of! Look at this strike that's being pulled off in Winnipeg, I'm afraid it means more than people think. Dominic Citra is down there now, plucking a brand from the conflagration with which to inflame this town. I wish he knew his baby was dying of appendicitis."

Ruth glanced at the operating table and paled a little; for on it lay a frail little wisp of a child. Her face possessed the perfect Madonna-like beauty which sometimes startles one in the little street-children of the Italians. Only her eyes seemed too large, and the mop of dark curls too heavy for the delicate oval of her face.

"Dominic's child? I thought his only son was killed in the Explosion?"

"Yes, and after that the mother just lived on her knees in front of the Virgin, and the Cross. Night and day she knelt there—I've seen her many a time—looking up into the face of the beautiful Sistine Madonna and praying. When this child was born to them they thought it was the answer to that prayer. Her father idolizes her."

And the Doctor fell to scrubbing his hands still more viciously.

Ruth put the instruments in the sterilizer. Then she filled the empty ether cans with hot water and went to pack them in the bed that was to receive the little patient. In the hall the child's mother was wandering about, twisting

the fringe of her head-shawl. Ruth led her gently into the ward.

"You sit here, dear," she said, giving her a chair. "Presently we will bring the picciola—your little one—in here and you can sit with her."

"Confound it!" exclaimed Dr. Cartwright, pawing at his rubber gloves. "I'm not a believer in premonitions, but I never hated so to go at an operation! Suppose it's because I'm so handicapped," he added with thoughtless cruelty.

"You couldn't leave it till morning?" suggested Ruth all too eagerly.

Impossible! It's a matter of minutes. The abscess is heading into the peritoneum. The Lord help her if it breaks before we can reach it."

Ruth picked up her pan of sterile forceps. Just then the shrill whistle of the west-bound train rent the air. The pan suddenly left her hands and the forceps fell to the ground in a tangled mass. They looked to Ruth like a swarm of big black spiders scuttling over the floor. She was sure some of them crawled away to the farthest corner of the room. She scooped up what she could of them and gave the rest a kick. Dr. Jim favored her with just one look but she felt it all through her like knives.

The last shreds of that whistle were still on the air and the wheels of the train had not crunched to a standstill, when from the lowest step dropped a burly figure with bushy hair and blazing eyes. It was Dominic, newly arrived from Winnipeg.

He walked straight over to the Power House. The men crowded round him. His voice, usually like a young steam-riveter, to-night was low and intense. Now and then the men would start back exclaiming at one another, only to close in the more closely on the speaker again. He showed them some oblong cards about five by eight inches in size. He told how one of these cards would shortly be displayed by every going concern in Winnipeg. If in Winnipeg, why not in Ajax?

The men laughed low and exultantly. They grasped him by the hand and slapped him on the back.

"Dominic, you're a wonder!" they said.

Dominic strode across the room and laid his hand on the wall.

The ether had been given and the Doctor had just made the long clean incision. A wicked gangrenous-yellow mass was already visible. In the Doctor's hand was a small electrical device the end of which glowed white hot. In a moment this point would touch first one end then the other of the appendix, severing and sterilizing in one. Then the whole deadly mass would be lifted out, and simultaneously Death would step from the path of the little picciola.

The Doctor's big frame bent over the wound. Suddenly—flick went the lights. The white point in his hand glowed red. He looked above his head at the ring of bluish bulbs. They were fading. All he could see were curly red filaments ranged in a big circle. Then those melted into utter blackness. He looked down at his hand. The glowing point had disappeared.

The two stood there tense, scarcely breathing, waiting for the lights to come on. Second after second they waited. At last something of the truth dawned on Dr. Jim and he swore!

"Quick! The lamps!" he cried.

Ruth snatched open the door, stumbling over a soft black object in the hall. It was the little Italian mother, crouched close in to the crack of the door. She had followed the nurse as far as she could and knelt there counting her beads.

She picked herself up.

"I go to find Dominic," she whimpered and groped her way out into the night.

Ruth ran on till she came to the closet where the lamps were kept. There they were in a neat row, far back on the top shelf—clean, polished, and devoid of any drop of paraffin!

As she turned she stumbled into Dr. Jim who was close behind. When he caught her up she was trembling.

"Dear God, don't let her slip away! Heavenly Father, help us to be in time!" The girl was not aware that the words were falling audibly from her lips.

"Are there candles?" asked the Doctor. "I—perhaps—I don't know." Then in an altered voice she added, "We must find them."

Suddenly she became calm. She moved as one in a trance, unaware of her surroundings. She never knew what

(Continued on page 4)

spirit guided her, but she walked straight to where the candles were. In three minutes she had assembled every one in the house. And of all the drawers that contained no candles, she never opened one.

Back in the Surgery she worked like one possessed, laying out dressings, making the candles sit up in their tomato-cans and pop-bottles, sterilizing the old-fashioned instruments. For the clean white-hot point was out of the question now.

At last the little form was tucked into its warm bed, and still as marble it lay there, with its waxen hands. The Doctor and nurse watched on either side. They watched a long time. The single candle sputtered below the rim of its can, and long shadows sprang on the wall.

Ruth moved for something. "Well, little girl," Dr. Jim broke the silence; there was a queer look in his eyes, and he reached towards her with his hand. "You've probably kept this little thing weighted to the earth. But at that you'll never be much good in the Surgery, will you?"

Cut to the quick, the girl turned away, fumbled at the bureau, and was thankful for the dark.

Suddenly the outer door burst open and a mad scrambling of feet was heard in the hall. Dr. Jim stepped out to encounter a frantic and dishevelled Dominic

"Is she die? Do she live? Mia picciola! My little one! Where is she?" He glanced wildly about the place.

The Doctor with his hands in his pockets just stood and looked at him.

"It's no thanks to you that she isn't in Heaven," he said at last, but not ungently.

Dominic crumpled down on the lowest step of the stairs, and his head lolled against the wall. His iron-gray hair, perhaps because it was ruffled, seemed almost white.

Dr. Jim paced the floor, his face knit with exasperation. Now and then he would come and stand over Dominic, opening and closing his lips as if to say something, then turning impatiently away.

The door opened again, almost extinguishing the fluttering taper on the newel post, and in stepped two men, well known to Dr. Cartwright. They were the remaining members of the Strike Committee.

The Picciola

(Continued from page 3)

"Good evening, Doc." The spokesman, a fair-haired Welshman, was in great good humor. "You will have found by this time what it means to do without some of our modern conveniences, such as the working man produces with his toil. Now we don't wish to inconvenience you long, so we propose to restore your supply of juice at once."

"You are most kind," murmured the Doctor with a glint in his eye.

"But first as a mere formality, and to save you further trouble, we would ask that you display this little sign on the front of your building."

Here he produced one of the cards and held it up. It bore the inscription:—

"THIS INSTITUTION IS
OPERATING BY PERMISSION
OF THE STRIKE COMMITTEE"

Dr. Jim looked at it and his mouth fell open. His face got red right down to his collar. He turned abruptly away. Quite as an afterthought he looked back long enough to tell the fair-

haired Welshman where he might spend the Hereafter.

Then he swung around on his heel. As he did so he came face to face with Ruth. She looked up with a wan sweet smile and murmured something.

"Dominic," said the Doctor with quiet sternness, "It is possible that with care your child will live."

The men's faces whitened and their caps came off as if by magic. They turned, and with Dominic at their head, they tiptoed clumsily out.

Ruth and Dr. Jim looked at each other. Then they smiled—smiles that held a world of understanding. Then he reached out and gathered her to him.

"But I'm not the sort of girl you admire," she faltered, "I'll never make a Surgical Nurse."

"No! Thank Heaven for that!" said the young man fervently. "You'll make the finest little wife in the world." And in the lightest of breaths in her ear he added, "And mother!"

* * *

The last of the miners came straggling by, the young ones a little sullen and the old ones mostly bent.

"That is why as yet we have no strike in Ajax, but one wonders how long it will last," mused Dr. Cartwright.

"Come Jim dear," his wife spoke huskily, "We must be moving on, the children will get cold."

In Fortune Bay, Newfoundland



This is a typical scene of hardy toil in the Ancient Colony. The rocky nature of the coast forbids the use of horses on many parts of the coast; but the women resourcefully rise to the occasion.—Photograph by Edith Watson.



"Janet Maynard! Janet Maynard! Janet Maynard!", stormed Betty May. "That woman has the lot of you bewitched."

Active Interference

By M. E. Smith

Illustrated by Mary Essex

EVERYONE said that Mrs. Maynard would marry John, and agreed that it was rather a pity—because of Betty May. The fluctuating half-dozen of worthy matrons who haunt the most comfortable chairs on the club-house verandah had discussed the subject joyfully for the past six weeks, almost to the total exclusion of the servant problem and their own bodily ailments. A great many spiteful things were said about all concerned, and after what happened at the Masquerade dance that Saturday night they talked more than ever. Nobody knew just what actually occurred, and consequently they were all very disagreeable about it. In justice to my wife, who is an extraordinarily fine woman, I feel I must make a definite explanation.

Betty May and John had belonged to each other since they were small children. They were separated perforce during the school year, but met again joyously every summer at the Club, to swim and play and get into all sorts of mischief. They were both good-looking, young, good sports, and inevitably they fell in love with one another. At least John fell in love with Betty May. But she, being as wholesome as the dawn, didn't recognize her own symptoms and had refused him three times in succession since Christmas, beseeching him not to ruin their beautiful friendship. John gloomily told me that if she didn't admit she loved him soon he would go to the devil, or drown himself or—"Just a minute, old chap, coming!"—and he left me to play vigorous tennis with the artist chap, Roger Franklyn. Which shows how seriously John took his love affair, and was all as it should be.

Then came Janet Maynard to stay at the Club. Certainly a stunning and attractive woman; all of thirty, she admitted, but she barely looked twenty-five, even in the hot sun on the links, or in a bathing suit, (and she was a magnificent swimmer.) She was tall and gracious, grey-eyed, curious light grey eyes that were both soulful and sophisticated, with black hair and a creamy white skin. She spoke of her deceased husband briefly and respectfully on occasion, and still wore black and white and a pearly sort of grey colour because they were vastly becoming, and not as mourning. For two weeks the older men—including myself—hovered eagerly about her. Consequently I, for one, was horribly

disappointed when she turned her big guns on John, who was five or six years her junior, and threatened to capture him without a struggle. She didn't seem the sort of woman that would marry even a nice boy like John for his money—though he certainly had quantities of it. And Betty May was furious and heart-broken, but wouldn't admit it. After about three weeks, during which John still played about with her while his interest was obviously elsewhere, she began to refuse his invitations and started an outrageous flirtation with Roger Franklyn, who had hovered about hopelessly in the offing for the past two summers.

As for myself, being old and wise and a bachelor, with a game leg and rapidly greying hair, (though the silly crisp curl that had been the bane of my boyhood still lingered), I had been more or less in the confidence of all concerned. The porch pussies never abate their gossip one whit when I am about, but clamour for my honest opinion on any subject that happens to be under discussion—at least they used to. Flappers and debutantes bring me their heart secrets and social problems; young men call me "Good old Major!" and ask my sound advice (though they never take it) about clothes, love affairs, horses and money. But now John rather avoided me, which is easily understood, and Betty May kept her grief to herself, though I could see it in her bewildered blue eyes when she looked at him. As for Janet Maynard, she smiled a little half smile, and went her own sweet way.

It was she who arranged the Masquerade dance. She said we were all sick of one another's clothes. The girls seized upon the idea with enthusiasm, and most of them made mysterious journeys to Montreal under various excuses to see about appropriate costumes. The men were a little cold about it, as men always are, whereupon Mrs. Maynard ordained we were to wear white flannels and coloured jackets or blazers where possible, and we were much relieved. She and Roger Franklyn spent that Saturday afternoon decorating the verandah and dancing pavilion, and must be given considerable credit for the effectiveness of their simple scheme—just dozens of Chinese lanterns, red and yellow and orange, hanging from the roof in uneven lines, and in the corners great

jars filled with cardinal flowers and bull rushes. There was a luscious full moon that night, silvering the lake that lay at the foot of the hill—and Lake Memphramagog under a full moon is a sight to be remembered. So was Janet Maynard. She was gorgeous in a sort of Mandarin jacket all scarlet and blue and gold, with cardinal flowers in her black hair. It was the first time any of us had seen her wearing colours, and we were overwhelmed.

I arrived late and stood for quite a while at the entrance to the pavilion, smoking and watching the moving whirl of dancers under the soft lights. From the other end of the Pavilion the blare of the big gramophone came faintly over the sounds of shuffling feet and laughter. Betty May, adorable in a ruffy Mid-Victorian thing she told me had really been worn by her great-aunt, danced by with Roger Franklyn and waved at me. The silly ass wore a velvet jacket and a floppy tie—just the sort of thing he really likes to do. I saw John dancing with Mrs. Maynard, talking so intently that neither of them noticed me at all. Then I was seized by two impish girls and whirled into the idiotic jumble of a Paul Jones in spite of my protests and desperate excuses.

"This wounded hero stuff, Major!" said one, pulling me along with her, "I wouldn't believe it of you!" And so it was some time before I realized that Janet Maynard and John, quite the most striking couple on the floor, had disappeared. In fact it only came to me when I broke away somehow and met a wild-eyed Betty May coming into the pavilion. She seized me by the sleeve and drew me aside.

"Have you seen John lately, Major dear?"

"Why—no—I haven't."

"Or that Maynard woman?"

"Nor that Maynard woman."

"Roger says they've gone down the boat-house road. Major, you must stop him!"

"Stop who? Roger? I'll smear him all over the place with pleasure if he's bothering you."

"No—no! John! Don't let him propose to her."

"But my dear Betty May, how can I stop him proposing to any woman he wants to? And besides, my good child, how do you know he intends to propose?"

"I know she intends him to—that's what I know. Why all this masquerade stuff and everything? Doesn't she know she looks perfectly wonderful to-night? Didn't she know there would be a full moon? Haven't they gone down to the boat-house? Well?"

I felt decidedly uncomfortable. The boat-house is facetiously known as the "danger-spot," as many of the Club romances have crystallized there.

"Betty May," I adjured her solemnly, "if John is going to propose you have to let him. You can't interfere with these things. It's too dam' dangerous. You can plot and plan till you're blue in the face, and the result will be any one of a hundred unexpected calamities—and never what you hope. Take your old Major's word for it. I've seen too many romances spoiled by well-meaning interference. And besides, if he doesn't propose to-night, he has to-morrow—and to-morrow—and to-morrow!"

"To-morrow!" said Betty May scornfully. "To-morrow there won't be a full moon and Chinese lanterns and music. And she won't be wearing perfectly fascinating black satin trousers and flowers in her hair. And to-morrow I will be as nice as I can be, and try to win him back. I'll fight that woman till I'm dead."

"That's the stuff, Bets!" I said enthusiastically. "I'm betting on your own good sense, and your pretty face and your sweet self. Janet Maynard may be twice as clever and twice as experienced and three times as good-looking as you are, my dear—" she snorted at that, positively snorted—"But she's almost ten years older, and that makes a whale of a difference. So try to enjoy yourself to-night. To-morrow is time enough to fight."

"Yes,—if he doesn't get himself engaged to her to-night. Major, you must go right down to the boat-house and play gooseberry. You must!"

"I can't!" I exclaimed, horrified. "Betty May, do you know what you are asking? I'll make myself hated for life. John will never forgive me—and as for Janet Maynard—!"

"Janet Maynard! Janet Maynard! JANET MAYNARD!" stormed Betty May. "That woman has the lot of you bewitched. Major Blake, if you are a friend of mine, you'll start down that road this minute! What do you care about Janet Maynard when my heart is breaking?"

"But Betty May—"

"Please, Major!" There were tears in her eyes and her voice. I yielded.

"Very well, my dear. But pray for me. I'm your own true knight and all that, and this is a very dangerous adventure!" She laughed a little shakily, and pulled a foolish flower from her frock.

"Here's my token, Sir Knight!" she said, tucking it in my button-hole. So shaking my head and full of inward fears, I set off down the road.

* * *

THE boat-house is in a little bay, at the end of a road that curves through woods of maple and birch. There were white water lilies floating in the bay, and the moonlight hung heavily over everything. I found them sitting with their feet swinging above the lazy water, still talking earnestly.

"Hullo, people!" I greeted them inanely. "Tired of tripping the light fantastic? Hullo, John, why aren't you dancing?"

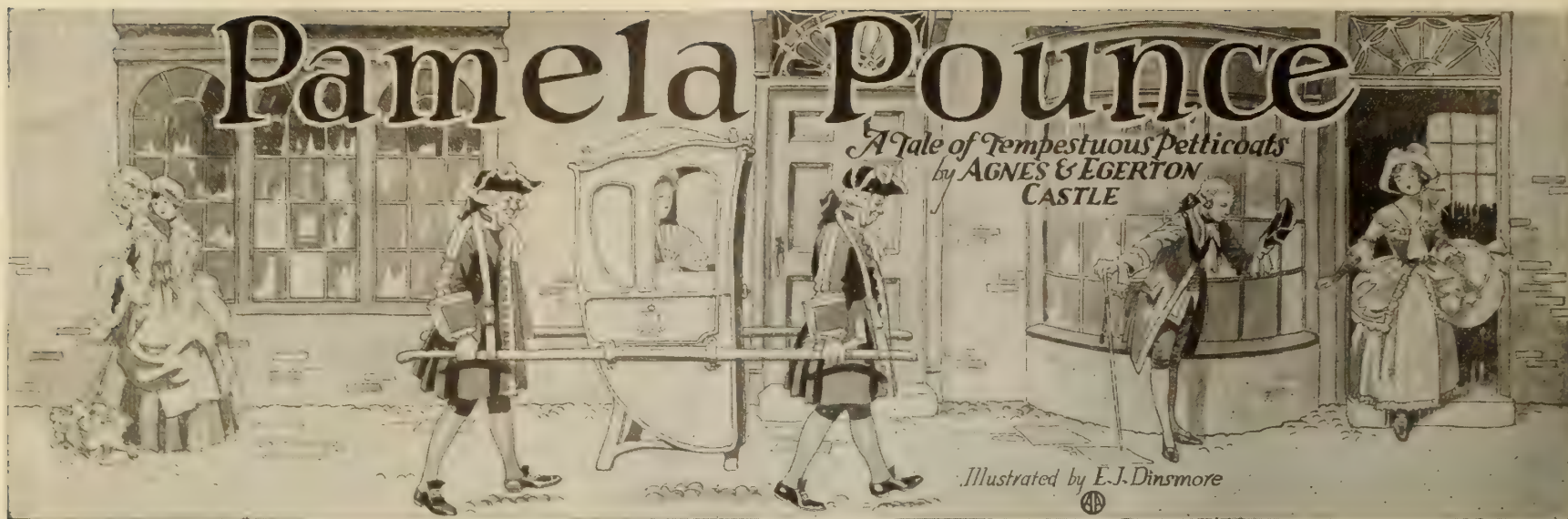
"Fed up with the crowd," said John briefly, looking none too pleased at the interruption. I felt that Betty May's worst fears were in a fair way to be realized.

"That's all very well for us staid old people, eh, Mrs. Maynard?" I said. (I hope she has since forgiven me for that!) "But youngsters should be having a good time. Run along now, John, and I'll smoke a peaceful cigarette with Mrs. Maynard." John glowered.

"I can't dance," he lied gloomily, "I have a blistered heel."

"Too bad," I said blandly. "Wonderful night, isn't it?" I foresaw that I must resign myself to a hideous hour or so till she grew desperate and made some sort of move. They both agreed fervently and hopefully, and then watched me settle myself against the rail in deadly silence.

(Continued on page 68)



SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Lady Kilcroney (formerly known as the fascinating widow, Kitty Bellairs), secures an appointment as Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Charlotte, wife of George III. This arouses the jealousy of Mrs. Lafone, who tries to injure Kitty, when a friend of the latter, Lady Mandeville, who had been guilty of a youthful folly, appears on the scene. Kitty's loyalty to her repentant friend triumphs, and Queen Charlotte greets her graciously. In the meantime, Lydia Pounce, Lady Kilcroney's own maid, is dismayed by the appearance of her niece, Pamela Pounce, upon the scene. Pamela has been dismissed from the milliner's shop of Madame Eglantine in Paris, because the latter's husband has tried to thrust unwelcome attentions upon her. Pamela enters the service of Mrs. Tabbishaw in London, and, in the course of her duties, comes upon young Jocelyn Bellairs, the nephew of Lady Kilcroney's first husband, who is about to commit suicide in the park. Pamela snatches the pistol, and, to save Jocelyn's honor, gives him the money which Lydia had handed to her to pay Lady Kilcroney's bill with Mrs. Tabbishaw. Kitty, who has been distracted about Jocelyn's threats, is delighted when she finds what Pamela has done and straightway takes her into favor.

Pamela thus obtains a position as head of the millinery in Madame Mirabel's establishment, but is persecuted by the dishonorable attentions of young Bellairs. She is about to elope with him from the Rose Inn when a tragedy in which Lord Sanquhar kills a poor Spaniard and steals the wife, who deserts her child, shocks Pamela and turns her on her Christmas journey home. Sir Jasper Standish, the landlord of the Pounce family, also shows himself a villain, but Pamela defies him. Then Lady Kilcroney tries to make a match between Sir Jasper and Lady Selina Vereker.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"Do not say you were not warned," said my Lady, and had the laugh of scorn to herself to see with what conquering airs Sir Jasper glanced at himself in each mirror when, departing, he crossed the long length of her drawing-room at Queen's Lodge.

The pretty Maid-of-Honour and the already foresworn widower duly met over Kitty's bohea, next afternoon. Sir Jasper duly fell head over heels in love; and before the week was out, they were engaged to be married. Royalty approved, my Lady Ongar gave her consent with tears of joy; and both Susan Verney and Ann Day sent cool sisterly sanction.

Having secured her victim Kitty prepared herself to enjoy every moment of the delightful process of decking her for the sacrifice. What woman but does not feel that in the trousseau lies the true inward satisfaction of the bridal state? To a benevolent heart like my Lady Kilcroney's the choice of Lady Selina's garments, the proper expenditure of the funds entrusted to her for the purpose by the widowed mother offered a task in which duty went hand in hand with delight. Generous soul that she was, she promptly decided to supplement the Dowager's exiguous allotment by a contribution of her own: secretly, so as

not to hurt the poor child's feelings, but to an extent which should in her estimation befit the wedding of a maid-of-honour under the protection of the Lady Kilcroney.

Needless to add that to bring Selina to Pamela Pounce was almost the first of her desires as self-elected Fairy God-mother. Who but Pamela indeed, could set out a Bride so that her appearance on the great morning should be an event in the world of Fashion? Pamela under Kitty's instructions—there never was such a combination of intellect!

My Lady Kilcroney as she drove up through the bright sunshine from Windsor was filled with anticipations so agreeable and exciting that she had little thought to spare for the silence and irresponsiveness of the girl beside her.

Selina had a delicious little countenance, even though she was sulking heavily; so when her glance strayed reflectively upon her my Lady found nothing in the contemplation to disturb her equanimity.

It was the first time in its annals that the House of Mirabel beheld a carriage with the Royal liveries halt before its portals, and the flutter in its discreet walls was indescribable.

Madame Mirabel herself catching sight of the scarlet splendour, through the first floor window, was seized with the trembles, and had to send Miss Clara Smithson for a glass of ratafia out of the back parlour cupboard before she could control her limbs sufficiently to walk downstairs. It was true that her immense agitation was promptly allayed by Miss Polly Popple, who put her head in at the door to say:

"It's only my Lady Kilcroney after all, what's brought a pale Miss for a wedding hat. So don't you put yourself about, Madame Mirabel, and Miss Pounce that cool it don't look as if her opinions were what they ought to be, and gracious goodness where is the roll of silver ribbon came from Lyons? I laid it out of my hand, Clara, when I ran up a while ago about Mrs. Lafone's bill, and him giving all sorts in the show-room. I wouldn't be married to an elderly gentleman what's miserly not for—where's the silver ribbon for mercy's sake? There's the bell going after me like mad. Thank you, dear. Don't put yourself about, Madame Mirabel—who ever told you it was the Queen! It's only my Lady Kilcroney—drat it, there it goes again—I'm coming."

Pamela Pounce had caught a glimpse of Kitty's dainty profile behind the misleading scarlet as the Queen's barouche halted; and it was with her usual graceful self-composure that she swam forward to curtsy to her patroness. Four steps and a nicely graduated obeisance, with just an undulation which included my Lady's companion, Pamela had a perfect command of the correct attitude. Then she waved her hand.

"Chairs, Miss Popple. Pray be seated, ladies."

Then, with a pretty spring of alacrity in manner and voice, a most respectful yet delightfully confidential approach to familiarity:

"And what can I show your Ladyship to-day?" cried she. "There's the sweetest head, a twist of cherry tulle with a bunch of green grapes, just come from Paris—made for your Ladyship."

Kitty waved the tempting suggestion

on one side. "Nothing for me to-day, my dear creature. I've brought Lady Selina."

Selina, who had entered, stood and sat down like an automaton with every reason to be dissatisfied with its surroundings, here gave her patroness a steely look of enmity, and then cast down her eyes so that their long eye-lashes cast a shadow on her white cheek.

Pamela appraised the small set face and Kitty proceeded to expound; "The fact is, Miss Pounce, I am here with Lady Selina for a wedding order."

"Indeed, my Lady."

"Yes, indeed," cried Kitty, warming to her subject, "the wedding hat, no less, child, and the going away! Oh! And a head for the dinner party I mean to give in honour of the engagement. Princess Augusta has promised to attend. And the wedding is to take place from my house in Hertford Street, Pamela, the very moment May is over. What with my Lady Verney having a feeling about the mourning and my Lady Anne Day so set about with measles in her nursery, there isn't anyone as near to this dear girl as myself, if it's reckoned by old friendship."

Here Kitty paused for breath and after duly waiting for Lady Selina to express some acknowledgments of these handsome sentiments, Pamela, in the young person's persistent mutism, was fain to remark that there was no one like her Ladyship for kindness, that she knew. And though this was but a deferential murmur, there was conviction in it. Pamela had every reason for this testimony.

Kitty glanced askance at the bride's most unbride-like countenance; she faintly shrugged her shoulders. None of the Verekers had good tempers and she was not going even to notice Selina's moods.

"A wedding hat."

Pamela pondered upon the bride, while her quick brains worked.

"(Dear to be sure, the poor young lady! One would think 'twas her funeral things they were getting together. Who are they going to marry her to? And why is my Lady Kilcroney managing it all, and that mortal tickled?) I wouldn't recommend white satin for my Lady Selina," she said out loud, "though I know it's the usual thing, my Lady. And if I might venture, it wouldn't do to be putting dead white next her face. No, my Lady Kilcroney, no, my Lady Selina, not if you was to rouge ever so and that would be a thousand pities; my Lady's skin is a treat to look at. And it's her cachet to be pale with those dark eyes—excuse me, my Lady, for dropping into French, it's a way I got into in Paris. Now I'd like lace." The milliner spoke slowly as if she were tasting one by one, the condiments of an exquisite dish. "A fine brim of real lace, my lady, with a tulle lining, three layers of tulle, and the middle one pale pink. Oh, pale, pale, pale." Pamela twiddled her fingers in the air, mitigating the colour till it faded into nothingness. "The tint they're calling in Paris, *cuisse de nymphe émue*. Excuse me, my Lady, I won't be so bold as to translate it. Yes, your Ladyship, the French have droll minds! But your Ladyship has seized the idea; not pink, but just a warmth, a lightening of the white, 'twill be exquisite. A twist of silver ribbon

to hold it together—Miss Popple, where's that silver ribbon that came from Lyons? I have a model here," went on Pamela, stooping to pull out one of the deep drawers of the cupboard which ran the length of the room, and in which the most special treasures in the millinery line were hidden away from the ordinary public, only to be brought out for the favoured. "I have a model here which is the very latest, out of Paris. It'll never be seen at all, so to speak, till next month, and that on a Queen's head."

Queen Charlotte's Lady-in-waiting sprang up and tripped across the carpet to stand by the milliner's side.

"It must be worth while for a female of Fashion," my Lady was thinking, "to have a post about Queen Marie Antoinette, always the first in the land in modes and in looks as in everything else."

Now Lady Selina Vereker, hearing the two women whisper as they stood together, lifted her eyes and watched and hearkened very intently.

"The young lady's just engaged I take it," said Pamela, shaking the tissue paper from a cobweb vision of blue tulle and lace.

"Was only ratified by Lady Ongar last night, from her retreat at Wimbledon. (They say it's a convent of nuns my dear, but 'tis not generally known.)"

"Dear, to be sure, the poor lady!"

Here Kitty lowered her voice, but Selina's irately keen ears caught the murmur.

"Sadly ill-provided for. My Lord Ongar's affairs in a desperate state. Hardly a brass farthing between the three poor girls! A most prodigious relief to have the third settled."

Then Pamela's clear compassionate undertone.

"I trust the young lady is happy in her choice, so young she looks."

The milliner's eye wandered to the Bride-elect and met her darkling gaze.

"Why, that goes without saying," exclaimed my Lady tartly, "since I made the match, Miss Pounce. Sir Jasper Standish is one of my Lord's oldest friends."

"Sir Jasper Standish! Good God!" Pamela started and wheeled round. She echoed the words in accents which left no doubt as to the consternation evoked by the name.

Her face was reflected in the glass in front of her, and Selina had a vision of its blasted expression of horror and disapproval.

The next moment Miss Pounce had resumed her usual bland self control, and was bending over the French hat, feigning to be absorbed in twitching its knotted ribbons into place.

"Upon my word, Miss Pounce," exclaimed Kitty, in high surprise and anger. "And what have you got against Sir Jasper Standish, may I ask, that you should couple his name with such impiety?"

"Oh, nothing, my Lady, nothing!"

Pamela's hands trembled as she twitched the faint pink ribbons. "Nothing but a bit of a business trouble between my father and Sir Jasper, our place being all but next door to Standish Hall—I crave your Ladyship's pardon. I'm sure, for letting my feelings go away with me,—but Sir Jasper was hard on father over a mortgage."

"Oh! a mortgage! Pish, child!" Kitty was immensely relieved, though she could not conceal that she considered it a great liberty in a milliner thus to obtrude her family affairs upon the notice of distinguished clients. She had not so very high an opinion of Jasper herself, and Pamela was a prodigious handsome girl! She had been actually trembling over what might have come out!

My Lady's manner for the rest of the *séance* comically varied between a dignified displeasure and the overwhelming fascination exercised by the milliner's supreme talent.

Lady Selina submitted to all the trying-on and listened to the prolonged discussions with the same demeanour of angry martyrdom which she had brought into the shop.

"You're been insufferable, my dear!" cried Kitty, patience giving way at length, as the sleek royal horses started on their homeward way.

Selina turned her long, brilliant eyes upon her companion without speaking. There was a pert question and an underlying significance in them, which further exasperated the chaperone.

"Pon honour!" exploded Kitty, "I marvel what's to do with you. You, with everything the world can give you, and three as sweet hats chosen as ever I've seen in my whole life! Such a picture as you'll look, a Bride, with your mother's lace and all! and by the airs of you, you might have been trying on sack cloth to go to the stake."

"You must remember, my Lady Kilcroyne, that I am in mourning."

"Psha!"

"And Sir Jasper a widower himself."

"And what of that, child?"

"Oh, nothing," said Selina. "Do you think it's going to rain?"

Kitty looked at her long and earnestly. Was there ever such a little shut-up countenance, such obstinate close lips and such naughty secret eyes?

"I wish to Heaven," she said, at last, "that you'd say what you've got in your heart, child."

"Oh, I was just thinking about Miss Pamela Pounce!"

"And what of her?"

My Lady still uneasily remained cross.

"Oh, I only thought she looked honest!" said the girl. And not one other word to the purpose could my Lady Kilcroyne extract from her.

They drove into Windsor in a strained silence and separated to their divers duties in no very cordial mood.

Kind-hearted people in positions of authority are apt to fall into the danger of doing good to their neighbours in spite of themselves. They see so clearly the value of the benefits they mean to confer, that fate having given them the power to enforce their acceptance, they do not hesitate to wield it. With the best intentions in the world they become tyrants. Kitty had a real desire to be of use to the orphan, and she was quite sure that the plans she had laid for her were entirely for her comfort and well-being. In any case matters had gone too far for Selina, even to dream of such a catastrophe as a withdrawal of her word.

The Maid-of-Honour had accepted Sir Jasper of her own free will. If she had secretly repented, if she chose to sulk and make a martyr of herself, Kitty knew better than to encourage her by seeming to notice it. And my Lady told herself that the moods of such a chit were of no account. She was too fresh out of the schoolroom to stand so much promotion all together—Maid-of-Honour, Bride-elect, the pet of royalty, all in a couple of months—a little spoilt cat, and if she scratched Jasper 'twould but do him a vast of good.

Nevertheless, my lady Kilcroyne felt slightly uncomfortable until she next beheld the engaged couple together. Then, indeed—it was the next evening after their shopping drive to London, in my Lady's own rooms—Selina appeared to have completely forgotten her gloomy fit. The child was in outrageous spirits, with quite scarlet cheeks, taunting and mocking her ardent lover, till he was beside himself.

Kitty forbore rebuke. In her relief she was full of indulgence towards behaviour which, at another time, she would have severely reprobated.

"My dear love," she wrote to her husband that night. She was still in attendance at Windsor and Denis, very

much injured, was alone at Hertford Street. "Everything is going as well as possible. Do not forget to call on Mr. Gunter's about the wedding cake and on Mr. Bartolozzi about the tickets of invitation."

Could she have known how Lady Selina had employed the afternoon of that very day, the poor Lady-in-Waiting would have issued very different instructions.

For Selina had obtained leave from her "Royal" to go to town about her trousseau. The Princess Augusta, all blandness and good nature, offered every facility, even to her own carriage.

How grateful was Lady Selina! But "Oh, no, Ma'am," she pleaded, "it makes

bitten my tongue out. I can only ask your pardon."

"I want you to answer my question. What did you mean?"

Pamela, who had been growing pale, grew paler.

"Father had trouble with him over a mortgage."

"Oh, tush with your mortgage! That's only a bit of trumpery. It wasn't the mortgage. You know something of Sir Jasper."

The milliner hesitated: then she tossed her head.

"And if I do, my Lady? There! There ain't anything for you to suspect me about, I do assure you."



His distress was so genuine, his supplications were so heart-rending that Kitty Kilcroyne could not but let herself be mollified.

me feel so horrid shy! There we were yesterday, my Lady Kilcroyne and I, in one of the Queen's barouches and every one turning round and staring at us, and oh! so disappointed, Ma'am, not to see the Royal faces. My mother is sending her own maid for me, and we'll take a chaise and Sister Verney will meet me in the town."

Princess Augusta looked very kindly at the child. She liked her modest disclaimer and the little flattery it wrapped about, and it all sounded very proper and becoming. How could she guess that Selina was lying like a little devil, that the audacious creature would positively set out from the consecrated precincts of Queen's Lodge alone, take the common coach to town and proceed on foot to Bond Street; in a kind of disguise indeed, a plain bonnet, borrowed off a Royal housemaid, which had a brown gauze veil to drop over her face, so that she might have passed her own mother in the street and not been known!

The cunning girl watched her opportunity and slipped into Miss Pounce's show-room at a slack moment. As she flung back her veil Pamela's colour changed; she saw who it was.

Selina walked quite close up to her and the two stood a moment staring at each other. The milliner was too acute not to feel the moment big with importance, and too shrewd not to guess at the cause.

"What did you mean," said Selina then, "by saying yesterday like that: 'Sir Jasper! good God!'"

Pamela was not often taken-to, but she felt herself in a most disagreeable fix.

"La!" she faltered. "I could have

"Oh, I don't suspect you!" cried Selina wildly. "I see you hate him! I hate him myself! I haven't anyone to help me. What do you know of him?"

"Nothing that would count as against a gentleman's honour," said Pamela bitterly recalling, with an inward shudder, the vile trick that had been played upon her, and the narrowness of her escape.

Selina caught the working-woman's two capable hands

"I won't get you into a scandal! I know you've got your bread to earn. I'll never mention your name or let anyone guess! I promise! I promise! Look here, I'll put it differently: if you were me, would you marry Sir Jasper Standish?"

Pamela drew a long breath and the truth leaped.

"I'd see myself dead rather!"

The absurdity of the phrase did not detract from its effectiveness.

"Ah!" cried Selina. "Thank you! That's all I wanted to know."

She wrung the hands she had caught, whisked her veil over her flushed countenance and turned to leave. On the threshold of the shop she paused and flung back a quick reassurance.

"Don't be afraid. I'll never betray you!" which Miss Polly Popple, overhearing, promptly carried to the awestruck ears of Miss Clara Smithson.

"There's a low-class girl just been in the showroom blackmailing Miss Pounce and gone off Heaving knows with how much hushmoney! 'I won't betray you,' says she. And Miss Pounce looking

after her, that distraught, you'd think she'd seen a ghost."

"Ah! my dear," said Miss Smithson. "Retribution is gathering over that abandoned creature's head."

CHAPTER VII

IN WHICH IS MANIFEST THE HAND OF THE SAINTED JULIA

OH, my Lady Kilcroyne, I haven't a moment! The most dreadful thing has happened!"

Selina Vereker stood before the astonished Kitty. She was robed for Court ceremonial and looked a very splendid young woman in brocaded whites and silver laces. Her hair was full dressed and spread mightily in wings and curls. In her hand she held a posy of pink roses. But against all this elegance, the small countenance looked troubled; it was, indeed, contorted like that of a child about to cry.

"I haven't a moment," she repeated. "The Princess Augusta expects me to attend her to the Duchess of Hampshire's ball, and even now she will be waiting for me. But oh, my Lady, oh, my Lady, I thought I must run in to tell you—Sir Jasper has broken with me!"

"Never say so, child! And the marriage for next Monday as ever was!"

My Lady Kilcroyne was in the long, narrow parlour which formed part of her set of rooms in St. James's Palace. She, too, was in full fig; a marvel of glistening white, with the fashionable purple trimmings that proclaimed attachment to Royalty. The Bellairs diamonds shone at her throat and bodice, and diamonds shot from every angle of her piled and flying curls. At the Maid-of-Honour's words she shook and sparkled and quivered in all her finery, looking like some magic tropical bird spreading out wings for battle.

"The Princess Augusta is waiting for me!" cried Selina, and sobbed.

"Let her wait," quoth Kitty fiercely. She had enough familiarity with the Royals now to appreciate the fact that, after all, they were but human beings. "What has happened? Sit there and tell me this moment. Sir Jasper break off his engagement! Some fantastick of jealousy, sure. The man's mad! Why, 'tis but this morning you showed me that wonderful knot of brilliants he gave you, child, on your complaining you had no fancy for a dead woman's jewels."

Selina let herself fall into the chair indicated, and hid her face in her hands.

"Oh, the disgrace!" she moaned.

"It shall not be," stormed her patroness. "You've dropped your roses, child."

"What, the roses? How—did I still hold them? Oh, my Lady, the roses, 'tis they undid me!"

"Your roses undid you? Talk plain, in the name of common sense."

"The roses undid me, Madam," said Lady Selina, lifting up her head to grind her teeth at Kitty, as that lady said afterwards, for all the world like her little Denis at ten months old with the double ones coming. "How should I know that when the beautiful pink roses arrived they were not from Sir Jasper? and oh, my Lady, he came storming into my parlour, demanding to see me, and I scarce out of the hands of Monsieur Achille and going in to him in my wrapper, I do assure you, not knowing what prodigious important thing he had to say to me, and he, my Lady Kilcroyne, scarce able to speak with the fierce rage. 'The roses,' he says, 'where are the roses you was to wear to-night?' And there they were, unpacked at his elbow before I had had time as much as to take them in my hand. As I'm a living woman, as I hope to be saved, my Lady, I, all innocence!" "The roses?" says I, and he falls upon them, and, oh, to think of it, in the very middle rose, hidden like a snake in the grass was a billet. A billet, my Lady Kilcroyne, I scarce know how to tell you—from—"

"Another gentleman?" screamed Kitty, jumping to the horrid truth.

"Some stranger."

"And indeed I hope so, Miss. And what was wrote in it, pray?"

Selina dropped long white eyelids over those brilliant curious eyes of hers which never seemed to corroborate her lips, and, drawing an immense quivering sigh, the corners of the same pretty lips

going down over a sob: "Oh, my Lady, the monstrous audacity of it!" she cried. "The creature wrote—God knows who he can be—"

"If you wear these roses to-night, *Beauteous Selina*, your adorer will know that, whatever happens, he may still hope."

"Pon my word," said Kitty.

"It seems Sir Jasper had had an anonymous letter—"

"Ha," interrupted the Queen's Lady-in-Waiting. "Now lift up your head, my love. 'Tis all a vile plot. An anonymous letter, say you? Why, now all is plain. 'Tis some base, envious creature—Heaven knows who!" said Kitty. "Some old flame, some wretch who wants to break the marriage for abominable designs of her own. Psha! Was there ever a grosser scheme? 'Twould not take in a mouse!"

"Sir Jasper will not listen to a word of reason," complained the bride-elect, now unveiling the fury of her eyes. "He declares there was guilt on my face; that he had long had suspicions of me. He vows I have been cold to him, dearest Lady Kilcroney, and that matters must have gone very far between me and my lover—oh, is it not monstrous of him?—before anyone would have dared address me in such familiar words."

"You need not repeat his raving to me," cried my Lady Kilcroney decidedly. "Dry your eyes now, and hasten to your duty. Sir Jasper in his present mood may very well not come to the ball, but he shall render an account of his folly in this very room to-morrow morning, and if the marriage does not take place from my house next Monday as arranged, I am a Dutchwoman, as complete a Dutchwoman as Mrs. Schwellenberg. I can say no more. And I trust, said Kitty, soliloquising as the door slammed on the Maid-of-Honour's exit, "and I trust you will pay Sir Jasper back for this evening's work in good ringing coin, child, once you're Lady Selina Standish. As I have no doubt you will, my love—cold-hearted, capricious"—aye, he's not so far out there—and fiery tempered to boot! It will give me a vast of pleasure to see such a buck as he proper punished and tamed!"

She herself began the process with considerable conscientiousness next morning in that interview which Sir Jasper was ready enough to grant. My Lady was tired; for to be in attendance on Royalty was to make of a ball more of a fatigue than a diversion. She was anxious, too; for the Queen had heard that it was Lady Selina's visit to Lady Kilcroney which had resulted in the Princess Augusta actually being kept waiting; and had shown displeasure at so extraordinary a breach of etiquette.

Kitty had no explanation to offer. She would have died rather than hint at the threatening scandal. So considerable peevishness had accumulated to fall upon the devoted head of Sir Jasper.

But at first that individual was beyond feeling anything save his own anguish. He roared like a wounded bull; hit his brow till the powder flew; thumped his chest till his vocal chords reverberated; paced the room, declaiming in one breath that he was infamously betrayed, and in the next that 'twas a just retribution for perjury to the best of wives. He swore that his heart was broken; never had he loved, never could he love woman as he loved the false, intriguing Selina. Then he declared that the organ in question had never been mended but lay in fragments under the tombstone sacred to Julia.

It was only when his passion had expended itself in exhaustion that my Lady was able to make herself heard. Then she dissected the value of the evidence upon which he proposed to take so outrageous a step. She exposed the folly of his jealousy, she mocked the absurdity of the figure he cut.

"You have now," she said, "lost the finest young lady in the kingdom. You were about to contract a marriage altogether beyond what a man of your position and birth could hope for. You, a middle-aged widower, of no particular title—what's a baronet?—of no such remarkable fortune, with certainly no good looks to commend you—you were about to espouse the loveliest little creature in all the world, the Queen's favourite, scarce eighteen—a beauty, sir, of the first family! And on some kind of monstrous whimsy, arising from your own bad past—oh, of that I am quite certain, Sir Jasper—you have cast

away this flower, and you have cast away with it your good name, your good fame, your own claim to be a gentleman! Never will that cake be eaten for your wedding with Lady Selina Vereker, I can promise you that! Oh, she's out of conceit with you, poor child! 'Only one thing I beg of you!' she says to me. 'Do not ask me to look at him again, for I never, never can!' Then you shall not," says I. I uphold her, sir, in her determination. 'You've come out of this business with flying colours, my love,' I says, 'and the Queen shall hear the whole story.' Fie, Sir Jasper, how you bellow! I have one last word to speak to you sir, aye, indeed, the very last you shall ever hear from these lips, and that is that I scarce think there's a gentleman of your friends, when it gets about the clubs, who would deem it worth his honour to cross swords with such as you."

She made a great flounce of silk skirts as if to withdraw, but he was down on his knees clutching at them; to do him justice, less affected by her threats and the picture she had drawn of his awful position than by the realisation that he had lost his bride. Never had Lady Selina appeared to his eyes in a light so entrancing; never did he so clearly perceive the worthlessness of his existence without her, as in this moment, when he believed he had lost her. His distress was so genuine, his supplications were so heartrending, that Kitty Kilcroney could not but let herself be mollified. She exacted every possible pledge of future good conduct, she obtained the completest retraction, the most abject and repeated apologies before sending for Selina.

When this young lady appeared Sir Jasper was put to another half-hour of torture ere he was re-admitted to favour; and even then the bride remained cold and unresponsive, and looked with a hard glitter in her eyes from one to the other, as if she had by no means forgiven her betrothed, and was scarce grateful to my Lady Kilcroney for her share in the reconciliation.

She had that moment, she informed him, sent the parcel containing Sir Jasper's presents, including the betrothal ring, by a trusted hand to his house; she vowed she considered matters vastly well as they stood; both would yet repent a return to the old terms.

Sir Jasper did not kneel to Selina. He behaved, Kitty thought, with a better dignity than she could have expected and also more intelligence. He promised perfect confidence in the future and a rope of pearls; the most tender forbearance in all difficulties and emerald earrings; the unswerving devotion of a manly heart and six Catalonian horses to the finest coach woman ever drove in. He furthermore volunteered to double his wife's pin-money, and altogether, as Lady Kilcroney informed her Denis afterwards, made a more graceful leg out of the business than could have been imagined from the gross fashion in which he had cantered in.

Lady Selina at length allowed an inert hand to lie in his clasp, and even permitted him to touch an averted cheek in token of her pardon; and it was an extremely chastened buck that wended his way out of St. James's Palace in the direction of Bond Street, and it was a tremendous sigh of relief that my Lady Kilcroney heaved.

"Now child," quoth she, "as Mr. Shakespeare hath it, 'All's well that ends well.' But do not make the mistake of keeping up your frigid airs too long. The real way to treat the wretches is to grant a little from time to time, and demand a great deal."

"I'm much obliged to you, I'm sure, ma'am, for your kind interest," said Lady Selina, and dropped her white eyelids over her audacious cold eyes.

"There has been another elopement," wrote Miss Burney, the Queen's reader, to her sister, "and you would never believe, my dearest Susan, who and in what circumstances. Lady Selina Vereker was, you know, to wed Sir Joseph Standish, that handsome widower (scarce indeed a year widowed of his poor Julia; men are strange things! I met her once, she was a very elegant woman). Lady Selina was, as I say, dear Susan, to wed Sir Jasper this actual next Monday, and my Lady Kilcroney who, as you know, hath the kind of good-nature that is for ever interfering in other people's

affairs, was to give the breakfast at her own mansion in Hertford Street. 'Twas said she made the match. 'Tis quite certain she recommended the young lady at Court. She must be vastly sorry on both these accounts now. Princess Augusta was to go to the wedding (the bride being her own Maid-of-Honour); and altogether it is an odd, unpleasant business, as you will hear. Last night, then, Lady Selina attended the Royals to the Opera House. 'Twas to be her last duty of the kind, and she was ablaze, my dear, they tell me, with Sir Jasper's jewels. The poor man was infuriated. I cannot but pity him. She stood behind the Princess Augusta in the box as usual, and no one knows the exact moment of her disappearance. 'Tis positive she was present at the beginning of the third act. Then all attention was turned to the stage, and at the end of it she was nowhere to be found! Conceive it, my dearest Susan, to choose such a manner and such company, for such a proceeding! To me it is beyond imagination; but from the letter she left behind her, there can be, alas! no mistake. The young gentleman for whom she has shown her preference in so singular a fashion, is, it seems, a person of no note at all; a mere officer of the Marines, by name Simpson, with scarce any fortune beside his pay. The whole affair leaves one in a state of amaze, and I verily believe the world is going mad."

On the morning following the fatal evening just described, my Lady Kilcroney was awakened from very agreeable slumbers by the urgency of Miss Lydia Pounce, who, placing a letter on the bed, begged in a tone so important that her ladyship should wake up and read it at once, that Kitty, omitting to scold, forthwith proceeded to obey.

"Lady Selina's woman also brought a large case, my Lady. I've left it in the ante-chamber."

Kitty was in Hertford Street, making ready in sweet security for the wedding festivities; yet not so secure but that her heart misgave her from the first moment of the matutinal summons; it hardly needed the mention of Lady Selina's name to confirm her instant suspicions. Yet she was ill-prepared, as she herself averred to all and sundry later, for such a revelation of mixed baseness, ingratitude and idiocy.

"You have taken so kind an interest in my affairs, my dear Lady Kilcroney," wrote the Maid-of-Honour, "that I wish you to be the first to hear that by the time this reaches you I shall have become the wife of Lieutenant Simpson of the Royal Marines. 'Tis no sort of match for me, I am well aware, but I prefer him so infinitely to Sir Jasper Standish that, seeing no other way out of it, I have yielded to his solicitations. You may perhaps remember that when we were with Their Majesties at Brighton last month, there was a young man who used to stand on the Parade and stare as we went by. That was Mr. Simpson. From the moment I had accepted Sir Jasper—and indeed, it was scarce fair to put such pressure on me, and me so young—I knew I had made a great mistake. And oh, Heaven knows, how I tried to induce him to break it off! When I had succeeded at last—for 'twas I who wrote the anonymous letter about the roses, and 'twas I placed the billet-doux inside the rose (I still think 'twas a very ingenious trick), if it had not been for you all would have gone well. No one would have blamed me, as you told Sir Jasper yourself, but you would interfere, my Lady, and you brought it on again. And now, if you please, will you explain matters to Sir Jasper? I am sending the jewels to you that you may give them back. And oh, I am so glad to be free of him, and of them, and of Court I can't tell you! Oh, pray do not try your hand at match-making again, my Lady, for indeed you have no talent for it."

"Your obedient servant,

"Selina Soon-to-be-Simpson."

"I am sorry to treat my fat good-natured Royal so. She was a kind piece. But 'tis a vile life."

"And oh, oh, 'tis she is a vile piece! Simpson! Let her be Simpson to the end and die an old woman!"

Kitty was more outraged, more incensed, more profoundly disturbed than she had ever known herself. Why, indeed, had she meddled with match-making, and who would be looked on coldly over such scandal at Court, but she? all innocence, kind heart and good nature! She had half a mind to send in her resignation and have done with it.

As for Sir Jasper; he was well served, for an odious, bullying, stupid fellow, who couldn't make himself agreeable when he had the chance of his life. She put herself out any more for him? She expose herself to the unpleasantness of breaking the news to him? Not Kitty, not my Lady Kilcroney.

The little woman made up her mind in a minute. She would go out of town. It was fine April weather. Bath would be at its best. She preferred it out of season.

She would pass on the jilt's letter to Sir Jasper. Lydia should call a hackney coach and go round with it and the jewels at once.

"And I shall add a line," thought Kitty, "that will prevent him coming to seek sympathy from me!"

"When you have perused the letter of Lady Selina, by this time Simpson, dear Sir Jasper," she wrote, "perhaps you will feel as I do, that what has plucked you apart has not been either your indecorous behaviour or the young lady's capriciousness, but the hand of your sainted Julia."

It was fortunate that there was no one in the room to hear the awful words that escaped Sir Jasper's lips when he came to this. What fell from them was the blasphemy: "Damn Julia!"

CHAPTER VIII

IN WHICH A WONDERFUL BIT OF LUCK COMES OUT OF MISS POUNCE'S BANDBOX FOR SOMEBODY ELSE

MISS Pamela Pounce, having inadvertently married a most desirable alliance and incidentally assisted a mad elopement, told herself that it was a sad, tiresome world in which love brought trouble to high and low, and that the best thing a woman of intelligence could do, was to put such stuff out of her head and be grateful that she could work.

"Dear, to be sure," Pamela wondered, "how did people get along at all who hadn't some honest occupation to keep their silly minds off themselves?"

'Twas only to be expected that she should have such fretful faces to suit with heads and hats; disappointed mothers coming to complain that Miss's toque was the wrong shade of blue, passionate damsels vowing that the very sight of a pink rosette made them sick.

Pamela could read "as if it was wrote in print," as she said herself, the fluctuations of many an *amourette*, many a well-laid matrimonial scheme. Where her art might help she was ready with the most obliging disinterestedness; when failure had followed on her best efforts she took the despite of her disappointed clients with the utmost philosophy.

It was well that she was philosophic, for her own poor misplaced romance was going singularly ill; so ill, indeed, that it might be said to have dwindled down to nothing at all.

After his tender and respectful farewell to her on the night of Sir Jasper Standish's Christmas ball, Pamela had hardly seen anything more of her once too ardent admirer. She told herself that 'twas all as it should be; he now understood the kind of girl she was; and his present attitude showed more true affection for her than his former light-minded persecution.

If she had been born his equal, or if she had not been, humble as she was, a creature of principle, what could have parted them? for if ever there had been love—

Pamela was very valiant, and kept her courage up with such reflections. And she found considerable distraction in her work, and quite a fund of consolation in the increased success which it was bringing to her. But when events enabled her to coax a bit of happiness to some-one else, through the witchery of her talents, it was more real satisfaction

to her than the tot of the weekly accounts

"Hats for these young ladies, Madam? Yes, Madam."

"A hat for this young lady," said Lady Amelia Vibart, severely.

She looked disapprovingly at Miss Pamela Pounce. She disapproved on principle of anyone whom she considered her inferior, and when a person belonging to the working classes was presuming enough, not only to have good looks, but to make the most of them, Lady Amelia considered it a direct attack on the prerogatives of those destined by Providence to hold a higher station. Only that she had been recommended to Madame Mirabel's shop as the one place positively, in the whole town, where any self-respecting woman of fashion could get herself a hat to be called a mode, she would have walked out of the show-room at the mere sight of this creature, so tall and self-possessed, so white and ruddy, clothed in garments that fitted an indecently fine figure to positively scandalous nicety, a creature who moved as if she were the condescending party, and carried taper hands each side of her waist-ribbon, not exactly akimbo, but with an air—yes, in very truth, an air of independence.

Miss Pounce looked at her visitors reflectively; a high nosed haughty, short, stout lady, flanked on either side by two tall daughters, the one beautiful, astoundingly so, a perfect miracle of loveliness; and the other—plain. No doubt about that; pleasant, bright-eyed, witty-looking, but plain.

"A hat for Miss?" said the milliner, her glance resting upon the less favoured but unmistakably the elder damsel.

The high-nosed lady tossed her head.

"Certainly not," she said with a glare. Here she pushed the beauty forward, "For this young lady."

She looked round for a chair, let herself subside on a velvet stool, obsequiously advanced by Polly Popple, and began to talk very volubly and pompously.

"I have been told that you have very good taste. What can you suggest for my daughter? Perhaps I had better tell you I am Lady Amelia Vibart. The Duchess of Queensberry has recommended you. I am sure that I shall find that you deserve her kind recommendation. I trust that you will. It is not my custom to come to shops myself, I generally expect to be served in my own house, but the Duchess advised me—this is Miss Jane Vibart. I think you must have heard of Miss Jane Vibart."

She paused, inflating her nostrils and fixing an ox-like stare upon the young woman, who really seemed quite independent.

Pamela turned her attentive gaze upon Miss Jane Vibart. It was perfectly true that she had heard of her, for there was a great deal of talk in the particular distinguished circle that patronised Madame Mirabel on the subject of the beautiful Miss Vibart. Something superlative, overwhelming, an absolute miracle, she was proclaimed to be; but the head milliner preferred something with a little more life and mind in it, herself. She betrayed by no sign that she recognised the overwhelming favour and opportunity that was here bestowed upon her, but inclined her head sideways, after the most elegant millinery convention, and said: "Indeed, Madam? Certainly, my Lady," as if these were any ordinary new customers.

Lady Amelia snorted, took an immense breath, and burst into fresh volubility with, if possible, an increased pompousness.

"It is of high importance, you understand, that Miss Jane Vibart should be suited in the finest taste, I must request you to give your earnest attention to the matter. Stand forward, Jane, have I not already told you to stand forward? And you, sit down, Sarah. You're in everybody's way. Now, young woman, what do you suggest? I want something of distinction; girlish, you understand, but absolutely elegant. Everyone will be looking to see what Miss Jane Vibart is wearing. 'Tis Miss Jane Vibart's first appearance upon the Windsor Walk. I think it will be very good business for you if you suit her. It will bring you a great many orders. I trust you will consider that, young woman, and represent it to your employer."

"Excuse me, your Ladyship," said Miss Pounce, when Lady Amelia stopped for want of breath. "I am sure, speaking for Madame Mirabel, that she will be duly conscious of your Ladyship's kind patronage, which we shall do our best to deserve—Miss Popple, bring me the primrose set, if you please," and as the assistant sped away, Pamela looked out of the window and remarked that it was a fine day. Now it was exactly according to the best tradition of shop etiquette that the customer's attention should be respectfully distracted during an enforced wait, by some polite conversation; and indeed, most of Miss Pounce's ladies had a good deal to say and a good deal to listen to, when fortune favoured them with a quiet moment in Miss Pounce's

as they are over there—as straight," said Miss Pounce, turning up her fine eyes, "as any confection in this establishment. The newest idea, Madam Hat, robe and trimmings, down to the parasol all complete, all in harmony, as you perceive. The ve—ry lat—est id—e—a," said the milliner, dropping her syllables one by one, spreading the flounces and frills over a chair and poising the hat on her clenched hand. "Ex—qui—site, that's the word, isn't it, Miss? O, it will become either of your young ladies to perfection. The embroidered lawn, very delicate, very girlish, Madam. Absolutely correct for a young lady that's a *debutante*. Not white, Oh, no, your Ladyship, cream. Pull up the blinds over there, Miss Popple.—Cream,

But Lady Amelia was not so swiftly moved to decision. The garment was tried on and the beautiful Jane was turned and twisted in every direction; while her mother hummed and ha-ed and criticised

"I'm not so sure I like the green waist-ribbon, no, nor the primroses, neither, mere hedgerow flowers. A nice artificial garden rose, now, and a good blue taffety sash."

"O Mamma," protested the plain Miss Vibart in tones of anguish

"I couldn't do it, your Ladyship," said Pamela, with a slightly heightened colour, deftly whisking the hat from the fair head and motioning her underling to conduct the patient back behind the screen.



The two sat together on the maiden's bed, and Pamela began to cry, as women will, over the tender emotions of the moment.

company, but Lady Amelia gazed upon the milliner with an arrogance that marked her repressive intention, and then turned her head away and told Sarah to give her seat to Jane or the child would look a fright for the rout to-night.

Dear, to be sure, thought Miss Pounce, "to see that poor piece jump up, and her younger sister take her seat, all as if it were the most natural thing in the world, if that don't tell a tale! I wish 'twas the plain one I had the hatting of, I'd get some credit out of it. Why, if you put a sun bonnet on the beauty there, she'd look out of it, no more nor less than the same handsome doll—you've dropped your *mouchoir*, Miss."

Pamela handed the elder Miss Vibart back her useful linen handkerchief with a movement as deferential as if it had been the finest gossamer and valenciennes; and that young person took it with a pleasant smile, blew her nose in it lustily, and thrust it into her reticule, no whit ashamed of its sensible quality.

"That's the girl for my money," thought the observant shopwoman.

What a world in miniature was this show-room of hers! Pamela had already seen many a comedy, many a drama played out in it. Here was a case of Cinderella on the wrong sister. A shame it was to treat a nice young lady so, because she happened to have a little pug nose and a wide mouth

"La! Miss Popple, give me that. (One would think you'd had to go to Paris for it.) And straight from Paris it is, my Lady, and all the trouble in the world to get it through, things being

a shade deeper than ivory, and the pale green ribbons, the blonde, your Ladyship sees, just flung over the hat and fastened with this bunch of primroses. Did your Ladyship ever behold anything more fanciful and pretty? I would not put a bit of ribbon or set another pin into that hat," said Miss Pounce, "not if you was to offer me a thousand pounds to do it! Oh, Paris ma'm. Yes, ma'am. Hot from Paris if one can use such a word for a thing so cool and April-like. Any young girl," said Miss Pounce, not without a spice of malice, "would be noted in such attire."

"O Mamma," said Jane. It was the first time she had spoken. She was gazing at her reflection in the mirror, crowned by the wonderful hat. Her voice was awestruck, as if she were overwhelmed by the sight of her own loveliness.

Lady Amelia pursed her lips, and then with some tartness bade her daughter turn round. As she obeyed, Miss Pounce seized the vapoury gown and cunningly held it up against the young lady's figure. A kind of maternal greed obviously struggled with prudence in Lady Amelia's heart. She gaped meltingly, then frowned, put her finger to her lip.

"Miss could try them all on," insidiously suggested Pamela Pounce.

"O Mamma," said Miss Jane Vibart, and:

"O Mamma," cried her sister. "Jenny looks a perfect picture in that hat, and I'm sure the dress is the most lovely thing I've ever laid eyes on. It would be a sin and a shame not to get them for her."

"It's the primrose and the green—your Ladyship will excuse me—that makes the real Parisian elegance of this gown. If your Ladyship requires ordinary English taste, there's Madame Flouncer's in Clarges Street, a very respectable firm, very respectable indeed, as I've heard tell, where your Ladyship would find herself better suited."

"Upon my word, young woman!" spluttered Lady Amelia.

"Yes, you may toss your old head, and sniff and snort, my Lady Amelia, thought the shopwoman, remaining herself quite imperturbable, save for that deepening colour, "but you'll not come it over me with your high nose and your country taste, and you needn't think it."

They gazed upon each other steadily for nearly a minute, then the dowager's glare wavered.

"It's an original effect of colour, I'll say that," she said weakly, "and—does that parasol go with it?"

Miss Pounce took up the minute article in question, shook out the fringe, opened it, and held it gracefully at divers angles.

"An ivory handle, your Ladyship perceives, cream *poult de soie* of the first quality, the sarcenet lining beautifully gathered, isn't it, Miss? a deeper shade of primrose, so becoming to the complexion, and such a background for the powder—really as never was."

"An ivory handle," said Lady Amelia pulling a long upper lip, "and fringe and what not! Absurd extravagance for a girl."

"It goes with the whole inspiration, my Lady. A cheap parasol or a wrong colour would—Foh! would destroy it all."

After which Lady Amelia fell to haggling. She demanded a personal interview with Madame Mirabel. She declared that the advantage to the firm of clothing the beautiful Miss Jane Vibart, if not sufficient compensation in itself, ought to make a considerable difference in the charges made.

Miss Pounce regretted that Madame Mirabel was not visible. Madame Mirabel could not be troubled on these matters. She who spoke was solely responsible for the department. She regretted that she could not regard the favour of clothing Miss Jane Vibart otherwise than as a business transaction. What was the price? Nothing! Twenty-five guineas—given away! Oh, no, my Lady, she did not think she could use up a square of her ladyship's old Honiton instead of the blonde. No, nor make it twenty guineas and throw in the parasol. It was a tremendous contest. Lady Amelia haggled with a zest and energy that spoke of long practice and an actual enjoyment of the process. Miss Pounce's cheeks were flaming when the transaction was at last concluded, and she had after all conceded a reduction of five pounds.

"And let it be a lesson to you, my dear," she said to Miss Pounce afterwards. "And when you see a customer come in with that kind of an air about her, put it up to her at once. What was the set marked at, Miss Pounce, dear? Eighteen? You don't say? Well, let that be a lesson to you."

"And do you want nothing for Miss?" enquired the astute milliner, turning with a kind smile to the plain girl. "I've a positive sweet of a Tuscan straw with cornflowers and a blue muslin. It would suit Miss to a charm. Very reasonable."

Lady Amelia, one stout foot poised for departure—she had a high aristocratic action suited to her nose—paused.

"Cheap? did you say?" she questioned.

"Miss Pounce, the blue muslin and the assorted *chapeau*."

Lady Amelia gazed through her eye-glass and Pamela rejoiced to see that she hesitated. Colour and sparkle had risen to the plain Miss Vibart's cheeks, and the flash of joy brought out all kinds of beauties, dimples, and tiny smile waves, and an archness in the curve of that too wide mouth over milk white teeth.

"*Chapeau and robe*," she said emphatically, "for you, my Lady, since your Ladyship has already so generously patronised us, and not to disappoint the young lady, eight guineas. Pray Miss, let my Lady see you in the hat."

Her hands lifted to her country straw, Sarah Vibart paused, looked at her mother, and the light died out of her eyes.

"Jane, you will want another gown," muttered Lady Amelia. "And blue was always your colour."

"O Mamma," said Jane, with a smile of joy that made her for the moment quite exasperatingly lovely.

It was that smile that settled her in Miss Pounce's opinion.

"Of all the mean, unnatural girls! This is a shame, I call it, a shame!" thought she.

If her business conscience would have allowed her, she would have placed the Tuscan on the beauty's head, and contrived to give the curls a good tweak as she did so. But as it was, she masked her feelings by handing the garments to her underling loftily commanding: "You carry on with the order, Miss Popple. Regretting Madam, I have an appointment," and sweeping majestically away.

As she did so, she in her turn dropped a pocket handkerchief, quite a dainty little article with an embroidered P. and a delicate edge of lace, smelling too of the lavender with which the Kentish mother kept her elegant town daughter liberally supplied.

The plain Miss Vibart made a plunge and picked it up.

"Good God, Sarah!" cried Lady Amelia, the exclamation jerked out of her by a proceeding so very unbecoming.

"Thank you, Miss," said Pamela, looking into the candid green eyes, that refused to acknowledge the rising tears. "I hope some day I'll have the dressing of you, and 'twill be a pleasure and privilege."

"Jane," cried her mother angrily, "don't stand staring, and if you poke

like that I might as well throw all the money into the sea. Try on this hat this minute, and you may tell Madame Mirabel—you—you young woman—that I consider it very impertinent of the person who presides over the department to go away like this; a vast bit of disrespect and I've half a mind to cancel my orders. Hold your tongue, Jane. I would, if it were not that it might hurt the Duchess's feelings."

In spite of Lady Amelia's censure, it was scarce a fortnight afterwards when a very small page boy brought a very large folded sheet to Madame Mirabel's shop, marked immediate, which he was enjoined to deliver straight into the hands of Miss Pounce. This document ordered with equal imperativeness and urgency, that Madame Mirabel's principal woman should instantly proceed to 6a, Queen Street, bringing a selection of heads suitable for Miss Jane Vibart's wear that night at the masked ball at Hampshire House. "It is very important that the principal woman should come *HERSELF*." This was heavily underlined. "Lady Amelia Vibart must insist on her personal attendance."

"Hoighty, Toighty," said Miss Pounce, and stood looking down at the page with one hand on her hip, eyelids drooping, a quizzical smile and a tilted chin.

"And how'd it be if I can't give up my Duchesses and Marchionesses to whom I've been engaged for goodness gracious knows how long? There trot along, and tell my Lady I'll do my best, seeing she's so pressing! Yes, yes, I'll come. And shut your mouth, little boy, in the name of Heaven, or you'll be picked up for a frog and brought to the Royal Aquarium."

Number 6a, Queen Street was a small narrow house wedged in between two larger residences; one of those domiciles that seem made for the impecunious fashionable. Miss Pounce serenely preceded Madame Mirabel's liveried porter who negotiated an alarming array of bandboxes, not without some bumpings-up the narrow stairs, in the wake of the country footman. On the second floor landing she ordered the important chattels to be deposited, and bidding the porter have a hackney in half an hour, stood a monument of composure while the country footman knocked at the panels of the door.

There was a clamour within, voices, among which Lady Amelia's didactic tones could easily be distinguished, oburgations, lamentations, sobs. The footman invited Miss Pounce by a leer to share the joke, knocked louder, and at an exasperated "Come in," flung open the door. As Pamela entered the long, dingy bedroom a silence fell.

The beauty was sitting in an arm-chair by the empty fire-place, her face buried in her hands, evidently in tears; the elder sister was bending over her with a countenance of concern, while in the background stood a frightened-looking elderly maid, her finger to her lip.

"Come in, come in!" repeated Lady Amelia, bursting into speech. "Shut the door. I'm sorry to have troubled you, I'm sure. No. I don't want the bandboxes. Miss Jane Vibart cannot possibly go out to-night. She has most successfully contrived to make such a spectacle of herself that I doubt if she will be able to show again for the rest of the season."

"Oh, Mamma!" exclaimed the elder daughter in reproachful accents. "'Tisn't Jenny's fault!"

"You'll not say it's mine, I trust?" retorted a deeply annoyed parent, and, as the beauty lifted her face, Pamela saw that it was indeed disfigured almost out of recognition by that distressing if not alarming complaint, the tooth-ache. The poor girl's left cheek was swollen to comicality.

Jane Vibart, with a loud boo-hoo, buried her head in her handkerchief again, and Sally, with a championship which Pamela thought the younger ill deserved, protested: "But Mamma, Mr. Tugwell hurt her so dreadfully last time, that poor Jenny was terrified—"

"Foh! I've no patience with her," stormed the lady. "She'll have to have it out now, and 'twill hurt her a vast deal more. Provoking creature, and it is so important, so particularly important that she should go tonight. Well, Miss, if you lose your chance of the match of the year, you've none but yourself to blame, and

let that be a comfort to you. Pray, young woman, did you not hear me say I should not require your goods? O! I could shed tears of vexation, and it all so neatly planned! The Duchess herself would have seen that you took the floor with Mr. W., and says she to me: 'The child has but to unmask at supper, and I think we may say 'tis as good as done.' Mr. W., his uncle's heir, and such a personable, worthy young man, by all accounts, and looking to be settled. Well, well! Meeking, take Miss Jane to her apartment, and tell Mrs. Martha to apply the leeches. 'Tis time for me to be dressing."

Whether rendered irritable by pain, or overwhelmed by disappointment at the probable loss of Mr. W., or goaded by the thought of the leeches, certain it is that the afflicted daughter broke out with a passion which amazed Miss Pounce so much that she turned on the threshold to stare, and perhaps even admire.

The beauty declared that Mamma was a nasty unkind thing, and that she herself wished she was dead.

"Jane!" cried Lady Amelia, in a voice of thunder. "Sarah, take your sister away."

Ere the sobbing girl, advancing in three totters and a stop to gasp, could reach the door, Lady Amelia bethought herself of a fitting punishment which spoke volumes for the matron's methods of education.

"Your sister shall go in your place to-night. Yes, Jane, not another word. I have quite made up my mind. Sarah, get ready to accompany me."

Pamela slipped out of the room after the girls, and was witness on the landing of a small fraternal scene which confirmed her previous opinion of the lovely Jane. This aggrieved maiden first nearly fell over the bandboxes, and then was seized by such a convulsion of rage and jealousy at sight of them, that, shaking herself free of Sarah's encircling arm, she slapped and pinched her sister, and then, at Pamela's horrified interference, dashed up the staircase to her own chamber.

"Pon my word," thought the milliner, "Mr. W. may have had the escape of his life! A doll lined with a vixen! 'Tis the most dismal combination. Don't cry, Miss," she went on aloud, as Sarah sniffed into her useful pocket handkerchief, "don't cry, there's a dear young lady! Let me come in your room with you, and see what I've got in these boxes: You shall look nice to-night, or my name's not Pamela Pounce."

Now Sarah's chamber happened to be a narrow slit at the back of her mother's apartment, for of course Beauty had to be well lodged, no matter how pokily plain Miss Sarah might fare.

Nipping a bunch of bandboxes dexterously in each hand, Pamela bundled after the astonished Cinderella into her dingy little cell.

"As for the price, Miss, bless you," she whispered breathlessly, with her back against the door. "You'll pay me when you're married." Then she smacked her lips as if the dish of her choice were spread before her. "I don't know when I've took to any one as I've took to you. La! We must have candles though, your window giving on a shaft as I see, and being, so to speak, worse than none. But I'd rather dress a lady by candle-light, any day in the year. And what was you thinking of wearing, Miss?"

"O dear, I'm sure I don't know!" cried Sarah. "My muslins are dreadful washed out, and Mamma said I must do with her mauve Tabby made over, for she couldn't afford to dress two—"

Here there came a knock at the door, and Meeking, the drab elderly maid, entered, carrying a white silk brocade gown, powdered over with little rose-buds.

"My Lady says you're to wear this, Miss Sally, and I'm mortal glad," added the woman, dropping her voice and looking, as if for support, at the milliner, "that you should come to your rights once in a while! Too bad the way this pore young lady's put upon, Miss. There! I've said it now, and I'm glad of it. Her Ladyship's just given me notice. I wish I could dress you, Miss Sally, I do indeed, but I've got to go back to your Mamma this instant minute."

"Don't you put yourself out, Ma'am," cried Miss Pounce, sweetly. "I'll help your young lady with all the pleasure in life! I was just about to show her the heads I brought on approval."

"Ah!" said the Abigail darkly, as she withdrew, "there's heads enough in this house to-night, and that's the truth!"

"I hardly like, though," exclaimed Sarah, "to wear poor Jenny's clothes."

"Why, you're a sweet creature!" The milliner shook out the glistening folds. "'Twill suit you, Miss—"

"Oh, my ugly face!"

"Ugly! As far as that comes to, Miss Vibart, there's ugly beauties, and there's charming—well, charming uglinesses, since that's your own word. I'd never call a lady ugly who'd so fine a figure, and so bright an eye—and if your mouth is a bit wide, Miss, sure your teeth are a picture; and if your nose is a trifle snub, there's something so merry and arch in the way it cocks when you smile, that I for one would not have you different. I vow I would not!"

Pamela was in the act of passing the Beauty's fine gown over Cinderella's shoulders, and as she twitched it into place she proceeded with fresh energy.

"What's the matter with you, Miss, is that you've been so set aside that you're afraid to smile and be merry. Let yourself go to-night, and you'll see—"

"Why 'twill be right enough," said Sarah ruefully, "so long as I'm masked—all the dancing ladies are to be masked, you know. I'm not afraid but I can hold my own then. 'Tis the thought that all the while people are looking at me they're saying 'poor girl,' and comparing me with sister. However I may get on with my partner at the rout to-night, the moment I take off my mask—"

"Now, don't go for to say that, Miss! You haven't seen the head I've got in this bandbox. One would think," cried the milliner enthusiastically, "that your good angel had inspired me, for I've got here the very mode to match Miss Jane's brocade and to suit you. Well, there! There won't be no gentleman at the ball to-night, wishing you was your sister. I'll take my oath o' that."

And indeed, when some twenty minutes later the plain Miss Vibart contemplated her image in the glass, she conceded that she might very well hold her own. By a couple of twists of clever fingers, Pamela Pounce had contrived to loosen and display her curls to an advantage hitherto undreamt of. When a hairdresser was called in, his services were not wasted on Sarah. And the "head"; what an exquisite indescribable trifle, and how becoming! The twist of silver tissue as light as the most delicate cloud, the single hint of blue, and the one full pink rose! It lent an ethereal aspect to the flying curls of powdered hair; Sarah's small round face took a something elfin, and, as she smiled at herself, roguish, that made the milliner clap her hands and vow that she was delicious, and that her own anticipations were far exceeded.

Sarah turned and hugged her unexpected friend before obeying her mother's call.

"I'll come round to Madame Mirabel's in the morning and tell you all about it. See if I don't."

Miss Sarah Vibart looked so modest and inconspicuous as she slipped into Madame Mirabel's hat shop on the thundery June morning after the Masked Rout at Hampshire House, that Miss Popple deemed it not worth her while to enquire what her pleasure might be.

"Foh!" thought Polly. "Some poor country cousin on the spy for fashion," for no one can be so haughty as the young person who caters for the high and mighty.

What was her surprise to see the head milliner conclude the affairs of a most important dowager in perfunctory haste with a peremptory, "Door, Miss Quigly," and advance with the most urgent courtesy to the customer in the plain print gown, with the unmistakable home-trimmed hat, and the not at all pretty face underneath it!

"Step with me into the dressing-room, Miss Vibart. I've got your *matinee* ready to fit on," said Pamela, with a knowing wink.

And when the two found themselves together in the little screened off apartment with the big mirror, Miss Pounce scanned her companion's face with the most searching anxiety. There was something in that face that had not been there before, an emotion between

Norma Talmadge, a First National Star, in "The Eternal Life"



Pioneering in the Clay Belt

By Mabel Burkholder

SUCCESSFUL pioneering in any country depends on the person undertaking the work. In the first place, you must make up your mind to pioneer. Woe betide you, if when you go to live in the new north, you cherish a secret hankering for all the refinements and conveniences left behind! You can't expect the luxuries you enjoyed back home. Remember, you have run away from the high cost of living, so you must forego many of the comforts money can buy.

It's best to go into it with a keen sense of humor. Humor in pioneering is what springs are to a buggy. It will ease many a bump as you go jolting along over the untried trails of your new life.

During my rather extended holiday this year in the agricultural belt around Cochrane, I made a particular study of the women who have gone out to establish homes there. I take it there are many other women in the older parts of the country who are giving serious thought to the very same question. Unemployment in the cities drives many a family to the land, and after all there is no better place for a young couple to make their start and raise their family.

Though I talked and visited intimately with many women in New Ontario, I did not run across any of the complaining or homesick type. Doubtless that kind are there, but most of the women I met were jolly, talkative, rough and ready in dress, resourceful, courageous, and excellent companions for their husbands. They were very fond of out-door life, and did not mope in the house; when there was a chance to go to town or to a neighbor's place with their men-folks, they invariably bundled the children into the rig and all went along. They thought nothing of going ten or fifteen miles to a dance, a party, or a church concert.

It struck me forcibly that people do not have to work over-hard for a living up north. Though it was late summer, the busiest season of all, these people had ample leisure. Things seemed to come to them without much effort, and their wants were few and simple. One might have to guard against developing the habits of an Indian, the roving, hunting sort of existence, and the dislike for steady concentrated work.

It's easier to pioneer than to live the life of a working-woman in the cities. A few things are not so easy, to be sure. A woman must bake her own bread, and when she wants fruit for winter she must get out and pick the quantities of wild raspberries and blue-berries that grow in every nook and corner. She must cook with a wood fire, instead of with gas or electricity. But that's not to be compared with the grind of living in the cities. Up north, living is cheap, and leisure is abundant.

The high cost of living is the prime cause that forces people out of an old settled district into a new. The burden of over-civilization becomes intolerable, and people find it easy to be contented in a country where the taxes are negligible, and the coal shortage isn't even discussed.

When you compare the new north with conditions under which our grandparents cleared southern Ontario, you must agree that the modern settler can hardly claim to be pioneering at all in the hardest sense of the word. In the olden days the speediest conveyance was an ox-team, and people had to wait weeks and months for letters from dear ones. Now fast trains bring in supplies daily, mail is distributed with regularity, while automobiles, aeroplanes, and telegraph lines connect the settler up with the outside world.

* * *

THE north waits for the coming of the right kind of women to complete the work of settlement. Some are there already, but many more are needed, and of a high type. There are a great many men there who are leading a roving, solitary, unsatisfactory sort of life, "batching," perhaps, in one-roomed log shacks. These places do sorely need the loving touch of a woman to convert them into homes.

Shall we peep into a bachelor's shack, while he is away a week at a time working on the railroad construction? The aspect from without is forlorn enough. There is no soft green grass about the house to do duty as a lawn, for it takes years to coax that kind of grass to grow nicely; and though the forest is so full of trees, there is not one to act as a shade to the house and keep off the fierce bright rays of the summer sun. Once inside, we see that the whole place is lined with building paper, which keeps out the cold, but does not give a smooth attractive surface to the walls.

house, with its fine background of forest, she will delight in the roaring wood fires of winter; but let him see to it that some beautifying touches are added to the little homestead as years slip along. A woman's soul languishes on monotony and ugliness.

Of itself the north is neither monotonous nor ugly. It is very beautiful. But man in his first rush to make money has taken all he can get and left nothing in its place; hence the many desolate, half-abandoned shacks one sees everywhere in the north. That must gradually be changed, and homes that are real homes



They bundle the children into the rig and go along

The house is really a marvel of compact completeness. In the centre of the room stands a collapsible, sheet-iron stove, which can be shut up and packed on the owner's back, should he decide to fold his tent and quietly steal away. The stove really divides the room into two. On one side is a bed, covered with heavy blankets and a patch-work quilt brought from home; on the other side is a rude table, a wood-box, and a couple of home-made chairs, which, though strong, are neither soft nor springy.

The Monday morning dishes, with the remains of a pot of tea, stand on the table, as they have stood all week; and behind the stove a rude cupboard shows dishes, and supplies, such as flour, beans, and baking powder.

must take their places.

There is a tendency on the part of the women who have lived there for a few years to let down on the little niceties and refinements of life. Many look ten years older than they are, because of their sunbaked complexions, their wispy hair, and neglected teeth. Even the children show the same neglect. These conditions do not need to continue. Perhaps it is a hard country on hair and complexion, but a judicious use of cold creams, and careful brushing of the hair would do for them what it does for women in any other part of the country.

One thing that makes it hard to preserve the little niceties of life is the fact that the people live in crowded quarters. All the houses are small, and most of the families are large. Frequently livingroom, kitchen,



A "school marm" who turned pioneer

It gives a woman a queer catch in the throat to look around. She will pause before the faded family photograph on the wall, and wonder if the young man's mother is still living, and if she sometimes sends him boxes packed with jams and pickles, and padded with a few pairs of home-made socks.

The bachelor's home has comfort, but it sadly lacks beauty. It cries out for the feminizing touch. To a woman the aesthetic is vital. She is starved by the unbecoming. The man who brings a bride to one of those log shacks must look to it that he gives her more than the bare essentials of living. She will love the log

and bed-room are all the same apartment, and when the family is so fortunate as to have an upstairs to the house, it is one unfinished room, where, perhaps, nothing more than a flannelette blanket is hung to divide the women's sleeping apartment from the men's. In such a place there is no privacy. You put up a regular fight when you decide you must take a bath. Often you must carry water from the lake or river before you can clean your teeth. And you realize sadly as you go upstairs and blow out your light to get enough privacy to go to bed, that pine boards do not a prison make, nor flannelette blankets a cage.

Canadian Home Journal

WOMEN also pine for educational and religious privileges. I was in some localities where children, remote from any school, were being taught to read and write by their mothers. I was in a Sunday school where the attendance for the day was eight. The little Sunday school in the village of Clute, twelve miles north of Cochrane, has been appropriately named "Hope of Clute." All honor to those who go ahead and break the trails in an educational and religious sense, for the oncoming generation is truly the hope, not only of towns like Clute, but of the whole north country.

Mercy on us! What a lot of home-making there is, awaiting the arrival of the right kind of women up there! The bachelors flock to any place where there are eligible women, and the arrival of a young lady school-teacher is an epoch-making event. They told me of a new teacher by the name of Miss Free. Fine name—what? I wonder how long she remained free!

There is a splendid, if unpolished, chivalry among men of the north which gives them a high place in the regard of women. "The best men in the world!" I heard one woman traveller affirm to another: "they can make you a house out of nothing, or a bed, table, or chair out of nothing, and they are never fussed when it comes to getting up a meal. They are the last word in resourcefulness—they can always think of something to do in an emergency."

Resourceful! That's it! Necessity has been the mother of some queer inventions with them. For example a northern bachelor has improved on the common idea of a dust-pan by sweeping the dirt down the cracks of the kitchen floor.

"I seldom wash dishes," one man asserts. "What's the use, when there's always a hungry dog sniffing along, willing to lick 'em off."

They asked one northern cook, "Do you ever use a recipe book?"

"No," he replied; "They all start, 'Take a clean dish'—and that's too much for me."

The northern settlers appreciate comforts and are getting them as fast as they can; but "style," as it is known in the cities, hasn't made a very strong appeal so far. In one locality I found two or three families who hob-nobbed together, but were shunned by the rest of the neighbors. They were trying to introduce afternoon teas, and sat around in front of their log houses rigged out in silk dresses with white shoes. They had even heard of "egg-coseys" and were displaying a few of them. Their attempt at style was forced and most incongruous, and if the contempt of their neighbors could have withered them, they would have been consumed long ago.

So you see the kind of woman you must be if you contemplate pioneering in the north. First you must have a well-developed sense of humor. And then you must be resourceful, and able to turn your hand to almost any emergency; yet this does not mean that you'll work harder for a living than you did in holding down your job back home.

You will have to put resolutely from your memory the luxuries you have left behind, and let your mind dwell on the advantages you are going to enjoy, the relatively low cost of living, the taxes which are negligible, the promise of soon owning your farm, the abundance of fuel, fish, and game, and the freedom from the conventions of an over-crowded civilization. If you are that kind of woman you will be the adored of some man up here, who appreciates to a more than ordinary degree the little touches a woman can bring into a home.

Of course no one will believe you when you try to tell them what northern air and sunshine are like, or when you insist that people don't dread the winters up there, planning most of their sports for that season. Yet the fact remains that the country exerts a wonderful tonic influence on all comers, and many women who went to live there unwillingly have remained to enjoy the health they found among the spruce and balsam forests.

You may go there a near-wreck, physically, mentally, or financially, but if you stay long enough the country is almost sure to work a cure on you. So many, too, go up there with a past they would like to forget. The North asks no questions, demands no credentials. It takes you just as it finds you. That's what I think is the very best thing about it—it's the country of the second chance!

"HOW can you think of leaving mother, Ann Perkins?" Maggie asked suddenly as she looked up from the letter she was reading. "You know she shouldn't stay alone!"

Ann had been expecting that question from the instant she had seen Maggie coming from the post-office with the blue envelope in her hand. She might have known that Gertie would tell Maggie everything.

"But mother needn't stay alone. I could ask Cousin Eliza to come and live with her this winter." Ann protested feebly.

But even before she spoke she knew how futile it was. It had been the same a few years ago when she had wanted to do welfare work. She longed to become someone; to do something. She felt that her life was being wasted, that even missionary work, difficult as it was, would be preferable to being a nonentity. She did not like being the old maid aunt—at the beck and call of her mother, her sisters or any of her relatives. The conviction was slowly growing on her that she would have had more freedom if she had married.

She must not go to the city to take up the work she wanted to do because mother would be alone; and she could not take her mother with her because her mother did not like living in cities. If Maggie in Saskatoon had a baby, Ann must go immediately to look after the other children; or if Gertie's children in Elmira developed chicken-pox, Ann must hurry and help her to take care of them—there was no question of her mother being left alone then. Ann had just begun to see how onesided it was. Here was her friend Emily Stevens who wanted to be a nurse; she was entering hospital training school in September. It was a splendid opportunity for Ann to go with her. She could graduate and later take a post-graduate course in one of the larger hospitals. Thus her ambition to become a social service worker would be realized.

But here was the old objection—mother must not be left alone.

"Couldn't mother live with you?" Ann was struggling feebly against the inevitable.

"Why, Ann, I shouldn't think you would be so selfish. You know mother wants to live at home."

Ann did not want to give Maggie the satisfaction of seeing her cry yet she felt that she was near the breaking point; hurriedly gathering her things together she ran upstairs to her room.

Of course she had brought it on herself. She shouldn't have written to Gertie about her plans. It would have been better perhaps to have spoken to Maggie first—but what difference! Nothing would make them see that she had a right to her own life.

Maggie and the children had come east for a little change and a rest. Ann bitterly resented this, why should they come home for a change. She needed one as badly as they did; and four children even if they are angels make a lot of work—but Maggie's children were not angels.

She felt that she was a sort of upper servant—a mother's help with privileges. Soon she would be thirty. It was all because she had not married, she told herself a little grimly. She wondered what Maggie would say if she knew Jim had asked her to marry him long before he had thought of Maggie. And then there had been Sam Johnson; he had asked her several times but she had been too ambitious, then. And now—she might just as well have married for all that she had accomplished. Maggie and Gertie could have hired someone to do their work quite easily. They wouldn't have thought of asking her to help them if she had married.

"Ann! Ann!" Isn't it almost time for supper? It was Maggie's shrill voice calling.

Ann dried her eyes quickly and hurried down to the kitchen.

When she opened the door bedlam greeted her. Jimmie was calling for eggs; Tom wanted the meat left over from dinner; little Sarah Ann must have "somep'n fussy." Maggie thought a poached egg would do nicely for her. Ann after some little trouble finally satisfied them but felt too tired and dispirited to touch any food herself.

AFTER supper Maggie put the baby to bed while Ann and her mother washed the dishes. Ann had never spoken to her mother about her ambition



There was silence for a few moments, broken only by the old bull-frog. "Isn't it wonderful out here to-night?" Ann said hurriedly

WILD ROSES

By Blanche Costain

Illustrated by Edward Jackson

nor had the other girls, to her knowledge, therefore she was quite surprised when Mrs. Perkins spoke suddenly, "Were you thinking of going away, Ann?"

Ann swished the soap around in her dish-pan before she spoke.

"Whatever made you ask that, mother,"

"I saw a circular or something that came for you a while back. I was sure it had the name of some hospital or other on it. Didn't you want to be a nurse some years ago?"

"I did want to be one, years and years ago—but now, I'm going to stay with you." Ann managed to say that with a certain degree of cheerfulness which evidently deceived her mother.

Mrs. Perkins said nothing further.

The next morning brought a telegram from Saskatoon for Maggie. It was from Jim. The landlord had sold their house and they must find another within the month. Maggie must return immediately.

Ann couldn't help a feeling of relief stealing over her. Yet at the same time, she was afraid that she would be asked to go with Maggie to help her with the children. But during the excitement Maggie had apparently forgotten Ann. She was too busy packing and cramming things into trunks and bags and getting the children ready for the journey. Ann breathed a little more freely when the time came for them to leave and still nothing had been said of her going, too. It was just when Sam Johnson drove up in his livery car to take them to the station that a sudden gleam shot into Maggie's eye.

"Ann, you really could help me a lot—" But Sam with a ready insight into the situation—after a sly look at Ann's face, quickly bundled Maggie and the children into his car, cutting her sentence short with "You'll have to hurry if you're going to catch that train, you know." Sam could see that Ann was pleased.

Maggie had only time to settle herself comfortably before they were off. There were wavings and shrill good-byes. Ann waved good-bye from the front door.

The house settled down once more to its accustomed quiet.

Meanwhile Ann busied herself in the house and in the garden, looking after the vegetables and the flowers. She liked

the summers in the sleepy old village; everything was so peaceful and homely. Even the houses looked half asleep with their shutters closed to the mid-day sun. Sometimes a neighbor dropped in or leant over the fence to gossip with Ann or her mother. And occasionally there were dull church affairs—and more gossip. She wished she could spend her summers here as Gertie and Maggie did. On the other hand how she hated the winters! She found the enforced idleness of the long nights almost unbearable; moreover the house was cold and uncomfortable. Then the next moment Ann reproached herself for her disloyalty. Now that Maggie had gone and was not there to criticize Ann's conduct, Ann's conscience did it for her. She thought of the verse which she had opened her Bible at, that morning. "Blessed are the meek." Ann told herself that she was a great deal meeker now than when Maggie and the children were with her. Somehow, Maggie and Gertie always made her feel rebellious.

Then about two weeks after the departure of Maggie came a letter from her. She hoped they were both well and she did hope that Ann had given up all idea of leaving mother. They liked their new home very much and were going to move into it in a few weeks. In a postscript she wanted to know if Ann would come and stay with the children in December while she and Jim went to Vancouver.

Ann had to repeat "Blessed are the meek" to herself a number of times that day.

* * *

A week or so afterward Ann had the "surprise of her life" as she told her friend Emily Stevens later. She was sitting behind a bush rooting the dandelions out of their neat little lawn. So absorbed was she with her thoughts that she did not notice her mother's presence until she caught her name. Mrs. Perkins was standing at the gate talking to Sam's mother.

"You ain't thought any more about comin' to Florida with us, have you, Mrs. Perkins?"

"I can't leave Ann very well," Mrs. Perkins was saying. "She likes it here. I've asked her once or twice if she wouldn't like to be a nurse or live somewhere else in the winter but she's always turned it away. I'd like real well to go to Florida—I've always had a kind of hankerin' to see oranges and lemons growing on trees—"

"Well, you think it over again, Mrs. Perkins, we'd like real well to have you come with us this winter—if you can manage it. You can just as well sit in the back seat as not—you don't take up much room." And she let a fat chuckle escape. "Sam's goin' to drive us you know he's been doing real well—"

But Ann did not hear the rest—her mother wanted to go to Florida!

To say that Ann was speechless with astonishment was putting it mild.

She was too dazed to do anything for a few moments. Then she rose to her feet. She did not know whether to dance with joy or sing—or do both. But instead she waited until her mother was alone and then running up to her breathlessly demanded.

"Is it true, mother,—what I heard you and Mrs. Johnson talking about. Do you really want to go to Florida this winter?"

Mrs. Perkins looked like a child caught with a jar of jam—a little guilty and a trifle troubled.

But Ann laughed, "And here I wanted to be a nurse but did not want to leave you alone. And you wanted to go to Florida—"

But her mother gasped, "Why sakes! alive, Ann, I thought you wanted to stay here!"

"And I thought you wanted to!"

Ann took her mother upstairs and showed her the stealthily prepared uniforms and nurses' equipment. Mrs. Perkins not to be outdone unlocked her desk and there stowed away were—board of commerce circulars, maps and general information about Florida.

Suddenly the same thought struck the two conspirators. They looked at each other aghast. What would Gertie and Maggie say!

Ann recovered first, "I've finished being meek," she said briefly.

* * *

That evening after the supper dishes had been washed, Mrs. Perkins hurried away to tell Mrs. Johnson the good news, while Ann walked down to the gate and stood in her favourite position, with her arms resting along the top of it. It was dusk. She could see the trees standing out against the sky like sentinels. In the long grass the fireflies were just beginning to show their flickering lights. In the distance a bull-frog boomed out breaking the stillness. Never had the place seemed so attractive to Ann. And then from the bushes down the road came the faint sweet smell of the wild roses. The air was fragrant with it. Somehow as she breathed its subtle sweetness she was dissatisfied with her life as she had planned it. It seemed empty. A vague longing which she could not define took possession of her. Whatever was the matter with her!

At that moment there was a footstep on the sidewalk and she was somewhat startled to find someone beside her.

"Sam!" she said, wondering to herself how she knew who it was so quickly.

"I've been wanting to see you," Sam said slowly.

"Were you—won't you come in?" Ann asked shyly.

"Let us stay out here." There was silence for a few moments broken only by the old bull-frog.

"Isn't it wonderful out here to-night?" Ann said hurriedly, "And can you smell the wild roses?" Then she wondered what made her face so hot.

"Ann!" said Sam suddenly. He must have felt her magic, too. He moved toward her. But she did not stir. Her eyes were resting on something unseen, some thing that brought a smile to her lips.

"Ann." He repeated softly. He reached his hand almost timidly it seemed and touched her arms on the gate. "Your mother has just told me that you were thinking of going away to be a nurse. I can't bear to think of your doing that—I want you to stay here—will you stay and look after me, dear?"

And Ann, shameless Ann, after overcoming so many difficulties did not even vouchsafe her career a parting thought as she walked through the gate straight into Sam's outstretched arms.

WHAT HAPPENED AT BED-TIME

A rolling hill, set with birch trees, shelters a stretch of beaver-meadow and marshland from the north winds. Here on the southern slope, on sunny November mornings, gather many of the outdoor people to gossip, to play, or to pretend that it still is summertime.

There was one particular morning, when, after the sun had fairly risen, one might have thought that Autumn days were still to come. Earlier in the morning, however, each blade of grass and each leaf had been covered with a velvet-white rime of hoar-frost, that disappeared at the first touch of sunlight leaving a world of dew-covered freshness. There was a lazy softness in the air, a haze of soft, smoky blue that robbed the sun of its flame and left it glowing redly.

"If I had not lived around here all my life, I would think that winter was not going to come at all this year," said an outdoor chap to himself. "Maybe I have put on my winter clothes a bit too soon."

It was Old Judge Fuzzer, the bobcat, who had spoken, and he was stretched out on the limb of an oak that grew half-way down the slope. He had not noticed that he had been speaking aloud, and nearly tumbled off the limb with surprise when a somewhat hoarse, but pleasant voice just below him said:

"Talking in your sleep, Judge?"

The bobcat peered down over the side of the limb and looked straight into the upturned face of Old Pop Porcupine.

"O no, I wasn't asleep," laughed the bobcat. "But what are you doing here this morning?"

"I was sitting here thinking about bed-time," said the prickly fellow.

Old Judge Fuzzer was curious, and clambered down the tree and over to where the porcupine was sitting. "Bed-rime? Bed-time!" said the bobcat, looking hard at his quill-coated friend.

"Indian-summer bed-time," said the porcupine. "Bed-time for everyone. This time of the year is bed-time for those who go to bed, for those who won't go to bed, and for those who run away because they don't want to go to bed."

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" laughed Old Judge Fuzzer. "I'm one of the won't-go-to-bed chaps. You are, too, Pop. Supposing we walk about and see just who are putting on their night-caps."

The porcupine humped himself up on his four feet, and with the furred and whiskered bobcat, walked slowly down the hillside.

In the lowest part of the little dip in the ground they came upon an old friend, who was so busy that he gave only a grumpy word or two in greeting. Master Warty Waddles, the toad, was making

his bed. That squat, fat fellow was digging a hole directly underneath himself, and as he dug he disappeared slowly, under the covering of soft, brown earth.

Not far away, Old Grimmer, the woodchuck, nosed about sleepily after soft leaves and grass, the last of his winter bed-clothes.

Dop, the ring-tailed raccoon, blinked curiously from a tree-hole, and Saucebox, the chipmunk, from his doorway in the same tree, chattered and scolded. Above them, along the top of the ridge, they could see Paddytoes, the brown bear, making his way toward the cave on one of the larger hills where he would sleep through the cold days.

"All of them going to bed," said Old Pop Porcupine. "I suppose the birds have all flown southward by this time. They are the ones who run away because they don't want to go to bed."

"Not all the birds, Pop," said a loud, harsh voice.

The porcupine and the bobcat turned quickly, and saw the speaker, Talky Tooter, the bluejay. "Bluebirds and bobolinks have gone, Ruby-throats and robins, martins and many, many more who cannot stand the cold days. But I'm going to stay, if only to keep Old Judge Fuzzer out of mischief, and cousin Gray Jack, the Canada Jay, will be here to keep me company."

"You like company so well, Master Talky," said the bobcat, "that I would think you would spend the winter where there are lots of houses and boys and girls. So many of your feathered friends have gone away."

"If every house had a balsam grove about it, I would like that, if it were not for the sparrows that would be there too. Saucy, impudent chatterers!" said the bluejay.

Biff! Bang! A ball of brownish feathers buffeted the bluejay on either side of his head, and, with a screaming squawk, Master Talky Tooter flew hurriedly toward the balsam grove, pursued by Spic and Span, the English sparrows.

"Old Uncle Antler, the moose, will be here all winter," said Old Pop Por-

cupine, "Ranger, the wolf, and—see who's here!"

Master Whitey Weasel was walking toward them, stepping on tip-toe, and holding his nose up very proudly.

"Ho! Ho!" laughed Old Judge Fuzzer, as soon as he saw the weasel.

"Don't look so proud and haughty in your fine new fur;

You're nose, and you're naughty, As you always were."

"My clothes have got nothing to do with my manners," said Whitey Weasel. "You may not like me, but you can't help liking my new suit."

The bobcat could not help but agree, for the weasel had changed his summer coat of dirty brown to snow-white fur, all but one little bit, a jet-black tip to his tail.

After the weasel had gone on his way, the porcupine and the bobcat came upon a flock of little, slate-colored birds perching together on the shady side of the shadiest evergreen on the hill. They looked so solemn that the bobcat inquired what the trouble was.

"We're juncos," replied one of the little grey birds. "We fly Southward with the winter, not away from it. I'm afraid we came too fast this time, though."

"It's hard to find days that suit everyone," said Old Pop Porcupine to the bobcat, "but,

When summer ends, why worry
That Winter's Storms and flurry
The Indian Summer's smoky haze,
Those last, delightful Autumn days,
Come after in a hurry.

The folk of hill and hollow,
If Winter 'frights, may follow,
To some far, sunny Southern clime
Of ever—ever Summertime
The bluebird or the swallow.

When fleet their way they've taken,
Some summer friends, forsaken,
Each in a cosy winter-bed
Curls up—a dozy sleepy-head,
'Till Spring's warmth will awaken

But some of us remember
What lies beyond November

Journal Juniors' Page

Conducted by Bertha E. Green

Who wouldn't care to stay awake?
Who'd wish a Southward way to take?
'Tis Christmas in December!

HEARING NOVEMBER

A traveller once said that he could recognize any great city in the world, as soon as he entered it, by the smells that greeted him. Less amusing, but far more reasonable is this—each month has its own distinctive sounds, twelve different tunes to be heard each year.

March and November are alike in that both are changeful, a deceiving calm followed by wild stormy outburst. But November has a music all its own.

It has been raining, and with the patter of the still dripping eaves I hear the brushing rustle of falling leaves. The clouds are broken, but let little sunshine through; the wind is rising again and sways the almost leafless tree-tops, singing its shrill song as it rushes down from the North West. It is not long until the sky is clear again, of wind-washed blue, and the sun of late Autumn beams with a tempered brilliance.

The black squirrel comes to his tree-hole doorway, and cracks a nut as he looks at the weather. He chatters too, and there is a new note in his voice that tells me he is saying: "Ho! Ho! November is here. My storehouse is full. A snug home and a stuffed pantry. What care I for November storms?"

Quite near me, hopping to and fro on the fallen leaves, are two English sparrows. Their chirping tells of appetites sharpened by November air; they are practicing for the days of saucy begging when I resume my winter habit of strewing crumbs to them.

A cat tip-toes along the gravel walk and mews at the door. Tom has a horror of wet feet, and has no liking for November days out of doors.

I hear the nuthatch and the grosbeak, and the finch is in the evergreen. I am tempted to brave the uncertain weather and tramp to the woods, just to see what Little People are out to-day. But the wind blows colder, and I am content to stay at my open window, look, and listen.

A cricket tunes his shadow-violin over by the hearth, where the fire burns brighter; and I can fancy sparks in the smoke that the wind whisks so quickly away from the chimney-top.

The sky is overcast again with ragged masses of cloud, the wind has risen to a gale, and the straining branches of the trees creak and groan. There is a swift patter of rain upon the leaves. A swirling gust lashes in and leaves my face rain-wet. I close my window and turn to the cheerful fire within. I have heard November



A HAPPY FAMILY ON A WESTERN FARM

Photograph by Margaret Jessop



Whenever soap comes
into contact with the skin
—use Ivory

Teaching without words

LOVELY CHILDREN! What a struggle it seems, sometimes, to keep them so!

Yet mothers can give them a momentous start toward cleanliness and beauty—merely by suggestion and example.

We know one understanding mother who teaches cleanliness by this simple plan:

She talks about how good it makes *her* feel to be clean. She leaves her *own* cake of Ivory Soap where the children can easily reach it. And she leaves other cakes *wherever* they wash.

This mother knows how quick youngsters

are to imitate, and she finds that these cakes of Ivory do their gentle, but thorough, cleansing with hardly a word from her to the children.

Ivory is the nicest soap you can imagine for your children and for you. It *cleans safely*—that is what all soaps *should* do. And while it is *cleaning*, you experience with Ivory all the delightfulness of the seven most desirable qualities of fine soap — purity, mildness, whiteness, fragrance, rich lather, rinsing promptness, and “It Floats.”

With *all seven* of these desirable qualities, Ivory is naturally the favorite soap of most mothers.

Procter & Gamble

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Ivory Soap comes
in a convenient
size for every
purpose.

Medium Cake

For toilet, bath, nursery,
shampoo, fine laundry.
Can be divided in two
for individual toilet use.

Large Cake

Especially for laundry
use. Also preferred
by many for the
bath.



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Surmounted by a chair-rail that is painted white to match the balance of the woodwork, a dado of pale gray painted-canvas extends around this pleasantly-appointed nursery. The upper walls are hung with an unpatterned French gray paper that forms an ideal background for the many pictures used in the room. Gray, also, is the basic coloring of the rag rugs, although enlivened by touches of white, blue, yellow and green. Most of the furniture is modern, finished in white to match the woodwork; but several pieces of old mahogany lend an air of becoming stability to a room in which the architectural character leaves little to be desired.

The Child's Own Corner

By Collier Stevenson

THERE is a vast amount of discussion to-day as to the relative potency of the influences exerted by heredity and environment upon the individual. Heredity—fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be—we must accept at the hands of our ancestors: whereas we can to a great extent individually control environment. It would seem, therefore, that we are justified in assuming the power of environment to surpass that of heredity. And where can the influence of environment more readily or more effectively be wielded than in the home?

Beauty of form and of color—a beauty extending to each room of the house and to every part of the garden—should dominate the home as one very important element in the creation of a superlatively desirable environment. That surely is obvious. Nevertheless, how frequently in the modern Canadian home is a room utterly destitute of attractiveness in either form or coloring thrust upon the child of the house! Indeed, in many instances, the child's room is nothing but a repository for furniture, which, because it has long outlived its sightliness, is deemed unfit for any other room in the house.

Were parents confronted by the direct query as to the cause of this evident neglect of a golden opportunity, they would in all probability claim either that children are not interested in attractive surroundings or are too destructive to deserve good furniture in their rooms. As a matter of fact, neither of these claims is quite true. Beautiful objects, more especially those of pronounced coloring, are almost invariably appealing to a child: hence a room equipped with beautiful furniture is very likely to develop in the child-occupant a sense of prideful possession that will prevent either the misuse or the abuse of the furnishings.

When at all practicable, it is an excellent idea to further that very sense of possession by dedicating to each child a separate bedroom, arranged to form, by the addition of a pleasantly-appointed day-nursery or playroom, a comprehensive suite—convenient to, yet quite apart from, the sleeping quarters of the older members of the family. Still another

commendable plan has as its basis a well-lighted playroom communicating with a sleeping-porch, a dressing-room and a bathroom. Sometimes, too, the sleeping-porch is equipped with an especially high parapet, in order that it may be safely utilized as an outdoor playroom during inclement weather. These, however,

are schemes which involve rather more expenditure than the average family budget can encompass.

Even in the house which in size does not admit the setting aside of two or more rooms to form the idealistic arrangement of communicating day-nursery, sleeping rooms and bath, it is entirely possible to

create a very satisfactory domain for the younger folk of the household. Primarily, the room chosen for this important purpose should be fairly generous in area and still more prodigal in the matter of sunlight and ventilation. Windows upon two or three sides there ought to be: and there should be a Southerly exposure—with a secondary outlook either towards the East or West. Sunniness and good cheer will thereby be assured throughout the busy hours of daylight.

Closets are, perhaps, nowhere more important than in a room used by children, where they invite to the formation of orderly habits. Their equipment should, of course, be scaled to the size of the users; the lower hooks placed at a height easily accessible, the drawers or racks for shoes at a point readily available. Outdoor wraps and any infrequently-used accessories can then be stored in the upper part of the closets. A roomy closet, equipped with built-in shelves for toys, is one feature which should by all means be incorporated. Beneath a hinged window-seat, additional storage-space, whether for toys or clothing, can be very advantageously provided.

Another structural feature that should be included, if not prohibitive on the score of cost, is a fireplace—for what child does not love the glow of an open fire and all those delectable things that follow in its trail? The joys of "the story-telling hour" twixt the evening meal and bedtime are a hundredfold intensified before a fireplace. And, even in this sophisticated age, there are surely numberless children who can revel in the simple pleasures of roasting marshmallows and popping corn around the nursery hearth. Apart from its sway over the heart and the imagination of childhood, however, the fireplace is always a valuable aid to ventilation in a room used by day as well as by night: and for this reason it is a particularly desirable equipment for the modern nursery.

Because children, as a general rule, are possessed of an almost instinctive predilection for decided pattern and pure color, the treatment of a child's room offers an unusually fertile field for decorative ingenuity. Nevertheless, anything savoring of the bizarre has no legitimate place in the room: for it must ever be borne in mind that tastes are being formed and habits of thought and action largely determined within the four walls of a nursery. That is precisely why, in both its decoration and furnishing, the child's room should be above reproach from the artistic standpoint.

(Continued on page 60)



A great, yawning fireplace dominates this century-old playroom, in which the walls above the ivory-painted dado are simply finished in whitewash. Even the time-marked oaken beams are whitewashed, as are the bricks which face the fireplace. The original boxed-in staircase has been retained; the space beneath it now being utilized for a diminutive desk which is amply lighted by the nearby window. The floor, too, is old; its large, flat stones ranging, in color from gray to brown being oddly laid to form distinct stripes at stated intervals. The rag rug repeats the colors of the stonework, with a note of blue strongly sounded here and there.



Raisins are one of the richest of all foods in energy.

That Dainty Bread Lends More Charm to Your Table —and More Nourishment to Your Meals

IT'S the finer touches, now and then, that make the meals delightful and especially remarked in certain homes.

A luscious raisin bread, for instance, breaks monotony and whets new appetite. Many women's tables are famous for no more than little variations such as this.

For there's art, remember, not only in the making but in the choice of foods.

Delicious raisin bread served plain with butter or as a crisp, brown toast!—what else is so enchanting to one who has fine tastes?

The flavor of the raisins permeates the loaf. And there's the incomparable zest of fruit.

Just try a dainty raisin bread occasionally and hear what your family says. Serve it to your luncheon guests. Hear their comments.

Remember, too, that raisin foods supply more nourishment as well as flavor.

For raisins furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound in practically predigested form.

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You need but a tiny bit of iron daily yet that need is vital. Raisins will help to insure an adequate amount.

In fact, don't think of raisins as merely delicious natural confections—which they are—but also as a healthful food which should be served with regularity in scores of attractive ways.

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Then mail coupon and we'll send our free book, "Recipes with Raisins," suggesting 98 other luscious raisin foods.

* * * *

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Grocers and bakers in every city and town can supply you with luscious raisin bread. Made with Sun-Maid Raisins. A full-fruited raisin bread.

Serve it for variety at least twice a week. Have delicious raisin toast for breakfast. Make bread pudding with left-over slices. Get a loaf today.

Raisin Pie

Bakers everywhere are baking a delicious raisin pie with Sun-Maid Raisins, distributing it fresh through thousands of retail grocery stores. These fresh, delicious Sun-Maid Raisin pies save baking at home and give the men folks a fine energy dessert. Order one to-day to try.

Stewed Raisins —Healthful "iron food"

Cover Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins with cold water and add a slice of lemon or orange. Place on fire, bring to a boil and allow to simmer for one hour. Sugar may be added but is not necessary as Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins contain 75 per cent natural fruit sugar.



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Suggestions for the Thanksgiving Feast

BY FRANCIS M. McNALLY

WITH the various festivals of the year, certain dishes are inseparably associated. The very mention of Thanksgiving brings to our minds, creamy pumpkin pies, sugary doughnuts, crisp new celery, cranberry sauce and abundance of autumn vegetables. In our grandmother's day, roast turkey was an indispensable part of the Thanksgiving dinner; but the high prices of the last few years have made this custom a thing of the past, and most of us must look for the next best. This need not discourage the home-maker of modest pocket book, for with care in selection and preparation, she may serve a Thanksgiving dinner worthy of comparison with any in which the turkey holds his historic place. The following menus are given with the hope that you will find in them suggestions which will help to make the Thanksgiving feast not only a success of to-day; but like the

two tablespoons of butter and two tablespoons of flour. Re-heat.

Chicken Pie—Clean and cut up two young fowls or chickens. Put in a stew pan with one-half onion, a sprig of parsley and a bit of bay leaf. Cover with boiling water and cook slowly until tender. Remove the chicken, strain stock, skim off fat and cook until reduced to four cups. Thicken stock with one-third cup flour, diluted with enough cold water to pour easily. Place the chicken in a baking dish, and pour over it the thickened sauce. Season to taste. Cover with pie crust and bake in moderate oven until crust is well risen and browned.

Thanksgiving Salad—One pint cranberries stewed and sweetened, one cup chopped walnuts, one cup celery cut in small pieces, one cup diced apples, juice one-half lemon, juice one-half orange, stiff mayonnaise. Mix the first four



Nuts and raisins for Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving dinners of long ago—a memory of tomorrow.

MENU No. 1

Clear Tomato Soup	
Saltines	
Celery	Olives
Chicken Pie	
Beets	Parsnips
	Squash
Mashed Potatoes	
Thanksgiving Salad	Pumpkin Pie
Grape Juice	Parfait
Nuts	Raisins

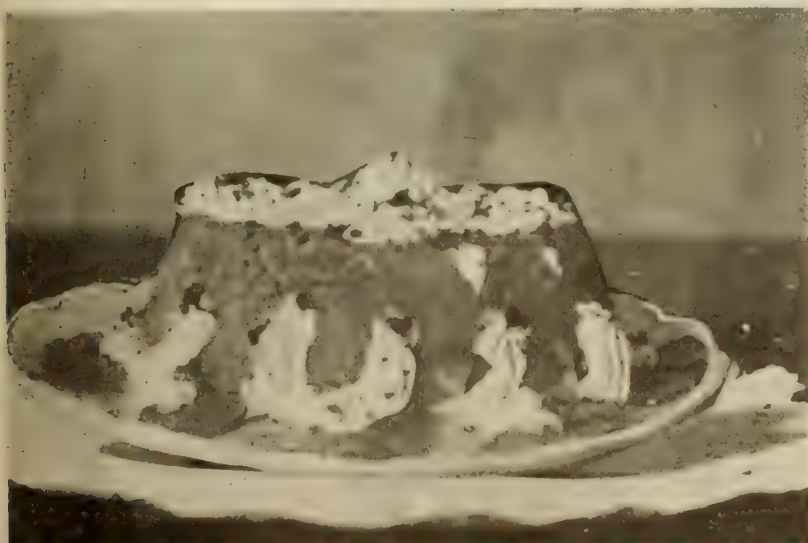
Clear Tomato Soup—Cook one can of tomatoes with one pint of water, one slice of onion, a bit of bay leaf, four cloves, two teaspoons sugar, one teaspoon salt, one-quarter teaspoon pepper, for twenty minutes. Strain and bind with

ingredients, add lemon and orange juice and serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise.

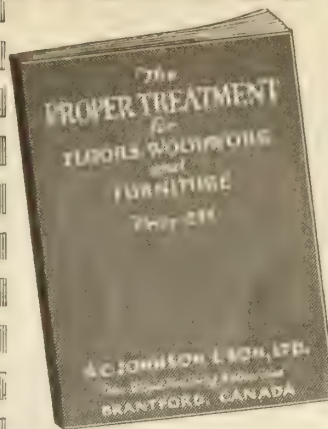
Filling for Pumpkin Pie—For one pie—one cup pumpkin, two cups milk, one-quarter teaspoon cinnamon, one-eighth teaspoon salt, two eggs, one-quarter teaspoon ginger, speck of nutmeg. Steam or stew pumpkin until tender. Mix all ingredients together and sweeten to taste.

Grape Juice Parfait—Boil one-quarter cup of sugar and one-quarter cup grape juice until it threads. Pour gradually over the well beaten white of one egg, beating constantly. Whip one cup cream until stiff and gradually add to it one-half cup grape juice and the juice of

(Continued on page 22)



Grape Juice Parfait



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Johnson's Liquid Wax is the ideal furniture polish. It cleans, polishes, preserves and protects all in one operation. Easy to apply.



Your linoleum will last longer and look better if you polish it occasionally with Johnson's Prepared Wax. It prevents cracking, protects from wear and makes cleaning easy.

Jacqueline of the Purple Bat

BY WINIFRED SCOTT

IT was all very well, thought Peter, to crash into a very unfriendly tree, wreck a brand-new roadster and find one's self a good ten minutes later some thirty or forty feet from the scene of the accident, but it was an altogether different matter to wake up and discover that one had gone crazy during that ten minutes interval.

"I wonder if I look crazy?" he questioned. "But perhaps I'm not. Perhaps it is another case of a magic button. A bit of Aladdin's lamp, you know,—rubbed itself on the tree, and here I am, transported in an instant from dear old Canada to La Belle France."

He closed his eyes for a moment, opened them again and looked around him. Yes, there was not a doubt about it. He must be in France, though how in the world he got there he did not know.

There in front of him stood a little French inn, so typical of its kind that he would have recognized it at once, even if he had not spent four years "soldiering" in France.

There in the doorway stood the inn-keeper in his big white apron, his round, jolly countenance sobered for a minute with anxiety as he looked over in Peter's direction.

There stood a little French peasant girl, looking the same, dressed the same as every other peasant girl he had ever

seen in the little French village where he had spent his various "leaves."

Peter started to laugh, very weakly, for his head ached terribly.

"Wonder if they can speak English? 'Fraid I've forgotten what little French I ever knew."

He sat up and motioned to them.

The Frenchman's face lost its worried expression as he left the doorway of the inn and walked towards Peter, the girl following him.

"Bon-jour, Monsieur," he grinned.

"Bon-jour, yourself," retorted Peter. Then he again smiled foolishly.

"Do you think my name is 'Alf'? And do all my buttons look quite normal?"

Seeing the man's blank look, he explained.

"Alf's Button, you know, old chap! Picture of it! He rubbed the button, and there he was, somewhere he never expected to be!"

A soft chuckle of amusement caused Peter to turn. There was the girl, incidentally the prettiest girl he thought he had ever seen, rocking to and fro with laughter.

She moved in front of the man.

"Jean," she said in French, "I will talk to him."

Then she turned to Peter.

"Monsieur," she spoke this time in English, English as good as Peter's own. "Yes," said Peter hopefully.

"You are indeed welcome to our little inn." Her hand motioned to the quaint, rambling building behind, and for the first time Peter noticed the sign outside it, painted in both French and English—"The Purple Bat."

"Thanks," he grinned. "Are you a product of the magic button too?"

She smiled in answer.

"No, Monsieur." She spoke very softly. "But you are a part of dreams come true."

She turned from him quickly.

"This is my cousin, Jean Leblanc, and my name is Jacqueline. If you will be so good, we will escort you in where you may rest."

With Jean's help Peter struggled to his feet. He advanced a few paces. Then everything went black before him.

THE faint perfume of roses greeted him as he awoke. He put his hand to his head, then began to laugh as memory returned to him.

It was a joke, this, to happen in the twentieth century, and to him, of all people,—Peter Courtland.

He glanced around the room, noticing the extreme cleanliness of it, the little white bed with its snowy linen, and the pink roses looking impudently in the windows at him.

"I am going to investigate this mystery," he decided. "Perhaps Jacqueline will help me out."

His gray eyes grew sober. Jacqueline! Already he was thinking of her! He, who had no right to think of any girl. What could she have meant, he wondered, by "dreams come true"? His dreams were over, all over, every one. Perhaps hers would come true, though. He hoped they would, hoped - - -

His head nodded, his eyes closed, and he was asleep again.

In the next few days all the puzzles were cleared up.

Peter found out that it was not a dream after all, but a reality, and that the little inn, so cosy and homelike, for all its grotesque name, was actually in Canada, tucked away amidst the by-roads of old Quebec.

(Continued on page 24)



A Threefold Presentation of Miss Anita Stewart, a First National Star

A special cream for the nightly cleansing

It removes every bit of dirt collected during the day



For the nightly cleansing a cream with just enough oil to cleanse thoroughly and not clog the pores

UNLESS you keep your skin thoroughly clean it becomes dull looking. No matter what you do during the day, dust and fine particles of dirt bore deep into the pores.

Everyone realizes this when she has just come in from a dusty trip, but every day your pores collect much dust and dirt that ordinary washing cannot reach.

To cleanse your skin thoroughly you must use a cream with an oil base. It was only after long experiment that our chemists found just the right amount of oil necessary to remove every particle of dirt from the pores and work out again.

Creams with too much oil will clog the pores. Creams that are too stiff will stretch them. That is why it was so important to develop a cream with *just enough oil* and no more. This cream is Pond's *Cold Cream*.

This cream is snowy-white, very light and never has that greasy smell. You know as you touch it with your finger tips that it has just the oiliness your skin will welcome.

Tonight after you have washed with warm water and pure soap, smooth a little Pond's Cold Cream on your face and neck. Let it stay a minute. It will work its way into the pores and out again, bringing all the dirt with it. Wipe it off with a soft cloth. The grime on the cloth will convince you how necessary a thorough cleansing is, and that ordinary washing is not enough.

Smooth out the little lines before they grow deep

Pond's Cold Cream does more than cleanse; it keeps your skin supple and stimulates it. Use this delicate oil cream now to smooth out any little fine lines before they have a chance to fasten themselves and grow deeper.

No one cream, however, can care for your skin completely. As a protection against exposure and a base for powder, you need a cream without any oil—Pond's *Vanishing Cream*, described in detail in the column to the right.

Use both these creams every day. Neither contains anything that can promote the growth of hair or clog the pores. Buy them in convenient sizes of jars or tubes at any drug or departmental store, at 50 cents each. The Pond's Extract Co., Toronto, Canada.

Another cream to protect against wind and chapping

WIND whips the natural moisture out of an unprotected skin. Cold chaps it. If you do not protect your skin before you go out it protects itself by developing a rough coarse surface. Gradually it toughens.

In winter you must guard against these cold chapping winds. The protection you need is a cream that the skin can absorb completely and that acts as an invisible shield against the drying effect of wind and cold.

The cream to use is Pond's Vanishing Cream. Based on an ingredient famous for its soothing effect, this fragrant, greaseless cream is absorbed the instant you smooth it on your face. It gives your skin a soft, velvety surface, keeps the natural moisture in and affords the best possible protection against wind and cold. Always smooth a little on before you go out.

This cream also freshens your complexion in a moment. If your face looks tired and drawn, a little of this refreshing cream will soothe it instantly; and your skin will look fresh and smooth. It will feel firm and rested. This quality of instant freshening makes Pond's Vanishing Cream indispensable for evening use.

Have you ever noticed that powder put directly on the skin does not stay? To make it stay you must provide a base to which it can cling.

Always use Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder. The powder goes on evenly, giving



your skin a natural transparent look and it will stay on much longer than if you put it directly on your face. The cream never reappears in a shine because it contains not a drop of oil.

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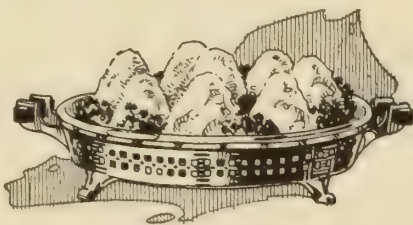
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Potato Puff with Cheese

By Miss Ada Wells.
(From the Ingersoll Recipe Book)

2 cups hot mashed potato
4 tablespoons butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
1 egg well beaten 1 Cheese
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Ingersoll Cream
Salt and pepper to taste

Beat all together until thoroughly mixed and very light. Form into small pyramids and drop onto a buttered tin or pyrex plate, and bake in a moderate oven until a golden brown.

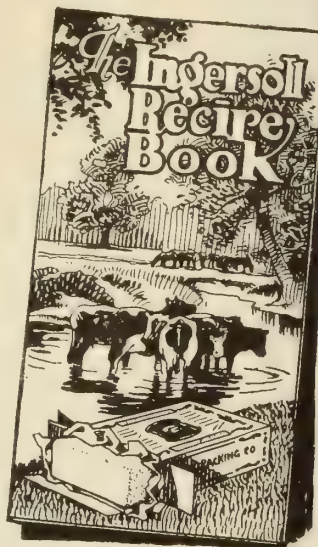
Dainty Dishes with Cream Cheese

Why don't you try some of the cheese recipes contained in the Ingersoll Recipe Book? You've no idea what delicious dishes can be prepared based on Ingersoll Cream Cheese.

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Ingersoll Cream Cheese is mild, mellow, soft and creamy. It spreads like butter. It keeps well and stays fresh. Sold in a sanitary waxed carton—easily opened and easily closed.

Made in the County of Oxford, Ontario, Home of Canada's Finest Cream, by The Ingersoll Packing Company, Limited, Ingersoll, Canada.



Ingersoll Cream Cheese

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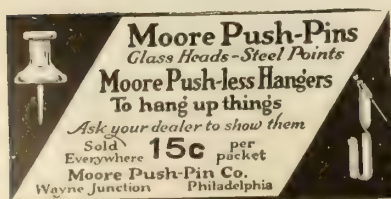
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TORONTO

Suggestions for the Thanksgiving Feast

(Continued from page 19)

one-half lemon. Combine the two mixtures, folding them together. Turn into chilled mould, cover with waxed paper and tight fitting cover. Bury in mixture of ice and salt (two parts ice to one of salt) and let stand three hours.

MENU II
Fruit Cocktail
Crown Roast of Pork
Baked Onions
Celery
Pineapple and Cream Cheese Salad
Pumpkin Pie
White Potatoes
Wafers
Cranberry Snow
Coffee

Crown of Pork—Obtain a piece containing six ribs from each side of a rack of pork, having the two pieces of the same length and height. Have the back bone removed and cut between the ribs. Trim each rib over the eye as for French chops, turn the rib bones outside and the eyes

cold with a custard sauce made from the egg yolks.

MENU III
Tomato Bouillon
Olives
Mock Duck
Savoury Spaghetti
Nuts and Raisins
Celery
Cranberry Jelly
Vegetable Harlequin
Apple Pie à la Mode
Grape Acorns
Coffee

Tomato Bouillon—To one pint of tomato juice add one and one-half pints plain soup stock, one-half tablespoon chopped onion, one-quarter bay leaf, three cloves and one-quarter teaspoon celery seed. Boil twenty minutes, strain and serve. *Note:* Bouillon cubes may be used instead of stock, using four cubes to one quart of hot water.

Mock Duck—Two pounds round steak, cut thin, four cups bread stuffing, three



Crown of Pork

of the chops inside and sew the pieces together into a circle. Mix one cup sausage meat and one cup bread crumbs and add one egg, slightly beaten. Put the crown in a baking pan, with the sausage mixture in the open space inside the crown. Cover the bones with buttered paper to keep from burning. Dredge with salt, pepper and flour and bake in a slow oven from two to three hours, (twenty minutes for each pound), basting often. Carefully remove the crown to a serving dish, fill the centre with vegetables and garnish bones with paper frills.

Pineapple and Cream Cheese Salad—Place a slice of pineapple on a lettuce leaf. Fill the centre with cream cheese and garnish with pimento strips. Serve with cooked dressing.

Cranberry Snow—Two egg whites, one-half cup cranberry jelly. Beat the egg whites until stiff. Add the cranberry jelly and continue beating until the mixture will hold its shape. Serve very

tablespoons fat, two slices onion, flour, salt, pepper. Wipe meat and spread with stuffing. Roll and tie or skewer together. Dredge with flour, salt and pepper. Brown with onion in fat until golden brown. Place in a baking pan and add water to half cover. Cook until tender, basting occasionally.

Savoury Spaghetti—Cook in fat for five minutes, two tablespoons each of minced onion and sweet pepper, stirring frequently. Add one can tomatoes and two tablespoons mushrooms. Bring to a boil and thicken slightly with one tablespoon of flour and one tablespoon butter. Season to taste and pour over cooked spaghetti in a baking dish. Cover with grated cheese and brown in the oven.

Vegetable Harlequin—Mix together one cup each of peas, lima beans, string beans, and carrots, sliced and cubed, and a dozen very small onions. Cook until all are tender. Add one tablespoon sugar,

(Continued on page 23)



Thanksgiving Pudding

Suggestions for the Thanksgiving Feast

(Continued from page 22)

MENU IV

Clear Soup

Celery Curls Olives

Roast Lamb, Concordia Style

Mashed Potatoes Savoury Carrots

Escalloped Cauliflower

Thanksgiving Pudding

Cheese Crackers

Stuffed Dates Mixed Nuts

Coffee

Roast Lamb, Concordia Style—Rub a leg of lamb with lemon juice and spread over it two tablespoons grated onion, salt, and dredge with flour. When partly roasted, spread with currant jelly. Baste frequently until done, adding a little water if necessary.

Savoury Carrots—Slice crisp carrots and boil until tender in just enough water to cover. Add one-half tablespoon butter and one-quarter teaspoon sugar for each cup carrots, and simmer until butter is absorbed. Add a tablespoon of chopped parsley and serve.

Thanksgiving Pudding—Four cups milk one and one-half cups bread crumbs, one-half cup molasses or maple syrup, four eggs, slightly beaten, one teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon nutmeg, one and one-half cup stoned raisins. Soak the bread crumbs in milk, over night. In the morning add the eggs, the raisins cooked in a little water until plump, the spices and sweetening. Beat all together and pour into a well greased baking dish. Bake very slowly two and one-half hours. Serve with whipped cream, hard sauce or foamy chocolate sauce.

Suggested Stuffings for Dates—Chopped nuts, whole walnuts, fondant, peanut butter, cream cheese.

MENU V

Clear Soup Crackers

Chicken de Luxe Cranberry Sauce

Buttered Squash Beets

Candied Sweet Potatoes

Winter Salad

Steamed Fig Pudding Foamy Sauce

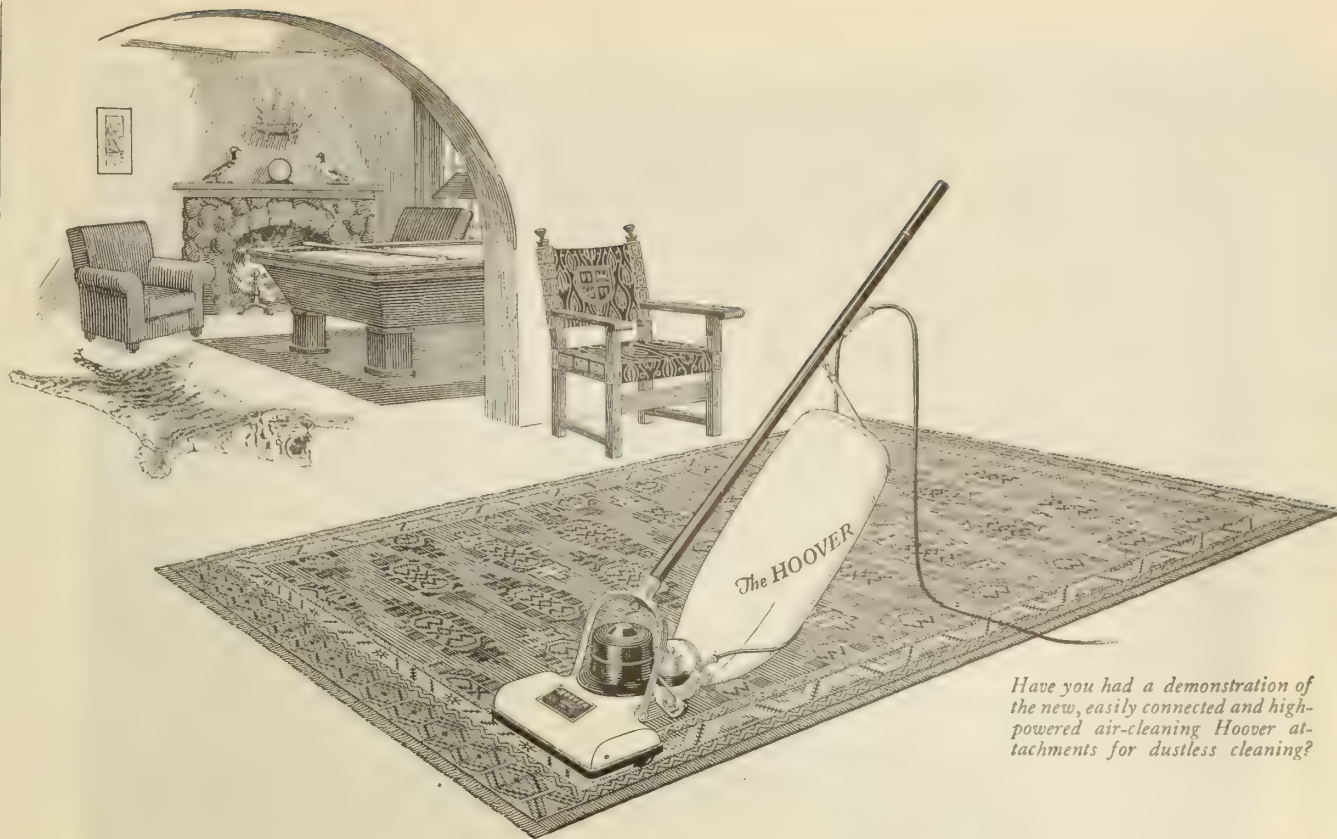
Thanksgiving Ice Cream

Coffee

Chicken de Luxe—Steam chicken until tender, then stuff with Uxbridge stuffing and brown in oven. Half an hour before removing from oven, lay over chicken two dozen small link sausage, not cut apart, and allow these to become crisp and brown. Serve chickens on platter, not disturbing the sausage, surrounded by rice croquettes garnished with cranberry jelly. To make the dressing, chop together one onion, one potato, two stalks celery, one slice fat salt pork, one-half cup cooked giblets, two cups bread crumbs seasoned to taste. Moisten with broth in which giblets were cooked.

Winter Salad—One and one-half tablespoons gelatine, one-half cup cold water, one-half cup boiling water, one-half cup sugar, one cup orange juice, juice one lemon, one cup finely chopped raw cranberries. Soak gelatine in cold water and then dissolve in the boiling water. Add sugar, fruit juice and cranberries. Pour into individual moulds. When stiff serve on lettuce leaves with cream dressing.

Thanksgiving Ice Cream—Three pints cream, one and one-half cups dried brown bread crumbs, one cup sugar, one-half cup shredded almonds, one-half cup chopped raisins, one-quarter teaspoon salt. Soak the crumbs in cream for fifteen minutes then rub through a sieve. Add the other ingredients and freeze, using eight parts ice to one salt. Pack with four parts ice to one salt.



Have you had a demonstration of the new, easily connected and high-powered air-cleaning Hoover attachments for dustless cleaning?

"Our rugs wear three to five years longer"

In 1912, several Hoovers were purchased to beat, sweep and suction clean the rugs in the Residential Halls at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

The results were most gratifying. The cleaning was done thoroughly, in much less time, without tiring the operators or scattering unwholesome dust. And the heavy cost of sending rugs to the cleaners was saved.

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Over this period of ten years, there has been ample opportunity to observe the effects of Hoover-cleanings upon the life of many rugs. Naturally the rugs are walked upon a great deal, with so many students going and coming.

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beating process, really extracts all the hidden, nap-cutting dirt from the depths of our rugs and so averts much wear on them.

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HAVE YOU TAKEN FULL ADVANTAGE

of the Many BENEFITS offered in this copy of the

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL?

Besides the many useful hints given in the editorial columns—the fund of helpful suggestions contained in the advertising columns is well worth your close attention—Look them over carefully and take full advantage of them.

Jacqueline of the Purple Bat

(Continued from page 20)

As he grew stronger, he explored all the nooks and corners of the place, chatted with Jean, and made shameless love to Jean's wife Antoinette, who was as plump and jovial as Jean himself, and who had the reputation of making the most wonderful pies.

He also discovered as the weeks passed by that few people ever visited the Purple Bat, except those who came by special invitation. It was more a home than an inn, a home in French Canada to make up for the war-ruined one in far-away France.

It was a lazy life, a happy life in Jacqueline's company, and Peter tried to forget the shadow that hung over his life.

They would go for long walks together in the calm October days when the leaves were wondrous colours of reds and golds. And Jacqueline would talk of Home—her France—in the soft, musical voice that made Peter catch his breath, and clench his hands tightly to his sides.

Those were magical days, until Peter himself broke the spell. He was afraid, afraid of the future, afraid of the love he had grown to have for the little woman who tripped so lightly beside him, and curled her tiny hand so confidently in his.

They had been talking of many things that particular day as they walked down beside the little brook that flowed by the inn, and Peter tried to lead the way to the question he had in mind.

"Jacqueline," he said, apropos of nothing, "Why did you call your place such a queer name?"

Jacqueline laughed.

"Ah, Monsieur, for many years, many hundreds of years, there has been a legend in our family that he who should see a purple bat should find happiness and love. So when we came out here, Jean and I, we named our new home, our home so, so, far away from the land of our birth, The Purple Bat, in the hope that it would bring us luck. That is all the reason."

Peter was silent for a few minutes.

"Jacqueline," his voice was low and strained, "Did you ever know, in France, a girl called Jeanne D'Arcy?"

Jacqueline stopped, and put her hand to her heart.

"I did, Peter," she answered. She nearly always called him Peter.

"But why do you ask?"

"Is she still over there?"

Peter was white to the lips.

"No, Peter, I think not. She had a sweetheart-husband, had little Jeanne. She married him in the Great War, and then she lost him."

"Lost him?" Peter's voice was so strained that it sounded unnatural.

"Yes," responded Jacqueline, without noticing his emotion. "He went away, and never came back, and now I hear that she has gone to look for him."

"Look for him?"

"Are you turning into an echo, Peter? You see, he was a Canadian, and she decided to come over to your great Canada to find him. But what do we care, Peter? We are happy, you and I. We're friends, are we not, and we will hope that Jeanne finds her soldier sweetheart, and is as happy with him as I am with you."

She looked very wistful.

"Jacqueline," said Peter hoarsely, "Let us go back. I—I—my head aches, and I have so many things to think over."

"Righto," laughed Jacqueline, "Righto, let's go."

They walked in silence back to the inn. Peter, avoiding everybody, retired to his room, while Jacqueline entered the kitchen, where Jean sat, placidly eating cherries.

He looked at her quizzically as she entered.

"Qu'est-ce que c'est, ma petite?" he enquired. "What is the matter, my little Jacqueline?"

"It is Peter," she answered. "He, he, feels so badly."

(Continued on page 25)

Jacqueline of the Purple Bat

(Continued from page 24)

"You love him, Jacqueline, this Peter of the magic button?"

Jacqueline smiled as she thought of Peter's remarks on his arrival.

"Love him, Jean! More than all the world!"

"Ah! And does he love you?"

"I know he does."

"Well, it is simple, little One. I shall, as your guardian, ask this young man what his—what do you call them?—intentions are. And then, as these Canadians say, it is up to you, Flower of my Heart."

"Oh, Jean, you will be gentle with him, won't you?"

"Gentle! Humph!" Jean snorted.

Laboriously he got down from the table, and mounted the stairs to Peter's room.

"Come in," came the answer to his knock.

He entered.

"What is the matter, Jean?" asked Peter as he noticed the serious expression that looked so out of place on Jean's jolly face.

"It is a serious matter, little Peter," said Jean, looking up from his five foot eight to Peter's generous six foot one. "It is about Jacqueline."

"Yes," murmured Peter.

"She loves you, Peter, and I, as her only relation out here, have come to ask you if you love her as well. She is the apple of our eye, Antoinette's and mine, and her happiness means more to us than anything else upon this earth."

Peter's white face grew even whiter.

"Love her? Do I love her? Why, Jean, I love her more than I ever imagined man could love!"

"Ah! Then all is well. And you will marry her and be happy for ever."

"But Jean, I can't marry her. I am married already."

An odd little expression found its way into Jean's eyes for a short second. Then it vanished to be replaced by one of blank astonishment.

"Married!"

"Yes, Jean, married! And I have never seen my wife! Would not know her if I did see her!"

"You joke!"

"Would to Heaven I did! Wait, I will tell you how it happened."

"It was in France. I was over there for four years, first with the British, then with the Canadians. It was all right. I didn't mind the business, but they kept mixing things up, and for two years I didn't get a day's leave. I was a little bit fed-up, when, after two whole years of it, I managed to get ten days."

"I spent them all wandering about the country, in and out the little French villages, picking up curios, and altogether having a very peaceful time."

"Then another year passed. No leave again. Don't know what happened. Another chap, same name, seemed to be getting mine as well as his own. Everything seemed to go wrong, and to finish the good old time I was having, a friendly shell landed beside me and just about ended my troubles for ever."

Jean gave a grunt of sympathy.

"I will never forget it, Jean, never! I was in a hospital for months afterwards, and I left it—blind!"

"Blind! Imagine it! I wouldn't go home, although I had been granted sufficient leave to do so. You see, they could not tell whether it was a temporary or a permanent blindness,—it varies in shell-shock. How I suffered! I could see myself, an object of pity to all the folks at home. I knew I could not stand it. So I stayed in France."

"I drifted into a little village,—I did not even know the name of it, and there I met my wife."

"She was so good to me. Her name was Jeanne,—Jeanne D'Arcy. She nursed me and she cheered me up in all my fits of depression. I thought she was the best little pal a man ever had, and I married her."

"It is funny, Jean, but Jacqueline reminded me of her, at first. But

Jeanne was quieter, and she could not speak English so well."

"She used to wear a velvet dress, I remember. Blue, she said it was. And she would come up behind me, put her hands over my eyes (that couldn't see, anyway), and whisper in her musical, broken English, 'Peter, Sweetheart-Husband, I love you.'"

"I sound like an ass, Jean, I know. But the love I had for her was not the same as that I have now for Jacqueline. Jacqueline is my dream-woman, the only real love of my life."

"But what happened?" queried Jean.

"I went to Paris to see a specialist about my eyes. He was able to cure them, and in two weeks I was back, to find the village shelled out and Jeanne gone. I searched for her for over a year, without result, then I came back to Canada."

"Jacqueline told me to-day that she had heard that Jeanne was out here now, looking for me."

He looked the picture of misery, sitting there, and Jean could barely suppress a smile.

"My poor Jacqueline!" he began.

"Stop, Jean, stop! Don't torture me!"

With every wrinkle on his face pointing downwards despondently, Jean left the room in silence.

* * *

AND in silence Peter sat there. It grew dusk, then dark. The moon came out, soft and yellow, and in the big tree across the brook, a large owl cried eerily. The roses outside the window were dead, but a faint fragrance from them seemed to still linger. The moon disappeared under a silver cloud, the room was dark again. The door behind him opened slowly. Still Peter did not move.

A girl moved quietly across the room, so quietly that Peter did not hear her. She stood beside him and put her hands over his eyes.

"Peter, Sweetheart-Husband, I love you," she murmured.

The soft, throaty voice, the broken English, and, above all, the words themselves, caused Peter to start. He put out his hands to touch her dress. Yes, it was velvet!

"Is it blue?" he muttered hoarsely.

"Yes, blue, Peter."

"Jeanne, it is you then?"

Her hands still over his eyes, she answered.

"Yes, Peter, it is me. I have been waiting here in your, oh, so big Canada, to find you, and now, I am so happy. You love me still, Peter?"

"Jeanne, I—Jeanne, what can I say? I—I—"

With a low chuckle, she withdrew her hands. In the dim light he looked, looked again, and saw—Jacqueline.

"Jacqueline! Jeanne, where is she?"

"More magic button, Peter."

"Don't tease, Jacqueline."

Then he noticed her dress. It was soft, blue velvet.

"Explain, Jacqueline, explain. What is your name? Is it Jacqueline LeBlanc?"

"No, Monsieur," she curtsied.

"Is it Jeanne D'Arcy?"

"No, Monsieur," she curtsied again.

"Then, what is it?"

She stood for a moment, rocking on one foot, and gazing at him thoughtfully. Then with an adorable smile, she answered.

"Please, Monsieur, it is Jacqueline, Jeanne Courtland."

With a bound Peter was out of his chair, and had caught her to him.

"My W I F E!" he cried.

"My husband" came the soft reply.

Downstairs, in the kitchen sat Jean, fast asleep, his plump arm around Antoinette's plump waist.

Across the brook, the owl called again echoing with its "Tuwhoo, tuwhit, tuwhoo," the old, old story of "I love, I love you."

And upstairs, in the big arm-chair, the two lovers looked into each other's eyes and smiled.



Are your Life-Preservers up in the Attic?

MONTHS of indoor weather are ahead, before golf sticks, fishing kit, swimming togs and garden tools come into use again. Will you be wishing for the "pep" and "go" and fitness you felt last summer?

Don't make the mistake of loading your body with heavy, starchy food when the "life-preservers" of summer are tucked away in the attic. That's the mistake which leads to dullness, weariness and brain-fag.

A sensible diet, of which Grape-Nuts forms an important part, will keep you fit and build up your reserve strength for the rigors of winter.

There's safety, sanity and comfort in Grape-Nuts—the perfected goodness of wheat and malted barley, including the wheat vitamin, the phosphates, and the vital mineral elements, in perfect form for quick and easy digestion without fermentation.

Grape-Nuts with cream or milk is a complete food, deliciously crisp and appetizing. It contains the bran from the whole grain so necessary to the maintenance of health.

Try a dish of Grape-Nuts with cream or milk for breakfast. Try Grape-Nuts in place of your usual lunch. It is a welcome and sustaining dish for any meal—and always ready.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

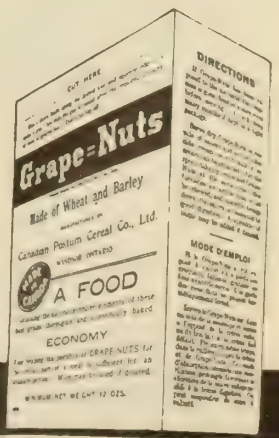
Grape-Nuts Six-Minute Pudding

1 cup Grape-Nuts 1 tablespoonful sugar
1½ cups milk ½ cup raisins

Cover Grape-Nuts with milk. Add sugar, raisins, and a little nutmeg. Boil six minutes and serve with any good pudding sauce.

Recipe makes six portions

Made by
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How to Shampoo Your Hair Properly

A simple, easy way to make your hair beautiful—keep it soft and silky, bright, fresh-looking and luxuriant.

THE beauty of your hair depends upon the care you give it. Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful and attractive you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.



Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips



The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water



When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers



When the hair is dry, always give it a good thorough brushing

You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months. Beware of imitations—be sure you get Mulsified. Look for the name Watkins on the package.



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TRADE MARK
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO



EVER so many of the readers of this department have written to ask about the "clay treatment" for the skin and we hope, by this time, many have profited by the information sent. If you will only use the same and afore-said clay every night for a week, I think you will notice a great improvement in the complexion. As a matter of fact, the skin becomes so much affected by the dust of every-day toil or travel that soap and water and even a cleansing cream will not always remove the impurities. Everyone who has been in a hospital knows that there is a great difference between ordinary cleanliness and surgical cleanliness. The power of certain sand or clay to remove dirt has long been known, but it has remained for modern seekers for new forms of skin treatment to capture the clay and put it in tubes and boxes, all for the sake of making more fair the human countenance.

The directions, in the matter of a clay treatment must be strictly observed. Twenty minutes, or half an hour, should be allowed for the clay application to do its cleansing work. Of course, you are a rather curious-looking person while you are "decorated" with the mask of grey; but, in the end, you will emerge much the fairer for the treatment. There is nothing unpleasant about the clay:—merely a close and cleansing pack which is going to prove a true friend to the skin.

* * *

IN this extremely contrary world, we find that even our features partake of the general upside-down-ness. For instance, we may consider the wilfulness of the hairs of our head:—which are said to be numbered. There is no season in which we may not expect the hair to take a sudden fancy for falling. In April there may arrive a day when the hair comes out in the proverbial handfuls. This sad state may come upon us in July or October or may even wait until December. There are so many causes affecting the falling of the hair that we hesitate to assign a "sure remedy." A correspondent writes that she has not enjoyed "a decent head of hair" since the flu made a visitation in 1918. Assuredly the flu was to be blamed for a great deal of unpleasantness and it has taken many months for some of us to regain freshness of complexion and thickness of hair.

There is hardly a condition of the hair that may be described as "hopeless." It is true, no doubt, that the longer we leave our falling locks to straggle along and come out at their own sweet will, the harder it will be to restore the hair to health. Procrastination is a thief of time and beauty and almost everything worth having. So, if your hair is coming out in alarming fashion, have the scalp examined and see to it that a good tonic is procured. There should be brisk and firm massage of the scalp every night. Without this exercise, you can hardly hope to restore healthy conditions. The circulation must be well in motion if the hair is to be the

bright and shining crown of glory which every Daughter of Eve desires to possess.

* * *


THERE is hardly ever a kind word to be said for November. Nearly every Canadian poet has written something about October, and most Canadian artists have put the rich woodland and opalescent mists of that month on canvas. When November comes along,



A fashionable coat of rust-red duvetyn with inset sleeves, the scarf, collar and cuffs trimmed with smoke-grey flying fox

in her boisterous fashion, we hardly feel like welcoming her, in either city or country. November means to us grey skies, bitter winds and the truly, "melancholy days." However, we may regard November as the "getting ready month" and so escape too much thought concerning the weather. Christmas is coming—

(Continued on page 54)



Vanity Box Coupon

Should a reader desire to avail herself of any advice which might be given through this department, her inquiry, written on one side of the paper, should be accompanied by this coupon. In the case of desiring a private answer, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed.

DOMINION LINOLEUM

Even a "John Gilpin" Gallop Can't Hurt Genuine Linoleum:

Hooray — Kiddies! — Play as hard as you like on Mama's Linoleum Floors! Romp and summersault—drag furniture about, play to your heart's content, for Mother can soon restore order.

Little ones should have outdoor freedom while playing in the house through the long winter months. With clean-looking Linoleum Floors they can romp and play, for there is nothing to spoil—nothing to mar permanently. Linoleum is safe and sanitary;—no dust, no germs. It requires a damp mopping occasionally—that is all.

It is easy to have floors of genuine DOMINION Linoleum. It is easy to choose, easy to lay, quiet and restful to walk on, smooth and creviceless. What advantages for the kiddies and also for grown-ups. And DOMINION Linoleum is moderate in price, too.

Step into your favorite floor-covering store and see these appropriate coverings for yourself. They may be purchased by the yard, or in convenient rug form. See them now.



Genuine Fuller Brushes carry this tag in addition to the trade mark. Look for both!

For Every Kind of Hair

FOR Men and Women—with hair that is curly or Indian-straight; for the “bob” of the kiddie or debutante—whether your hair is long or short, the “Fuller” Hair Brush will suit you. It’s all brush with no back—virtually *two brushes*. It can be sterilized in a moment.

You can examine this Fuller Hair Brush—and any one of the 44 other Fuller Brushes—at your convenience in your own home, because, *Fuller Brushes are never sold in stores*. The Fuller Man comes *right to your house*, and explains exactly how best to use them. He offers suggestions to you in the selection of such brushes for your personal and household use as will add comfort and pleasure to you in your daily tasks.

Fuller Brushes are made in Canada—of materials *bought in Canada*—designed by and for Canadians.

The Fuller Man is a selected resident of your home community. To him, courtesy is natural. He is trained to give dependable advice. His service is to tell you how to achieve labor-saving household efficiency and increased comfort, through the use of properly designed brushes.

Fuller service and Fuller quality can be secured only from the man who wears the Fuller trade-mark button on his lapel.

Has a Fuller Man called upon you recently? Write us for “The Handy Brush Book”—it’s free. A post card brings it.

FULLER BRUSH COMPANY, LTD.
Head Sales Office: Toronto. Factories: Hamilton
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Quebec, Que.; Winnipeg, Man.; Calgary, Alta.; Toronto, Ont.;
Windsor, Ont.; Sherbrooke, Que.

FULLER BRUSHES

69 USES — HEAD TO FOOT — CELLAR TO ATTIC

A Silver Anniversary

BY ELIZABETH BAILEY PRICE

"Our echoes roll from soul to soul
And grow forever and forever."

A MID environment rife in tradition and history, several hundred women assembled on the Stoney Creek battlefield recently, to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the "Mother" or first branch of the Women's Institute and to pay generous tribute to the founder, Mrs. Hoodless, of Hamilton.

spread from Vancouver Island to Grand Pré and northward to Peace River and Fort McMurray. It was taken overseas to England, by a Canadian woman, Mrs. Alfred Watt M.B.E., and through its medium amazing feats of service were performed by the rural women there during the war. Its echoes have rolled to South Africa—to Belgium, with its Cercles des Fermières.

An alliance has been formed with the British Institutes and already negotia-



A NATIONAL PRESIDENT

Miss Carrie Carmichael of New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, is the recently elected president of the National Council of Women on which, of course, the Federated Women's Institutes are represented.

Twenty-five years ago on almost the same spot, Mrs. Hoodless was instrumental in placing the idea of a society, that had for its chief object the making of better homes, before the women of the district.

The outcome was the formation of the first branch of the Women's Institute.

To-day on the occasion of its silver anniversary, so far have those "Echoes rolled from soul to soul, and grown forever and forever" that nearly one hundred thousand women in Canada are grouped together under the name "The Federated Women's Institutes of Canada." This idea has travelled across our Dominion "from sea to sea." It has

tions are under way for an International Federation, which will likely be culminated within the next two years.

Mrs. A. E. Walker, a prominent member of the "Mother Institute" has gone to considerable trouble in looking up the historical facts of the organization of the first branch. She says:

"History will ever connect two important events with the fair village of Stoney Creek. These are the battle of Stoney Creek in 1813 and the birth of the Women's Institutes.

"It seems a strange coincidence that both the Farmer's and Women's Institutes

(Continued on page 30)

Watch Your Skin

If you play golf, if you partake in any other outdoor sport or if you are just a woman who takes pride in her complexion, you must care for your skin at this time of the year to avoid the injury, which biting winds will cause. Just before you go out, rub Frostilla Fragrant Lotion over your face and arms. Your skin will be protected and kept smooth and charming. Do the same when you come in. It is a pleasant duty, Frostilla Fragrant Lotion is so refreshing and its fragrance is irresistible.

Frostilla FRAGRANT LOTION

As a base for face powder Frostilla Fragrant Lotion is very popular. Smooth it on, rub it in lightly with a soft cloth, then powder. Note how much more natural is the appearance and how long the powder clings.

AFTER SHAVING

Frostilla Fragrant Lotion after shaving stops the smarting and keeps the skin fit. To soften the beard quicker, pour a few drops on the wet, soapy brush and work in with the lather.

For sale everywhere.

regular price, 35c.

The Frostilla Company,
Toronto,
Ont.



Lady Belle Shoes

These perfectly styled shoes have features in fit and material which milady will immediately appreciate and admire, while the moderate price will appeal to the most economical.

WHEN BUYING FOOTWEAR—

LOOK FOR
THIS



TRADE
MARK

It insures comfort and good appearance

If your dealer does not stock, write us for name of dealer who does.

The Lady Belle Shoe Co. Ltd., Kitchener, Ont.

RADIO Easily Learned

Be a Radio Expert. Make big money. Win success in this new, uncrowded field. Trained men needed. **\$1,800 to \$6,000** a year easily earned. I will train you quickly, at home, in your spare time, to construct, install, operate, repair, maintain and sell radio outfits. Short course, low cost, easy terms, money back guarantee. Write for "Radio Facts" FREE. Engineer Mohaupt, American Electrical Association Dept. C. H. J., Chicago, Ill.

15 Buys \$100 **Engel "Art Corners"**

Use them to mount all kodak pictures, post cards, clippings in albums. No PASTE NEEDED. Made in Square, Round, Oval, Fancy and Heart of black, gray, aspla, and red gummed paper. Stick them on corners of pictures, then wet and stick. QUICK, EASY, ARTISTIC. No more, no fuss. At photo supply, drug and stat's stores. Accept no substitutes! There is nothing so good. 15c brings full pkg. and samples from Engel Mfg. Co. Dept. 94L, 4711 No. Clark St. CHICAGO

"What Kind of Electric Water Heater Shall I Buy?"

THIS question is on the lips of thousands of householders in Canada. The answer is quite simple. A "flat rate" for continuous water heat (giving hot water day and night) has been introduced into a great many municipalities. If your power company can give you this "flat rate," and if your family consists of not more than eight persons, by all means install a Moffat No. 2 Electric Water Heater with flat rate and meter combination. It is the solution of the hot water problem.

This flat rate means that the average family of from 5 to 8 can now have a continuous supply of hot water, with

a standing reserve of 30 gallons always on tap, at an average cost of only \$2.95 per month where a Moffat No. 2 Electric Water Heater is used.

With one of these splendid Water Heaters you not only have hot water at all hours, but, should a sudden demand arise, you can turn a three-heat switch and in a short time you will have all the hot water you require to meet the extra need at an additional cost at an average of one cent per K. W. hour. (See diagram and explanation at left.)



This is a Moffat No. 2 Electric Water Heater, with switches for flat rate and meter combination.

How Flat Rate System Works



This is the Moffat Heater Element, with flat rate and meter combination. The upper bracket shows that part of the heater which operates under the Flat Rate System. The lower bracket shows the part of heater which goes to work off the meter on the turn of the three-heat switch, when extra supplies of hot water are needed. This is patented. You cannot purchase a flat rate and three-heat combination on any other electric water heater anywhere in America.

If you are in a district where the "flat rate" system is not yet in use, install a No. 2 Moffat Electric Heater and have the three-heat switch adjusted to meet the needs of the family. This gives you hot water whenever you require it, and is really an excellent plan.

Write at once for full particulars regarding Heaters and Electric Ranges, to Moffats Limited, Weston, Ontario.

MOFFATS Electric Water Heater

YOU CAN - IF - YOU WILL

Earn from \$100. to \$1500. Between now and Christmas, in pleasant and dignified work

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THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL wants ambitious women of refinement in every district in Canada to act as its representatives.

You will be surprised at how simple it is to interest all true Canadian women in Canada's foremost publication for women. It is not difficult because the appeal is there. All mothers, business women, church workers and club members are promising prospects.

NOW is the most propitious time of the year to obtain results. Christmas is approaching and so it will be for your own benefit to act with all dispatch. Fill in the coupon below, without obligation to yourself and learn of the liberal cash commissions and bonuses we are prepared to offer.

For full particulars about our money making plan whereby you may have an opportunity to make every spare hour bring extra profit, send your name and address on this coupon to the Agency Department, Canadian Home Journal, Toronto, Ontario. *It will pay you to act promptly.*

Name

Street

Town Province

A Silver Anniversary

(Continued from page 29)

should have their origin in Wentworth county.

"Several years before there was a women's institute—there was a Farmer's Institute, one of the active workers of the latter being a Mr. Erland Lee, a young progressive farmer of the district.

"In the fall of 1896 Mr. Lee, while attending the Experimental Union held in Guelph heard Mrs. Hoodless, of Hamilton, deliver an address on "Domestic Science and Sewing in our Public Schools." Mr. Lee was so impressed with this address that he invited her to come to Stoney Creek and speak at a joint meeting of men and women held under the auspices of the Farmer's Institute. She did so and advanced the idea that a women's institute, similar to the farmer's would have many benefits and advantages. The chairman then asked the women, how many could come to a meeting at which Mrs. Hoodless, assisted by Mrs. Rorer, would speak again, and decide whether or no they would organize an institute. Thirty-five hands went up immediately. The following Friday, February 19th, 1897, the women met in Squire's Hall. There were awaiting the speaker, 101 women and one man, Mr. Erland Lee, who was made chairman.

"After much discussion, argument, etc., it was decided to organize a Women's Department of Domestic Economy, in affiliation with the Farmer's Institute, and that the name of the new organization be "Women's Department of the Farmer's Institute of South Wentworth." The following officers were elected; president, Mrs. E. D. Smith; first vice-president, Mrs. J. M. Melson; second vice-president, Mrs. J. J. Dean; secretary, Miss M. E. Nash; treasurer, Mrs. J. H. McNeilly. These officers have been continuous active workers ever since.

"The first regular meeting was held Thursday, February 25th, when the name of the Society was discussed and changed to "The Women's Institute of Saltfleet." The constitution and by-laws were drafted and adopted, these remaining to-day almost identical to those passed at that meeting. The constitution read: "The object of this Institute shall be to promote that knowledge of household science which shall lead to the improvement in household architecture with special attention to home sanitation, to a better understanding of the economic and hygienic value of goods and fuels and to a more scientific care of children with a view to raising the general health of our people."

At the next meeting, two weeks later, a reply from Mr. Hodson, superintendent of the Farmer's Institute, was read and was most favorable.

It is interesting to note the topics studied and discussed at the first meetings. Mrs. McNeilly gave a paper on "Proper Food for Children" at the second meeting, followed by a discussion, while another paper on "Art" was read by a member. Other papers were on "Our Children," "The Children in Health and Disease," "Child Culture," "Fresh Air," etc., these showing that even in these early days the institute was blazing a trail along the work of Child Welfare.

The membership for the first year was seventy-five. In the latter part of 1898 the institute exchanged visits with other branches—discussed affiliation with the National Council of Women, held successful concerts, and offered prizes at the township fairs for the best whole wheat bread.

To show how progressive these early members were, it is recorded in the minutes of January 12th, 1899, of sending two members to Welland, to give papers at the Farmer's Institute meeting; also different members were appointed to write articles for the "Weekly Sun of Toronto," the "Farmer's Advocate," of London, and the "Rural New Yorker," of New York City.

At an open meeting in 1899, with Mrs. Hoodless in the chair, an address was given on "Bread and Butter Making."

(Continued on page 33)

The Ploughman

BY F. H. SWEET

CHAPPELL'S berry fields presented a busy scene during the picking season. All the girls and boys of the neighborhood, who wanted work, were there—and all the older people, too, for that matter. Little tots of seven and eight, and their great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers of seventy or eighty, were spread out like animated dots over the strawberry fields, or scattered along the rows of currants and gooseberries, or perhaps almost hidden by the tall green sprays of raspberry vines. Every day hundreds of nicely packed crates and baskets and boxes were taken to the railroad station by the delivery wagon; and every evening the small army of pickers crowded about the office door to exchange the cardboard checks representing their day's labor for an equivalent in money.

So one day when a rough, half-grown boy slouched up to the manager and mumbled something about work, he was promptly directed to join the pickers. Work? There was lots of it, the manager said.

But the fellow drew back, his face clouding. Evidently the answer was unexpected. For a single instant they gazed at each other; then the fellow's eyes shifted and dropped, and the manager's darkened. He had met this manner of man—or boy—before, and knew his ways. Asking for work was but a feeler; that being refused, he would tell some pitiful story and beg for his dinner and perhaps a little money, in the meantime looking about with stealthy, covetous eyes for whatever was valuable and portable. Very likely he had associates in the vicinity; and the manager's eyes went down to the main road, and along that towards the bit of woods a quarter of a mile away. Yes, there were two men sprawled upon the grass beside the road, smoking. Even at that distance he could recognize them as tramps. A hard look came into his eyes, and sharp words to his lips. But only for a moment; then they were lost in something entirely different.

And it all came about from his little four-year-old son passing by them toward the berry field. The figure had been slouching away when the shifting eyes caught sight of the boy, and for an instant a new look came into them, and then became lost in the habitual expression of sullenness. But brief as it was, the manager had seen.

John Grover had not been a hirer of help all these years to make mistakes in his men. Besides, he was fond of experimenting. Sometimes the best firewood had the roughest, knottiest bark on the outside; and of all the varieties of strawberries he raised, his own choice was a small, irregular fruit which even a local

market would have disdained. This unprepossessing applicant for work might not be as bad as he looked. He was of good figure, evidently strong and healthy, and his very sullenness and lack of confidence were in his favor, for they indicated that he was ashamed of his position. Moreover, he was only a boy and very likely the tool of others. And then that look.

"Yes, I have plenty of work," he said, looking keenly at the lowering, discontented face. "Did you ever pick berries?"

"No," surlily.

The manager's gaze examined him critically, comprehendingly. "And yet you were brought up on a farm," he declared.

The eyes sought his suspiciously. "How do you know?"

The manager laughed. "I haven't dealt with men without learning some of the signs of their vocations," he answered. "Your hands have been hardened and toughened by plough handles. I can see that. And you walk like a farmer. But come," as the other scowled and glanced toward the road, "let us go down to the berry fields."

"But I don't want—" the sentence was cut short abruptly. He had asked for work, and it would not do to arouse suspicion. That was not what he was here for.

"I don't b'lieve I can pick berries," he grumbled as he slouched along beside the manager, "my fingers are too big."

"Oh, well, there's plenty of other work," the manager said easily. "And to tell the truth, it's the other work that I am anxious about. Anybody can pick berries. Now this," as they paused beside the strawberry field, "is our banner crop. We have forty varieties and a daily yield of fifty to seventy-five bushels. Taste that," stooping and selecting a large, thickly-crowned berry, "it's a buback, and in just the right condition for eating."

The hulking, over-grown boy took the berry diffidently and placed it between his teeth. "Yes, it's good," he said after a moment, "prime good."

"Our market thinks so. Now we'll go on to the currants and raspberries and blackberries. Then there is a field I want to show you. But about work, it's curious how many people there are who haven't learned their own business. The country's full of farmers, for instance, and yet there are very few who can plough a field of heavy ground properly. I've a dozen men here who think they can handle a plough, but there's only two or three of them I'd trust with really fine work. You know how it is, though, being raised on a farm."

(Continued on page 32)



"The way I won Provincial Sweepstakes," Boys' and Girls' Club, Manitoba

When you want
to look your best
—use

Boncilla

Clasmic
Facial Pack

One application of the wonderful Boncilla Beautifier creates a transformation. Try it some evening when you want to look your best. Apply it and then proceed with your preparations—have your bath, do your hair and so on. By that time Boncilla will have done its work.

Remove it with a wet towel and you will be honestly amazed at the result. Tired lines and disfiguring blackheads will have vanished. In place of the usual dullness of coloring your cheeks will have an exquisite rose petal tint and your skin will be as soft as a baby's.

Boncilla Beautifier does these definite things on a guarantee of satisfaction, or money refunded:

1. Clears the complexion and gives it color.
2. Cleanses and closes enlarged pores.
3. Removes blackheads and pimples.
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Three Complete Boncilla Packs Cost Only 50c.

Boncilla Package-O-Beauty, which contains enough Boncilla Beautifier Creams and Powder for 3 or 4 complete applications can be had for 50 cents from any druggist or department store, or will be sent on receipt of the Coupon (below) and 50c.

BONCILLA PRICES
Boncilla Beautifier comes in 3 sizes:
No. 7 tube \$1.00
No. 5 jar \$1.50
No. 8 jar \$2.25

Boncilla Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Face Powder, each 75c. Ideal set, containing Boncilla Beautifier No. 7 tube and full size creams and face powder, \$3.25.

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Boncilla Laboratories, 29-31 Adelaide St., W., TORONTO. Enclosed find 50 cents, for which please send me Boncilla Package-O-Beauty.

Name

Street

City

4

The Ploughman

(Continued from page 31)

The heavy face lightened for an instant. "Yes, good ploughers are scarce. I used to—"

The sentence was not finished, but the manager looked across the fields to hide a sudden twinkle of satisfaction in his eyes. It was the first sign of interest the tramp had shown.

* * *

FROM the berry fields they went across some meadow land and a brook to a square, inclosed field of ten or twelve acres. Around it several furrows had recently been turned, for the soil was still moist. The manager nodded toward them significantly.

"I want you to look that work over," he said, "and tell me just what you think of it." He then appeared to busy himself about the fence, but did it in such a manner as to keep a covert oversight of his companion's face.

But the caution was unnecessary. The heavy face was animated, critical, disapproving; and the hulking figure had straightened up and seemingly grown more compact as it moved back and forth along the furrows. Evidently the fellow was with something familiar and congenial, and lost to the restraint of his presence.

"Well," the manager asked at last, "what do you think?"

The fellow started and resumed his slouching gait. "Botch work," he replied, "every furrer of it; an' the furrers are all done by different hands, too."

"Right you are," cried the manager, heartily. "You've got keen eyes. The way of it is this; yesterday a man came who said he could plough. I set him to work here and let him go round once, then put him to picking strawberries. This morning two other men came, and I gave each of them a chance at the plough. They are now with the pickers. This field ought to have been ready for plants ten days ago, but I want it ploughed right or not at all." He looked at the face before him a moment, then appeared to decide its owner was not ready for overtures, for he went on: "My experts will likely have to come over and do the work, though I hate to spare them from the job they're at now. It's curious how many there are like you who know good work when they see it, but who can't do it themselves. I don't doubt but every man on the place really believes he is a good plougher."

"Huh! I could do that lot with any man in the country," he heard his companion mutter, but appeared not to notice.

"Now that you've seen poor work," he continued regretfully, "I really wish one of my experts was here to show you what good ploughing was like. I wish all the farmers in the country could come and take a lesson."

The hulking figure had been hitching about impatiently. Now it turned to him defiantly. "Have ye any horses handy?"

"Why, yes, I believe so," the manager replied with apparent indifference. "I wouldn't wonder if there is a pair all harnessed, just as the man left them. I'll have them brought."

A boy was at work near the brook. He called to him. The boy sped away toward the barn. When he appeared with the horses, five minutes later, the tramp caught the lines from him with dexterous familiarity, guided the horses through the opening in the fence, fastened the traces to the plough, swung it

over into another furrow, and then chirruped quickly to the horses. They, with a recognizing backward glance at the authority in the voice, moved forward into steady, uniform work. The manager watched with approval.

As he completed the round and approached the opening in the fence, the manager looked for him to leave the field. But no! he kept right on, apparently oblivious of everything but his work. To the manager, he seemed like one who had returned to a favorite occupation after a long absence; and, absorbed in it, was unconscious of aught else. He watched them for another ten minutes, then went to the berry fields. It was noon when he returned.

"Hello!" he called, cheerily, "it's about time for something to eat. We'll take the horses to the barn, and then get our dinner."

The tramp started and passed his hand across his forehead. "Why, I didn't know it was so late," he ejaculated. "I must be goin'." I—I—I've got some friends waiting."

"But you must have dinner first," the manager insisted.

"No, no, I can't wait for that. I'll look after the horses first, an' then go. No, you needn't take 'em," as the manager laid his hand upon the reins. "I'll do it this time. I like horses."

The manager smiled as he walked behind him to the barn and waited for him to feed the horses. Evidently this was the avenue to the fellow's heart.

"Now come upstairs with me a minute," he said, as they left the stable.

The fellow hesitated, then followed. Over the stable was a long room, lighted by two windows, and containing a bed, washstand and several chairs. It looked wholesome and inviting. The manager pointed to the bed.

"Sit down," he said quietly, "I want to talk to you. No, there is no hurry, as the other seemed about to refuse. Your companions have gone. I went to them and said you were at work, and that they could have ten minutes to leave my premises. They will not return," grimly. "No, you cannot go yet," blockading the stairway, "and you need not look so fierce. I am doing it for your good."

He waited until the boy had seated himself upon the bed, scowling and sullen, and with an ill-concealed expression of anxiety on his face. Then he went on, more gently.

"Let me tell you something now, my boy. These men have a hold upon you, and you are afraid of them. They sent you in here to look around, and were waiting for you to come back and report. But you needn't fear. I talked pretty plain, and they won't dare to cross my land again. You can have this room, and charge of the horses downstairs, and I will give you steady work. Unless you wish, there will be no need for you to leave the place for a year to come. I have a boarding house on the farm where most of the men stay, but I think you will like this room to yourself and near the horses the best. No," as the other's face began to work curiously, "you needn't tell me anything yet. I am willing to trust you. I am not generally mistaken in men. Will you stay?"

The hulking figure straightened as it had done while criticising the furrows. Then it rose heavily and came forward.

"Yes, sir, I'll stay," the fellow said huskily, "an—an' thank you, too."



IF the old-fashioned custom of hanging the stocking brings her a box of the new fashioned "Pointeel" Hose, she'll be just delighted.

Don't disappoint her.
Make it a Merry Christmas with

Harvey POINTEEL Silk Hose

HARVEY Pointeel silk hose are supreme in Canada today. They fit, they wear and have the style that insures neatness and snugness of ankle. Only the finest of silk is used in Pointeel Hose and the patented "pointeel" reinforcement not only insures longer life but adds grace and style to the entire body of this well shaped hose.

Insist upon Pointeel at your dealers, and if you cannot get them write us direct.

Made Only by **HOSIERS LIMITED**
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HARVEY POINTEEL HOSE

REGISTERED



A Silver Anniversary

(Continued from page 30)

by Miss Laura Rose, of the O.A.C. Guelph, now Mrs. Stephen, of Huntingdon. She was the first woman government speaker to address the institute, and at the present time is one of the best known and most popular speakers.

A review of the work on down the years shows that in 1900 the W. I. was taking more interest in community work; in 1901 a demonstration lesson in First Aid; in 1902 a committee with Mrs. Hoodless as convener was chosen to select a motto, also a suitable pin. The motto "For Home and Country" was chosen, this being the one submitted by Mrs. Laura Rose Stephen. It is an interesting fact to know that to-day the official paper of the British Institutes is called "Home and Country."

For several years the W. I. was carried on in much the same way. Gradually more and more help was received from the Department of Agriculture, and grants came annually. Speakers were sent regularly in June and midwinter demonstration courses in dressmaking, home nursing, etc., were provided.

At this time the founder, who had always been the honorary president, Mrs. Hoodless, passed away, and all felt her loss keenly. In 1910, the Stoney Creek Institute expressed a wish to recognize in some official way the services of Mrs. Hoodless, and it was decided to place a life-sized photograph in Macdonald Hall at Guelph. Mrs. Horning, then the district president, made the appeal at the annual convention, and in the fall of 1911 the wonderful portrait painted by Mr. Forster of Toronto was unveiled with fitting ceremony.

The outbreak of war found a band of organized workers and in less than three weeks from the time the war broke out, and during the entire period the members worked unceasingly. They adopted every conceivable and legitimate way of raising money, and contributed hundreds of dollars of cash to every cause in favor of the Allies.

At the recent occasion the presence of Mr. Erland Lee was a matter of pleasure and interest. Mr. Lee, who was chairman for the afternoon ceremony, paid tributes to some of the pioneer Institute workers, saying:

"There was Mrs. Adelaide Hoodless, who put it into the minds of the men to have women's institutes—a woman who had heard criticism that she was neglecting her own home in order to bring service to other homes.

"There was Mrs. R. D. Smith, the first president, who had never said a word in public in her life, but she united the first group of women into a harmonious organization.

"There was Mrs. McNeilly, the first treasurer, who gave most valuable service carrying the work from the old to the modern stages."

There were also the services of Mr. Hodgson, Dr. Creelman and later Mr. George Putnam in directing the institute service through the Department of Agriculture, and also the first woman speaker, Mrs. Laura Rose Stephen.

Mrs. W. Todd, president of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada, spoke briefly, stating that while much had been achieved there was still much to do to make the lot of the farm woman a happier one, especially in parts of Northern Ontario.

Other speakers were Mr. W. A. Crockett, M.P.P. for Wentworth; Mrs. Adam Inch, Mount Hamilton; Mrs. Edwards, President provincial federation; Mrs. Alexander, of Glanford, who read a paper on the life of Mrs. Hoodless; Mrs. J. B. Campbell, of Burlington, who presented a silver basket filled with roses, to which Mrs. Felker responded. On motion of Mrs. C. E. Horning, a standing vote of reverence was accorded the memory of Mrs. Hoodless. Greetings were received from Miss Helen MacDougall, of Nova Scotia.



"The Reality"

*He kept their picture always on his desk—
He worked for them—
He lived for them—
He would have died for them.*

"The Dream"

He was called on a sudden mission to the Near East—No time to prepare: in a few short hours he was gone—Then communication was cut off—

He knew:

That the ready money in the Bank would soon be gone:

That his business, bereft of his guiding hand, might become a liability, instead of an asset:

That hitherto contented creditors might make demands upon his wife for immediate payments:

That she might be ill: his little daughter dependent upon the generosity of friends: That his wife and child might be in want, because he had failed to provide.

"The Awakening"

He awoke to the fact:

That he might (in common with all men) be called on a sudden mission to a far country: where communication would be cut off—and from which there would be no return. In which case, these nightmare horrors of which he dreamed, might indeed come true—

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1 cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour-Salt
3 teaspoons baking powder
3 tablespoons Cowan's Cocoa
 $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon cinnamon

Method: Cream butter, add sugar gradually. Mix and sift dry ingredients 3 times. Add well beaten egg yolks to butter and sugar. Add mixed and sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk, add flavor. Fold in whites of eggs beaten until stiff and dry. Turn into small cake tins, being careful not to fill each one more than two-thirds. Bake 35 minutes in a moderate oven. When cool, dip in cocoa frosting and roll in chopped peanuts. Cakes may be baked in shallow pan, and when cool cut in fancy shapes.

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Competitive Music Festivals

Idea now being extended from the Canadian West to Eastern Canada and the United States

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

ONE of the notable signs of the times during the present year has been the extension of the Competitive Festival idea in connection with music to the older and more conservative communities. During the past five years I have frequently written in these columns of the whole-hearted vigor with which the three prairie provinces of Canada, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, have thrown themselves into the movement; and of the splendid results which have been achieved. Indeed it is a matter of amazement to Canadians from the East to learn how truly musical the Western provinces have become within comparatively few years. It is perhaps an indication of the growing tide of Western influence in Canada, that taking inspiration directly from the prairies, Ontario musical interests are at present engaged in organizing a festival for next year to embrace all the vast settled territory which that province covers. When one comes to think of it, the work to be done is colossal in scope, since it aims to cover towns and cities as scattered in geographical location as Ottawa in the East, Cochrane in the North, Fort William in the West, and Windsor and Toronto in the South. It will, perhaps be difficult at the outset to interest the whole of this vast territory, but a start has been made; and the general committee is looking to results ten years hence rather than immediate.

In stating that the inspiration for this attempt comes directly from the West, I am uttering no empty compliment. At the preliminary organization meetings last spring, Dr. A. S. Vogt, Dr. Albert Ham and other Eastern musicians who have acted as judges at the Western festivals emphatically pointed to the success of the latter and suggested them as models on which Ontario could frame its plans. Thus the East already owes a debt to the West in the matter of example and experience, that enables them to make short cuts in the intricate work of preparation. Already excellent beginnings have been made with musical competitions at the Canadian National Exhibition, organized by the Canadian Bureau for the Advancement of Music, whose members, largely composed of representatives of the musical trades have realized the stimulus to business and to the music in the home movement which has been created by the festivals of the prairie provinces. Moreover it is notable that since the Canadian West went in for festival competitions, the idea has made rapid progress in the United States. Quite recently a competitive festival was held at Buffalo under the auspices of the American National Musical Assoc-

iation, and it was quite obvious that in its syllabus it had largely been guided by our prairie festivals, even in the matter of appointing judges, for the same adjudicators of choral competitions who served in Manitoba and Alberta last spring, Dr. T. Tertius Noble of New York and Dr. A. S. Vogt of Toronto, were appointed to act in a similar capacity at the American Festival.

It is the hope of those interested in the movement that since it will next year embrace all the provinces between Montreal and the Rocky Mountains, at no distant day we shall see festivals covering the territorial spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It should of course be realized that such affairs are not a new world idea, but have long held favor in the motherland and in certain countries of Europe. Last spring when the preliminaries for the Ontario Festival of 1923 were first under discussion, two Scotsmen, prominent in the work of inculcating music in the public schools, Mr. A. T. Cringan, of the Ontario Department of Education, and Mr. D. A. Mackenzie, Supervisor of Music for the Toronto Board of Education, both boasted of having been the products of Scottish Festival competitions. Mr. Cringan's reminiscences were especially interesting for he told of winning a prize in his native land for tenor singing at such a festival, at the same time as another young lad won a prize for comic singing,—the latter being no other than the world famous Harry Lauder. This was forty years ago; and it was the first intimation most of us had received that Sir Harry's earliest reach for fame was at a Festival competition.

* * *

THE immense vogue of the Scottish festivals has continued and recently elicited comment from many journals. This year the climax of the movement in Scotland was reached when the Glasgow Festival extended over a period of ten days, while the competitions at the near-by Edinburgh Festival lasted eight days,—as they have done for two or three years back. As "Musical Opinion" has pointed out, the historic competition of the Mastersingers of Nuremburg would appear to have been a very circumscribed and parochial affair in comparison with the larger Scottish festivals, and an adjudicator of the type of Beckmesser who in Wagner's opera spurned Walther's Prize Song would not now be tolerated. The same publication is disposed to think that while romance has cast a glamor around the musical competitions of the

(Continued on Page 35)



A VICEREGAL GUEST

Lady Byng visiting a farm at Saskatoon on her recent tour of the West



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Competitive Music Festivals

(Continued from page 34)

middle ages they were not to be compared in actual musical interest with those of to-day.

In Scotland, it is said, the spontaneous spirit of human interest is as vigorous as similar outpourings at sporting events. And I am told that in our own West keen local enthusiasm which gives backing to the home choir or the home soloist has developed. But I trust, that in connection with our Canadian festivals enthusiasm will never go to the length of "roasting the umpires," as is apt to happen in connection with sporting events. In the main it would seem that in time interest in musical competitions should be as keen in the sporting sense as in the case of intercollegiate football. In a sporting event, you have only an odd dozen or so of champions to cheer for; but in a large choral competition you have hundreds of your fellow townfolk to urge on to victory. At Glasgow this year there were no less than eleven thousand active participants or competitors, including the aggregate of choristers involved in addition to the solo entries. This of course is an unprecedented figure but the totals in our Canadian Festivals run high and will increase in the future.

Let us consider what all this means, going back from the mass to the individual. In connection with the Glasgow event it meant musical practice for love of it in nearly eleven thousand homes, though there were no doubt cases where whole families were participants. The nature of this practice involves the whole range of music, sight reading for choral work, solo singing, piano, violin and many other varieties of instrumental music-making.

It is thus that the festival competition spreads music into the homes of entire communities. Moreover when outsiders become interested from motives of local patriotism they naturally begin to pick up points about music. If you go to a foot-ball match or a base-ball match as a novice, you are invariably astonished at the myriad of well-informed critics, young and old, of the technique of the game; who have picked up their knowledge from observation stimulated by sporting interest. Now something like this is bound to happen when musical competitions take a permanent hold on a community. I think that nearly every music critic will admit that he has acquired his gift, however meagre it may be, more from listening than from the foundation studies which were his starting point. When whole communities are induced to pay critical attention because of the sporting chances involved then will they be on the road to become truly musical.

An English writer dealing with the secondary influences of the musical competition once it gets a real grip on the people holds that "the more accomplished and ambitious competitors secure their real reward in the judicial comments of the adjudicators; while the less accomplished receive even greater reward, not only in the constructive criticism of the adjudicators, but in the invaluable opportunity of hearing their more experienced and gifted colleagues realize more completely the aims for which they have been striving." Of course this all depends on the ability of participants to "play the game" in the old British sense of that phrase. The lives of judges would be made unbearable if they were to be the subject of modified outbreaks of the same spirit that prompts baseball "fans" to throw bottles after an unpopular decision and sporting reporters to write "The umpire was rotten." A full realization of the real cultural purpose of competitions; and a willingness to carefully think over the decisions of adjudicators even when they seem unfair; are essential if they are to perform their mission and be made really as inspirational and educational as enthusiasts desire.

(Continued on page 38)

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Odds and Ends

WE hear a great deal about "the psychology" of this, that and the other. The psychology of color is a favorite topic for the psychologist as well as the interior decorator, for it is recognized that cheer and content—such essential home virtues—are very largely influenced by pleasant color combinations, says Marion Brownfield.

On the table the effect of color has doubtless an influence upon the appetite. Not only serving foods daintily in dishes that set it off to best advantage encourages appetite and good digestion, but, stimulates jaded palates. Change from sheer monotony indeed is what makes other people's cooking—no better than ours—taste good. Different tableware, too, makes food seem to have a different flavor. So variety of dishes, used for a change with the same recipe, makes a difference that is unconsciously transferred to the enjoyment of the good itself. For this reason a little study in serving foods in dishes that by color-contrast or harmony, set them off, really pays the thoughtful housewife.

Some suggestions for different foods in dishes of different colors follow. Blue dishes, of which every household is pretty sure to have some, set off particularly anything yellow in hue. Thus oranges, apples, (yellow or red), eggs, Hubbard squash and such yellow foods as cornbread, cornstarch pudding and custards all look delightful in blue dishes. Red foods also look well, but have more contrast with green ware, so will be spoken of farther along.

White dishes with gold bands have a pleasing delicacy and are therefore suitable for dainty effects. Crisp blanched lettuce, water cress, pineapple and watermelon are appetizing served in them. Foods of strong flavor sometimes need a simple background, also. Onions, fish and wieners, for this reason, may be palatable in these dishes.

Yellow dishes which may be banded, flowered or plain, offer a great opportunity for a cheerful effect. Foods that have no great charm of color themselves look well in yellow. Thus a steak, chops or hash gain a certain richness in these dishes. Macaroni, a colorless food, unless combined with tomato, gains character in a yellow dish. Chocolate recipes make an effective contrast, also, while purple foods such as grapes, blackberries and plums, either fresh or in sauce, go effectively in yellow dishes.

Red foods contrast strikingly in green dishes of which there are many designs. Banded, flowered or the delicately solid pale green Seiji ware are a few of the artistic varieties of green ware. Beets, salmon, strawberries, raspberries, cherries,

gelatines, desserts, frosted cakes and ice cream look invitingly cool in green for summer service.

Pink dishes should be reserved for white foods. Among these are cereals of all kinds, mashed or riced potatoes, white cakes, plain or frosted, vanilla ice cream and white desserts such as rice Rebecca, pudding, junket and so forth.

Red dishes of Japanese design may effectively hold green foods such as green peppers, cucumbers, string beans, peas. They also add character to colorless foods. And strawberries make a pleasing all-red effect in them that seems to add lusciousness to the berries.

The very colorful dishes, of which every one has a few, are often just the thing to make certain foods tempting. Chocolate, lemon gelatine and white foods should be tried in these dishes for pleasure.

* * *

THANKS to the good manners long ago inculcated by Confucius, his countrymen still possess the large forbearance which is the only infallible test of the genuineness of a civilization. Even when there is a fair and villagers from miles around flock into the town with their produce, when wheelbarrows get jammed up with carts, and carts with mules, donkeys and pedlars, and the traffic gets apparently hopelessly knotted up in the congested street, there is no such explosion of vituperative wrath as much milder collisions engender elsewhere. Also, owing to those untamed roads, which persistently discourage speed, that element of hurry which we moderns, mistaking it for substantial energy, actually praise as a virtue, is entirely lacking, and the impatience it engenders in our mind, the irascibility it breeds in our manners are happily lacking also. Wherefore these fairs, for all the crowding and squashing and the quantity and pungency of their odors, are a pleasing experience, relates A. E. Grantham in "Asia Magazine."

The goods are spread out on rough stalls or even merely on the ground, where the remnants of a pavement or the steps of a disused temple provide a suitable space. But even there, in such extreme simplicity, they are arranged with an elegance, an instinctive feeling for symmetry which newer countries only associate with unlimited luxury. Peanuts, the cheapest of all fruits, are set out in equidistant, compact little heaps; common crockery is shown off with due regard to the niceties of shape and glaze; rough tools are displayed with a precision worthy of

(Continued on page 41)



During her tour of the West with His Excellency, Lady Byng was the guest of Mrs. J. J. Ross, a former war nurse, and wife of a soldier settler, on a farm near Saskatoon. The picture shows Lady Byng, fourth from the left, with her hostess and her soldier husband on each side of Her Excellency. The other guests at the luncheon were wives of neighbouring settlers.

How much extra money do you want to earn in your spare time?

Would you like to have a pleasant home occupation which would enable you to earn money in your spare time? An occupation that has proven successful for women and men, too, all over the country. An occupation at which others have earned all the way from \$1.00 a week to \$25.00 or even more a week, depending upon the time devoted to the work and the individual ability of the worker.

THE wife and mother of today carries a tremendous burden in trying to make both ends meet — to stretch out her husband's salary so as to pay the rent, the butcher, baker, insurance, heating and lighting bills, keep the children and herself looking respectable, and to enjoy an occasional little outing.

It is a very trying problem—and the wonder is where a woman ever gains the experience and patience to handle the finance of the home as efficiently and economically as she does.

Many women are searching for something to do at home through which they can earn money during spare minutes or a few idle hours. Something that they can pick up and lay down at will, yet be sure of getting a money return for the time they devote to the work. Such work must not be unduly laborious, or of a mental type, but must be work that can be easily handled and in line with her training and natural aptitude for making things to wear.

A great number of women have found this type of home work in knitting socks on the Auto Knitter. In fact, this year the Auto Knitter Company will pay for over 150,000 pairs of socks, made in Canadian homes during spare time by women who own Auto Knitter Machines. And they will pay to these knitters in wages a total of more than \$18,000 in payment for their work.

These socks made by Auto Knitter home workers, are known and sold under the name of Olde Tyme Wool Socks. They are retailed in the stores of over 1,000 dealers in Canada. They are advertised in national magazines and newspapers, and so popular have these socks become that the sales are increasing rapidly as well as the number of dealers handling them. The earnings of these home workers vary with the amount of time devoted to the work and the speed of the individual operator, but whether the amount earned be large or small, it is most welcome and helps to make the lives of these workers easier and happier.

Mrs. A. M. Scott, of British Columbia, recently wrote to us saying:

"I received my machine four months ago and I am only sorry I did not get it four years ago, as in four months (only working in my spare time and not interfering in the least with my housework or care of family) I have made over \$110.00, besides paying for the machine and keeping my boys so comfortable in nice warm socks and stockings. I used to worry such a lot and wonder how we were going to make ends meet, but now I feel the problem is solved, as I am sure that when I have done so well in the past four months I will do much more in the future."

Auto Knitter spare time home workers are always sure of selling every pair of

standard socks because we give a five-year contract to every owner of an Auto Knitter which definitely binds us to receive hosiery and pay a stated price for every dozen pairs made to our standard on the Auto Knitter and sent to us. As a matter of fact, out of the thousands of pairs of socks that are sent to us, less than 5% of the number received are rejected. Besides the price paid for the work we also replace pound for pound the yarn used in the standard socks which you send to us under our work contract. This contract which we give, is absolutely binding on this company to receive for acceptance either large or small lots of standard socks from our workers, and to pay a fixed wage, which you know in advance, for them. Yet the workers themselves are not bound by this contract to us in any way whatsoever.

Auto Knitter Helped Daughters through Normal School

Mrs. G. Geldof, of Manitoba, recently wrote us, in part:

"I must tell you what the Auto Knitter has done for the family, although I can work only six hours a day and that only in winter time. My Auto Knitter helped to keep my eldest daughter in boarding school. It got her the new clothes she needed and provided her with spending money. During the winter the Auto Knitter procured the household supplies. I desired that my youngest daughter should also study the teaching profession, so she went to the same school as her sister. And so we were able to keep the girls in school. My daughter is now a professional teacher and her sister will be teaching also after the next summer holidays. A year ago my husband bought a car in an auction sale. It needed a pair of new tires and we wanted a barrel of gasoline. Again the Auto Knitter came to our aid. With the proceeds of a month's work we were able to get the tires and gasoline. And lastly, the Auto Knitter has kept us busily happy all winter and made me forget the dreariness of this country."

All of the Amazing Truth Cannot Be Told

It is a fact that the amount of earnings reported to us by some of our workers with the Auto Knitter are surprisingly large. If we were to show you many of the letters written to us by Auto Knitter workers, you would hardly believe what you read with your own eyes. Large amounts are earned by many Knitters whom we prefer to class as exceptional, but a much larger number of workers earn more modest sums which they find worth while and helpful.

But, back of these gratifying spare-time earnings lies the simple fact that the people worked. If you want to keep your house in order you must work.



If you want to make your own clothes you must work. Nothing ever does work of itself. And the Auto Knitter is no exception. The more time that you work at it, the more adept you become and naturally, the more socks you will produce. You could have an Auto Knitter in your home for a year, but if you don't operate it, you wouldn't make one cent out of it. That's common sense, isn't it? The Auto Knitter is for workers and in the hands of such, it will answer every demand made upon it for reliability, speed and earning capacity.

And whether such people can turn out a dozen standard pairs of socks a week or ten or more dozen we will gladly pay for every pair of standard socks that they send us.

How You Can Make Money At Home

Clearly and briefly, here is our proposition: The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company enters into a five-year agreement to buy all of the standard socks you knit on the Auto Knitter and send in to them, paying a fixed guaranteed price. Checks will be sent promptly for each lot, large or small. Replacement yarn is also sent you pound for pound for that used in the socks you send to us. Previous experience in hand-knitting is not necessary, as full directions for operating the machine are contained in the instruction book sent with every Auto Knitter. The Auto Knitter comes with a sock already started in it and its operation is not difficult, but like your sewing machine there is a right way and a wrong way to operate it, and your first sock may not be a perfect one, just as the first work you did on your sewing machine was not perfect. The fact that there are women and men all over the country who are making money at Auto Knitting, and who learned to use their machines without assistance other than their instruction book shows that the operation of the Auto Knitter can be accomplished by average women and men.

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CITY PROVINCE

Competitive Music Festivals

(Continued from page 35)

It is said that in Scotland, while there is plenty of the sporting spirit which desires that "The home team" win, both competitors and audiences are realizing that competitions supported in the proper spirit produce higher standards of performance and more discriminating appreciation on the part of audiences.

While the work of adjudicators carries with it a certain zest of interest and enjoyment; they unquestionably labor under grave difficulties. Often a competing body which has ignored or gone as far as possible in trying to get outside the conditions of a contest will win favor with an audience, or perhaps have its organized "boosters." The judges are thus compelled to flout friendly opinion and face criticism. I would advise all individuals and all corporate bodies entering a given class in a festival competition to very carefully consider what is required of them; and to remember that the only way judges can arrive at a decision is by estimating points,—so many points for tonal quality; so many for correctness of pitch; so many for clarity of enunciation; so many for shading and refinement of diction; so many for expression and attack; so many (in choral bodies) for balance of vocal sections.

Now it is quite possible for a chorus to be superb in vocal quality and yet fail to make a decent showing in the many other elements that go to good interpretative singing. The general custom prevailing at Canadian festivals of a statement by the judges of the reasons for their decisions is one of the highest value; even though it does at times produce surprises.

There is one fine quality that most professional musicians, even those with bad dispositions, usually possess; and that is a willingness to encourage sincere artistic endeavor, even when they are compelled in their findings to lay bare basic and detrimental faults. No wise adjudicator can afford to countenance faults of exaggeration and other inartistic tendencies merely because a chorus has a magnetic and well-energized attack, which on occasions of this kind is apt to captivate audiences. In British competitions judges are apt to favor intelligence of direction; the patience and ability of the choral conductor who manages to produce a sincere artistic effect though embarrassed by inferior material. It is easy for the experienced adjudicator to discern those competitors, whose contributions whether in the solo or ensemble competitions reveal most careful and intelligent preparatory work; most conscientious attention to the full requirements of the occasion. The conductor who with an inferior personnel makes a good showing, must ever receive more sympathetic attention than the man who has a great wealth of voices that have in reality required little patient training. In fact, I have sometimes thought that a system of handicaps in the same spirit as that which prevails in the better order of racing, would not be inadvisable.

In a musical journal I recently ran across an illustration which put the matter very neatly. Many years ago a leading Scottish educationist pointed out that it was one of the ironies of the teaching profession that pupils who cost the least trouble bring the most credit to the teacher, and those who cost most pains the least recognition. "Throughout my long career" he said "my hardest work and my best work has been spent on the dunces, and the public know nothing of it."

The truly efficient musical adjudicator will discern the evidences of the amount of hard and sympathetic work that has been bestowed on the task of preparation and publicly voice appreciation, even in cases where it is not possible to award a prize.

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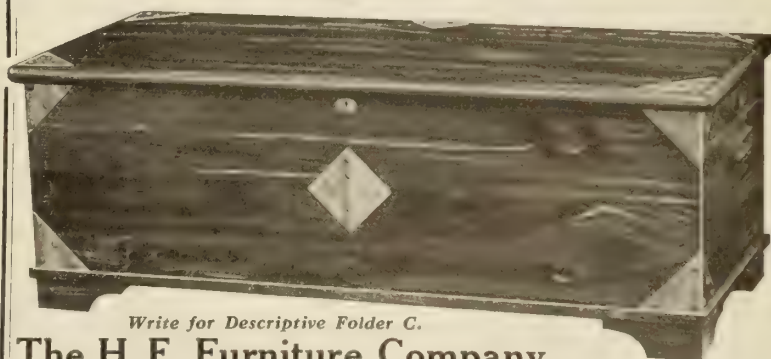
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The publication of "The Wood Carver's Wife and Later Poems" by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall has a literary interest for all lovers of poetry and a deep personal appeal to those who knew the writer. The death of Miss Pickthall in Vancouver last April seemed to cut short a career which promised eminent achievement. However, the work that has been done is so delicate and rare in craftsmanship that the world may, indeed, be grateful for this writer's gift of song. "The Wood Carver's Wife" is a poem, dramatic in form, which first appeared in "The University Magazine," and is a tragic story of the havoc wrought by a love such as Guinevere bestowed on Lancelot. There are magical lines through the scenes of swift-marching tragedy, but the production is not a play, as the histrionic world regards it. The other poems in the volume are the work of an artist whose striving is ever for the ideal. The beauty of many songs is so poignant as to be near supreme sorrow. There are other lays which "sing themselves" as their rhythm flows along. Such is the lilting strain of these gypsy verses:

"When I was a tall lad with money in my hand,
I'd pots and pans a plenty and friends about the land.
I'd golden roads in sunshine and silver roads in rain,
And a little grey donkey and a girl out of Spain.
Now I am an old man with rings in my ears,
All too sad for laughter, all too wise for tears.
And the Spanish girl has left me, and the money's coming slow,
And the little grey donkey was lamed long ago.
When I get to heaven where tinkers may be seen,
I'll wear a yellow kerchief and a coat of velveteen,
And out beyond the shining streets I'll take the road again
With a little grey donkey and a girl out of Spain.

This is a volume of grace and loveliness, which will be read many times by those who believe that poetry should never be less than beautiful. The foreword by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay is a fitting and tender tribute to one whose life and genius will always be to those who knew her a gleam of what is higher. (Published by McClelland and Stewart, Toronto. Price, \$1.50)

* * *

"D'Arcy Conyers" by Bertal Heeney is the story of a young Canadian, who was brought up simply in a country home on the banks of the Gatineau, went to the City of Montreal to enter business life and fell into evil ways, finally committing theft. He escaped any legal penalty and found his way to a farm near Barrie, where he redeemed the promise of his early years. The writer has no pretensions to literary distinction, and his story is reminiscent of the old-time Sunday School book. (Published in Toronto by Hodder and Stoughton. Price, \$1.75)

"Huntingtower" by John Buchan, is an after-the-war story, full of such adventure as made his former tales, "Greenmantle" and "Thirty-Nine Steps" books to be remembered. Mr. Dickson McCunn, a retired provision merchant, fifty-five years of age, but incorrigibly young, sets out on a walking tour in search of adventure, and meets an ex-soldier, Mr. John Heritage, a socialist of an amateur type, a writer of execrable free verse and a romantic youth at heart. They discover that a Russian princess is imprisoned in an old tower and they

forthwith become her champions. In their exploits, they are greatly aided by Gorbals "Die Hards," a band of boy scouts from the slums of Glasgow. They are marvellous creatures, indeed, super scouts who accomplish deeds of daring which the crusaders might envy. "Huntingtower" is warranted to keep you awake: and you will certainly wish to know more about Saskia. (Published in Toronto by Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd. Price, \$1.75)

"Ann and Her Mother," by O. Douglas, is a volume of reminiscences, as fresh as a breeze from hillside heather. The mother is the widow of a Scottish minister and she talks with Ann, of the people they have known in the course of the years, in such a fashion that we know them all and feel utterly at home with Mrs. Daw, who "liked the kind o' minister that misca's the devil for about twenty meenits and then stops," and Mrs. Dewar who, when the servants worried her, walked about saying the hymn beginning, "Calm me, O God, and keep me calm." (Published in Toronto by Hodder and Stoughton Ltd., Price \$1.75)

* * *

"The Tides of Deal" by Latta Griswold is a story of a boys' school in New England. The school is different from an English school and is not the same in institutions as our own Canadian schools, such as Trinity College School at Port Hope. The boys, however, are entirely "like other boys" and we have an interesting tale of school-boy ambition and sport. The hero of the story is Jeffrey Maine, who is altogether a "decent sort" who sacrifices school honors in the end, that he may save another from disgrace. You meet a frank, jolly and entertaining crowd of boys in the narrative and would be willing to hear more of them. (Published by the Macmillan Company, Toronto. Price, \$1.75)

"The Black Candle," is an exposé by Mrs. Arthur Murphy of the "drug" traffic in Canada. Mrs. Murphy, as Police Magistrate in the City of Edmonton, has had an excellent opportunity for acquainting herself with the facts of the case, so far as the law has been able to reveal them. The subject has been handled thoroughly and fearlessly; but, black as conditions are, in connection with the traffic in narcotics, Mrs. Murphy gives a gleam of hope for those who are sincerely anxious to regain "themselves." The volume is one which sets forth the facts in a traffic which is absolutely evil and the writer would impress on every citizen the gravity of the situation and the necessity for meeting the dangers described in "The Black Candle." (Published in Toronto by Thomas Allen, Price, \$2.00)

"Helga and the White Peacock" is a delightful play in three acts for young people by Cornelia Meigs. The tale underlying is the old-time story of a witch-like woman—in this case, a "Spider Woman"—who catches Helga in her web: and of course there is a gallant young knight to the rescue. (Published in Toronto by the Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.00)

"The Drama of Life," by Thomas H. Mitchell, is a series of reflections upon Shakespeare's "Seven Ages," highly edifying and stimulating in their effect upon the reader. There is a wholesome optimism throughout the addresses which makes them welcome reading in an age which knows much that is depressing:—nor is it the easy optimism of Dr. Frank Crane, but the vision of one who has learned "to see life steadily and see it whole." (Published by Thomas Allen, Toronto. Price, \$0.00)

(Continued on page 40)

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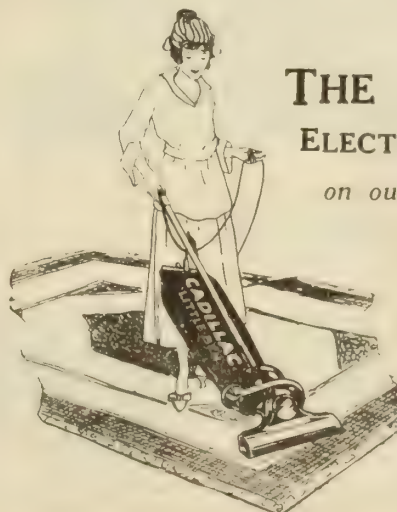
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The Book Corner

(Continued from page 39)

In "Velvet Paws and Shiny Eyes," by Carol Cassidy Cole, we have a delightful book for the youngsters who should find Eric Oldson and his friends in the forest the most stimulating adventurers. We grieve over Mr. Mink, the cruel father, tolerate Mr. Skunk and like Reddy Squirrel best of all. No family circle is complete without the touch of "Velvet Paws" and the gleam of "Shiny Eyes." (Published by Hodder and Stoughton, Toronto. Price, seventy-five cents).

"Flowing Gold" by Rex Beach, will attract all those readers who found "The Spoilers" and "The Silver Horde" exciting tales of adventure. Rex Beach writes with an eye for the movies and does not hesitate to pile sensation on sensation. The oil fields of Texas are the scene of his latest romance which is the story of a struggle between financiers who are experienced in the game. There is a charming heroine, of whom the hero is far from worthy. In fact Buddy Briskow is a blustering youth who proves a bore. The story itself will be widely read by those who worship at the shrine of Douglas Fairbanks. (Published by Hodder and Stoughton, Toronto. Price, \$2.00)

"Fires of Driftwood," by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay is a book written by one who is, indeed, a poet. There is a horrible fear, at times, that Mrs. Mackay is going to break forth in free verse, for I should hate to have so gracious a style spoiled by the gulps and gaps of the free versifier. So far, however, this poet who really cares for the beautiful in form has avoided the paths which lead to all-but-prose. This latest volume is a contribution to literature and "The Fires of Driftwood" have the genuine poetic flame. There are a dozen poems in the volume which one longs to quote, but at this time, let us give you three verses of "A Christmas Child."

"She needed me, I learned to know the
royal joy that service brings,
She was so helpless that I grew to love
all little helpless things.
She trusted me, and I who ne'er had
trusted, save in self, grew cold
With panic lest this precious life should
know no stronger, surer hold.

She lay and smiled and in her eyes I,
watched my narrow world grow broad
Within her tiny crumpled hand I touched
the mighty hand of God."

These poems have been published

before in various magazines and their appearance in a volume is warmly welcomed. "Out of Babylon" is one of the most remarkable and poignant in the book. The closing cry is the lament of one with "honor rooted in dishonor."

"To Babylon, to Babylon!

And every step I take

Bears farther off from Babylon

A heart that cannot break."

(Published in Toronto by McClelland and Stewart, Price \$1.50)

"Salt Seas and Sailormen," by Frederick William Wallace is the work of a writer who knows the high seas with an experience many fathoms deep. There are seven stories in this volume which breathes of the briny waves off Nova Scotia;—and the best of them all is "Tommy Decker's Tartar." They are all worth while yarns and if you read the first, "The Sail Dragger," you will read them all. (Published in Toronto by Hodder and Stoughton Ltd. Price, \$1.75)

"Judy of York Hill" by Ethel Hume is a school story for girls which is decidedly exhilarating in its natural high spirits and appreciation of just how jolly a life at York Hill may be. Girls of to-day and girls of yesterday may well be interested in this tale of Judith and her happy year at the school which meant work and play and friendship. (Published in Toronto by Thomas Allen. Price, \$1.50)

"The Sky Movies;" by Gaylord Johnson is an excellent book on "the heavens above," with illustrations which make the story of the moon and the stars more real to the reader. It is astronomy, as Puck tells it, and a tale worth listening to every evening (Published in Toronto by the Macmillan Company, Price, \$1.50)

"Encore," by Jessie Alexander, is a new book of reminiscences, readings, hints on programmes, etc., written and compiled by one who is familiar with the evolution of elocution, and whose work has been a delight to thousand of Canadians. This volume will be a valued gift, we are sure, at the Christmas season, and will prove exceptionally welcome to the talented young student, who is interested in the vocal interpretation of literature. The writer, Jessie Alexander, (Mrs. Roberts) is so brimful of the joy of life that it is no wonder the story of her platform career has had "encore" in every chapter. (Published in Toronto by McClelland and Stewart. Price \$1.50)



An ornate trellis of slender wood, painted to a blue-green that suggests the lovely coloring of an opal, adorns the walls of this delightful sunporch. Ceiling, walls and furniture repeat the blue-green hue and form an interesting background for the tans, yellows and mauves that appear in floor and furnishing. A fine-checked velours in Mulberry and mauve is employed for the chair-cushions

Odds and Ends

(Continued from page 36)

jewelry inlaid with gems. Dried tobacco leaves are sold in neatly tied bundles; raw cotton in snowwhite packages; homespun cotton in long, narrow strips undyed or dipped in indigo and often prettily patterned with white butterflies and flowers. It is a coarse, strong material, admirably suited for its main use—the clothing of the peasantry, far and away the most sensibly dressed peasantry in the world.

* * *

WRITING on the subject of the popularity of the "cave man" hero in recent fiction, Katharine Fullerton Gerould says in the "Harper's Magazine":

"Since the prehistoric days of the matriarchate the average woman has enjoyed—in imagination, at least—the legend of the dominant male. In no morbid sense, she has liked the spectacle of a creature stronger than herself. The feminist philosophy may be very pretty; but it does not happen to be true—as the heart of the average woman will bear witness. If I might be allowed to put the situation in vulgarly graphic form, I should do it thus. Granted that, as history and literature have always implied, there is a tiger latent in every male. The American tiger has, you might say, taken himself to the taxidermist, and got himself beautifully mounted as a rug. The American woman then sits on the rug, in front of the fire, and digs her little heels into the helpless fur. (There is really nothing else to do with a rug.) People always find charm in what they have not, even if they would choose, in preference, what they have. The American woman wanted her rug—and got it. But her imagination was going, inevitably, to play about the image of the traditional tiger before he went to the taxidermist. She does not really want a cave man—not yet, at least; she is too comfortable as she is. But she likes to think that her man could be a cave man if he wanted to. What she really wants is the true tiger lying down in front of her to dig her heels into, knowing all the time that the tiger could bite if it chose. Chivalry consists in not choosing to bite—not in being unable to. So you get various writers who cater to the undistinguished millions, pretending that the visit to the taxidermist was only a feint; that the eyes will roll, and the claws unsheathe themselves, and the jaws snap. The feminine reader shivers with delight at the animation of her rug; she experiences that perfect condition of eating her cake and having it too."

* * *

A popular Lincoln myth will obtain a new currency from Mr. Taft's speech to the Press Club the other day, remarks the Manchester Guardian. He quoted as Lincoln's the familiar saying, "You can fool all the people part of the time and part of the people all the time, but you can not fool all the people all the time."

A few years ago the authenticity of this saying was investigated, and no ground whatever could be found for attributing it to Lincoln. It does not occur in any of the great President's writings or speeches, and neither Mr. Hay nor Mr. Nicolay—who collaborated in the authoritative Lincoln biography—was able to discover any trace of it. According to Mr. A. R. Spofford of the Library of Congress, who carried out the inquiry, the real author of the saying was Phineas T. Barnum. If so we have underrated Barnum.

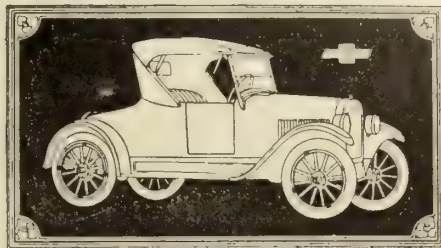
One would prefer to believe that it was Lincoln who said it, and, in spite of historical research, probably it was.

* * *

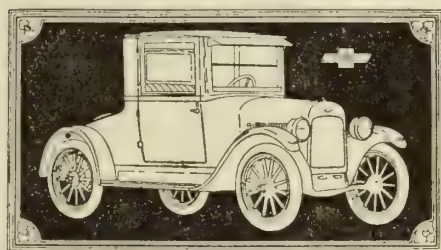
A man walked into a garage where his car was being repaired and was heard to reprimand the garage owner for telling him how to run his own car, saying: "This is my car, and what I say goes."

A moment later a tired, greasy mechanic looked up from under the car and said: "For goodness' sake, say 'engine.'"

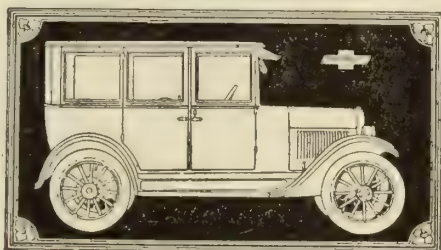
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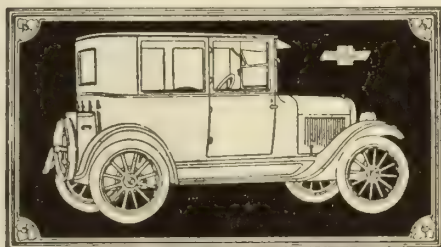
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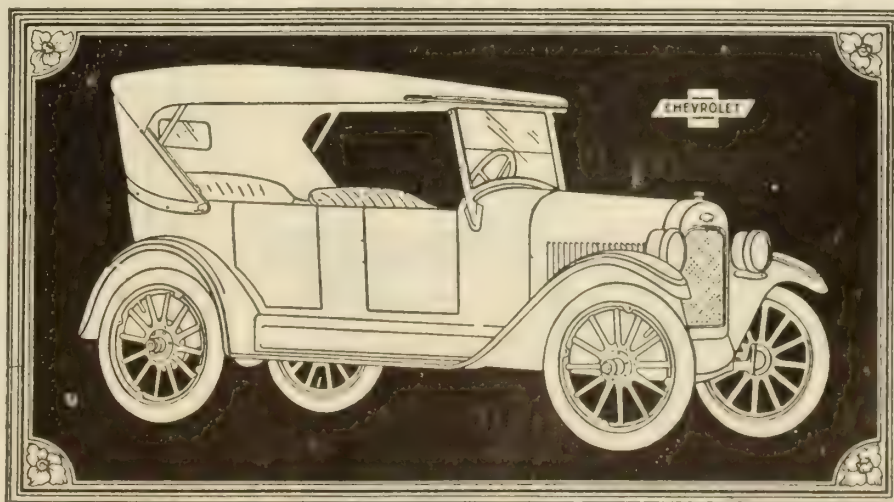
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THE PURE WOOL
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This is a positive fact and we will return the purchase price to anyone who can produce a "CEETEE" garment that "prickles" or irritates in any way.

"CEETEE" is the only Canadian made under-clothing that is knit to fit the human form.

One reason why it is so popular is, it's made with low neck and no sleeves and in knee or ankle lengths.

"CEETEE" can be worn with any dress, from the heaviest to the sheerest.

In its downy softness, the feel of a "CEETEE" garment is like the caress of a baby's cheek.

Only purest Australian Merino Wool is used, making "CEETEE" so soft that a baby can wear it.

If a baby can wear it—you can.

Just ask your doctor what under-clothing you should wear in the winter time. He'll say: "All-Wool."

Go to the most reputable dealer you know and ask him what is the best all-wool under-clothing and he'll say: "CEETEE"



Costs a trifle more at first, but it's the cheapest in the long run.

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The Family Physician

Come to the consulting room and read what the Family Physician has to say about Health and the Home. The best of advice from one of Canada's most eminent women physicians is at our readers' service.

Anecdotal



A salesman who had taken a large order for goods in a Scotch town offered the canny Scot with whom he was dealing a box of fine Havanas. "Naw," said the Scotchman, "don't try tae bribe a mon. I cudna tak them." "Well," said the salesman, "suppose I sell them to you for a nominal sum? Say sixpence?" "In that case," the Scot cheerfully answered, "since you press me I wadna refuse an offer so well meant. I'll take twa boxes."

filled with furniture polish. It's the decanters I like; they're so pretty." "Exactly," said the vicar, "avoid even the appearance of evil, I repeat. I helped myself to a drink from the big decanter in the middle."

* * *

A lady who is devoted to her home environment and stays there the year around was assailed by a friend who scarcely remains at home long enough to acquire an environment. Said the fashionable friend, "I knew that you wintered here, but I was astonished to learn that you summered here, too." "I have not only wintered here and summered here," said the unfashionable one "but you will be even more astonished to learn that I always fall here and have sometimes sprung here."

* * *

A sweep and a baker in a small country town had quarrelled. Strangely enough, they had exactly the same names. One morning the local paper contained the following announcement:

"In consequence of frequent and irritating mistakes, John Jones, the baker, begs to announce that he is not the same person as John Jones, the sweep, and that he has no connection with the latter."

But he was more irritated than ever when he read the sweep's reply, which appeared in the next copy of the paper:

"John Jones, the sweep, who was declared yesterday to be a different person from, and to be in no way connected with, John Jones, the baker, wishes to be known in future as 'Lucky John Jones.'"

"A clergyman was having tea with a family newly settled in his parish. On the sideboard were several decanters, filled with what looked like spirits. My friend," he said to his hostess, "you, should avoid even the appearance of evil. I do not suggest that you drink, but—" "Why, Vicar, they're only

* * *



"'ows yer noo lodger, Mrs. Tapps?"

"Oh, orl right. E's a vegetarian."

"Reely! What they call an 'erbaceous boarder!'"

—From The Sketch.

Casserole Cooking

BY FRANCIS M. McNALLY

"En casserole" is a term applied to dishes which are cooked and served in the same fire-proof earthen ware or glass utensil. Usually the material is first prepared in the frying pan and then transferred to the casserole to finish cooking by a long slow process. The advantages of this method of cooking are many: (1) It is economical as materials often too tough for ordinary cooking may by this means be served in a nutritious and tender condition. (2) All the nutritious elements of the food are retained, the snugly fitting cover prevents escaping of the aromas and flavours. (3) The ingredients may be put together in a casserole and allowed to stand for hours in it before cooking, without risk of discoloration or metallic contamination, so it is possible to prepare the main dinner or supper dish early in the day. (4) The cooked food may be left in a casserole with perfect safety as long as desired. This is a decided advantage, where meals are necessarily irregular. (5) The use of the casserole does away with re-dishing and assures hot service of the food.

Many varieties of casseroles may now be obtained at prices within the reach of the modest housewife's pocket book. They vary in size and shape from the individual dish to a size sufficient to serve a large family. Brown, green, blue, or yellow stoveware and fireproof glass are materials most commonly used. They are readily cleaned on account of their perfectly hard and unbroken surfaces and they make attractive serving dishes. Holders of silver, nickel or copper in which to place the casseroles when taken from the oven add to the attractiveness of the dish. They also add to the expense, however, and a platter or tray will answer the purpose which is simply to keep the hot casseroles from coming in contact with the table.

Before being used for the first time casseroles should be soaked in cold water for some hours, to prevent cracking on their first exposure to heat. The heat should be applied gradually and the dishes should never be placed in the oven without either water or fat in them.

The amount of liquid used in casserole cooking should be relatively small and generally seasoned. This method of cooking is especially desirable for the tougher meats and for left overs, which are apt to be somewhat lacking in flavor. The use of a nicely seasoned sauce allows for absorbing of flavour during the cooking.

Beef en casserole: Two pounds lean beef, one bunch celery, four onions, two cups tomato, one cup cooked macaroni, one-half pound grated cheese, one cup mushrooms, seasonings. Cut the meat, celery and onions into small pieces and place in a hot frying pan, cook, stirring constantly until well browned. Remove from fire and place in a large casserole and add the remaining ingredients. Place in moderate oven and cook for two hours.

Swiss Steak: One and one-half pounds round steak cut two inches in thickness, one carrot, one small turnip, one onion, one tomato, one bay leaf, salt and pepper, one cup boiling water, two tablespoons dripping or butter. Sprinkle the steak with flour. Melt the fat in a frying pan and brown the steak in it, then remove the steak to casserole. Fry for a few minutes the onions, carrot, turnip and sliced tomato and add them to the steak in casserole. Add the bay leaf and seasonings. Pour in the boiling water, cover and simmer for two hours.

Ragout of Beef: Cut two pounds of round steak into inch squares, sprinkle with salt and pepper and roll in flour. Put into a saucepan two tablespoons of butter or dripping or suet to cover the bottom of the pan, when fat is hot add the meat and cook until well browned on all sides. Draw the meat to one side of pan, add one tablespoon of flour and brown, then add one cup of stock or water and stir constantly until it thickens. Add one teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon pepper, one-half teaspoon kitchen bouquet, one carrot, cut into dice, and one

tablespoon chopped onion. Place all in a casserole and bake for one hour.

Meat Balls en casserole: One pound lean round steak, (ground fine) three cups soup stock, one egg, one-half cup bread crumbs, two large onions, one green pepper, one-half cup tomatoes, two cups potatoes (cubed) four small onions, one-half cup finely chopped parsley, one teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, paprika. Slice one large onion and fry in melted fat until brown, then remove it to the casserole. Mix together the beef, the egg (slightly beaten), bread crumbs, parsley, the remaining large onion and seasonings. Form into balls, roll in flour and fry in melted fat until brown, then place in casserole. Add the tomato, the pepper, soup stock, and Worcestershire sauce. Let cook in a slow oven for two hours. Add potatoes and small onions and cook thirty minutes longer.

Lamb Chops en casserole: Eight Lamb Chops, two cups soup stock, two slices onion, two cups cubed potatoes, two cups peas, seasonings. Brown the chops slightly and quickly, in as little fat as possible, and place in casserole. Add the stock, the onion fried, golden-brown the potatoes, and peas. Cook for thirty minutes in moderate oven.

Casserole of Cod-Fish and Rice: Cover one-half cup of rice with two cups cold water, put over the fire and stir occasionally to prevent it sticking, boil five minutes, drain in a sieve, and rinse with cold water. Return to the fire in a double boiler and add one and one-quarter cups milk and cook until the milk is absorbed. Place in a casserole. Add one cup salt codfish, which has been soaked over night, and one-half cup medium white sauce. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs and bake for thirty minutes.

Finnan-Haddie a la Delmonico: Wash one pound of fish thoroughly and soak in cold water for one-half hour. Drain, cover with water just below the boiling point and let stand fifteen minutes. Drain and wipe dry. Remove skin and bones and separate fish into flakes. Put the flaked fish into a buttered casserole, pour over it a thin white sauce equal in quantity to the fish, cover with buttered crumbs and bake thirty minutes.

Chicken en casserole: One large chicken, three tablespoons dripping, two tablespoons butter, two tablespoons flour, three cups chicken stock, one tablespoon kitchen bouquet, one cup oysters, seasonings. Clean the fowl and cut into pieces, removing skin and as many bones as possible. Heat the dripping in a frying pan and in it fry the pieces until surface of meat is thoroughly seared. Take out and drain on paper. Melt the butter, add the flour, and when blended stir in the stock to make a sauce. Add kitchen bouquet and seasonings. Strain the sauce into a casserole, add the chicken. Cook in a moderate oven for one and one-half hours or until chicken is tender. About fifteen minutes before serving add oysters, scalded and cut into halves.

Chicken ramequins: One and one-half cups cooked chicken cut in small pieces, one cup peas, one-half cup mushrooms, one-quarter cup butter, two tablespoons flour, one-half cup chicken stock, one-half cup cream, seasonings. Melt the butter, add the flour and stir until frothy. Add stock and cream gradually, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Add seasonings. Combine this sauce with chicken, peas, and mushrooms. Place in buttered ramequins, sprinkle with buttered crumbs and bake for twenty minutes.

Ham en casserole: One slice of ham, cut thick, one small onion chopped, one bay leaf, one blade mace from cloves, one-half teaspoon celery seed, one small sweet pepper, salt and pepper, cider. Brown the ham on both sides in a hot frying pan then place it in a casserole, adding chopped onion, pepper and seasonings. Pour over it enough sweet cider to almost cover the ham. Bake slowly for two and a half or three hours. Serve with tomato sauce and stripped potatoes.

(Continued on page 44)



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Countless numbers of men look upon shaving as a "necessary evil." They have not experienced the clean comfortable shave of the New Improved Gillette.

This razor brings a joy of shaving most men had hardly dared hope for. The keen-edged Gillette blade cuts clean through each hair without a suggestion of pulling. The razor glides softly over the face leaving it smooth and cool.

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Little Mothers' League in Manitoba

"But you haven't seen my 'Little Mothers' League' Class yet," arrested our departure from a large school in the suburbs of Winnipeg. It was the Public Health Nurse, who called after us, and, because we didn't want to miss seeing any of the work being carried on as a part of health education, we followed the Nurse to a room, which we learned was used as a centre for Health Service, not only for the school, but for the community as well.

We found the Little Mothers' League Class in session. The girls in their white caps and aprons were having a lesson in Home Nursing. "To be ready to serve others in need," seemed to be felt rather than heard, as the underlying motive of the girls' work, as we watched their

instruction in Winnipeg Schools. That the experiment proved the need of such instruction is instanced by the fact that it is now given by the school nurses as a regular part of their work.

In Manitoba, outside of the City of Winnipeg, "Little Mothers' Leagues" were first organized in Brandon in 1917. The public health nurse, who formed the classes there felt however, that the girls needed instruction in the rudiments of Home Nursing and First Aid, and Sanitation in addition to "Care of Babies," and, the wisdom of this has been borne out by the interest and enthusiasm, not only of the students, themselves, but, their mothers as well; many of them, doubtless remember occasions when unable to obtain a nurse, how helpless they



The League Members at Work—Photograph by Margaret Jessop

earnestness of purpose in learning thoroughly the work in hand.

Personal Hygiene, Home Sanitation, Care of Babies and Rudiments of Home Nursing and First Aid, are the subjects taught in these classes, which are formed for the senior girls in the public schools in centres where it is possible for the public health nurse to visit the schools frequently.

It is the aim of the public health nurses to extend this teaching to every rural school as circumstances permit.

Sometimes classes are organized for older girls in the primary grades, who through force of circumstances, will in all probability leave school before reaching the higher grades.

Printed notes of each lesson are given to the members of the class to place in note books for future reference.

Examinations, both written and practical, are held at the conclusion of the course of instruction, and diplomas are given to the successful students by the Provincial Board of Health.

Little Mothers' Leagues were first organized in New York City Schools in 1909, as part of the campaign in reducing the infant mortality rate. The instruction consisted in teaching the girls "The Care of Babies." The result of this teaching was found to be so successful that it now holds an important place in work for Child Welfare.

It was in 1912 that the Margaret Scott Nursing Mission attempted to give such

felt in performing the simplest of nursing tasks.

This year a number of Little Mothers' Leagues are organizing Team Demonstrations under the auspices of the "Boys and Girls" Clubs in "Home Nursing" and "Care of the Baby."

The Manitoba branch of the Red Cross Society have arranged to bring in to Winnipeg the winning Teams for the final competition; and judging from some of the excellent demonstrations of work, which have already been given by these Teams in some of the districts, they will no doubt be among the most interesting events of the Boys and Girls Team Work, to be held in Winnipeg in September next.

We believe that Manitoba is the first Province in the Dominion of Canada, and most likely in North America, to foster this phase of health education by Team Demonstrations, and, last but not by any means the least, to Manitoba belongs the credit of organizing Little Mothers' Leagues as part of the school curriculum.

Casserole Cooking

(Continued from page 43)

Egg and Potato Pie: Six hard cooked eggs, one cup medium white sauce, ten boiled potatoes, two tablespoons butter,

three tablespoons cream, and season with salt and pepper. Fill a casserole with alternate layers of the potato mixture sprinkled with chopped parsley, the sliced eggs and white sauce. Cover top with mashed potatoes, smooth carefully over and mark with a fork, brush with beaten egg. Bake one-half hour in moderately hot oven.

Cheese Soufflé: One half cup grated cheese, two tablespoons butter, two tablespoons flour, two eggs, two-thirds cup milk, seasonings. Make a white sauce of the butter, flour and milk, add the seasonings. Remove from the fire and add the yolks of the eggs, slightly beaten, and the cheese. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Place in a casserole and bake for ten minutes in a slow oven. Serve at once.

Baked Onions: Six onions, one cup milk, one tablespoon fine tapioca, one tablespoon butter, one tablespoon chopped parsley seasonings as desired. Peel onions and boil tender in salted water. Drain and place in casserole. Add the remaining ingredients and bake for one hour.

Carrots a la Pompadour: One cup cook-

ed sliced carrots, one cup cooked sliced potatoes, two tablespoons butter, two tablespoons flour, one cup milk, two tablespoons grated cheese, salt and pepper, to taste. Make a white sauce of the butter, flour and milk, and while it is hot add the cheese. Place carrots and potatoes in a casserole season, pour over the cheese sauce. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake for ten minutes.

Stuffed Peppers: Six sweet green peppers, one-quarter cup each of chopped cooked ham and bread crumbs, one tablespoon chopped parsley, one-half cup tomatoes, two tablespoons butter, one slice onion (chopped) salt and pepper. Cut a piece off the stem end of each pepper and remove the seeds and partitions. Drop them into boiling water and boil for ten minutes. Stuff the peppers with the remaining ingredients mixed together. Cover the top of each with buttered crumbs. Place in a casserole, add a little water, and bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour.

Candied sweet Potatoes: Four sweet potatoes, one tablespoon butter, one cup molasses, salt and pepper. Select yellow sweet potatoes, peel and slice them lengthwise. Boil, using small amount of water as possible. Drain and add butter, salt and pepper. Place in a casserole and pour over them the molasses. Bake until molasses candies over potatoes.



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A test cake of Bauer & Black Baby Soap and a special can of Bauer & Black Baby Talc—Simply Mail the Coupon.

From 112 Baby Doctors

—these new comfort creators for your baby

This offers two new comfort creators for babies.

They come from the Bauer & Black laboratories, for 28 years specialists in filling doctors' wants, and are based upon the experience, in daily practice, of 112 leading children's doctors, nurses and dermatologists.

Your druggist has them—Bauer & Black Baby Talc and Bauer & Black Baby Soap.

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Ask baby specialists. Ask heads of maternity hospitals. They will tell you that next in importance to proper diet comes the proper care of baby's skin.

Most babies suffer from rashes and irritations, and when a healthy baby is cross and fretful, it is more often for that reason than any other.

Some of these irritations come from the semi-acid discharges of perspiration or urine, often powerful enough to cause rawness, but always powerful enough to cause baby intense discomfort—torturous itching.

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It overcomes the irritant effects of perspiration and urine. Combats them according to latest scientific findings.

Old methods attempted merely to dry the moisture. This new way overcomes its harmfulness. And thus marks a new era in baby comfort.

It acts instantly. You use it the same as an ordinary powder. Many of the most prominent maternity hospitals in the United States and Canada employ it. And foremost doctors prescribe it.

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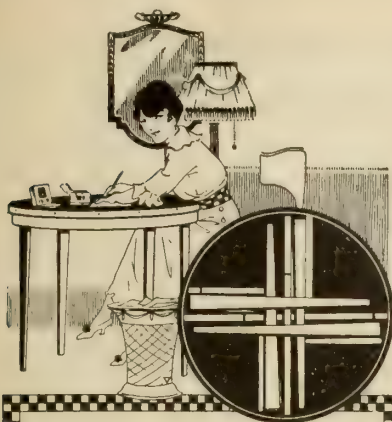
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What About Your Children

BY WILL H. GRAY

IT seems to be the fashion to deplore the sophistication of our present-day youth, and to look on them as having a good start on the road to perdition. But, it might be asked, what are we parents doing? Perhaps when you see Jessie, who is fourteen, with powder on her nose and carmine on her lips you tell her she is a silly little ass, and let it go at that. Do you bother to know where or how she spends her time after school? Well, if you don't you might as well shoulder the responsibility at once.

Why blame Mrs. Smith up the road and call her a snob because she won't let her Mabel associate with your Jessie? She has not your means or leisure, or education for that matter, and yet Mabel is among a set where your girl would not be welcome at present. It is just the same with Tom. He calls the Smith children sissies and stick-in-the-muds because they are seldom out at night without their parents, and George Smith has never been in a pool room in his life. Still the Smith children seem to have lots of fun.

"Oh yes," Tom grudgingly admits, "they enjoy themselves in their own harmless way. George belongs to the Boy Scouts, and collects stamps and bugs and things, and the girl is crazy about tennis; but she can't jazz worth a darn, though she can waltz in an old fashioned sort of way. As for that habit they have of tagging their parents about where ever they go, it gives me a pain."

Mr. Smith is in an office and draws one hundred and fifty dollars a month, and finds he needs it all too. He is always interested in anything that will be of help to his children. He religiously reads the two children's magazines that come to his house, in order to, "sense the slant of the rising generation," as he laughingly puts it. From these papers he gets ideas, and many a badly wanted dollar goes on something that will open up new vistas of thought in the minds of George or Mabel for months to come.

Mrs. Smith does her part nobly. She only had the education provided by a country school. But she is going to see that her children have the chance of going to the University if they want to. And what is more, she is instilling into them a thirst for knowledge that will insure them wanting to.

In the winter there is open house every other Saturday evening with games and dancing and theatricals, and as Archie Moffat told his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Smith were the biggest kids there. In the summer there is the tennis court and under the big maple tree a table with a large jug of lemonade and a pile of sandwiches, which Mabel and Jack had cut and wrapped in damp cheese cloth.

* *

DURING the holidays they rent the house and go off to the lake-shore for two months. Mr. Smith joins them for week ends and for his two weeks in August. His plans are more ambitious for next year, for he hopes to send them to the sea-shore for July and spend the latter half with them. In the meantime he is reading up about crabs and shrimps and shells and he and the children have already paid two visits to the museum to help out their book knowledge.

When George or Mabel come home with a new hobby he is not cross with them for so easily forsaking the last one. He understands the versatility of youth, gets down the encyclopaedia, reads every word on the new subject, and at the end makes notes of the books referred to. Then Mabel goes off post haste to the library and that night the whole Smith family are busy studying geology as they never studied anything before. And why on earth geology? All because Mabel sat next to a lady in the street car who was wearing an amber necklace in one of whose beads there was an ant entombed just as if it were yesterday

(Continued on page 53)



More Smiles Now For women have prettier teeth

A new way of teeth cleaning has multiplied smiles. Millions of women now use it. It has changed dingy teeth to whiter teeth. Wherever you look now you see pretty teeth which other people envy.

This new method is at your command. A free test will be sent for the asking. For the sake of whiter, safer teeth we urge you to accept it.

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This new way combats film—that viscous coat you feel. The old ways of brushing never did that effectively.

Film clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It absorbs stains and, if you leave it, forms the basis of cloudy coats, including tartar. That's why most teeth look dingy.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Most tooth troubles, which few escape, are now traced to that film.

Two methods found

Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to fight that film. Years of tests have amply proved their efficiency. Now leading dentists everywhere are advising their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, modern, scientific and correct. The name is Pepsodent. These two film combatants are now embodied in it. It is bringing to countless homes a new dental era.

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The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over now. All druggists supply the large tube.

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Teeth have two other great enemies. One is starch, which gums the teeth, and which may ferment and form acid. The other is mouth acids.

Pepsodent multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to better combat those starch deposits. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to better neutralize mouth acids. Thus it gives manifold power to Nature's great tooth-protecting agents. That's another result of modern dental research.



45 nations use it

Pepsodent now has world-wide use, largely through dental advice. Careful people of some forty-five countries see its benefits today.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

One week will convince you that you and yours should always use this method. Cut out the coupon now.

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Dress
1284

Jacket 1325
Skirt 9392

Dress
1304
Embroidery
12717

1284—Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch velveteen— $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40-inch satin for collar and sleeve facing.

1325—Misses' Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 9392—Misses' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard. The suit in size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch suede cloth— $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for the jacket lining.

1304—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard. Size 16 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 54-inch serge— $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40-inch satin. Embroidery in design 12717 is worked with silk floss in flat satin stitch.



Coat 1324

Coat 1319

1324 — Misses' Coat. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 54-inch wool velours— $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch radium silk for lining. The sleeves of this coat usurp the attention that would ordinarily center on trimming which has been carefully avoided for this very reason. In their extreme width and deep set armholes, they bespeak a Chinese influence. In direct contrast to the flare of the sleeves is the straightness of the coat itself, the only break in the lines occurring at the waist-line where there is a neat sash. Two slashed set-in pockets are inserted one above the other at each side of the front. The closing buttons up to the neck where the coat is topped by a large convertible collar that rolls comfortably about the neck.

1319—Misses' Coat. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 54-inch camel's hair cloth— $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch figured silk for lining. Revers that roll back as far as the waist-line add smartness to this top coat of mannish cut. It also observes the "wider the armholes the more modish the sleeve" rule laid down for all coats this Fall. The lower parts are finished with straps of self-material fastened in place with flat bone buttons. A large roomy pocket is stitched conveniently at each side of the front. A narrow belt of the material is worn. One of the new attractive printed silks is used for the lining.

About Furs and Fur Fashions

BY CHARLOTTE M. STOREY.

THE homely little muskrat, so called from the pungent odor its skin exudes, has provided fur coats for many more women than any other fur-bearing animal in the world. This is a very broad statement, but one that is confirmed by a furrier of many years experience. The fur known as Hudson Seal, so popular for the past decade, is muskrat dyed and dressed to look like real seal and coats of muskrat in its natural state are liked by the younger set. They look so unlike that one can scarcely believe they are the fur of the same animal. Incidentally the muskrat of Northern Ontario has a very thick fur and wears better than that of other parts.



A modish wrap of Hudson seal with shadow border, large collar and yoke, to which the full cape is gathered.

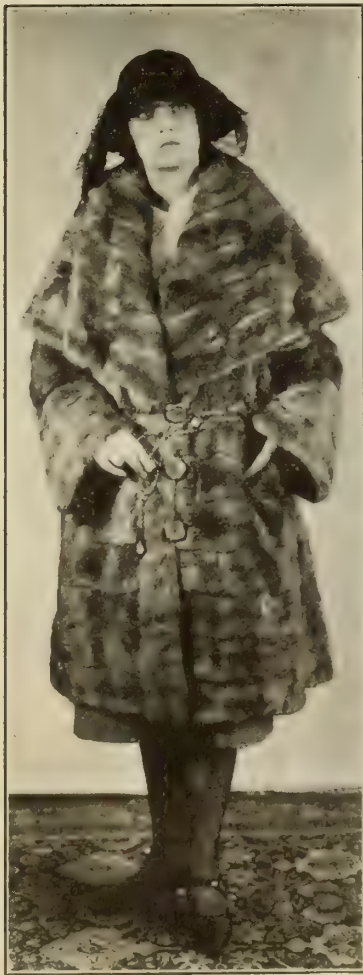
To convert muskrat into Hudson seal, the "guard" or coarse, long hairs that shed the water—for this is an amphibious animal—are removed by some process and the soft under fur shaved to an even thickness. The dyeing which requires skill and practice then takes place and eventually the plebeian muskrat emerges from the dresser's and dyer's establishment transformed to a veritable aristocrat and pet of fashion.

A furrier told me an interesting story recently which explains why muskrat skins are comparatively scarce and why the price of muskrat and Hudson seal coats remain so high. Those who buy these coats, it seems are paying the price of greed, the love of money being the root of high-priced furs, and—I know this won't be welcome news—we are warned that they may go higher, but let us hope they won't.

But to get back to my story: We have heard a great deal about the law of supply and demand the past few years, and are somewhat bored by it, nevertheless it always holds good, and back in 1920 when every marketable commodity had reached peak prices—a phrase coined during the war—raw rat skins brought the princely price of \$5.00 each and trapping became such a lucrative occupation that wherever there were rats, there were trappers

and the poor little animal was in great danger of extinction. This caused a shortage the following years with consequent high prices which might have been even steeper were it not that other furs are coming into fashion.

There is Persian lamb, for instance. This fur could not be bought in any quantity during the war for it was imported from Asia into Germany where it was dyed and then brought into Canada—it is now dyed in Canada—and of course could not be obtained. It is generally looked upon as a fur to be worn by mature people, at least not by the very young women, but that is, after all, a matter of opinion. Just here, let me warn you about being tempted by extraordinarily low-priced Persian lamb coats. During the war, it is said that there were a large quantity of lamb skins in Russia and these were sent to China to be disposed of there. The British Government heard about it and stopped the sale. They lay in China several seasons and were afterwards recalled by the Soviet Government who offered them for sale when the war was over. By this time the oil had dried out of the skins and with the oil went the wearing quality. Some of these may have reached this side of the water and



Here's a youthful coat of gray squirrel, with shadow collar and border around the bottom of the skirt.

furriers have issued a warning. It seems the owners have offered them for sale very cheap.

Broadtail is one of the most fashionable furs of the season, but it doesn't seem to tempt Canadian women, I don't know why for it is very beautiful; it is also very expensive. Grey and fawn caracul are much preferred as trimmings to the entire coat or wrap, although our U. S. cousins were quite wild over both these colors last year.

A well-known Toronto furrier once told me that Canadian women were the best judges of fur in the world, but I rather think that in these days of expert knowledge in all matters pertaining to dress,

(Continued on page 53)



Gossard Type Corsetry is the very foundation of that lovely picture every real woman wants to make of herself—and can, if she knows the secret

PERHAPS you have been buying your corsets by waist measure and leaving the rest to chance. That's fatal! Gossard artists haven't thought of you in such a vague way. You have been thought of as belonging to one of the nine figure groups and special models have been created with just the support you need at your age and weight to give you the proper proportions of the type to which you belong.

A Gossard Corset designed for your very own self is going to feel more comfortable than you thought a corset could. It's going to meet you everywhere, with a steady, uniform muscular support, but it isn't going to constrict or pinch you anywhere. The gracefully curved skirt of it, the slim front and back lines, the beautifully cut Gossard Brassieres you'll buy with it—these things are going to give your figure a delicate, moulded roundness.

The whole idea of Gossard Type Corsetry is to bring you to graceful proportions, one curve growing out of another with no part unduly emphasized. When this is done you will have an appearance of slimmness that the woman with a four-inch smaller waist and your own hip measurements can never have. A faithful following of this simple rule alone will take pounds and pounds away from a woman's apparent silhouette and years away from her apparent age.

Gossard Corsets, with their front-lacing comfort, their light scientific boning, their graceful, natural lines, are worth more to the woman who really cares about her

health and appearance than can be put into dollars and cents. And yet, they are among the most reasonably priced articles of clothing to be had today.

Go to the best store you know; there you will be correctly fitted to a Gossard by a trained corsetiere who will know just how to idealize your figure. Or if you feel you have a very special corset problem and you'd like a bit of personal advice, write to Miss Jane Hill, the Gossard corset specialist and authority on becoming dress, whose years of experience and proven ability are at your service. Miss Hill has just completed a tiny gem of a book, "YOU." It talks of personalities and becoming clothes in a way that any woman who would make the most of her natural beauty, will treasure. A copy is yours for the asking, if you will write your request to

The CANADIAN
H. W. GOSSARD CO., Limited
363 W. Adelaide St., Toronto, Canada
Chicago New York London Toronto Sydney Buenos Aires

Gossard Brassieres

GOSSARD Brassieres, like Gossard Corsets, are unerringly designed for types and are moderately priced within the reach of every woman. Be sure you see the new Longeryne models; they are differently shaped to meet the need of those many women who require special support at the diaphragm as well as added length to prevent their brassieres from slipping up over the low tops of the modern corsets.

Use This Coupon

No. 3

MISS JANE HILL, c/o The Canadian H. W. Gossard Co., Limited
363 West Adelaide St., Toronto, Canada

Please send me your free book, "YOU," and tell me what style corset to buy. I am _____ in height, weigh _____ pounds, waist _____ inches, bust _____ inches, hips _____ inches.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____

Province _____

Blouses of Variety and Distinction in Fashion's Latest Mood

Blouse 1128

Blouse 1194

Blouse 1287
Embroidery 12725

Blouse 1197
Embroidery 12717

Overblouse 9897
Beading 12612

Blouse 1300

Blouse 9337
Skirt 9974
Embroidery 12718

Blouse 9848
Skirt 1060
Embroidery 12718

1067 1123 1287 1289 1194

9337 9897 9848 1197 1300 9974 1060

1194—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 40-inch voile— $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch handkerchief linen. Hemstitching trims the front of the blouse and blanket-stitching trims the Peter Pan collar and the turn-back cuffs. The blouse is very simple and is just the thing to wear with the tailored suit.

1128—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Moroccan crêpe. This simple little crêpe blouse buttons on the shoulders.

1287—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine. A motif of embroidery, in design 12725, trims each side-front of the blouse. The embroidery may be worked in running and flat satin stitches. This design could also be carried out in beading, using chalk, crystal, or colored glass beads.

9337—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine— $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards frilling.

Embroidery, in design 12718, is applied to the side-fronts of the blouse and may be carried out in flat satin stitch with rope silk. No. 9974—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 26 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 54-inch tricotine. Pockets are inserted at the side-fronts underneath the straps.

1197—Ladies' Slip-on Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard 40-inch crêpe satin— $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe satin for trimming bands. The front of the blouse is embroidered in design 12717 and the design may be worked in flat satin and tiny running stitches with heavy rope silk. —Continued on page 52



Sample Book, Showing weights and textures, mailed free on request. Write for it.



Bloomers



Style No. 81



Style No. 42



Style No. 52

STANFIELD'S Ladies UNDERWEAR

completes the family group. With the perfecting of the luxuriously easy, comfortable, daintily fashioned winter underwear for ladies, every member of the family has been provided for in Stanfield's Underwear.

There are all weights for men—for those who are exposed to biting cold and penetrating chill—for those whose work keeps them out of doors, as well as those more or less confined to the office—for Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear is made in Combinations and Two-piece Suits, in full length, knee and elbow length and sleeveless, for both ladies and men.

Then, there are Stanfield's Combinations and Sleepers for growing children (patented).

Ask your dealer; if he cannot supply you, write us for the name of a dealer in your neighborhood who can.



Style No. 00

Infants Vest



Style No. 72



Style No. 32



Stanfield's Limited, - Truro, N. S. Adjustable Combinations and Sleepers

These are Handsome Gowns and Hats for the Autumn Tea

NOVEMBER PATTERNS AND PRICES

(Continued from page 50)

9897—Ladies' Slip-on Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe. The embroidery, design 12612, forms an all-over effect on the flowing sleeves and may be carried out in jet, steel, chalk, crystal, or colored glass beads.

1300—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard 40-inch satin crêpe— $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40-inch embroidered Georgette crêpe for collar and cuffs.

9848—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. A border of embroidery, design 12718, trims the neck and front of blouse and is worked in single-stitch embroidery. No. 1060—Ladies' One-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Size 26 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 54-inch tweed.

Blouse—1128—Price 35 cents.

Blouse—1287— " 30 cents.



Dress 1251



Dress 1252

Dress 1262
Embroidery 12596

1252—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 36 requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 40-inch Georgette—3 yards 40-inch satin for foundation— $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch lace for collar. The irregular outline of the collar gives it the effect of drapery that is very softening.

1262—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Size 36 requires $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine— $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 40-inch contrasting for collar, cuffs, and vestee— $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards lace—4 yards velvet ribbon. Long sleeves, gathered to wristbands in peasant style together with the graceful swinging panels at the sides of the skirt mark this model as being distinctly up-to-date. Embroidery in design 12596 is carried out in flat satin stitch with silk floss.

1241—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch crêpe back satin— $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The effective decorative note is supplied by design 12574 worked with beads and embroidery.

PRICES

Dress 1251—35 cents.

" 1252—35 cents.

" 1262—35 cents.

" 1241—35 cents.

Embroidery—12725—blue or yellow, 25 cents.

Blouse—1194—Price 30 cents.

Blouse—9337— " 30 cents.

Skirt—9974— " 30 cents.

Embroidery—12718—blue and yellow, 30 cents.

Blouse—1197—Price 35 cents.

Embroidery—12717—blue or yellow, 35 cents.

Overblouse—9897—Price 35 cents.

Beading—12612—blue or yellow 75 cents.

Blouse—1300—Price 30 cents.

Blouse—9848— " 30 cents.

Skirt—1060— " 30 cents.

Embroidery—12718—blue and yellow, 30 cents.

1251—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 36 requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch charmeuse— $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch net for collar and band on sleeves— $8\frac{3}{8}$ yards braid for binding—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody



Dress 1241
Embroidery 12574



Wash silk stockings the LUX way

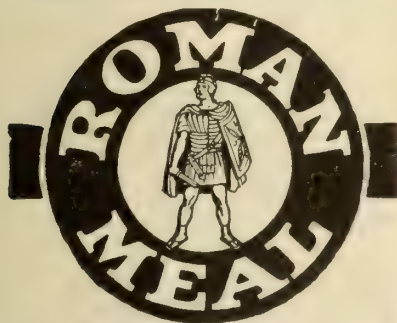
Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip the stockings up and down, pressing the Lux suds through and through them. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. Hang to dry. Never dry over a radiator.

The thin, white, satin-like Lux flakes are made by our own exclusive process and melt quickly.

Lux is supreme—for washing fine clothes. Sold only in sealed packet—dust-proof!

LUX

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A Delicious Food

Roman Meal is a delicious cereal—and more. It's the biggest value in nourishment you can buy—relieves constipation and indigestion—properly balanced in health-giving qualities—and can be served in a variety of ways.

Makes appetizing muffins and gems, delightful puddings, and the finest porridge you've ever tasted.

ONE SERVING - ONE CENT
Get it at your grocers

Every Day-Serve Some Way

About Furs and Fur Fashions

(Continued from page 49)

there are others quite as good judges as ourselves, but there is one thing the Canadian woman almost always does and that is to select a fur that is not too conspicuous and wears well. That is why she likes Hudson seal, Canadian mink and beaver and Russian kolinsky. When nutria was in fashion, she scarcely looked at it, but she will some times yield to the plushy elegance of Russian mole in a wrap and young girls like sport coats of grey squirrel and for utility coats, if not muskrat, then raccoon which gives excellent wear.

Just a word about grey lamb which has come into fashion again after being eclipsed by other skins for a quarter of a century or more. This is used chiefly as trimmings on youthful cloth suits and children's coats. Monkey fur is one that we hear a great deal about this year and see on imported wraps, hats and even dresses. It is also used to trim Hudson seal, Persian lamb and caracul coats. Judging from the monkeys of our acquaintance—limited to those in the zoo—monkey fur trimmings would not be very alluring. But there are types and types, and Abyssinian monkey is beautiful except for its face. It has rich black fur on the back, surrounded by long white silky hair in the form of a saddle and the

quality is regulated by the climate, the colder the more beautiful.

Paramount with the selection of the skin is the selection of the style, and notwithstanding our climate, fur capes are gaining many devotees in this country. Wraps are also the choice of many limousine ladies who neither toil nor spin, but the great majority are buying coats, which are longer this year than last, forty to fifty inches taking the place of the thirty-six to forty-two lengths of last year. But then you know we are wearing our skirts longer. The location of the waist line seems to be governed by the length of the skirt for it has dropped down also and is defined by a fancy cord girdle.

Nearly all the coats are trimmed with a contrasting fur and a very pretty effect is achieved in the Hudson seals by reversing the skins in horizontal bands around the bottom. These are called "shadow" stripes, and sometimes there are as many as four of them.

The linings are elegant also, especially in the more expensive models. On one that was shown in a fur store that is known all over the Dominion, the body was lined with blue charmeuse and the skirt peacock and gold brocade. This had an inside pocket with a draw-string in the top like a shopping bag.



TWO PRETTY POUCHETTES

The one on the left is made of grey crushed calf with gold frame, pannier handle and a change purse swung across the centre inside. Its companion is of the same leather in a basket shape with ruffled edge and a bronze filagree frame.

What About Your Children

(Continued from page 47)

instead of several million years ago that he lived and went about his busy little life among strange monsters that we can just guess at from the fossil remains that turn up from time to time.

In spite of all this study and wholesome amusement Tom Brightlight thinks the Smith children have a pretty thin time of it. They have, according to his standard. Take a child out of the slums and dress him like little Lord Fauntleroy and put him in a gorgeous mansion and you will have a very miserable child. As Kipling would say, "E's lost 'is gutter-devil; 'e as'n't got 'is pride." But in time he will grow into his new environment just as Tom would if he were cast among the Smiths for a spell.

What about theatres, dances, and picture shows? Good plays they regard as part of the children's education. For the phonograph they have records of the best singers, and when any of these come to town they make a point of hearing them if means will permit. George has made many an odd dollar cleaning out a basement or spading up a bit of garden. His rabbits and pigeons were profitable in their time, for he had really good ones. Mabel too has tasted the joy of sitting in a box seat nibbling chocolates and listening to "Lohengrin" with money she

earned watching over sleeping children while their parents were out enjoying themselves. Mabel must pay her own way when she goes out with any of the boys who come to the house. Public dances are at present taboo, except the open air, daylight kind at summer resorts with their parents. Movies they go to occasionally, but the heaving breast of the sobbing heroine excites no thrills or cold shivers, for Mr. Smith's pointed remarks about unseen onions and ammonia keep them from being taken too seriously.

After all the Smiths are just a normal, healthy family with kindness, generosity and thoughtfulness bred into them. It is doubtful if Mr. Smith will ever be a very wealthy man. That is not his hobby. Money with him is a secondary, but very necessary, commodity. His greatest joy is improving his own mind in order that he may pass on the knowledge to his children and in doing so achieve a pleasure unapproached in any other manner. We hear a lot about the menace of Bolshevism and there is a menace. But if more of us take the interest in our children that the Smiths do we may sleep on easy beds without the vision of this fair Country of ours in a welter of blood, famine and pestilence that might easily engulf the whole world.



How You Can Have Prettier Dresses At Half the Cost

By Marjorie La Mar

I WANT TO TELL YOU about a new and wonderfully simple plan by which you can now learn right at home in spare time to make all your own and your children's clothes.

I want to tell you how you can not only have more and prettier dresses, suits and hats, but how you can save at least one-half of what you are now spending.

Does it sound almost too good to be true? Then, let me tell you about the Woman's Institute—the great school which is bringing the joy of better clothes at substantial savings to women and girls all over the world.

You say that you cannot sew a stitch or that you sew only a little? No matter! The Institute courses begin with the very simplest stitches and seams and proceed by logical steps until you learn the whole art of dressmaking—the designing, cutting, fitting and construction of garments of every kind.

The courses are so complete and practical that hundreds of students with absolutely no other preparation have opened shops of their own and enjoy large incomes and independence as professional dressmakers and milliners.

Best of all, you are not asked to spend long weeks on practice work. You begin almost at once to make actual garments. No matter where you live—no matter what your age or position in life, if you can be reached by the mails, you can learn dressmaking and millinery at home through the Woman's Institute.

Aren't you glad to know that at last you can have those pretty clothes and hats for which your heart has been longing all these years? And wouldn't you like to have the full story of the school and the methods that have made this possible? The way to get it is easy.

Send for this Handsome Booklet "Dressmaking Made Easy"

IT tells all about the Woman's Institute. It describes the courses in detail and tells how you, too, can learn easily and quickly, in spare time at home, to make your own clothes and hats, and dress better at less cost, or prepare for success in the dressmaking or millinery profession.

Use the coupon below or write a letter or post card to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 31-L, Scranton, Penna. Without cost or obligation, a copy of this handsome 64-page booklet will come to you, absolutely free, by return mail.

— — — — — TEAR OUT HERE — — — — —

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE

Dept. 31-L, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked below:

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss.)

Street.....
Address.....

City.....Province.....



From Youth
to Old Age—
You Need Good Light

Style
CO-329
Made in
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Price
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Here's Why
You'll Like Them

- 300 Candle Power of pure-white, brilliant light. Brighter than 20 old style oil lamps or lanterns.
- Light With Matches. Makes and burns its own gas from common motor gasoline.
- No greasy wicks to trim; no dirty chimney to wash; no smoke; no soot; no odour.
- Can't spill fuel or explode—even if tipped over. Can't be filled while lighted.
- Give more than 40 hours brilliant service per gallon of fuel.
- Cost to use less than 15 cents a week.
- Built of brass, heavily nickelled. Inspected, tested, guaranteed.
- Lamp has Universal Holder, fits many different shades.
- Lantern has mica globe with metal reflector. Is wind-proof, rain-proof and bug-proof.

FOR every member of the family the Quick-Lite Lamp is the very best and most healthful light for every use in the home. Young eyes stay young under its clear white rays. And older eyes denied the benefit of good light in youth, find restful comfort in the abundance of soft, mellow radiance it gives. No glare to this light—no flicker about it to hurt or strain the eyes.

Science claims, "80 Per Cent of What You Know Comes to You Through Your Eyes." Indeed, your most valued treasure in life is your eyesight. It is your one direct contact with the world about you—drinking in beauty, knowledge and understanding. Protect it—Guard it as you do life itself! Use good light and plenty of it. Always spend your evening hours under the smooth, steady-shining brilliance of the

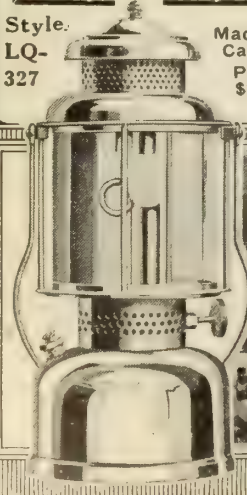
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Quick-Lite
"The Sunshine of the Night"

In more than a million happy homes the Quick-Lite is the favorite light for reading, sewing, studying, at the piano or for "just visiting" around the family circle. Because the sight-saving light it gives is natural in quality—nearest like the daylight intended for human eyes.

The Quick-Lite Lantern is built on the same principle as the Lamp. Nothing better! Always ready for any job, any night—in feed lots, barns, cellars, garages, store-rooms, workshops, factories, etc. Finest light known for night hauling, plowing, harvesting, camping, hunting, fishing, touring, etc.

Dealers everywhere sell Quick-Lites. If yours can't supply you write us. Address Dept. 1148

The Coleman Lamp Co., Ltd.
Toronto, Canada



The Vanity Box

(Continued from page 26)

and there are ever so many things to make for that season. Also, if we do not suffer too much in face and hands from the roughness of the winter wind, it is just as well to prepare in this last month of autumn with healing lotions for the mischievous pranks which Jack Frost is sure to play.

THE LETTER BOX

MADELINE:—There is no necessity for you to despair regarding the complexion. Now, when the skin is in such a condition as you describe, nine times out of ten, the cause is indigestion. You should try to get such important organs as the stomach and the liver in good order before you consider creams or lotions. A greasy skin nearly always means too much rich food. Don't indulge in fried foods or rich pastry for a time. Be careful, also, about the quantity of butter or gravy which you have every day and, in other words, eat very plain food for a while and see if conditions do not improve. In the meantime, I am sending you the name of a lotion which softens and refines the skin. "Less candy" would also be a wise policy.

EDITH G.:—You need not be discouraged about the tan which seems to have a clinging little way of its own. Sunburn is gayly acquired, but it is really a serious matter to try to be rid of a coat of tan. I believe that the quality of skin has something to do with it. A very fine sensitive skin burns more readily than the thicker skin, but there is the alleviation that it loses the tan more quickly, while the thick-skinned woman is patiently applying milk of almonds and other reliable aids to the sunburn. I am sending you the names of several preparations which may help, and, in the meantime, do not despise the humble buttermilk as a bleaching agency.

MARGUERITE:—You did not enclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your inquiry. So, I am unable to refer to the name of the clay preparation concerning which you ask. I am sorry not to be more obliging, but the rules of the "column" do not admit of the mention here of a specific preparation. Wash the face thoroughly with a face brush and use a good soap and tepid water. Then squeeze out black-heads and apply a drop of eau de Cologne.

VIOLET:—I should be more than pleased to answer your inquiry, but it is impossible to do so and keep the rule which asks for a stamped and addressed envelope. You see, Mademoiselle Violet, we do not mention toilet preparations in this column, as such reference would be positive advertising—and you have no idea how very strict advertising authorities can be. One does not flout their views, even to raise the drooping head of a Violet. Wherefore, if you will be so good as to send me a stamped and addressed envelope, the information you ask for will be forwarded. In the meantime, powder your nose and smile



A lovely evening gown. Crepe Marocain is never so lovely as when its lines are simple. This is trimmed with a deep steel fringe.



To make you lovelier

ALL through the ages women's beauty has swayed the hearts of men; and every woman longs for her full share of this power.

However attractive you may be, it is possible to make yourself lovelier if you use the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream. This is a vanishing cream that when worked well in is a protection for the skin against wind, sun, and dust—a delicate foundation to which powder adheres evenly, and from which it will not easily rub off.

Then, apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of a delightful perfume.

Now a bit of Pompeian BLOOM for a softly glowing color. And do you know that you should always experiment in the placing of rouge? Study the contour of your face. Perhaps you will look better with more color on the cheek-bones. Perhaps it is the center of the cheek where a deeper shade looks well.

Lastly, dust over again with the powder in order to subdue the BLOOM. And instantly the face is radiant with added youth and beauty.

Before retiring, cleanse the face thoroughly with Pompeian NIGHT Cream (a cold cream). In the morning you will find the lines of fatigue have faded and your skin will be soft and velvety.

Pompeian FRAGRANCE, a talcum powder, smooth and refreshingly perfumed, brings you charm.

Pompeian Beauty Powder, Day Cream, Bloom, 60c each; Night Cream, 50c; Fragrance, 30c. At all toilet counters.

Get New Mary Pickford Panel (and five Pompeian samples)

Mary Pickford, the world's most adored woman, has again honored Pompeian Beauty Preparations by granting the exclusive use of her portrait for the new 1923 Pompeian Beauty Panel. The rare beauty and charm of Miss Pickford are faithfully portrayed in the dainty colors of this Pompeian panel. Size 28 x 7 1/2.

We will send you for only 10c this beautiful portrait of Mary Pickford and samples of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, DAY Cream (vanishing), BLOOM (a rouge that won't crumble), NIGHT CREAM (the cold cream for beauty) and FRAGRANCE (a Talcum). You can make many interesting beauty experiments with these samples. Please use coupon now.

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, 3 Wyandotte Ave.
Walkerville, Ont., Can.



Pompeian Beauty Products

TEAR OFF NOW AND MAIL
Or put in purse as shopping-reminder

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES

3 Wyandotte Ave., Walkerville, Ont., Can.

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (stamps not accepted) for 1923 Art Panel of Mary Pickford. Also please send me five samples named in offer.

Name

Address

City Prov.

Natural shade powder sent unless you write another below.



When Grandmamma Went Shopping



The ultimate choice of the PRUdent housewife.

She knew that good cottons were the most enduring, most attractive fabrics for wearing apparel, or household use. Her keen eye, her shrewd sense of quality never failed to choose the best values.

The woman of to-day has discovered a surer way. She asks for Prue Cottons, knowing that they are the best, price for price, and the cheapest, quality for quality.

They are made in Canada by Canadians

DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, LIMITED

MONTREAL

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WINNIPEG



THERE is a peculiar tiresomeness in the conversation of certain persons who insist on talking about what they consider "real life"—meaning thereby all manner of nastiness. There are unpleasant things and desperately sad occurrences in life—tragedy enough and to spare before we reach the three-score-years-and-ten—and only an extremely foolish and one-sided character seeks to ignore the sadness. That tragic aspect is far from being the whole of life, however, and the most helpful persons we meet are those who prefer the sunshine to the shadow and who do not insist on dwelling on what is melancholy or sordid, to the exclusion of all that is bright and joyous. I admit that "Pollyanna" is a trifle too cheerful for my enjoyment—too automatic in her insistence that everyone should be "glad," even though the heavens are falling and your shoes are too tight. Pollyanna, however, has her uses and is not altogether a vain show. A social service worker told me the other day that Pollyanna had helped to cure a certain dismal child she knew of sulks and grumbling, and had actually made her a "good sport," for the small girl insisted on regarding her as a play-mate.

The most deliberately cheerful Pollyanna, with her galvanic gayety, is to be preferred to Auntie Doleful, with her sighs and lamentations and her constant wondering about "what the world is coming to." The world is coming to an end, sometime or other—but in the meantime, it seems fairly solid and most of the time highly ornamental. In fact, it is a good old world, even on a November morning, when the toast has been burned and the coal is scarce. The pessimists are to be avoided, especially in the days when there is something really the matter.

* * *

WE knew that the short skirts could not last forever. They were becoming so abbreviated that Dame Fashion, the most fickle authority in the world, was sure to make a change before another year went by. The new skirts, however, are not unduly long and there is no necessity for being anxious, as yet, about the trailing skirt. We remember the trailer and the dust which was accumulated and we hope, with all our hearts that it will not be visited upon us again. Of course, we can refuse to wear the "trailer" and have a battle royal with the fashion makers about it. We may as well admit that most women are keenly anxious to be in the fashion and are quite sad at the prospect of not being "smart." There is so much need for common-sense in the modern commercial

world that street cars will be utterly opposed to the extreme lengthening of skirts, and crowded thoroughfares will make them almost an impossibility.

When we consider the evening gown, that which blooms after nine o'clock, we find the trailing skirt becoming, and hope that it may remain for a season or two, to bring back a lost dignity to the world of "what we wear." I remember a stately dame whom I admired very much in childhood. Her "best gown" in winter was a dark purple velvet, trimmed with silk fringe and having a sweeping train which made her entrance to any room a royal affair. She has long since gone to the land, where, let us hope, Fashion has no word to say. Yet for the sake of the days when her purple velvet gown held all romance in its folds, I have an affection for the train of regal proportions.

* * *

THERE is much discussion going on with more or less animation, concerning the woman who attempts to combine matrimony and a career. The novel recently published, "This Freedom," written by no less a person than Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, has increased the interest in this highly important matter. Mr. Hutchinson evidently thinks that it is iniquitous to try to be a wife and mother and run a bank at the same time. Either the home or the bank will be wrecked—and, in this case, it was the home which went utterly to smash. While the threefold disaster which befell the household of which Rosalie was the movable centre is rather difficult to credit, yet we are inclined to think that the hero of the book (a rather wearisome chap) was fair in his appeal to Rosalie to stay home and "mind the children."

"I don't care for the way in which the story is written," said a wise matron, "but I believe in what the author is trying to arrive at—the fact that no one can take a mother's place with her children, especially in the earliest years. There are cases where a mother is forced to turn bread-winner—and these are sad enough. But to choose deliberately to continue exacting business toil downtown when there are little children to be looked after is a very strange policy for a mother."

"It is being done—especially in the States," was the comment of another.

"Yes—and it is no wonder that one marriage out of twelve in that country ends in divorce. It can't be done successfully—combining business and marriage. Her home is a married woman's business."

So said the wise matron—and her words were more pleasing than "This Freedom's" hysteria.



In this sunny living room, the walls of sand-float plaster are tinted a warm light gray and the ceiling is finished in a very faint gray. The paneled woodwork is stained to the soft brown of old walnut: therefore, it is in perfect harmony with the furniture of both walnut and mahogany used in the room. In the antique rug hung above the wide fireplace and in the oriental rugs used on the dark-stained floor, a rosy shade of terra cotta predominates. The same shade of terra cotta, combined with old blue and yellow, appears again in the brocaded tapestry chosen for the fireside-chairs and footstool and in the parchment shade which tops the burnished copper lamp.

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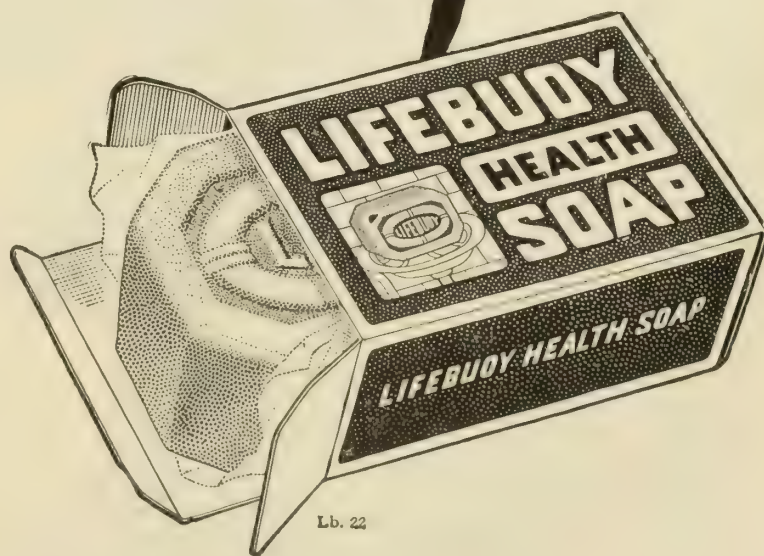
If NOT, you have missed a treat.
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sealed, "SALADA" is 100% PURE.
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H 337

Hands were made to work
with, and to be soiled.

Wash them with Lifebuoy
when the work is done
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Lb. 22

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How to Use It

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Ingram's Milkweed Cream

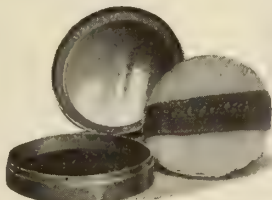
Send a dime for Ingram's Beauty Purse—An attractive, new souvenir packet of the exquisite Ingram Toilet-Aids. Mail the coupon below with a silver dime and receive this dainty Beauty Purse for your hand bag.

Frederick F. Ingram Co., 3 Crawford St., Windsor, Ont.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed please find one dime, in return for which please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse containing an elderdown powder pad, sample packets of Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder, Ingram's Rouge and Zedenta Tooth Powder, a sample tin of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, and for the gentleman of the house, a sample tin of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

Name
Street
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Go to your druggist to-day and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or one-dollar size. Begin at once to gain the charm of a fresh, clear, radiant complexion. It will be such a satisfaction.

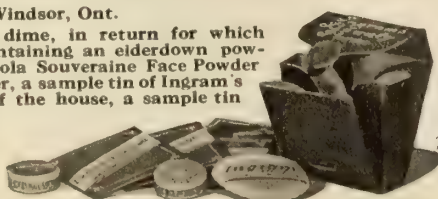


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Pamela Pounce

(Continued from page 10)

trembling joy and crucial doubt; a colour that fluctuated, a vague and veiled glance. And a smile that wavered.

"Well, Miss?" panted Pamela, as the girl, letting herself fall into a chair, seemed to float away on a dream: "well, Miss, how did you enjoy of yourself? Wasn't my head the prettiest there by a long way? I don't think the Duchess herself had such a bit of real art, and I ought to know! I'm sure, if you only looked as you did upstairs in that little room when you took off your mask—"

"Oh, you dear kind thing, I never took off my mask at all."

"What, Miss?"

"Oh, I couldn't!"

"Of all the pities! There, I might as well have spared my trouble, I see. There ain't a mite of use in trying to help those that won't help themselves, that's flat!"

"Nay, pray, pray don't be vexed with me! You've been such a friend to me! You're the only friend I have! Oh, I must tell you! There's no one in the world I can tell."

There was such real distress in the girl's whole air, and at the same time, some pathetic hope that seemed to cast a pale beam across her trouble like sunshine on a gloomy day, that Pamela swallowed down her natural irritation and began to feel moreover that her efforts might prove to have been not so altogether wasted after all. More than this, how could she fail to be touched by the appeal: "You are my only friend"? Flattered, too, considering—and Pamela was far too sensible not to consider—the difference in their station.

"Oh," cried the plain Miss Vibart, as if the gentle look the milliner cast on her had been a Moses wand and the spring gushed forth under its touch. "Oh pity! Oh, why am I not beautiful, like Jane? I never envied her before—never, never—but oh, why did I go to the party at all? If I hadn't known him first, if he had not been so wonderful kind and clever and charming and loving to talk to me, and understanding me so—oh, oh, and so handsome! Oh, I'd never have known what he was if Jane had had him first!"

"There, don't cry, you poor thing! Why, now, you said you'd tell me about it, Miss, and I'm sure, I think it uncommon pleasant of you, Miss, and I'd never take advantage—no! 'Twill be as sacred—as sacred—no not if I was to be drawn and quartered! But there, Miss, why, how do you know 'tisn't all going to end lovely? How do you know the gentleman isn't like me and wouldn't rather have you than the beauty, fifty thousand times?"

Here came such a lifting of swimming eyes, such a timid smile that Pamela thought she, for one, never wanted to see anything sweeter than the face of the plain Miss Vibart.

And after that the confidences came, broken, halting, but explicit enough for such quick wits as those of Madame Mirabel's head woman. How Sarah had followed her mother, with a higher heart than she had ever carried in her bosom to any entertainment, into the great, splendid ball-room of Hampshire House, safe under her mask; and they had scarce been there a five minutes when up comes the Duchess of Queensbury in a great fuss, followed by a tall young gentleman, and she says to Mamma for the Duchess is Mamma's cousin by marriage, and has remembered the relationship since Jane came out, for Jane, she says, is the most beautiful creature in the world and "so she is," cried the loyal sister, breaking off her narrative with a trembling lip.

"Tis the young gentleman's looks I want to hear about," Miss Pounce interpolated skilfully. "Mr. W—I suppose? Him your lady Mamma was alluding to."

"Mr. W. it was, Mr. Walsingham. And oh, he's a person of great consequence, for he's the nephew and heir of the old Marquis of Harborough, him that suc-

ceeded his brother you know, and none of them ever married. And oh, dear, my dear friend—your name's Pounce, isn't it? I'd rather call you by your Christian name if you don't mind. Pamela? Oh, I like that. Dear Pamela, I thought when the Duchess introduced him and he bowed and smiled I'd never seen anything so agreeable, nor so well looking. With such straight and honest eyes and so kind a smile. And the Duchess was in such a fuss, as I told you she wouldn't listen to Mamma who wanted to explain about Jane, and I think she's a little deaf, too. 'Here, Edward,' she cries, 'here's Miss Vibart, what I've told you of and you'd better engage her at once, for once it gets about what a face is behind that mask, there'll be twenty clamouring for her. Oh, you're a lucky dog,' says she—that's the way she speaks, and I think it's rather gross, but Mamma won't have it, because she's a duchess—'Oh, you're a lucky dog,' she cries, 'and there won't be a buck in the room that won't want your blood when midnight comes and that face is revealed.'"

"Dear, to be sure," said Pamela, with a sucking breath. "And do you think Mr. W.—I can't help it, Miss, I shall always call him that: 'tis so mysterious like—didn't hear what your Mamma tried to tell the Duchess? Did he take you for your sister straight off?"

An overwhelming blush spread over the plain Miss Vibart's face.

"Oh, Pamela Pounce," she cried, "'twas very silly and cowardly of me, but I didn't want him to find out. I thought for once I'd know, even on false pretences, what it means to be admired and courted. And oh, my dear creature, yes, I'll be truthful. I liked him so much from the very first that I couldn't, I couldn't make up my mind to his going away and leaving me."

In the pause which ensued, the milliner discreetly waited while last night's heroine once again fell into a retrospective muse. Suddenly the girl broke out:

"'Twas the strangest thing! Our tastes met at every point. 'Never think, sir,' cries I to him, 'to find me entertaining company, for I'm the veriest country mouse—' 'Country!' cries he. 'Madam, there's no life for anyone but in the country to my mind. This town existence, what is it? How can anyone but an idiot substitute the fresh air and the green fields and the fine views and the wholesome activities, the pleasant neighbourly intercourse, for this inane round of dissipations in the atmosphere of smoke, the hideous confinement of brick and mortar and the feverish intercourse with strangers between people who can have naught in common, and as like as not can never meet again?'"

"La," cried Pamela, "how you remember it all, Miss! And sure, to my mind, 'twas scarce an auspicious opening."

"Nay, but it was, for it set me off laughing. And, cries I, an idiot and inane! 'You're vastly obliging, sir, but pray remember that I, at least, am subject to authority.' And so am I, madam," cried he, 'tis by my uncle's orders that I am in the town, so you and I may perhaps call ourselves the only sane people in a room full of vapidity. And such being the case,' he went on, 'you will allow me to add most respectfully that we scarce meet altogether as strangers, and that I trust our first meeting may not be the last.'"

The milliner gave a whistle. "Quick work," quoth she, "a most like putting on the feathers before the straw is stitched together."

"Oh, nay indeed!" cried the other again, "we were somehow so comfortably at home with each other from the first! And after we had danced a minuet—it is not vanity on my part to say that I can dance and that better than dear Jane, though, to be sure, it scarce matters how she steps for none will look but at her

(Continued on page 59)

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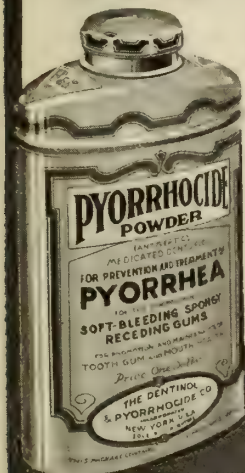
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45 St. Alexander Street, Montreal

Pamela Pounce

(Continued from page 58)

face—we got on amazing in the figures, and afterwards still better in the talk we had together. Never was there such harmony of taste, I do assure you; I told him how vastly I preferred the country gentleman to the town fop, and he told me the town young lady could never hold a candle to the fresh country creature that would be up betimes in the dairy, and still-room. And oh, a dairy is all my joy, and as to a still-room why, I scarce know how the time flies, once I'm in ours! Our housekeeper is very old, and Mamma is very kind and lets me help her. And there's no butter half so good as mine in the county, and the dear cows, I love the very sight of them. Aye and I can milk, too. And there's not a herb in the garden I don't know the use of. And—

"Why, Miss," said the milliner, amused, "what a mistress you'll be of a country house of your own, one of these days!"

"Why, that's what he said!"

"Did he indeed?" Pamela laughed out loud.

"Nay, but," the girl's face, which had wonderfully brightened, fell; "You must remember he thought I was the Beauty all the time! He has heard about Jane. 'Tis quite clear. He is in love with her without ever having seen her, and that was why the more charming, the more ardent, respectfully ardent, he was, the more my heart sank. Though indeed I do think our minds were in sympathy, and to be sure, sister scarce knows rhubarb from angelica, or cream cheese from curds."

"Ah, if I'd been you," said Pamela Pounce with fire, "I'd have pulled my mask off, Miss, and faced him and said, 'By your tongue you're a man of sense show yourself one by your eyes.'"

"Oh, you may talk," Sarah cast a desperate upward glance at the kindling face: "you that's so handsome! Little you know what it is to feel plain. 'Tis as I have told you, I couldn't, aye—that's the word!—face it. And so I slipped from him, even as all the assembly was summoned to the supper room, and hid myself. And oh," cried Sarah, between laughing and crying, "when Mamma found me at last, sitting with the maids among the cloaks, she was very angry at first. And where have you been?" cries she. "The Duchess and Mr. W. have been looking for you everywhere. Mr. Walsingham's mad after you, child, and oh," here Sarah sobbed, "she was most angry because she thought he had liked me too much. And when I told her he took me for sister, 'why,' said she, 'put on your mask this minute, Miss. And I forbid you ever to let on that you took Jane's place. He has told the Duchess that you are the most intelligent young woman, that your mind and your principles are all he could desire—believing you to be Jane of course. Things could not be better! His intentions are most serious!' And now," cried Sarah, drying her eyes desperately, "Sister's had her tooth out this morning, and the apothecary says in a week there'll be nothing to show for it. And though there's been a message from the Duchess to say Mr. W. wished to call to-day, Mamma had wrote back that Jane has taken a cold at the masked ball and must keep her room for a few days. But oh, Pamela, when he comes and looks upon her—why, you can guess how it will be!"

"'Tis a monstrous shame," the partisan exclaimed. "I wouldn't put up with it, Miss. And all the time 'tis yourself he'll think he's getting. You ought to up and tell him straight and let him make his choice."

But Sarah, pulling on her shabby gloves and drawing her hat over her red eyes, shook her head. "I couldn't do that," said she. "Mamma says if I breathe a word 'twill be the basest treachery to sister. And she'll keep me out of the way," she added under her breath.

(Continued on page 62)

The Backbone of Style

A garment is no better than the material from which it is made. Therefore in selecting your Fall clothes you should be as critical about the quality of the cloth as you are about the style and workmanship.

The new Hawthorn Velour now being featured in the better grade coats is a fabric of unusual quality and beauty.

The name Hawthorn in a garment is a guarantee that the fabric used—whether velour, herringbone, homespun or knitted tweed—is of superior quality. It will hold its stylish lines and give longest wear.

HAWTHORN FABRICS

Made in Carleton Place, Ont., by HAWTHORN MILLS, LIMITED



The label of dependability in garments made from HAWTHORN FABRICS

The Child's Own Corner

(Continued from page 16)

A painted finish for the walls has the twofold point in its favor of being easy to clean at any time and equally easy to disinfect in the event of contagious disease invading the nursery. As a safeguard against little fingermarks and other evidences of use, it is, indeed, a good plan to have at least the lower portion of the walls painted, even though wallpaper is to be employed above the dado thus formed. Whether the paint be of the "flat" or the "gloss" finish, of the "oil" or of the "cold water" variety, is a matter of personal choice; and, fortunately, with any of these, very delightful results can be achieved—even by an amateur decorator—thanks to the explicit directions which manufacturers now supply.

With painted or tinted walls as a nucleus, a paneled effect can be secured

intervals a quaint conception of a little Dresden shepherdess, arrayed in rose and blue, guarding a tiny flock of snowy lambs. Used above a painted dado of soft blue-green and with woodwork similarly finished, the effect of this paper could be scarcely other than eye-gratifying. Small Hollanders, garbed in bright Dutch blue, orange and white, enliven a pale yellow paper that would be effective with woodwork of either white or parchment yellow. The quaint children of Kate Greenaway and the characters of Mother Goose adorn many of the patterned nursery papers: parrots, butterflies and flowers make still others colorful.

Plain papers, however, in restrained tones of gray, yellow, tan, green and blue are frequently chosen instead, because they afford greater leeway for the in-



For the tinies of mortals this nursery has quite obviously been fitted. The walls and ceiling are papered alike in a pale yellow paper that is faintly self-patterned. The woodwork is enameled in ivory-white and all the furniture is similarly finished—the ancient corner-cabine, however being distinguished by naturalistic nosegays in deep yellow blue rose and green. Green too is the rug a green that holds much yellow in its depths. Dotted muslin curtains appropriately befrilled adorn the windows and fluffy shades of the same material lined with shell-pink soften the glare of the electrics.

for a comparatively small outlay by the use of narrow wood-mouldings, preferably finished to match the walls. The paneling creates an appropriate background for the well-selected and suitably-framed pictures which are a necessary feature of a well-ordered nursery, if an appreciation of art is to be inculcated in the small occupant. Sometimes, too, the larger panels are painted in a somewhat broad "poster" style with scenes depicting well-known nursery-rhymes, fairy tales or legendary lore—and this is a wall-treatment that will especially commend itself to parents desirous of attaining something quite distinctive in the way of nursery decoration.

Attractive as the painted walls may be, there are wallpapers exclusively designed for nursery use that are no less alluring. One very charming paper of a light bluish-green hue carries at frequent

production of pictures, patterned rugs and hangings, and for all other accessories having designs that might conflict with that of a fanciful paper. The plain papers, too, are sometimes decorated with "cut-outs" of animals or the favorite characters of folklore and fairytale, which can be used to good advantage educationally. To preserve pictures thus applied, a thin coating of shellac or varnish is advisable.

The wood-trim in a child's room should be painted or enameled in white or in some light color that harmonizes with the coloring of the walls. The present vogue for matching walls and woodwork has of late been extended to the nursery, where it is particularly valuable on account of the diversity of objects and colors that are usually found in the room. The lighter colors are generally

(Continued on page 64)



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Seamless and full fashioned too!

Mercury Stockings are shaped in the knitting, to fit like a glove. They are snug on the foot, trim at the ankle, easy at the calf and wide at the top. And all with never a seam.

Now showing at good shops—New Mercury shades in heather and cashmeres for Fall and Winter. Silks in all patterns.

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The Expectant Mother Advice of Doctors

THE expectant mother bears a double responsibility. Her own health, as well as the safety of the tender, growing life in her keeping, depends upon the bodily care exercised during this period. Not only is she burdened with the elimination of a double waste, her own and that of the infant, but she must guard against constipation which so commonly afflicts the expectant mother.

If the food waste is not regularly and thoroughly eliminated, poisons are formed, absorbed by the blood and carried through the system. As a prominent authority states, inevitably these poisons affect the cells which provide for the unborn baby's nourishment.

Laxatives and cathartics are particularly to be avoided by the expectant mother, for as eminent physicians point out, they are likewise absorbed, thus endangering the infant, and produce only temporary effect at the expense of permanent injury. No wonder that science has sought a newer, better way. After years of study there has been found in *lubrication* a means as simple as Nature itself.

Lubrication

In perfect health a natural lubricant keeps the food waste soft. Thus it is easily eliminated. But when you are constipated there is not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. To find something to take the place of this natural lubricant, leading medical authorities conducted exhaustive research. They discovered that the gentle lubricant, Nujol, acts like this natural lubricant and thus replaces it.

As Nujol is not a laxative, it cannot gripe. It is not a medicine in any sense of the word, and like pure water, it is harmless and pleasant to take. Unlike laxatives, no particle of Nujol is absorbed into the system and thus it cannot affect the infant. Nujol is used in leading maternity hospitals throughout the world and is widely recommended by baby specialists.

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For Constipation

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Questions about Health, Sanitary Subjects and the Prevention of Disease will be answered in this column from time to time, subject to reasonable limitations.

If requested, replies will be sent direct to the correspondent if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed, but no diagnosis or prescription can be given. This coupon should be enclosed with inquiry.

THE FUTURE OF MEDICINE

Great changes are taking place in the Medical world at present, and discussions on the future of Medical work often come up in ordinary conversation as well as in the meetings of medical organizations. Nor are medical associations the only arena of such discussions. Perhaps they are quite as frequent in the meetings of Labour organizations though no doubt the point of view of the speakers is somewhat different.

RICH AND POOR

At present the very rich and the very poor command the best medical skill, resource and learning among us. The richest in the land can pay for it all, and in our hospitals, which are, as it were, the flower of Christian kindness and of the desire of the community to carry out the Golden Rule, the poorest receive, from the same doctors and nurses, and under the same roof, everything that can be given to the richest, except some things which are really superfluities so far as health and life are concerned.

THE MIDDLE CLASS

But the great Middle Class, as they are called—far more numerous than either of the other two—they do not fare so well. Yet it is from their taxes that Hospitals are chiefly maintained, though many noble benefactions have been made to Canadian Hospitals from large Canadian fortunes, and without such gifts we could not have had the Hospitals whose doors stand open to receive the sick in all our cities and towns.

THE GENERAL PRACTITIONER

In his recent book on "The Future of Medicine," Sir James MacKenzie points out that the future of medicine lies with the general practitioner, that the medical schools exist to train the general practitioner and that, since no one can teach what he has not learned, all the teachers in a University Medical School or Faculty (and there should be no other kind of Medical School), must be, first and foremost, general practitioners themselves, and not, as is sometimes the case now, persons whose interests and training have been confined within the four walls of a laboratory. Laboratory work is important. Sir James MacKenzie himself attaches great importance to the Laboratory, and pays tribute to it.

A NOTABLE EXAMPLE

His own career is a notable example of the truth of his theory. He was a general practitioner at Burnley, a small country place. He had an original mind. He loved to investigate and try for himself. He devoted himself to the study of Cardiac disease. He himself has advanced our real knowledge of the cause, prevention and cure of Cardiac disease more in this generation than the whole profession did in many generations before. Because he had this knowledge, many turned to him for light and leading, and not in vain.

Called out of his obscurity, he has pursued his labours at St. Andrew's

and elsewhere, under conditions that were more favourable in some ways to his work.

THE SPECIALIST

He has shown us again what we knew before, that the work of Specialists in Medicine and Surgery is very important, but that before you can be a true Specialist in anything, you must be an experienced and successful general practitioner and that at the foundation of all medical work worthy of the name is the general practitioner. A doctor must be, as part of his training, fitted for the work of a general practitioner.

THE CURE OF DISEASE

In the Dark Ages Medical practice began with the idea of curing disease. That was the duty of the "Medicine Man." But even in the darkness of the Dark Ages there shone a gleam of the idea that the "Medicine man" should prevent disease—he should keep people well. He should frighten away, with noise and tumult, the evil spirits who brought disease.

DEPARTMENTS OF HEALTH

That idea has now developed greatly and has established our Departments of Health, and other great organizations to prevent the causation and spread of disease. Some among the newest of these have gone far in this direction. For example, in our sister Dominion of New Zealand there was "The Public Health Act of 1908"—a modern and progressive measure. It was superseded on January 1, 1921, by "The Health Act," under which the "Minister of Public Health" in the government became "The Minister of Health" and the Department of State became "The Department of Health," organized under seven Divisions as follows: 1. Public Hygiene, 2. Hospitals, 3. Nursing, 4. School Hygiene, 5. Dental Hygiene, 6. Child Welfare, 7. Maori Hygiene.

THE CANADIAN DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH

The Dominion of New Zealand, as we all know, is looked upon as the home of advanced democracy and it is interesting to compare the duties of the Minister of Health in the Dominion of Canada and the Department of Health over which he presides, in accordance with the "Department of Health Act" of June 6th, 1920, with the above legislation and organization.

The greatest difference of course, arises from the fact that in the Dominion of Canada we have a Confederation of nine Sovereign Provinces, each of which controls and regulates matters relating to Public Health within its own borders.

SOCIALIZING MEDICINE

Some of our American friends under the leadership of physicians, are making a study of "Socializing Medicine." Socializing Medicine appears to mean the

(Continued on page 72)

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West of Rockies and in Maritime Provinces 25c additional.



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Canada and
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Baking that is Baking

WHEN a woman says she can't bake a layer cake, with the layers always exactly uniform, you know she is a *pan baker* and not a *Pyrex* baker.

The new square Pyrex Baking dish is not only supreme for layer cakes, but for biscuits, rolls, rusks and all "quickbreads." One of the 50 new designs in

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The Original Transparent Ovenware

Always Looks New

Pyrex improves food, simplifies kitchen work, beautifies the table and saves extra pan scouring. It never discolors, dents nor chips—always as new as the day it was bought.

Five of the essential Pyrex dishes (shown below) comprising a Pie Plate, Utility Dish, Bread Pan, Casserole and Pudding Dish, are the selection of thousands of women as the right beginning of a Pyrex equipment—useful every meal, every day. A Royal gift for any occasion or season.

Your dealer's stock now comprises 100 shapes and sizes which greatly extend the advantages of oven cooking and table serving. Pyrex will not break from oven heat.

This trademark identifies
the genuine Pyrex —>



Pyrex Sales Division

CORNING GLASS WORKS, Corning, New York.
Originators and Patentees of Oven Glassware

5 of the Essential
Pyrex dishes for
every home



Pamela Pounce

(Continued from page 59)

The girl then flung her arms round the milliner's neck. Sarah was indeed lacking in propriety.

"I'll send back your head. 'Tis as fresh as ever. And thank you a million times. At least I've had a peep into happiness."

It was quite ten days later when Pamela Pounce received an urgent message from Miss Vibart to come and see her after closing hours.

"Mamma and Jane are going out and I shall be quite alone. Do come, I have something so strange to tell you."

Miss Pounce did not need to be bidden twice to such an appointment. Her warm heart had been considerably preoccupied on the subject of the plain Miss Vibart's affairs.

She was shown in, not to the fireless dark slit of a room overlooking the shaft, but to quite a comfortable small bedroom on the street. Sarah, in an elegant white muslin wrapper, sprang up from her writing-table to embrace her friend.

"Yes, yes, look at me!" she cried. "I ain't ashamed of my face to-day. Indeed I quite love it. Oh, I've just been writing to all the dear old people at home, my blessed old nurse and Mrs. Comfit—that's our good housekeeper—to tell them—to tell them my great news! Oh, Pamela, I wanted to tell it by degrees and surprise you, but I can't. Twill out! It is me he wants."

"Mr. W.?"
"My own dear, darling Edward Walsingham, who else? Oh, was there ever such a lucky girl? Oh, Pamela! Here, sit beside me. Let me hold your hand: Let me hold your hand, your warm, dear hand that lifted me up, when I was oh, in such a pit of despond."

The two sat together on the maiden's bed, and Pamela began to cry, as women will, over the tender emotions of the moment.

"I'm as glad, my dear," she said, "as glad as if you'd given me a hundred thousand pounds. Gladder! And how did it come to pass?" she drew her sucking breath of delighted anticipation.

"This morning, the—oh, when I think it was only this morning!—sister being quite unswollen and looking lovelier than ever. Mamma put her into the blue muslin—your blue muslin, you remember it?—and made Meeking do her hair in a new way with a black ribbon bow at the back and little curls, like the Duchess of Devonshire, and oh, sister did look lovely. And just as she was ready, up comes Joe Footman to say the Duchess of Queensberry and Mr. Walsingham was in the withdrawing-room. And Mamma takes sister by the hand and 'Come, child,' says she. 'And if you poke when you come into the room I'll slap you.' Sister does poke sometimes you know. And off they go without so much as a look at me. I'd been helping to dress sister, you see, holding the hairpins and that. And there was I in me old frumpy gown, and I just looked at myself in the glass and I thought: 'You plain thing, how dare you be jealous of beauty, and your own sister, too!' And if you cry, you silly creature, you'll only make yourself plainer, so what's the good of that! And I wouldn't cry, dear. I picked up sister's clothes and was putting them away trying not to think. Oh, trying so hard not to think—of him downstairs, looking worship at Jane, when all at once up comes Joe Footman again. 'And you're to come down, Miss, you're to come down this minute to the withdrawing-room. Her Ladyship has sent for you.' And oh, you'll never believe the dreadful thought that came into my head and how near I was saying I would not obey Mamma, for to tell you the truth I thought she wanted to show off Jane with my plainness. But then I thought, 'Nay, daughters must do as they're bid,' and I set my teeth and down I went, just as I was. Oh, Pamela, such an untidy, ill-dressed poor girl, with a sad pale face! And oh—I can hardly believe

it myself—the moment I came into the room up he jumped—yes, he, Mr. W.—and I heard him cry out quite joyfully. 'Ah, I knew I could not be mistaken. Ah, 'tis she, 'tis she indeed!' And then he took both my hands in his and kissed them one after the other very respectfully. And says he, 'Forgive me, Madam, forgive me! Your mother will explain. It has been an absurd misunderstanding. I found a treasure, and I thought I had lost it. Oh, forgive me if I seem too precipitate!' And Jane got up and went to the window and began to tap on the pane, and Mamma and the Duchess looked at each other. And the Duchess said: 'I congratulate you, Amelia, this is the most crazy bit of good fortune that ever befell a mother.' And everything did seem rather crazy, for there was Mamma at one minute looking as if she could kill me and at the next clasping me and calling me her favourite child. And oh," went on the plain Miss Vibart, "it is precipitate, but what does that matter, when we're both so happy? And oh, it seems I must tell you, and 'tis not vanity! that the moment he saw Jane he stared and looked so mortal disappointed and seemed so confused, falling back two steps indeed, instead of coming forward, that the Duchess cried: 'What's the matter with the fellow? Ain't she pretty enough?' And he said: 'This is never the young lady to whom you introduced me at Hampshire House, ma'am. There is some cruel mistake here,' he says. And oh, he said to me, when we were alone together a little while ago that when he saw that empty face—that's what he said—that doll's face, that bit of wax-work, his blood ran cold, and then says he: 'When you came in!—oh dear, I'm not dreaming!—When I saw your charming expressive countenance, full of life and spirit and wit and goodness—he did say that—I could not hold myself back again.' I had to speak at once, lest I lose you again." And now," concluded the future Marchioness, turning her radiant visage upon the milliner, "he's gone to Harborough House to tell his uncle, and Mamma and Jane have gone out to a dinner party, and if you'll help me into my frock, dear—yes, it is one of poor Jane's—I'll be ready for him when he calls back to wish me good night."

CHAPTER IX

IN WHICH MISS PAMELA POUNCE HAS
DONE WITH LOVE

PAMELA Pounce was nothing if not a business woman, as her history will have shown. She had not only those valuable intuitions which divine the public taste, she had the still more priceless quality of inspiring it.

Before she had completed her first year with Madame Mirabel, the millinery department had become the mainstay of the house; and Pamela felt herself in a position to hint to her employer how very much more it would be to their mutual advantage that she should be given a proprietary share in the business, than that she should set up for herself.

Set up for herself! The mere thought of such a catastrophe put Madame Mirabel in such a flutter that she had to be revived with ratafia on the spot. There was no concession that she would not have been willing to make to prevent it.

Pamela had prepared a scheme, which was just, fair-minded and practical, like herself. She was willing to invest a thousand pounds for the development of the department, and continue to direct the thriving showroom, if Madame Mirabel would admit her as partner with a right to half profits.

A sketch of an agreement was drafted between them, drawn up by Pamela herself. Fortified by this document she sought her redoubtable aunt.

"Now, Aunt Lydia," said she, "here's the opportunity of your life. You lend

(Continued on page 63)

JAEGER

Fine Pure Wool

For Women

Includes underwear in combinations, or vests and drawers, corset covers, night dresses, petticoats, bathing suits, stockings, shirt waists, pyjamas, dressing gowns, coats, golfers, sweaters, cardigans, spencers, hats, caps, shawls, gloves, slippers, etc.

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Malted Milk for Infants

A safe milk diet, better than cow's milk alone. Contains rich milk and malted grain extract.

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Poudre à sachets

Eau de Toilette

Brillantine

Poudre

Savon

at smart shops everywhere



HOUBIGANT, LIMITEE, MONTREAL

46 RUE ST. ALEXANDRE

Pamela Pounce

(Continued from page 62)

me a thousand pounds, and I'll give you ten per cent. for three years and pay you back at the end of it with a bit over. And if I drop down dead between, you can come on Madame Mirabel."

Lydia was no fool. She was as fond of money as only such a nature can be, and had indeed gathered together quite a substantial hoard in her long years of lucrative employment. She made all the difficulties, of course, which the circumstances demanded, but Pamela, who saw the gleam of greed in her eye, knew that her cause was won from the outset.

She good-humouredly consented to sign the stringent document which Lydia thought necessary for her safety; and to obtain Madame Mirabel's signature to it also. The transaction was concluded without much more delay, and Miss Pamela Pounce passed from the position of underling to that of partner.

The matter was, needless to say, kept private between Madame Mirabel and herself. It is never wholesome for the reputation of a business concern to have these conveniences of management discussed; and, for the mere sake of discipline where large numbers are employed and easy jealousies excited, no change affecting authority can be acknowledged.

Miss Smithson and Miss Popple, therefore, while unable to blind themselves to the fact that their aged employer's infatuation for that scheming Miss Pounce was more lamentably evident than ever, still buoyed themselves up with the hope that her true character would be revealed before the eyes of the too-trusting dame.

Miss Sarah Vibart's wedding order; bride and brides-maids hats—Jane was chief bridesmaid, an advertisement which as Pamela herself said, would have been worth paying for ten times over—brought a rush of new clientele to the Bond Street house. Mr. Walsingham's wedding was the event of June—luckily timed before the unexpected death of the Marquis of Harborough—and it is scarcely too much to say that the first thought of every lady of fashion who received a ticket of invitation was: "Pounce shall make me a new hat!"

Lydia, who kept a close tongue where her nest-egg was concerned, began to unbend considerably towards her niece. Nothing succeeds like success. You could scarce have dragged five shillings out of her, had the girl been lingering on at Tabbishaw's, but, as matters stood, my Lady's Abigail felt "warm in her inwards," every time she thought of that thousand pounds which was so likely to bring a blessing upon her high sense of family feeling.

She took to inviting Pamela to a dish of chocolate in the sewing parlour at Hertford Street of a Saturday afternoon, promising her also a plate of those queen cakes "which my Lady's still-room maid do turn out rather well, and which you're so fond of, my dear."

These invitations Pamela accepted with increasing frequency; and if Lydia happened to be washing her Ladyship's best lace caps or ironing out her ribbons, it was only becoming, from a niece to an aunt, that she should lend a hand, particularly considering the money obligations between them.

But Pamela's real reason for presenting herself at Hertford Street lay so deep down that it could scarcely be said that she acknowledged it even to herself.

She was hankering for news of Jocelyn Bellairs; and at last, by an artful twist of the conversation, Miss Lydia was induced to drop a stray word in connection with him: "that rubbish! Her Ladyship had got a place for him at Bristol, with an India merchant," and she hoped to goodness he'd keep steady, and they'd hear no more of him.

That was the first item of information which Pamela gathered for her starving



Give "California Fig Syrup"

Child's Harmless Laxative

Hurry mother! A teaspoonful of "California Fig Syrup" today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. If your child is drooping, upset, remember a good laxative is often all that is necessary.

Ask your druggist for the genuine "California Fig Syrup." It never cramps or overacts. Full directions for babies and children of all ages are printed on each bottle. You must say "California."

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of Black or Lucille Brown



There is waiting for you a copy of HALLAM'S BEAUTIFUL FUR FASHION BOOK for SEASON 1923, containing about 250 illustrations of FUR COATS AND SETS, amongst which is

THIS BEAUTIFUL

This handsome CANADIAN WOLF SET is an example of HALLAM "trapper to wearer" values.

SCARF measures about 35 inches long and is lined with Crepe de Chene, can be fastened with Chain, Domes, or by Spring Jaw on the head.

MUFF is large ballshape about 33 inches round and 16 inches across, velvet lined, crepe cuffs, soft brown bed, wrist cord and ring, trimmed with Heads, Tails, and Paws, as shown.

M. 300	Black	Wolf	Scarf,	delivered to you,	\$28.50
M. 301	"	"	Muff,	" " "	26.50
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Hallam's Fur Fashion Book contains a wonderful showing of FUR COATS in MUSKRAT, RACCOON, HUDSON SEAL, BEAVER, ELECTRIC SEAL, PERSIAN LAMB, MARMOT, in latest styles at extremely low prices, ranging from \$59.00 to \$435.00.

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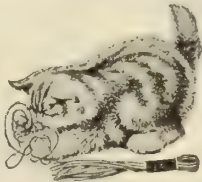
Corticelli Crochet and Embroidery Cotton is the finest quality of long sea island cotton mercerized with chemicals which toughen the fibre, shrink it slightly and give it almost the lustre and sheen of pure silk.

It will wear and wash remaining brilliant and beautiful for years.
A color and size of skein or ball for every purpose. The white stays white.

Corticelli
MADE IN CANADA

Embroidery Cotton

Sold Belding-Corticelli Limited, Toronto, 10c for "Lessons in Embroidery."



The Child's Own Corner

(Continued from page 61)

more effective than the dark shades for this uniformity of treatment—and that is especially the case in the nursery, where the whole decorative scheme should have cheerfulness as its motive.

Cleanliness is, naturally, imperative in a child's room: hence the choice of both the floor and its covering must be governed to a great extent by sanitary considerations. A hardwood floor is an excellent beginning—but such a floor should not be polished to the point of dangerous slipperiness in a room wherein the play may become boisterous. For a floor of indifferent quality, a painted finish can often work marvels in point of appearance, and at the same time confer greater ease in maintaining cleanliness. Linoleum conforms both to sanitary and artistic standards—and it can be applied successfully even over an old floor

miss" rag rugs are, perhaps, more generally satisfactory.

Wilton or hard-surfaced Brussels rugs are always serviceable and they are obtainable in any number of pleasant colorings and designs. That is true, too, of the reversible Scotch wool rugs which have long been popular. Navajo rugs have durability in their favor: but, to appear at their best, rugs of this striking character demand meticulous care in the preparation of a suitable background. Furthermore, their coloring is, possibly, almost too positive for the room of a very young child; although not inappropriate, say, for the sanctum of a growing boy.

* * *

ELABORATE draperies have no rightful place in the modern nursery. Nothing, indeed, can surpass in



Snowy-white walls and cream-white woodwork create a sense of spaciousness in this nursery, where the chief architectural feature is a quaint little fireplace of white-painted brick, surmounted by a simple wooden shelf. Beside the fireplace, that most useful of nursery-equipments, a commodious closet for toys and other paraphernalia, has been installed to promote orderliness of habit. An antique mahogany crib is used with interesting effect and the "hit-and-miss" rag rugs in blues, pinks and yellows are very suitable adjuncts for a room that is wholly suggestive of the Colonial Period.

of poor condition. Whether in solid color in tile pattern or in hardwood effect, linoleum furnishes an excellent background for rugs.

A size that admits of convenient handling and a texture which facilitates tubbings as occasion demands might well be the criterion when selecting the rugs for a nursery. Rag rugs, of course, immediately come to mind—and no other rug could be superior for the purpose; more especially as the range of coloring is as limitless as the variety of size and shape. Occasionally, these rugs show gay little borders of flowers, fruit, birds or animals that are sure to strike a responsive chord in the heart of a child: but, as the use of any of these designs rather precludes the employment of the patterned fabrics which are so deservedly popular for window-draperies, the striped or "hit-and-

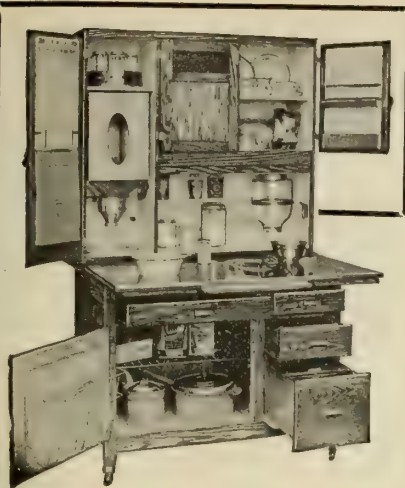
daintiness and charm the old-time frilly muslin curtains of our grandmother's day. When they are used, inner hangings of a heavier fabric are superfluous. With the straight-hanging glass-curtains of sheer scrim, marquisette or net, which are almost equally popular, valance-topped inner drapes are, however, almost necessary to give just the right finishing touch. In the nursery, they may be of chintz, cretonne, linen, gingham, crepe or toweling—for all of these are washable.

Gingham carrying a rather large check in bright red-and-white is decoratively used for the window-hangings in one nursery where the walls and woodwork are finished in light French gray. Flaunting the ultra-modern love of things Victorian, these curtains are lifted quite

Continued on page 65



The E-B-Eddy Co., Limited. Hull, Canada.
Branches and Agencies throughout Canada.



Just Open the Doors

There is no running to the pantry — to the cupboards — to the table on baking days for the housewife who has a Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet. She just opens the doors of the Cabinet, sits down, reads her recipe and starts to work.



is a real work saver. Not only has a place been designed for everything, but the places are convenient. Just naturally everything is kept in place. They are arranged compactly—neatly. Just as you would put them yourself.

Write for our illustrated booklet

**Knechtel Kitchen
Cabinet Limited**

DEPT. E.
HANOVER, CANADA

The Child's Own Corner

(Continued from page 64)

above the commonplace by their contrasting bands of shiny black oilcloth which boast an old-fashioned "pinked" edge. Yes: the pinking of an earlier era—even to the tiny eyelets! In another instance, curtains of checked yellow-and-white gingham are banded at the bottom by several narrow bands of brown oilcloth stitched with white and topped by a very shallow shaped-lambrequin of the oilcloth.

'Tis an age of incongruities: for, in addition to its combination with oilcloth, gingham is not infrequently adorned with woollen lace or fringe. A two-inch fringe of yarn in rose, turquoise blue, jade green and mauve is used with telling effect to edge a valance and curtains of rose-and-white plaid gingham intended for a little girl's bedroom. The bedspread, the bureau-cover and the chair-cushions are also of the gingham, fringe-bordered—an interesting arrangement for a room in which the walls are to be hung with a white satin-striped paper, the woodwork and furniture enameled in ivory-white and the floor covered with a two-toned rug of soft grayish-green.

In furnishing a nursery, there are several plans that can be followed—the least troublesome being, of course, to use one of the suites of lilliputian furniture especially designed for the comfort of very small children. And this furniture is wonderfully intriguing—for it is usually as artistic in line as in color. One particularly attractive example is developed along Colonial lines, even to the diminutive four-post bed, and finished in a soft Chinese red enamel, lined in faint yellow. Furniture of this reduced size is, however, so quickly outgrown, that many parents prefer to install larger pieces at the outset. Fortunately, too, by the aid of paint and patience, furniture of quite ordinary type can be transformed into something of real artistic merit. One very interesting nursery has, for instance, been built around once-nondescript furniture which is now resplendent in deep ivory enamel, upon which pert little rabbits are stenciled in black-and-yellow. The walls and the woodwork are creamy-white. A two-toned rug in dull blue lies upon a floor that is painted black and hangings of soft orange, fringed in blue-and-cream, cast a golden radiance over the entire room.

Still another excellent plan is to furnish the nursery with genuine antiques; or, failing in that, with replicas of the small dressers, stands, chairs and bedsteads made for the children of a century ago. Country attics and humble secondhand-shops are alike apt to house these quaint pieces, which were generally built of either cherry or mahogany. Furniture of this type is not available in large quantity—which, naturally, but makes it the more desirable. It is, however, well worth searching for, as its use in a modern nursery imparts much individuality.

And now a word as to the pictures and other accessories which enter into the furnishing of the child's own corner! Remembering the formative period which the small owner will spend within the nursery, is it not apparent that infinite care should be expended upon the selection of every object entering into the equipment of the room? Why, for example, crowd the walls with banal, crudely-colored pictures when splendid reproductions of justly famed works of art are available at modest cost? Why burden every horizontal surface with meaningless bric-a-brac that will create false standards of taste when a few well-chosen ornamental objects are likely to give birth to a real appreciation of the beautiful in the child of to-day who will be to-morrow's adult?



ROYAL YEAST CAKES

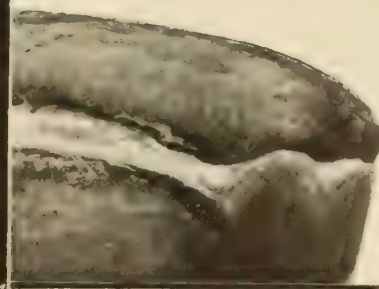
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Good home-made bread is the finest food on earth. Bread is the one food which perfectly combines in itself all the elements which give strength to the body.

Royal Yeast Cakes are packed in individual air-tight wax paper wrappers, thus protecting them from all forms of contamination.

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Quick in action
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The wonderful, refined, entrancing complexion rendered, brings back the appearance of youth. Results are instant. Highly antiseptic. Exerts a soft and soothing action. 80 years in use. White Flesh-Rachel. 2

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**Gouraud's
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A Bedtime Tale

of grains shot from guns

125 million explosions in each kernel

If you want your child to love whole-grain foods, tell her the story of Puffed Grains.

Invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson. Made to make whole grains enticing and easy to digest.

The grains are sealed in guns, then rolled for an hour in a fearful heat. The bit of moisture in each food cell turns to steam. When the guns are shot the steam explodes. Over 125 million steam explosions occur in every kernel.

The delightful results

Every food cell is thus blasted for easy, complete digestion. Every atom of the whole grain feeds. The grains are puffed to flimsy bubbles, 8 times normal size. And they taste like toasted nuts.

Then the child will want Puffed Wheat in milk at night. And what other dish in all the world would you rather have her eat?

Morning Joys

Puffed rice is the finest cereal dainty breakfast ever brings. Serve with cream and sugar, mix with fruit, or douse with melted butter.

Flimsy, flavory bubble grains. Yet each is a whole grain made wholly digestible.

These are the foods that children love best, and the best foods they can eat. Serve them at all hours, in plenty.



Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

Pamela Pounce

(Continued from page 63)

heart. She tried to tell herself what a relief it was not to have him hanging about, and how splendid that he should have work, and how sure she was that he, so clever, would now make a way for himself, even as she had done. But it was poor comfort!

After two Saturdays wasted, she once more heard the beloved name mentioned: this time again in no uncertain tones of condemnation.

My Lady was so put about. Lydia hadn't known her so upset since the day my Lord was took as a highwayman; and she the widow Bellairs and he Denis O'Hara.

"That audacious young villian! He's been making a regular popinjay of himself at Bath. There's my Lady Nan Day, recovering from the measles, writes: 'Your nephew, my dear, your nephew is the rage here; driving the most elegant curricle you ever saw with a pair of bloods, which, my Philip says, make his mouth water. Has he come into a fortune or not?' writes my Lady Nan—and she was always a spiteful one—for he will need it," says she. "We was all mortal sorry that his horse, what he set such store by, failed at the Spring races." My Lady has wrote to him," pursued Lydia, her green eyes maliciously fixed upon her niece, "to explain, for goodness gracious sake, for unless he's robbed the mail, Lydia," says she, "or been more successful on the highway than my poor Denis—and that was what put it into my head, Pamela, my love—I'm very much afraid," she says, "'tis his master's strong box he's been at, and that will spell prison," she says, "and the name so well known. Oh, the shame of it!"

"Shame indeed!" cried Pamela, her glance flashing back at Lydia's taunt; she knew very well what gave such extra zest to these tales; but she, Pamela, was not one to wear her heart on her sleeve for an old magpie to peck at.

On the following Saturday she saw from the first moment she crossed the threshold that Lydia was big with news, unpleasant enough to make her bursting to tell it.

Pamela was past mistress of exasperating tactics herself, and there was some very pretty fencing between the two, by which Lydia was forced to restrain her old-maidish desire to plant a dagger in the bosom of the younger maid. Pamela had so much to discourse about on the new Turban mode, and the last letter from Madame Eglantine to Madame Mirabel.

"Poor thing, she's in all the states, what with these new dreadful doings and the insolence of the people, and Ildefonse letting his hair grow and going out to clubs o' nights to talk blasphemy. Ugh!" said Pamela, "I never could abide that man." And my Lady Amelia Vibart haggling over the wedding bills, 'twas a scandal! And had Aunt Lydia heard the last horrid tit-bit about my Lord Harborough and Miss Falcon? And wouldn't it be a pity if Mr Walsingham were to miss coming in for the title after all? 'Twas said my Lord Harborough was mad set on marrying her, when there wouldn't be a mite of reason why she shouldn't have a brat to put Mr. W.'s nose out of joint!

Lydia was still seeking for an interval in which to thrust, when My Lady's bell rang with the double pull which indicated that Miss Pounce had better hurry herself, or my Lady would know the reason why.

Pamela smiled to herself as the door was banged behind her Aunt; then she sighed.

Aunt Lydia was a tabby, if ever there was one, but oh, dear, what dreadful bits of tattle was she bound to hear before the evening was out? And oh, dear, what a pity it was that things went so contrary in this world, and that poor girls had hearts at all!

She had hardly had time to pensively nibble through a queen cake—for Pamela was much too sensible to let any sentimentality interfere with her appetite—

when Lydia reappeared, and, with much flouncing and head tossing, informed her that, it being a dratted nuisance that people wouldn't mind their own business, it had come to her Ladyship's ears, through Pompey, that Pamela was present in the house. Nothing would serve her Ladyship but that she must come up at once about a "head" for to-night's concert.

Pamela shook the crumbs from her apron and rose with the imperturbable alacrity which it was her pride to bring to all affairs of business.

The day was hot, and My Lady's big bed-chamber a delicious cave of coolness after the highly-elevated atmosphere of Lydia's own parlour. The amber curtains were drawn before the big windows; there was a shining sea of parquet floor on which delicate French furniture made here and there an attractive island. An immense bunch of roses on the spindle-legged dressing-table just caught the breeze from the wide-open window, and wafted fragrance. My Lady herself, extended in a vapour of white muslin on an amber couch, lazily fanning herself, was as agreeable a spectacle as any heated young woman with refined tastes could hope to gaze upon.

"Sit down, Miss Pounce," said Kitty affably. "(Lydia, get out the bandbox with the saffron head.) Now, my dear, good, kind creature, look at it. Yes! I know. 'Tis the sweetest thing I've laid eyes on this season, but conceive my horror, Miss Pounce, when I heard anon that Her Majesty was to be present at the Duchess of Portland's to-night. Conceive my horror! I saw myself with the Queen's eyes! I tell you, Miss Pounce, my days at Court would have been counted."

Here Lydia was heard to murmur, with the familiarity of long service, and a backward scratch at her niece that she was tired telling her Ladyship that the last year's head from Madame Eglantine which her Ladyship had never worn but the once, would be the very thing for her to wear to-night, "and a genteel, tasty, Frenchy confection it was," which her Ladyship wouldn't better not if she ransacked Bond Street.

"I tell you, you perverse piece," cried her mistress, fanning herself with an energy calculated to make even the spectator feel hot, "that turn myself into a frump with a last year's mode, I'll not do, even to please the Queen. Pamela, child, I've set my heart on the saffron head. I vow and protest those gold ospreys with the cluster of saffron roses and the little wreath of green leaves between, I vow and protest 'tis the very dream to go with my India gold-embroidered gown. 'Tis there on the bed, my dear, as fine as a cobweb! There'll not be another like it in the room. And there's never anything so elegant as white and gold of a hot night. With my dark eyes, Pamela, and the gold ospreys—oh, but the gold ospreys, so airy, so fly-away! And Her Majesty who will not even tolerate feathers! I'd have worn my high band of diamonds—pshaw! it grieves me to the very soul! What can you suggest?"

Pamela put her finger to her lip and corrugated her white brow in the profoundest thought. Kitty held her breath as she watched her. The fate of nations might have been hanging between them. Then said the milliner decisively, "I see nothing for it. We can't do it, my Lady. The ospreys will have to go." Then, as Kitty's face fell, she added briskly, "But there! I often say to myself, what seems a trial is a blessing. Why should not your Ladyship set a fashion? It came to me just as I looked at your Ladyship's gown and the fairy elegance of that India embroidery, and your Ladyship wears a wreath so becoming; wouldn't gold grapes and green leaves look tasty, bunches each side

(Continued on page 67)

Table
talks

By Mrs. Knox

“Surprise Them”
on Thanksgiving

HERE is a new way of serving cranberries for Thanksgiving. It is so luscious and fluffy that I am sure, whenever served, it will be a most pleasing surprise.

It is easily made and a delightful accompaniment to turkey or chicken. I am giving the recipe below, and suggest you clip it out so it will not be forgotten.

CRANBERRY FRAPPE

1/2 Envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine

1 cup cold water

3 cups boiling water

2 1/2 cups sugar

1 quart cranberries

4 tablespoonfuls lemon juice.

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Cook cranberries in boiling water until soft; then force through a puree strainer. Add soaked gelatine, sugar and lemon juice, and freeze.

Here, too, is a recipe for a delicious Thanksgiving dessert:

MARSHMALLOW PUDDING

1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine

1/4 cup cold water

3/4 cup boiling water

1 cup sugar

1 1/2 teaspoon vanilla

1 tablespoonful lemon juice

Macaroons or chopped nuts

Whites of three eggs

Pinch of salt

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve in boiling water, add sugar and as soon as dissolved set bowl containing mixture in pan of ice water; then add whites of eggs (well beaten) and flavoring; beat all together until mixture thickens. Turn into shallow pan, first dipped in cold water, and let stand until thoroughly chilled. Remove from pan and cut in pieces the size and shape of marshmallows; roll in macaroons, which have been dried and rolled, or in chopped nuts. Serve with plain or whipped cream. Mixture may be divided, flavoring half with lemon and whipping two squares melted chocolate into the other.

Other suggestions for Thanksgiving Desserts and Salads are—Nut Frappe, Marshmallow Cream, Angel Parfait, Pineapple Mousse, Chocolate Sponge, Royal Pudding, Orange Trifle, Perfection Salad, Luncheon Salad, Jewel Salad, Fruit Salad Supreme.

THESE and many other recipes are found in my books “Dainty Desserts” and “Food Economy.” Sent free for 4c postage and your grocer’s name.

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Same Sparkling Gelatine with lemon flavoring in separate envelope

Pamela Pounce

(Continued from page 66)

with the di’mond bandeau to draw them together?”

“Pounce, you’re a genius!” Kitty dropped her fan to clap her hands.

At the same moment my Lord came into the room and smiled to see her look so pleased.

“Faith, and I’ve come at the right tick of the clock, I think—morning to you, Miss Pounce. You and my Lady and your fripperies, ’tis the business of the world ain’t it?” He rubbed his hands and hemmed. “By your bright face, I’ve come at the right tick, Kitty, me darling, to ask you for a proof of your good nature.”

“A proof of my good nature, my Lord? So long as ’tis nothing to go against my good sense.”

Kitty was always ready to oblige, in reason, but she had her wits about her.

“Stay, child,” she cried, as Pamela prepared discreetly to withdraw. “It can but take a moment. We must send Pompey for the grapes, to Bond Street, and I vow that no hand but yours shall fasten them in my curls. Your niece will write a note, Lydia, at my escritoire, and see that the black brat runs. They might send a choice of sizes, what think you, Pamela? Oh, what is it, my Lord? You men are so impatient.”

“Why, Kitty,” said her husband, coming close to the sofa, on which his lovely little spouse now sat very straight, gesticulating among the mother-of-pearl shimmer of her cushions. “The matter concerns you, really, more than meself. At least, it concerns your family. Poor young Bellairs has been arrested for debt. Nipped from me very side, my dear, as we came out of the Cocoa Tree together, a while ago, by a rascally pimp!”

“Mr. Jocelyn Bellairs?” Do you refer to Mr. Jocelyn Bellairs?” asked my Lady Kilcroney, becoming rigid.

Pamela’s quill, scratching wildly across a great sheet of paper, was arrested in mid flourish.

There was a small unpleasant pause, broken by a loud sniff from Lydia.

Then my Lady said: “Indeed. I understood the young gentleman was at Bristol.”

My Lord was not misled by the quietness of her tone. “Ah, God help you, Kitty,” he exclaimed, flustered. “Sure you never believed you could keep a lad of that kidney with his nose in a desk? Didn’t he off with himself with his first three months’ salary, and hasn’t his luck been the talk of Bath, barring the let-down of a sorrel filly at the point-to-point? And sure, if it hadn’t been that the dice has been going against him the last three or four days—” he broke off.

Kitty sat like an image of scorn; and my Lord, seeing that his mission did not seem likely to be blessed with success, proceeded in nettled tones:

“The long and the short of it is, I’ve promised Jocelyn we’d see to it. ’Tis only a matter of ninety-seven pound ten, when all is said and done. And that to a lively stableman.”

He drew a crumpled sheet of blue paper from his pocket as he spoke. Kitty unexpectedly stretched out her hand; with a sigh of relief he put it into it.

“I knew you’d be the first to say it ought to be paid, my dearest life.”

“Certainly, it ought to be paid, Denis.”

“You wouldn’t wish the poor dear lad—and him as pleasant over the green cloth as ever I met—to be penned up in the sponging house. Besides which,” added Kilcroney, in imprudent reminiscence, “don’t I know, isn’t it the mischief once you get into one of those holes! ’Tis like a sheep in a ditch: the sky is black with crows after you in a twinkling.”

“Very sad,” said my Lady.

She tendered the blue paper back with an indifferent gesture.

“Have you despatched Pompey, Lydia?”

Lord Kilcroney put his hands behind him.

(Continued on page 70)

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Active Interference

(Continued from page 5)

"Aren't you afraid of rheumatism, Mrs. Maynard?" I suggested feebly at length. "Those boards are usually damp."

"Rheumatism is the least of my worries," she said very coldly. I realized unhappily that I was making myself thoroughly obnoxious to the lady and wondered vaguely whether John desired to push me off the rail and drown me in three feet of water. He looked that way. We spent an unhappy and uncomfortable half-hour, talking briefly and in a desultory fashion, while they both grew more obviously restless every minute, and I cursed the wayward fate that made me Betty May's unwilling tool. At last Mrs. Maynard stood up, very tall and lovely and scornful in her quaint costume.

"I think I shall go back to the Club-house," she said. "Major, will it be too much trouble for you to escort me?"

"Not at all," I assured her.

"I shall sit here—" said John gloomily, reminding me of the frog footman in Alice in Wonderland. "I shall sit here—"

"Yes, do!" interrupted Mrs. Maynard. "Come along, Major." We walked in silence up the road a little way, and then she started fumbling in her voluminous sleeves.

"I'm afraid I've dropped my hankie," she murmured. "Would you mind running back and getting it for me?"

It is an age-old ruse.

"Oh! John will probably bring it along," I said, aware that I was being very rude.

"But I need it," she protested.

"Have mine!" I produced it promptly. She regarded it with scorn, though it was perfectly clean.

"No, thank you! I'll go back myself then. Please don't bother to come with me."

"Oh, no!" I said hastily. "I couldn't think of letting you. I'll go."

"Thank you! I'll walk on slowly. Probably you'll catch up to me." There was lurking mischief in her voice that made me uneasy. I ran all the way to the boat-house. As I expected, John and I searched thoroughly for a handkerchief, but could find no trace of it. So I ran back again as hard as I could, and came almost to the Club-house before I realized that the lady must have deliberately given me the slip somewhere along the road. I swore. I was hot and sticky and breathless, and my bad knee was beginning to ache. I swore again.

Then I limped angrily to the Pavilion and tried to locate Betty May. The gramophone had been superseded by two boys with banjos accompanied by young Fraser in a large mournful voice, while three pretty kids at the sub-deb. stage sat on the floor, swaying their slim selves in time to their own clapping hands and chanting shrilly. The orchestra broke up in confusion when they saw me, and the dancers stopped.

"Oh, Major darling! Do come and be a trombone! Please!" I shook my head disgustedly.

"You little idiot, Brenda! Have you seen Betty May lately?"

"Not for ages," she chuckled. "Roger Franklyn has been looking for her everywhere too—but she isn't being done this evening. Please be a trombone, Major—or you can be a snare-drum if you would really rather."

"Go to grass!" I told her, and stumped off, followed by shrieks of joyous laughter.

I needed a drink; I needed it badly. So I crossed over to the Club-house and was just walking up the verandah stairs when I met Janet Maynard.

"Have you seen Betty May?" she asked me at once.

"I have not!" I said crossly. She tapped her foot impatiently on the floor, then sat down suddenly in a pretty heap on the top step. She managed that clumsy, outlandish outfit with tantalizing grace.

"Please find her and send her here to me," she commanded. I swallowed hard and went. The verandah is studded with long French windows; I stepped into the

(Continued on page 69)

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Active Interference

(Continued on page 68)

reading room and came face to face with Roger Franklyn. I could see the question dawning in his eyes.

"Advance—and give the countersign!" I said sharply.

"Ha! Ha!" he said, (awful ass!), "Military stuff, eh, Major? Have you seen Betty May?"

"Pass, friend!" I said resignedly, "I have not!" He passed expeditiously, and I rang the bell for the steward. I must have that drink. It arrived on a tray, cool and tinkling with ice, and afterwards I felt vastly better. Then I became aware of Betty May's small face peering cautiously into the room.

"Is that imbecile Roger there?" she whispered.

"He was," I told her, "but he 'has went'!" She sank into a chair beside me.

"Did you find them? Tell me about it." I told her as briefly as I could, finishing up with the information that Janet Maynard was on the verandah outside and had asked to see her. Betty May sprang up in the finest tantrum I have seen for a long time.

"She makes me sick!" she said viciously. "I won't go! I know what she wants. She wants to say—'Betty May, dearest you are such an old friend of John's. You must be the first to hear of our happiness. Won't you break the news to the others?'" She mimicked Mrs. Maynard's warm, deep voice. "I know her—I won't go! Oh, Major dear, they are engaged, I know it! What shall I do?"

"Don't jump to conclusions, anyway, Bets," I said. "Suppose you trot out and see what she wants."

"I will not!" said Betty May. "I am going right over to the bench by the tennis court to wait for you. No one will find me there. And you must get hold of John and find out whether they are engaged."

I sighed. "Yes, Betty May," I said meekly. "I was getting used to this sort of thing. She disappeared again, and I stepped onto the verandah. Mrs. Maynard looked up impatiently."

"I thought you were never coming," she said. "Is Betty May there? Wasn't that her voice I heard?"

"No," I said truthfully but confusedly, "She's not there."

"Then it was her voice!" she said, with a woman's confounded perspicacity. "Where has she gone?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," I lied.

"Don't try to lie to me!" she said. I flung out my hands.

"My dear woman," I expostulated, "What reason have you to doubt my word?"

"I'm not your dear woman!" she retorted sharply. "And anybody can tell when a man is lying." I was decidedly nettled.

"But surely I can't be expected to keep an avuncular eye on Betty May all evening?" I defended myself lamely, "She would resent it horribly. I suppose she is somewhere about the place. But I don't know exactly where." Which was true, as far as it went.

"Oh, you blundering man!" she scolded, "And I sent you specially to find her for me. Wouldn't she come?" Confound the woman's insight! I was silent, while she stood at the head of the stairs, frowning perplexedly.

"You interfering old idiot!" she broke out at length. "Just why is this your business anyway? Here I've planned this silly party so carefully—even to considering the stupid old moon—and you blunder in and spoil it all. What are you trying to do?"

"I don't know what you're talking about, Mrs. Maynard," I said, a little coldly, I'm afraid. The woman needn't discuss her schemes with me. "I don't understand at all."

"That's just the trouble," she said, "You don't understand. Now I can't find either of them, and everything is ruined." There was almost a sob in her voice. "Oh, I wish those silly infants would stop that fiendish noise! Where is Jack?" So she called him Jack! I main-

tained a discreet silence. She raised her voice a little and called softly—

"Ja-ack! Oh, Ja-ack!" But there was no answer. She started to walk impatiently up and down the deserted verandah, while I smoked a cigarette and wondered idiotically what it was all about.

"What am I to do now?" she said. "Wait, I suppose." So we waited in impatient silence for a long ten minutes, till suddenly a door slammed somewhere inside the club-house and we both jumped.

* * *

IT was John. I saw him first. He was stamping through the club-house like an angry young Pan, with his handsome face flushed above his scarlet jacket. We heard another door bang, and then Betty May's clear voice.

"No, I won't dance! And I wish you wouldn't follow me all about the place..... No! No! ... Please don't bother me, Roger, I have a beastly head-ache. I'm going upstairs. Go away!" We heard Roger's plaintive, expostulating tenor fade away towards the back of the house, and then Betty May appeared at one of the long windows and peeped out. She caught sight of Janet Maynard at exactly the same instant that that lady saw her. Mrs. Maynard would have spoken, and Betty May turned to fly, when John suddenly appeared again from the lounge and seized Betty May by the hands.

"Where have you been?" he asked. "I've hunted everywhere."

"Where have you been?" she retorted, trying to draw away her hands.

"Looking for you, angel child. Come outside. I want to talk to you."

"I won't go outside," said Betty May. "I don't want to talk to you."

"Please, dearest!" His hand was already on the door. Mrs. Maynard seized my sleeve and dragged me downstairs with more haste than dignity into the shadow of the shrubbery. I reflected resignedly that I had never in my life before been pulled and ordered about by so many women in one evening.

"Now be quiet!" she whispered fiercely. The two young people came out of the house together, arm-in-arm, and wandered down the road towards the boat-house. Betty May's face was cold and averted, but her slim body leaned towards John as a flower towards the sun. Mrs. Maynard laughed softly, and sat down on the lower step. I sat down beside her, still terribly puzzled.

"Those two babies!" she said. "They've given me more trouble!"

"Mrs. Maynard," I said, a great light beginning to dawn on me, "I'm afraid we have all misjudged you horribly." She laughed again, a lovely laugh, like water on a sun-lit shore.

"My dear Major, what does it matter? Those two are happy now. That's the main thing." There was a little wistful note in her voice.

"But why?" I persisted stupidly, "Those two kids are nothing to you."

"Nothing.... nothing but a pair of nice kids," she said, and terribly in love with each other. Though someone had to make that pretty little fool realize it. And Jack knew nothing at all about love-making." She smiled wisely to herself.

"Ah, yes!" I said a little bitterly. "Practise makes perfect, I suppose, in love-making as well as everything else."

"Not a bit of it. A thorough grounding in the theory of the thing does wonders. You see, men always believe in deeds—not words, while girls—young things like Betty May—want words—not deeds. I think Jack will do nicely now. . . I don't expect much further opposition from her. . . A little jealousy is a wholesome thing." There was a pause.

"Happiness is a very rare thing, Major, you know," she said at last.

"I know," I said shortly, "I know!"

"You see," she said, speaking reluctantly, as though trying to fight an overwhelming impulse, "I was married for

(Continued on page 72)



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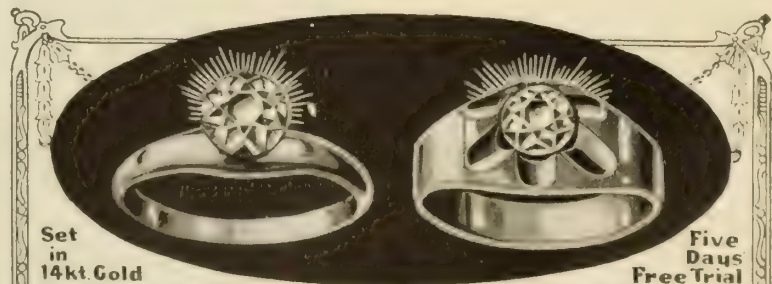
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Pamela Pounce

(Continued from page 67)

"Nay! nay!" cried he, with the uneasy boisterousness of one who would force the issue as a joke. "'Tis your business, me darling."

"I thought you wanted it paid, my Lord?"

"And maybe," cried he, laughing yet more violently, "you think I can pay it?"

He began pulling his pockets out. "Sure that would be the joke entirely! I'm cleaned through. There ain't a single chinker left in my purse, Kitty, and it's the lovely red silk one you made me yourself last Christmas. Troth! I am at this moment what they say Nature abhors—"

"And what's that, Sir?"

"A vacuum, my love," quoth my Lord, with a great guffaw.

Kitty contemplated him a moment, icily. Then she said: "All my sympathies are with Nature."

Kilcroney reddened, shrugged his shoulders, and replacing the linings of his pockets in their normal position, thrust his hands into them, and sauntered out of the room.

There was nothing further to be done; the moment was unpropitious.

Kitty balled the blue sheet with an angry hand, and flung it after him, and Pamela, who had never finished that phrase of directions, rose from the *escritoire* and picked it up.

The action was performed with so much composure that it seemed but the natural outcome of her good manners.

"Don't give it back to me, child!" exclaimed Kitty with tartness. "Throw it into the waste paper basket. Have you wrote your message?"

Pamela walked back to the writing table.

"I was un-bethinking myself, your Ladyship, that it would be better for me to run back myself, and choose the sprays. Miss Smithson, the person in charge of the office of a Saturday, is that disagreeable, she'd send the wrong sets on purpose. It won't take me half an hour, my Lady."

She tore the sheet she had begun writing upon in two, and dropped it into the elegant little gilt be-ribboned basket which was the repository of my Lady Kilcroney's scraps. She made a brisk curtsy and stepped out of the room.

Even Lydia's sharp eyes failed to perceive that she had not thrown away the livery-man's crumpled account; that she had thrust into her kerchief.

Mr. Jocelyn Bellairs was not destined to spend the Sabbath in a sponging house, for he was released on Saturday night, some one having settled Mr. Thomas Jobbin's livery-stable account, before any other of his creditors had had wind of his arrest.

Now the young gentleman had stepped into liberty in a very bad humour. He had no doubt but that he was once again indebted to my Lady Kilcroney in the matter, but, like many another spendthrift, not having the smallest claim upon her generosity he considered that it ought to be unlimited in his regard, and felt himself injured that it should go no further. He had come to view himself as having a right to a share of old Bellairs's money. Wasn't he, split him, the last of the name? Now, was this a way to treat the only living representative of a Nabob who had left his widow the command of millions? Just the debt writ off, and not a farthing over to jingle in your pocket, or a question what was to become of a fellow! "Never you turn a hair," had said my Lord. "I'll be back again in a jiffy to set you free, and we'll have a jolly night of it while my Lady's at her catterwaul."

He had expected no less of one who, like Denis Kilcroney, was profiting not only of his own uncles' hoard, but of that old gentleman's tactful demise.

But instead of the promised re-appearance a message had been flung in at him, left by a lackey towards seven of the clock; my Lord was mortal sorry, and he sent a bottle of gin and some lemons.

And at ten the prisoner had been told he was free.

Mr. Bellairs had hot blood, and it was all afire. And the mischief was in it that he might not even have the satisfaction of calling out the dashed Irishman for his insolence, since he couldn't help being under an obligation.

He avoided the Cocoa-Tree that evening and plunged into lower haunts, where, not in the very best of company, play ran very nearly as high as at the Mayfair clubs.

He was an audacious, reckless player, but in the main a successful one. To-night there was something almost fantastic in his luck. He went home in the blue of the morning with his pockets full of gold; his resentful mood was rather augmented by his good fortune than otherwise.

Nor was he in a whit better temper when some five hours later he swaggered out into the Green Park, shaven to velvet, his sparrow tail coat, his high close-fitting boots, his tight buckskin breeches and their bunches of ribbon, his short waistcoat, and his big buckled hat the very last thing in manly modes. It was his intention to call upon my Lady Kilcroney in Hertford Street and repay her the paltry ninety-seven pounds ten which stood between him and a meeting with my Lord.

Miss Pamela Pounce, coming from church and stepping in the same direction—she had grown singularly attentive to Aunt Lydia—came plump upon the Beau as their paths converged at the Piccadilly gate. His dark face kindled while her blooming cheek grew pale.

"La, to be sure, sir, who'd ha' thought of meeting you?"

"Why, and is it you, Pamela?"

His eye ran her up and down. She was clad in shimmering blue-lilac taffety, and her wide-brimmed hat, of the kind which Sir Joshua had set the rage, was trimmed with broad silk ribbons of the same shade. She wore a plain muslin kerchief; a black ribbon tied back her unpowdered chestnut curls. She made a very pleasant picture; all, with perfect taste, within a certain modest compass becoming her station.

There was no mistaking the emotion evoked in her by the sight of him. Her breath came quickly; her clear gaze fluttered and fell, and her pallor was succeeded by a flame of carnation.

Now out of the black mood in Mr. Bellairs's soul there flashed an evil fire.

"Of all the meetings in the whole world," cried he, ardently, "there's none could give me half so much joy, my dearest creature. Turn with me. I must speak with you. Nay, Pamela, I vow, I vow, you've not been out of my thoughts this month. Turn and come with me, I say. Let us away under the trees, where we can talk by ourselves. Pamela, dearest Pamela, take my arm. You are more lovely than ever, and I am—I am more headlong in love than ever I was before!"

There was too great a flutter in the girl's soul for her to have her usual cool grip of the situation. An overwhelming tide of happiness lifted her from her mental balance. She could not doubt that, after all these months, it must be a genuine love that lit up his glance, that trembled in his voice and in his touch. She had proved to him, surely, what kind of a girl she was. He must mean the right thing at last, or he would not so whole-heartedly declare himself.

And she had just rendered him a signal service, which (though he could not yet know it), gave her a delightful sense of meeting him on his own level. She was, moreover, in a vastly different position now from that of the mere working milliner. She had resources at her command; a future before her.

And there he was, the dear fellow, and he loved her still! Could a Sunday morning in June hold a more golden bliss?

(Continued on page 71)



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Pamela Pounce

(Continued from page 70)

So she hung on his arm, and listened with parted lips to his raptures, to the fantastic string of plans, the sweet, repeated endearments which poured from his lips. Now that they had met there were to be no more partings. Things were changed. He had plenty of money. Here she looked at him in astonishment, and he drew a handful of gold from his pocket. He was in the Devil's own vein of luck, he told her. He wouldn't listen to her obijuration; he laughed at the admonishing finger. Her assurance that she possessed a safer and more worthy source of wealth he tossed aside as a jest. There was a horse of his booked for Ascot. If she did not romp in with a sweet little cottage at Fulham for them both at her heels! . . .

"Oh, Mr. Bellairs!" Pamela clasped her other hand over his arm. "I could come up and down to business as easy as easy. A cottage with a bit of garden! 'Tis the very thing I've always dreamed of!"

"And I hope you put me in the dream, my lovely girl." He kissed her behind the trunk of a big beech-tree. "Why," cried he, "who'd have thought to find you so sensible all at once?"

It was not, perhaps, so much the words, as the way in which he looked at her after he had kissed her, that opened the sudden gulf before her! She drew back, and stood staring; her face haggard; all the lovely bloom and youthful ecstasy blasted out of it.

Then she said, in a low, strained voice—Pamela went straight to her point, she was not one to cover ugly situations

with a mince of words—"You don't mean marriage, then, Mr. Bellairs?"

The ugliness of his mood sprang into naked prominence. He broke into a loud laugh.

"Come, don't play the prude, now! Don't pretend you didn't understand." Then he added, a sort of shame creeping into his accents in spite of himself, "Be sensible, my dear girl. Don't play the fool with our lives again."

He put out his arm again to embrace her, but she struck him a vigorous buffet that sent him staggering from her.

"You've laid a vile trap for me, Mr. Jocelyn Bellairs, but thank God I didn't fall into it! I see you now as you are, a low, selfish scamp that doesn't think it shame to take his pleasure on other people. You'd drag my good name into the dust with as little concern as you live on my Lady's money. So long as you get your fling you don't care who you rob or what you destroy! Oh, I'm glad to have seen you as you are! And good morning to you, Mr. Jocelyn Bellairs, for a very paltry dog!"

She swept him a curtsy which was magnificent in its repudiation. He had a swift vision of her scorching eyes, her scarlet cheeks; she turned and left him, dumbfounded.

"I'm done with love," said Pamela Pounce, to herself. "May I never hear of it, or see it, or touch it again!"

Little did she guess with what overwhelming passion she was very shortly destined to behold the cruel god at work upon another life!

(To be Continued)



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Lemon Cream Pie—1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 1/2 cup lemon juice, 1 1/4 cups boiling water, 3 egg yolks, 1/2 cup flour, 1/2 cup Carnation Milk, 1/2 teaspoonful grated lemon rind. Mix flour and sugar, add boiling water stirring constantly. Cook 5 minutes, add butter, beaten egg yolks, Carnation Milk, lemon juice and rind. Line plate with pastry, bake in hot oven. Cool. Fill with lemon cream mixture. Cover with meringue, bake in a slow oven until the meringue is golden brown. This recipe makes one pie.

Carnation Charlotte Russe—3 egg yolks, 1/2 cup water, Maraschino cherries, 1 dozen lady fingers, 1/2 cup Carnation Milk, 6 buttered ramekins or custard cups, 3 egg whites, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/4 teaspoonful vanilla, 1/2 cup finely chopped blanched almonds, almond flavored whipped Carnation Milk. Cut lady fingers into pieces and put in ramekins or custard cups. Heat Carnation Milk and water, remove from fire and add sugar, almonds and egg yolks beaten until light. Fold in egg whites which have been stiffly beaten, add vanilla and pour over lady fingers. Bake in a moderate oven till brown and serve with a spoonful of almond flavored whipped Carnation Milk and a maraschino cherry on each. Always mix Carnation Milk and water thoroughly.

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A Matter of Manners

BY A CALIFORNIAN

There is said to be drifting through the American mind today a growing interest in the formularies of social life, and that this interest is broadening and deepening into what threatens to become a real fad. Books on the subject are in demand, some have even made money for the authors, and evidences multiply that more people are reading, studying, and thinking about the subject than ever before. If this is so, it is a good symptom and the fad will be a good thing, for we need to pay more serious attention to our manners, and the best way to accomplish any general result is through some popular craze. It would be a relief if Americans were suddenly to become enamored of proper personal conduct, for they would elevate mere form into an art, and make it the expression of the kindness which distinguishes them among modern peoples. They have heretofore paid scant attention to the forms of deportment merely because they were forms. They have felt that, in the words of the old Gilbert and Sullivan song, "No matter what you do if your heart be true, and his heart was true to Poll." They have been conscious always that their hearts were true, and so were satisfied that their conduct would be; under which assurance they have permitted themselves such nightmare ceremonials as "Mr. Smith, shake hands with Mr. Brown," which is enough to set on edge the teeth of a Winnemucca Piute or a Mexican peon; because Mr. Smith may not wish to shake hands with any one, and may have a particular dread of any personal contact whatever with the aforesaid Brown, a sentiment which Brown may reciprocate. As a people we appear to have missed altogether the important fact that the rigid daily and hourly observance of form is in itself an invaluable discipline which

strengthens men instead of weakening them, elevating self-respect and sterling character for the work it has to do. What other equally valuable function has military ceremonial; the salute, the drills, the manual of arms? These bring men into a frame of mind to act their part as men when the need arises. And any man who is punctilious about his conduct is the stronger for it. That is an individual value. Beyond it, is a social value difficult to overestimate. Good manners are the lubricant of community life. If they mean anything at all they mean the forms under which it has been found most convenient and profitable for human relations to operate. Underlying them is the finest humanity—consideration, kindness, cheerfulness, helpfulness. It is not good manners to drag your personal griefs into your conversation, to the distress of your friends, who can not lighten them. It is not good manners to say or do embarrassing things, and hence as we have no knowledge just what things may at times be embarrassing it is bad manners to make personal remarks, unless they are called for by some particular and beneficial purpose. It is not good manners to do things that are vulgar, and make your friends ashamed. Of such are the principles of proper personal conduct; and it can not be dispensed with in any order of society if that order is to do its work smoothly. Even Nigger Jim and Huckleberry Finn on the raft in the Mississippi had need of it, and Jim justly complained of the practical joke Huck played on him, which wrung his heart with dread and "threw dirt in the face of a friend." It is not good manners to play practical jokes, unless they be very innocent and friendly and conceived in real kindness.

Active Interference

(Continued from page 69)

eight years to a man I didn't—love. It—it wasn't a very happy experience. Something about the sudden tragic hardening of her beautiful profile told me a great deal more than her brief confession.

"Then," I said slowly, "You are a very wonderful woman."

"Isn't it better to help when I can?"

"Yes," I admitted, "Infinitely better. But not very usual. But you mustn't think that love has passed you by. Someday the right man will come along!"

"My dear Major! I shan't marry again. I know that."

"Why not?" I persisted. I had to say something, idiot that I always am.

"Because," she told me lightly, "The right man has come along and he's not a marrying sort of person!"

"Then he is an utter ass!" I said with some heat, unaccountably annoyed by her admission.

"He is that!" she said, and then to my utter consternation she stood up and ran a caressing hand through my confounded curls. Then she moved swiftly away—so swiftly that I had barely time to catch at and hold one slender wrist. I stood up too and drew her closer to me.

"Why?" I stammered again. "But why?"

"Because you are such a dear old—utter ass!" she said. She was actually laughing at me, but her eyes were very dark in the moonlight.

"Janet—" I said, "Janet, will you marry me? Will you?"

"Why?—but why?" she mocked me.

"Because—" Well, I told her why, though I had only discovered it myself that moment, and I convinced her. But she still laughed at me.

"I think it would be a very suitable match, don't you? Two such staid old people!"

"Janet Maynard!" I said firmly. "Janet dearest! I will show you whether I am a staid old person!" And I did.

Health and the Home

(Continued from page 61)

organization of medical work, if possible, so that no one in the community shall suffer from the want of adequate medical service and yet the members of the Medical profession shall not be robbed or oppressed by being "socialized."

WATCH THE RESULTS

The Rockefeller Foundation, the American Red Cross and other organizations are financing some of these investigations and experiments, the results of which will be watched with great interest. But the question will take "a deal of thinking."

WHAT WE HAVE NOW

As one American authority says: "We find in every community many medical men performing a noble service under a tremendous burden."

There is scarcely an American community without its old family physician, interested in all good movements, trusted with leadership in all vital matters, struggling along in poverty, concerned only with his obligations and opportunities for service and self-sacrifice. His example brings us to a realization that these limitations upon practical medical science, while they represent just grievances, are equally significant in reflecting the glories of the profession."

HEALTH

To cure disease—to prevent disease. Both good—and both necessary. But there is a better way which is to "create health" as it were. And this is the future of medicine.



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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



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Cosmetics of Cleopatra

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When must beauty cease? Never if you know how to keep it. The charm of beautiful maturity may rival that of early youth if wholesome, ever alluring freshness is not allowed to fade.

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She reached the height of her fame and beauty when some women imagine they must fade and grow old, keeping her youthful charms and freshness by the same simple means we recommend.

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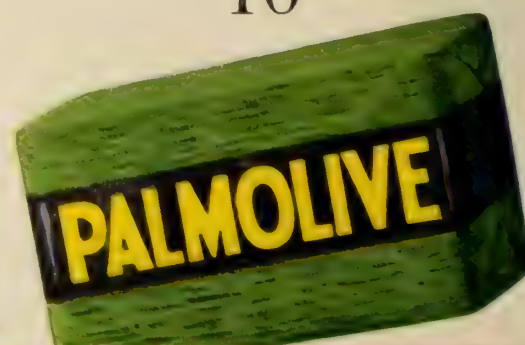
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EDITORIAL CHAT

THE months have gone quickly, after all, even when in midwinter the stretch to next Christmas seems so long:—and here we are, once more, ready to hang up the Christmas stocking and to wish you all the happiness of a Yuletide season and none of the after-Christmas indigestion. There are delectable dishes for you in this month's JOURNAL. Of course things to eat are of great importance in these December weeks and so Miss McNally tells you of Christmas cakes and puddings:—to say nothing of the candies. Then the Family Physician comes along and says the wisest and most sympathetic things about the season and its observance:—not taking the fun out of Christmas, but keeping the health there, as well.

In fiction we are coming bravely along with that thrilling tale, "Pamela Pounce," and we also have for your holiday enjoyment such stories as will make you want to read them twice. "Homeward Bound" by Robert Baggart (R. B. Y. Scott) is the story which won the prize, offered by the Women's Canadian Club of Toronto. "The Echo" is by an Ontario writer, and "Mrs. Villier's Forerunner" is by our old friend, Miss Christina Frame of Victoria, British Columbia.

Among the changes in the coming year will be one in our Fashion Service Department. We have recently concluded arrangements with The Designer Publishing Company, Inc., 470 Wellington Street West, Toronto, which contemplate a Fashion Service featuring exclusively the famous Standard-Designer styles. The Designer Publishing Company Inc. have large offices in Paris, New York, Boston, Chicago, Toronto, St. Louis, San Francisco and Atlanta. There are over one thousand representative stores in the Dominion alone, where your requirements in Standard-Designer Patterns may be obtained.

Pursuing our recognized policy of always seeking the best in the interests of our readers, we have, after careful consideration and thorough investigation made this important change in respect of our Fashion Service. We have concluded the arrangements referred to because we consider Standard-Designer Patterns unqualifiedly the best available. Among America's most valued assistants to home dressmaking, Standard-Designer patterns excel in smartness of styles, accuracy of measurements, simplicity of applica-

tion and use. With every pattern is enclosed an individual instruction chart—The Belrobe, a new and added service—an exclusive feature obtainable only with Standard-Designer Patterns. How to use materials with maximum economy and effectiveness, is told in pictures—simpler than words—that show you exactly how to recreate the style and finish achieved by the professional couturier, how in effect to double your clothes allowance. The Belrobe Method makes the inexperienced woman successful and proud of her work and even for the experienced this picture guide means a saving of time and material and the insurance of a Parisian charm rarely achieved.

So, you may rest assured that the Fashion Service is doing its best to help you with the gown, the coat and the frock for the Small Person, so that the sartorial needs of the household may be met. Elsewhere in this issue will be found further information about the Belrobe.

Of course, you are wondering what to give and you are even reflecting on what you may receive. In our columns this month there is an abundance of advice concerning every imaginable gift, from a phonograph to a needle-case. Mr. Hector Charlesworth has been persuaded to be entirely practical and tell us how musical gifts may add harmony to the household. Miss Storey tells of the many attractive things in what we wear which may gratify the heart on Christmas morning. There will be found a variety of dainty trifles in the Vanity Box which ought to brighten the dressing table and make more beautiful the girl who sits before the mirror for just "so many" minutes a day. In all this advice, you will find the invariable counsel to consult the taste of him—or of her—for whom the gift is intended. Thus you may avoid the blunder of the lady whose husband's sorrow is described in the lines:

There was an old man with a beard
Who said, "It is just as I feared;
My wife went to buy
A bright Christmas tie,
And that's why I'm raising this beard."

There is, in fact, an assurance that, if you will only follow the advice of the JOURNAL friends, you will find your Christmas giving an unqualified success.

Subscriptions must be paid in advance.

Yearly subscription price for Canada and Great Britain is \$2.00; United States, \$2.50. Foreign, \$2.60. Remit by Express or P.O. Order. Add collection charges to cheques.

To change address we must know former and new address. No address changed later than 15th.

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For washing-machine use, chip Fels-Naptha directly into the machine (see illustration) or, as some women prefer, make a soap-paste, by dissolving a bar of Fels-Naptha in a half-gallon of warm water.

Give your washing-machine the benefit of naptha

Real naptha—that marvelous dirt-loosener used by professional dry-cleaners—cannot be obtained in prepared-flake form. The only way, therefore, to give your washing-machine the benefit of naptha is to make your own Fels-Naptha flakes (or soap-paste) as needed, on washday. Do this for cleaner clothes.

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The real naptha will go through every thread, loosen the dirt for the sudsy water to flush away, then vanish—leaving the clothes clean, sweet, sanitary.

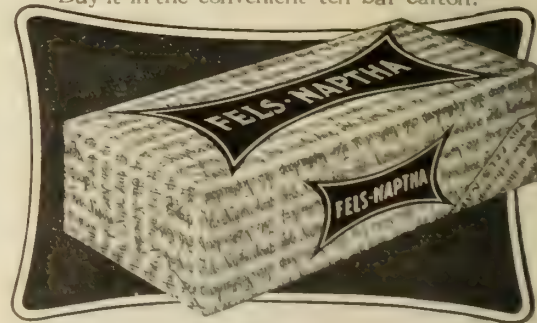
No matter *how* you wash clothes, Fels-Naptha will wash them cleaner, more quickly, safely and thoroughly. For Fels-Naptha is *more* than soap. It is *more* than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of splendid soap and real naptha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners. Directions inside every wrapper.

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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Now, suddenly he became conscious that the channel was full of ships that showed no light; all the ships that had made these waters their grave in a thousand years



HOMeward BOUND

By Robert Baggart

Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore

This story, "Homeward Bound," won the prize of one hundred dollars, awarded by the Women's Canadian Club of Toronto last spring for the best short story sent in by a new writer. The author, Mr. R.B.Y. Scott of Toronto, has chosen the pen name, "Robert Baggart," and has written a story of the sea, one which all our readers will appreciate. Mr. Scott, during the war, had an excellent opportunity of seeing much of ocean adventure.—Editor's Note

IT is a far cry from Buenos Aires to London, and a long tedious voyage in a seven-knot tramp. The crew of the "Dunsmore" were weary, with that weariness which comes to men who spend long periods in close confinement with their fellows. The ceaseless motion of the ship, the endless routine of watch on deck and watch below, held them chafing as prisoners in chains. The meals were bad in the cabin, and worse in the fo'c'stle. The sea-lawyer found a ready audience to hear his grievances. The men were fed-up with the ship. They had signed on two-year Articles, between latitudes unspecified (but with lime-juice in the Tropics). Nearly two years had gone since one fine day, when they had cleared Milford Haven for parts unknown.

One can voyage far in that time, even at seven knots. Gibraltar's precipice had echoed the "Dunsmore's" raucous whistle. Her rusty anchor chain had rattled out in a dozen ports from Rio to Canton. Her iron decks had been hot beneath the feet in the Suez, and slippery with ice around Cape Horn. Ploughing through sluggish seas, loaded to the Plimsoll, or tossing

light on the wave-tops, this gypsy of the seas had measured and marked the oceans with the white streak of her log-line. Too slow to run from submarines, and too clumsy to zig-zag, the Admiralty had sent her East out of harm's way. Now, on the first New Year's Eve of peace, the old ship was nearing home.

Home! What a word that is to the sailor! Few know his utter loneliness, serving long months in exile without a word from friends at home. The physical hardships of a sea-faring life are as nothing to this. So "Homeward Bound" is a happy phrase. Men forget to grumble at the steward and the skipper, in the eager anticipation of an early "paying-off." Day by day they watch for the border of home waters, the passing of the Continental ledge, where the sea changes colour from the deep blue of the Atlantic to the gray green of the Channel.

The youngest Ordinary Seaman was lookout in the fo'c'stle head this New Year's Eve. It seemed that the advancing billows were already a lighter green, as the ship plunged into them, head to sea. He staggered as the bow rose abruptly on the breast of a wave, then tottered on tip-toe, as it plunged down into the trough beyond. The wind caught the crests, and drove a stinging spray against his face. Heavy clouds were scudding across the sky. The sea was getting up. It looked like a dirty night, he thought . . .

. . . and this was New Year's Eve . . . he had hoped so much to be home for Christmas . . . his first voyage, only a dog-watch to sea, as the bo'sun said . . . but it was nearly two years, and even now

the thought of home was like the dim recollection of life in another world . . .

From the bridge came the sound of a bell, faintly heard above the rush and roar of the sea, and the howl of the wind in the halyards. Mechanically he clanged "eight bells," and turned to see a dark figure in dripping oil-skins climbing the ladder.

"Dirty night, Mac," shouted his relief in his ear. Together they ducked as a great sea smote the bows, and swept the decks with sheets of spray. "That last blasted sea that come aboard come near takin' me with it. The mate ought to rig a life-line aft."

"Oh, I'll hang on to the winch if I do get caught. Mind an' don't get your face wet," and with a laugh the Ordinary Seaman swung down the ladder.

He clutched the rail as the "Dunsmore" dipped into the trough. A great sea towered above him. It struck the bow squarely, with an impact that shook the vessel. In a moment the deck was filled with a roaring, surging mass of sea-water, that seethed with foam as it swept across and poured from the lee scuppers. The sailor made a dash for the nearest winch, balancing himself on the heaving deck. From the port side came a sound of bumping and thumping. Evidently something was adrift. In the darkness, he saw a sudden movement where the life-raft had been secured.

With a muttered curse, the Ordinary Seaman started for the big pontoon, which had broken from its lashings, and was crashing against the bulkhead like a mad thing. Half-way he clung for a

moment to the hatch, then made another dash for it. A towering sea rose high above the rail. He staggered and slipped, and at that moment the avalanche of waters was upon him, hurling him forward in its mad rush. With the frenzy of despair he struggled for some hold. His instep struck something hard, painfully—then nothing, nothing but swirling, raging water.

The boy came up spluttering—he coughed and choked as he tried to shout—his throat was full of sea-water. A black shape loomed above him. The mast lights rocked drunkenly as they passed. He screamed in agony, but the swirling winds snatched the breath from his lips, and no one heard. Frantically he strove to divest himself of his oil-skins . . . the heavy sea-boots were dragging him down . . . he could not get them off. The horror of sudden death gripped him—he could not last long like this—he kicked hard, and the boots came off. The ship was gone.

Then for a moment he thought he was seeing things. Over the top of a wave something tumbled and plunged down into the abyss beside him. That blessed raft! He reached out his hand. It was real!

How he got on to it, he never knew. The frail craft seemed trying to tear itself away from him, his clothes were pulling him down, his strength was going. With one last, despairing, convulsive effort he was on, and fell on his face exhausted. Still the seas broke over him, threatening to drown him as he lay. Instinctively he wound his arm through the life-line, and lay still.

HE must have been unconscious for hours. The roar of wind and sea again sounded faintly in his ears—like the hum of a sea-shell, he thought—and dimly, stupidly he wondered why. A violent lurch of the raft smote on his

(Continued on page 4)

consciousness, and he came to with a jerk.

At that moment the full horror of his situation swept over his soul, as the waves were sweeping over his body. Alone—in the Atlantic—he writhed in agony at the thought—so near home after all his travels—and yet so far—"home"—"home"—he turned the word over on his tongue—he had wanted to be home for Christmas—but this was New Year's Eve, and a dirty night at sea—the angry waves were roaring defiance at the black lowering clouds above—he remembered hearing the parson back home tell of a Man who walked on the waves and stilled the tempest at His word—Oh, that was only a little lake out East somewhere—He lived ashore, like the parson—He never saw a gale on the Western Ocean . . .

But still the seaman heard the echo of a voice, bidding him trust in One who is Lord of Heaven and Earth and Sea, and whom even the winds and the waves obey. And so, after a little, he thought of home, and tried to pray—and again the roar of wind and sea grew faint—

When the sailor awoke, a change had come over the night. There was a big swell still running, but the crests no longer curled and broke, for the wind had died away. The clouds were outlined with a silver fringe, and ever and anon the full moon burst through them in all her glorious beauty. From the height of the moon, he judged it must be close on midnight, and New Year's Eve at that. And always the sea was going down, till presently the raft rose only slowly on the long swell of the restless deep.

A rustle of white water caught the seaman's eye. He watched it curiously, and wondered vaguely why one wave should break and all the rest be calm. There was something there! He raised himself on his elbow, startled. What looked like a long, black mast appeared above the surface. He looked with growing

amazement to see another mast-tip—a funnel. Strangely enough, he was not afraid. Slowly, bow first, the weird apparition of a ship, rose from the depths, and lay rocking slightly as the water poured from her decks and rusty sides. A great black smudge of slime marked where she had rested on the ocean bed. A jagged hole at the water-line amidships, showed what had sent her there. From this murky cavern poured dark, ugly water, as if blown out by some mighty rush of air.

The faint, harsh clang of an engine-room telegraph sounded across the waves, and the Ordinary Seaman stared to see the churning water at the stern. As the ship got under way, her helm was put over, and her nose pointed eastward. She would pass close to the raft, he thought, and roused himself to hail. No sound came from his lips, for now he saw what he had not seen before—the crew of the Ghost Ship! All hands on deck—aye, just as when she sank; the captain on the bridge, the wheelsman at the wheel, the gunners at their gun, and fore and aft the seamen leaning on the rails.

And now, as they approached, he noticed a curious thing. Every face was turned in one direction, from which a distant glow shone on their sunken cheeks and hollow eyes. And on each dead face was a look of such yearning, that the seaman turned in the direction in which they seemed to gaze, with their eager, sightless eyes. He looked, and as he looked, he marvelled, for he saw the shores of England! The waves broke at the foot of the cliffs, and beyond was a fair vista of green fields and hedges and white farm-houses. It was a bit of Devon coast he well remembered, and his own heart yearned within him for very homesickness. And then he knew why the dead men gazed with such strange intentness. They, too, were homeward bound!

The ship passed by, a broken life-boat trailing from her davits—and was gone.

But close in her wake followed a sinister shape, a long low thing with a hump, whose bows tossed up small white splashes of foam. A fierce hatred swelled in the seaman's breast as he watched the submarine go by, and he exulted to see the gaping rent in her side, and the mangled wreck of her conning-tower. The narrow deck was crowded with men, who seemed not to notice the steamer just ahead, their enemy. They looked beyond, to where stretched a strip of low, sand-fringed coast-line under a gray sky. It might be anywhere between the Weser and the Elbe. He did not know the German coast. But they did. He saw it in their faces. They, too, were homeward bound!

Now suddenly he became conscious that the channel was full of ships that showed no lights. Tall, square-rigged ships and schooners, frigates and galleons were there, all the ships that had made these waters their grave in a thousand years. And with them were great liners and war-ships of to-day. From one of them came the faint sound of a ship's bell. He counted: "Da-ding, da-ding, da-ding, da-ding." Eight bells! Midnight! Nearly four hours on the raft, the sailor reflected. Lucky the water wasn't cold near the south of England. He half closed his eyes, then opened them wide to see what strange new thing was happening. In all directions he saw sinking ships. Some dipped slowly down, bow first, others stood on end and went suddenly, with a gurgle of waters. In a few moments the sea was deserted. Just then the moon vanished behind a cloud, and all was dark.

* * *

THE Ordinary Seaman started from his swoon in the blinding glare of a searchlight. The sea was getting rough again, and he could make out a dark shape plunging her bows into the

sea. There was a distant hail: "Away, life-boat." It seemed but a moment till a white boat with men straining at the oars came into the circle of light, and strong arms dragged him aboard.

He awoke with aching head, to find himself in the sick-bay of a man-of-war. He heard voices at the door. Apparently the speakers were the ship's surgeon and one of the navigating officers.

"Oh, he'll pull through all right," the surgeon was saying, "though he is suffering badly from exposure. He has been raving for hours about dead men and Ghost Ships. But he is quiet now, and—"

"Ghost Ships?" interrupted the navigator; "Ghost Ships, did you say? What did he say about them? He mayn't be so balmy as you think, Doc. There was something queer in the wind last night, old man. Three different ships showing no lights crossed our bows, and I had to go full astern to avoid ramming them. I got so jumpy I was nearly running from the blooming raft, till I got the searchlight on it."

"Away, and turn in, man," rejoined the doctor. "What you need is some sleep. You must get us into port to-morrow, you know."

"Right-o, Doc, but it was a queer night all the same. Makes one think there may be something in the old yarns about strange doings at sea on New Year's Eve."

The Ordinary Seaman smiled to himself, for he had seen more than other men. And strangely enough, he knew more than he had seen. In his mind's eye he looked out over the distant, vast expanse of ocean, and saw the sea-lanes crowded with shipping—and he knew the old year was passing out, and the ships were home-ward bound.

The doctor had said they would be in port to-morrow. A home port! With the thought, the Ordinary Seaman breathed a contented sigh and fell asleep.

AFTER THE FIRST SNOW FALL



This beautiful photograph of a snow-touched stream and its banks is from the studio of Mr. I. T. Parker, High River, Alberta





The evening train whistled. John let his book drop to his knee. His thoughts always wandered back when he heard that sound, or leaped forward as the puffing engines steamed up for the still higher climb

THE ECHO

By Helen Sumner Manson

Illustrated by M. H. Campbell

FAR up in the Canadian Rockies the mining town lay buried, surrounded by snow-capped peaks. A small thing in the midst of nature's silent greatness, but an active thing, active with man made energy, that forced itself into the rock bringing forth the fruits of past ages. A mining town where the rush of cities was unknown, but in its lives were lived, ambitions born, hopes crushed, there were tears and smiles, work and some play.

The main street consisted of a butcher shop, pool-room, the Company's Hotel, Post Office and store, where there was a variety of merchandise for sale. The obliging shelves along the wall, and the boxes under the counter could satisfy almost any demand. The streets branching off to the west were rough and untidy, where rows of small shacks faced each other, the homes, for the most part, of the married men who worked in the mines. To the north the railway ran, taking a sharp curve before it reached the little red station. To the south a swiftly flowing river came rushing down from the mountains, icy cold and pure, to join another flowing from the north.

On the last branching street, at the farthest end, there was a shack a little apart from the others, a well-kept place that seemed to be a home for some one. It looked over the other shacks and down on the small white school house to the south. During the winter months grey smoke curled up from the chimney and a cheery light shone out of the window on dark nights. When summer came and with it the long, long evenings, a man could be seen lounging on the steps sending rings of smoke up into the clear air, while his eyes rested often on the school house between him and the river.

John Morgan lived alone, a friend to every one in the place, but apart from them. He was a big man, used to heavy work, his strength was tremendous, he never wearied, never took a holiday, he seemed fixed like the great mountains about him.

It was the twenty-fourth of November, a cold, dark night, when a fire and a book make the long evenings pass quickly. John was enjoying both, lying back in his big chair, in his comfortable room—essentially so from a man's stand point. Many trophies of the hunt were nailed to the brown painted walls. On either side of the fireplace there were bookshelves, well filled. Not put in neatly, such as the high ones all together, and the low ones finishing the rows, but John knew just where to lay his hand on the one he wanted. A cot by the window was well supplied with cushions, to be used for either heads or heels. Near by a table covered with magazines, stray pipes and books, was often dusty. Bearskin rugs were thrown on the floor, the heads lying flat not mounted to trip the unwary, and over it all the warm glow of the fire, with John's welcome, if any one came to rouse him. The other room was furnished simply; a washstand, an old bureau and a chair. Some books were there also, and usually a pile of magazines stacked up in the corner.

The evening train whistled, John let his book drop to his knee. His thoughts always wandered back when he heard that sound, or leaped forward as the puffing engines steamed up for a still higher climb. How they brought and took away, unconcerned, announcing their approach by long whistles, that echoed and echoed in the valleys and around the mountains, while they remained unimpressed, unresponsive to such trifling sounds. Again the train whistled, it would soon gain in speed and race through the night, faster and faster, on, on over the shining rails into the unknown.

John's thoughts did not follow that soon far distant sound, they drifted back to other days, until a knock, rather timorous, roused him. A sharp bark from the Airedale lying on the rug, brought him to his feet. He walked across the room and opened the door wide. The night was dark, but the light from the lamp streamed

out over the frozen ground, and over a boy standing on the step, looking up at him.

"Good evening," John's voice was cordial.

"Good evening," the boy replied. "Come in," John said. "Quiet Victory, down." The dog obeyed but kept a careful watch.

When inside the boy asked:

"Are you Mr. Morgan, Mr. John Morgan?"

"I am," the man answered. "Won't you come to the fire and sit down?"

"Thanks, my hands are cold." He stretched his numb fingers towards the warmth, while Victory sniffed and gave welcome with wagging tail.

John broke the pause:

"Did you just come to town?" he asked.

"Yes, on the last express, after a long trip. I went to the hotel and told them I wanted to see—ah, to see some responsible person to-night. I was directed here. You must wonder who I am and what I want. My name is Robert Pearce." The Robert was boldly spoken, Pearce rather faint. "I want some work."

The man towering above looked keenly at him, a startled expression in his eyes, and wonder. He looked more closely when he heard the name Pearce.

"You say you have come a long distance. From what place?" he asked.

"Toronto, sir," the boy said.

"That is a weary trip. Take off your coat, you must be tired, and perhaps hungry." He looked down kindly on the youth, but beneath seemed strangely upset. "Some coffee, bacon and brown bread, eh? After that we can talk business."

"Thanks awfully, I am tired—and hungry. Couldn't eat much on the train the last day. It seemed queer coming so far." His voice gave a little break.

"Alone all the way?" John asked as he put water on to boil and cut slices of bacon.

"Oh yes, but it's been done before."

"That's so," John answered quietly.

There was not much left of the meal when Robert sat back with a sigh of contentment. The strained expression had gone, he looked ready for his bed.

"How would you like to sleep here, on that cot?" John asked.

"It would suit me fine," the boy smiled up at him.

The man turned to the window, his hand over his eyes. When he spoke his voice was strangely gentle:

"As to work, we'll see about that in the morning. You need rest and sleep now," he said.

"Thanks, thanks awfully," awkwardly the boy held out his hand. It was clasped warmly, firmly.

"I'll look after you," John Morgan said.

* * *

A MONTH had passed, it was Christmas Eve. The light from the shack sent its cheery ray over the new fallen snow. John and Rob— he liked that better than Robert—had drawn back from the table, where there remained little of the feast. The day before had been spent in the forest hunting. Preparing and making ready for that dinner had not been the least of the fun for the boy.

The time together had made them fast friends. The city lad had fitted into the customs of the place from the first day. John was able, through the position he held at the mines, to give him work that was healthy and strengthening but not heavy. The boy had never moved from the shack. It was home to him each evening when they returned to their well earned rest. The cot by the window made a comfortable bed on which Rob's tired limbs stretched out until happy, dreamless sleep claimed him.

Christmas Eve, and John Morgan was not alone, but his thoughts were centred on a day long past. Rob lay on a rug in front of the fire, where a crackling pine knot sent out glowing heat. Victory, with her amber eyes on her master, was beside him.

Back into the past John Morgan's thoughts wandered. That night he would make many things clear to Rob—but how commence?

The boy, unconscious of any tumult, lay, content unto his very soul. He started when John's voice roused him.

"I have waited for this evening to have a talk with you Rob," he said. "I want you to know of a great influence that came into my life and changed a raw fool into a man—such as I am."

"Such as you are. Well—" his eyes finished what his tongue failed to do.

"Wait. The picture of myself at about your age is not pleasant. I offer no excuse, just state facts. I was a big uneducated fellow sneering at learning like any fool. The mines had been my education ever since I could remember, with a little reading and writing picked up here and there. No one seemed to belong to me, and I did not belong anywhere in particular. Being strong and healthy I could always find work. The mountains bounded my view at night, the depths of the mine by day. The school house was one of my targets, a teacher the bull's eye. They came and went, each freshman had to endure some mental torture."

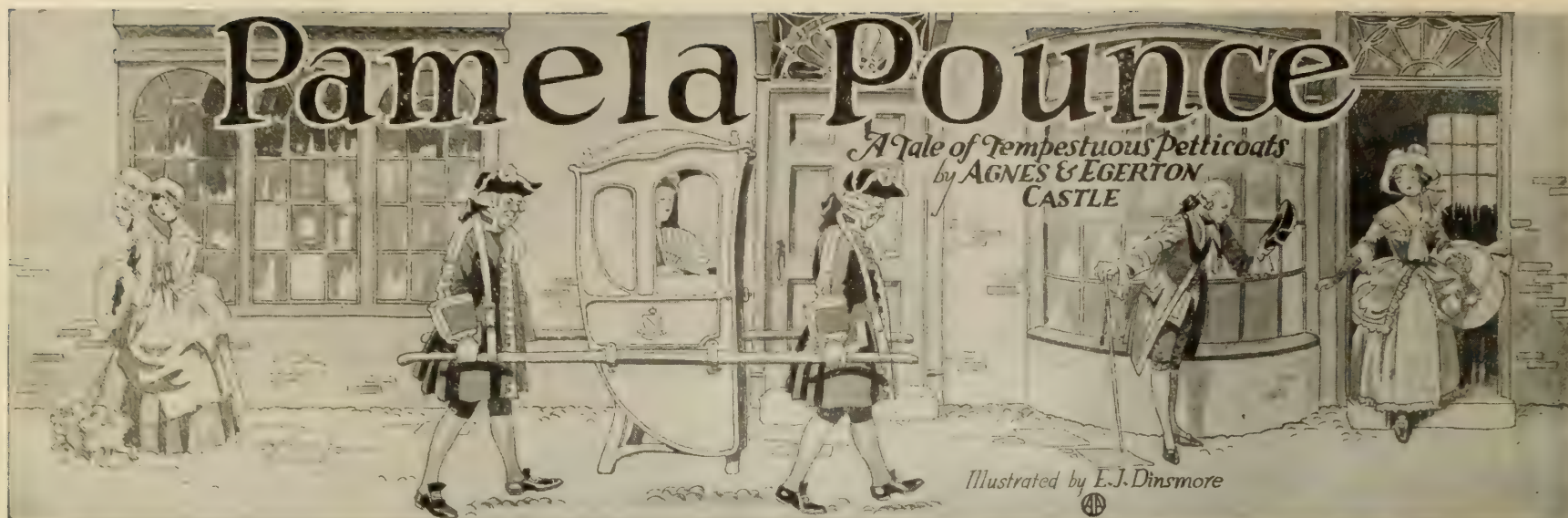
"One year the position had been vacant about six months. The youth of the town were running wilder than usual. At last the Company secured another brave adventurer, a woman this time. That only added to the zest. The day she was to arrive, I waited at the station, ready to carry her trunk to the Hotel. I was leaning against a barrel, when far away the whistle of the express told of its approach. I must have looked the part of a villain; unshaved, black from coal dust, high rubber boots, muddy corduroys, a jersey that was once grey; on my head, a greasy fur cap pulled down to my eyebrows. I'd show her a Western miner."

The man stopped speaking.

Rob was standing by the window now. His dark dreamy eyes visioned the description, and at the same time saw the mighty mountains, in the dim light, undisturbed, tremendous in their security.

"Yes I was sure of myself." It was John who spoke, and stupid enough to enjoy anyone's discomfort, especially if I could be the cause of it. Well at last the train was upon us, still whistling and ringing the bell. It was the event of the day, and the trains made quite a

(Continued on page 61)



SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Lady Kilcroney (formerly known as the fascinating widow, Kitty Bellairs), secures an appointment as Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Charlotte, wife of George III. This arouses the jealousy of Mrs. Lafone, who tries to injure Kitty, when a friend of the latter, Lady Mandeville, who had been guilty of a youthful folly, appears on the scene. Kitty's loyalty to her repentant friend triumphs, and Queen Charlotte greets her graciously. In the meantime, Lydia Pounce, Lady Kilcroney's own maid, is dismayed by the appearance of her niece, Pamela Pounce, upon the scene. Pamela has been dismissed from the milliner's shop of Madame Eglantine in Paris, because the latter's husband has tried to thrust unwelcome attentions upon her. Pamela enters the service of Mrs. Tabbishaw in London, and, in the course of her duties, comes upon young Jocelyn Bellairs, the nephew of Lady Kilcroney's first husband, who is about to commit suicide in the park. Pamela snatches the pistol, and, to save Jocelyn's honor, gives him the money which Lydia had handed to her to pay Lady Kilcroney's bill with Mrs. Tabbishaw. Kitty, who has been distracted about Jocelyn's threats, is delighted when she finds what Pamela has done and straightway takes her into favor.

Pamela thus obtains a position as head of the millinery in Madame Mirabel's establishment, but is persecuted by the dishonorable attentions of young Bellairs. She is about to elope with him from the Rose Inn when a tragedy in which Lord Sanquhar kills a poor Spaniard and steals the wife, who deserts her child, shocks Pamela and turns her on her Christmas journey home. Sir Jasper Standish, the landlord of the Pounce family, also shows himself a villain, but Pamela defies him. Then Lady Kilcroney tries to make a match between Sir Jasper and Lady Selina Vereker.

Lady Selina discovers Sir Jasper's true character and elopes with Lieutenant Simpson of the Marines. Pamela finds in Miss Sarah Vibart, sister and ugly daughter of La'ly Amelia Vibart, a real friend whom she transforms into a charmingly-dressed belle, when Miss Jane, the young rascal, a pretty shrew, is unable to go to the ball. Sarah captures Mr. Walsingham, the "match of the season," greatly to Lady Amelia's delight. Once more, Mr. Jocelyn Bellairs makes a dishonorable proposal to Pamela, who declared she is "done with love."

CHAPTER X

IN WHICH MISS PAMELA POUNCE SETS THREE BLACK FEATHERS FOR TRAGEDY

MISS Pamela Pounce was in the act of tying on her own hat, in the upper room, preparatory to departure after the day's work, when a breathless junior summoned her.

"There's a young lady below as wants to see you, Miss Pounce, and, la! I think 'tis Miss Falcon!"

Now, Felicity Falcon had recently flashed out upon the London stage with a startling and unexpected splendour that was more like that of a comet than of a star; Miss Farren, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Jordan, were for the moment as idols overthrown. The cry was all for Falcon.

Her name was on every man's lips. She was the first excitement of the season; and not the opera, not an oratorio, not a concert, not a rout at Almack's, nor a display at Ranelagh, could be said to offer attraction in comparison to the playhouse which announced the fair Falcon in the night's performance.

On hearing this remarkable name, Pamela paused, her hand on the black velvet string which fastened her simple Dunstable straw under her round, white chin. A play-actress! Many a young person of that profession had Miss Pounce with dignity shown forth already from the doors of this select establishment: "Much regretting, Madame, that there is nothing likely to suit you here."

Heavens, if a Mirabel hat were to be recognised on the boards! But Felicity Falcon? It was only last week that Pamela had wept and trembled, and sucked in breaths of excitement over her "Mrs. Haller." Never had she beheld anything more affecting, more impassioned, soul-stirring, and elegant than that impersonation.

To provide Miss Falcon with a hat in which she would enthral and ravish all London! It was too splendid an opportunity for such an artistic soul as that of Pamela to resist. After hours, too, and the shutters putting up, and no fear of awkward encounters. And if some of her ladies did find it out, why, foh! for one that would be offended, forty would order a hat to the same model.

Pamela flung the Dunstable straw off her chestnut head, and turning with great dignity, "Inform Miss Falcon," said she, "that I will attend her presently."

After a due delay, which she spent in drumming with white fingers on the dressing-table, her eyes lost beyond her own reflection, in a far vision of millinery genius, Madame Mirabel's partner appeared in the empty shop; sedate, her eyebrows well elevated into her white forehead, her hands folded on her trim waistband.

The slender figure in the brown silk cloak turned quickly with a rustle and flutter.

"You was wishful to speak with me, Madam?" questioned Miss Pounce, in her finest business manner.

"I want a hat for to-night, for Lady Teazle—for the third act, for the screen scene. Oh, I want something—"

Miss Pounce raised her hand.

"One moment, Madam."

She gazed at the narrow, pale face, unrouged; the dark, ardent eyes.

"'Tis the most mortal-genteel creature I have ever seen," thought Pamela.

"Not a word, Miss Falcon!" cried she. Then in the tone of a sibyl: "Black and white; or yet all white. But if you listen to me, black and white."

"I've no time to get any new gowns for the part," said Miss Falcon.

She had a slow, musical voice, with a ring in it as of tears never far off, yet never to be shed.

"And if you'll excuse me, Miss," repeated the milliner, "Lady Teazle's not your part, so to speak. Tragedy, that's what you're born to. Oh, your Mrs. Haller!" Pamela drew a sucking breath in reminiscence of last week's thrills.

"There! I'd never ask to enjoy anything more. Cry, I did. I couldn't see out of my two eyes, I vow and protest, when I came forth out of the theatre. But if

it's got to be Lady Teazle, Madame, 'tis your one bit of tragedy I'm to dress your head for, as I understand it. And put colour on it—I declare I'd as soon stick a pink rosette on that there goddess with the lamp from Greece his Grace of Hampshire sets so much store by in his hall. Put yourself into white for it, Miss Falcon, and I'll do you a hat that'll show it off and you. When all's said and done, 'twill be a symbol of what an innocent poor young lady you are, so took in by that lying young gentleman, what I'd hiss off the boards every time he shows his vile, deceitful face, if I'd my will! La! men are base creatures," cried Pamela out of her own bitterness. "White for your innocence, and the shadow of my broad brim over your eyes with a toss of white feathers atop, and just three black plumes standing up in the midst of them; the bit of tragedy that has come into your young life; one," said Miss Pounce, "for the horrid danger you've escaped, and one for your poor deceived heart, and one for the remorse, like, over the goodness of that kind Sir Peter, making his will so generous and trusting, for all his ways 'ud be enough to drive any wife out of her wits. Those black feathers," said the girl impressively, "will show you off, Miss Falcon, better than trumpet blasts."

Miss Falcon listened with an odd, abstracted look.

"So you think I'm best in tragedy, do you?" she said, and sighed. "But I don't want to be tragic, I want to be happy." And then: "I'm late!" she cried impetuously. "You'll have to bring me the hat to the theatre. I've scarce the time to get into my clothes."

A handsome private coach, with liveried footmen, was waiting for her at the door, and as Pamela accompanied her to the threshold, the actress looked back over her shoulder with a fugitive smile:

"I'll wear a white satin gown for the screen scene," she said, stepped into the coach, and was whirled away.

Pamela stood looking after her.

"Now who's paying for all that?" the milliner asked herself. "Some very great personage, 'tis well known; for anything more splendid and discreet I never see. Best in tragedy, you poor thing!" The tears rose to Pamela's candid eyes. "Why, 'tis tragedy itself you are already! You so young, with that smile that ought to have warmed a good man's heart! La! if my ladies knew who 'tis I'm going to trim a hat for this minute, and where 'tis I'm to bring it when 'tis done!"

* * *

Pamela Pounce looked about her with shrewd eyes, as she sat, very politely, on the edge of a cane chair in Miss Falcon's dressing-room at Drury Lane. A bandbox at her feet, her hands folded one across the other in her dove-grey lap, she presented the very image of elegant propriety in a doubtful atmosphere. She had not expected to find company in the dressing-room, the play being well started nevertheless, there was a knot of two or three modish-looking individuals who laughed a good deal together, and tapped the lids of their own snuff-boxes and took pinches out of each other's with positively the last thing in flourishes.

The gaunt woman who moved about at the back of the dressing-table, unnecessarily shaking garments, was, of course, the actress's dresser, and a sour

piece she was, thought Pamela, who had already refused, with a high air of contempt, this functionary's proposal to leave the bandbox with her. "As if I was come all this way to do porter's work!" thought Miss Pounce, with a toss of her admirably tired head.

Miss Falcon was standing at the door, looking in upon them, before anyone was aware of her presence; then she came forward, followed by a portly, handsome gentleman past middle age, at sight of whom the gossips bowed to a most obsequious depth.

Miss Falcon bore still upon her countenance the humorous peevishness of the character she had just represented.

"Why, how now?" she exclaimed. "Fie, for shame, gentlemen! What are you doing here? If you desire to show me a compliment your place is before the curtain, sirs! Foh! 'Tis a poor compliment to salute an actress in her dressing-room!"

"Why, my dearest creature!" exclaimed the chief of the fops, coming forward, and bowing repeatedly with such an affected parade of courtesy that Pamela's hand itched to box his ears. "I vow and declare we are but mustering all our energies to acclaim you after your great scene! We would not spoil that effect, 'pon our life! Not for a hundred thousand guineas! What's Lady Teazle before the screen scene? No part for your genius, incomparable Falcon!"

"Out with you now, then!" said Miss Falcon. "Good evening, Miss Pounce. Oh, gentlemen, gentlemen, indeed you cannot remain here! Miss Pounce and I have the most important business on hand. La, that bandbox! It is vastly good of you, Miss Pounce. Pray, my Lord, give the gentlemen the lead and take them to their seats!"

"Rat me!" said the spokesman of the fashionable group, looking round with what Pamela thought was a very offensive leer. "If my Lord Harborough sets the example, who are we that we should refuse to follow it? After you, my Lord Marquis."

Pamela had often heard the name of the great Marquis, especially of late, but she had never yet seen him. She now gazed at him with shrewd eyes of disapproval.

"Ah, my Lord, you may have a fine taste in coaches and in the horses to draw them, and a superlative delicate taste in play-actresses, but to my mind 'tis mortal poor taste to be bringing those grey hairs that are under your wig, and an honoured name, and all your privilege to the undoing of one poor girl! You should keep that smile for your grand-nephews—Mr. W.'s brats—you should indeed, my Lord!"

My Lord Harborough raised himself from a profound bow over the hand which Felicity Falcon extended to him in a careless sort of way, more as if she were dropping something out of it than yielding it to his caress. The smile he gave her as he straightened himself was full of ardent admiration. Although he failed to meet with her favour, Pamela could not but admit that he had a very splendid presence and that any woman's head, much less that of a young player on her promotion, might well be turned by receiving attention from such a quarter.

My Lord Marquis now waved the company from the room with a politely compelling gesture, as of a host who bids his

guests pass before him; kissed his hand to Miss Falcon, and himself departed.

"Now, my dear girl, my dear girl, the hat!" cried she, turning upon Pamela.

And Pamela had the strange thought that Miss Falcon—even though she had stepped off the boards—had not ceased acting for one single moment, and that no emotion had been more cleverly counterfeited than the playfulness with which she was now herself addressed.

Indeed, when Felicity Falcon first contemplated her countenance in the mirror under that confection in which Miss Pounce considered her own genius had reached its most perfect expression, so deep an air of tragedy spread itself over her features that the sprightly milliner thought in dismay, "Heaven be good to me; to see her one would think my lovely feathers were crowning a hearse!"

But as if she guessed her companion's thoughts, the play-actress instantly resumed a jocund air, and, twisting her head from side to side, treated her own reflection to smiles of different meanings, as though testing their effect; mischief, archness, innocent mirth, mockery, melancholy, chased each other across her fair countenance like shadows over a pool, and in each Miss Pounce could have cried out to her to stay it, vowing that she was more perfect in it than the last.

Indeed, the delicate loveliness set in the flying powdered curls, crowned with the soft splendour of the feathers, marked, so to speak, by the three notes of black, was a vision worth gazing upon. The sheen of the white satin she had chosen for her robe flung up the ivory of her shoulders and throat. Miss Pounce

almost regretted to see the obligatory smear of rouge put on each pale cheek; by which, however, the lily fairness gained something exotic, feverish, that seemed to match very well with the swift passion of her art.

"It'll be such a Lady Teazle as never was," thought the milliner; and was wondering whether she could yet find a seat for herself in the theatre, when, turning suddenly dark, haunted eyes upon her, Miss Falcon said like a child:

"Oh, do let me find you here when I come back, you kind thing!" and, without giving Madame Mirabel's head woman time to reply, she added: "I know you will," and whisked back to the dressing-table.

Her hand hovered over a closed jewel-case, then, shrugging her shoulders, she drew out a string of pearls and clasped it round her throat.

* * *

It was strange for Pamela presently to sit alone in the little dressing-room and think of the mimic play of emotion, clash of passion and interest that was enthralling so many scores of spectators within a few yards of her; to think, too, of that drama of real life, so sad and shameful, of which she had unexpectedly become a witness.

It was contrary to her vivacious nature to sit, unoccupied and in patience, while the world swept on its way, but to-night she had much to engross her thoughts. All she had seen pointed to courses which, to her straight judgment, could not but appear as evil. Yet if ever, thought Pamela Pounce, there was delicacy and

purity stamped on a human countenance, it ever noble pride, it was on the face of the young play-actress.

"Why did she ask me to remain?" puzzled the girl. "If my Lord Harborough is her protector, as he seems to be, what does she want with a poor, honest milliner? Oh, la! to see her, so beautiful, with them pearls, and to know what it means, I could fair cry!"

Miss Falcon's dresser came rushing in, declaring that there never had been such a success as the new Lady Teazle; that the house had had her out again and again. "And, oh, my goodness, the shouts and claps and nose-gays flying! What a pity Miss had not been in the gallery!"

Before Pamela had time to reply Miss Falcon herself, accompanied by a very conspicuous group of admirers, returned to her dressing-room. Her flush outdid the rouge, her eyes flashed. The tips of her taper fingers rested on Lord Harborough's wrist, and he came in leading her with an air as though her triumph belonged to him. Behind her the sycophants gabbled, "for all the world like father's geese," thought Miss Pounce.

"Oh, my Lord, she is incomparable!" "I do assure you, Miss Falcon, when the screen was knocked down and you stood forth I could have fallen on my knees before you!" "Pon honour! Pon honour, never was acting half so fine!"

The flush was fading, and the fire dying in her gaze as she turned round upon them.

"Pray, gentlemen, you are very kind, but I have to change my gown for the next act. My Lord, bid your friends leave me. And you, too, my Lord."

As bowing, kissing hands, grimacing, jostling against each other, the little knot of gossips withdrew, obedient once more to their patron's wave, he himself lingered. "Felicity," he said, "there never was anyone like you. My dear, you brought the tears to my eyes."

When he released her hand there was a new ring upon it. The donor hurried forth, as if, with the finest tact, to forego gratitude in connection with a trifle, or so Miss Pounce understood his magnificent men.

Felicity gazed at the object on her hand, gave a laugh which rang scornful, dropped the jewel from her on the dressing-table, and sat down before the mirror.

"Now," said she to Pamela, "take off the hat yourself, if you will. My dresser hath so gross a touch. The hat, you know, it has made me to-night. I owe you a vast debt of gratitude. Oh, those black feathers! Your excellent taste, child, gave the note, I do assure you, to my whole rendering. The tragedy, you know, and the innocence, and the remorse."

It seemed to Pamela as if she were mocking herself as she gazed upon her own countenance. She broke off. There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," she cried. And, as a young gentleman in mourning, with a pale face, appeared in the aperture, she went on in an unchanged voice: "How would it be, Miss Pounce, if I were to run a blue ribbon among these curls? 'Twould not come amiss, I think, in the last act, to mark the girlishness of Lady Teazle beside so old a husband. Now, my Lord, pray be quick about your business. I



He had forgotten that there was any witness, save the one who was, at that moment, all the world to him

have scarce five minutes to give you! Yes, a blue ribbon, I think. You have such charming fingers, my dear, pray pass it in yourself. Go on, my Lord, I can see you very well in the glass, and sure, besides, I did not promise to look at you, so long as I listen.

"You mean to torture me," said the young man in a low voice.

Had he been on the rack, Pamela thought, glancing compassionately at his reflection, as her hands moved delicately in the actress's tresses, he could scarce have had a greater air of suffering.

"Pho!" cried Miss Falcon. ("Is not that a trifle too forward, Miss Pounce?") "Pray, my Lord, remember, this interview is none of my seeking."

"I asked to speak with you alone."

"Ah, but I did not promise you that! Say out, or keep silence, it matters nothing to me."

"I begin to believe what I have heard," he exclaimed hoarsely.

Her eye flashed lightning at his image in the glass.

"Indeed, my Lord? And that again leaves me indifferent."

But as she spoke she turned round on her chair. What a marvel of loveliness she was, thought the milliner. 'Twas but natural any poor young gentleman that loved her should be distraught upon her. He gazed on her wildly, then broke out, clasping his hands:

"Nay," he cried. "I will not believe it. I will not believe it, unless you tell me yourself. Felicity, my father is dead. I am my own master. Look at me. Behold this black. I came straight—yes, I am not ashamed of it—straight from the closing of my father's grave to offer you my hand and name."

He paused.

"I ought, no doubt, to be overwhelmed at your generosity. A month ago you were no less ardent, if I remember right, in pressing a different proposition," she said very quietly.

Pamela's heart quickened in passionate sympathy. What a world was this for poor girls.

"It's not possible," the young gentleman cried, "that you will carry rancour so far! A month ago I was not a free agent; a month ago I—oh, confusion! You cannot have understood. I—Miss Falcon, I am now Earl Ashmore, and I ask you to become my countess. This is a question of marriage. You cannot thus lightly dismiss so honourable, so respectful an offer!"

"Marriage!" she laughed. "I, too, am a free agent, sir, and I have tasted liberty longer than you. I have no desire to relinquish it."

A moment he stood gazing at her with clenched hands and open mouth, as if unable to grasp the extent of her folly and his own misery. Then he snapped his jaws together and crimsoned to the roots of his lightly powdered hair.

"It's true, then?"

"What is true?"

"What all the world says; that you're my Lord Harborough's—my Lord Harborough's—"

He choked upon the word.

Pamela Pounce held her breath in the dreadful silence that ensued. Then:

"Don't be a foolish lad," said Miss Falcon in a changed kind voice. "One day you'll say, 'Whatever the player woman may have done, she did one good deed to me. She wouldn't marry me when I was fool enough to ask her.'"

Then Felicity turned back to the mirror with a laugh that rang like tinkling icicles, so musical it was, so cold.

The wretched young man cast himself on his knees, lifted his clasped hands and wrung them. He had forgotten that there was any witness, save the one who was, at that moment, all the world to him.

"Felicity, I don't care what you have done—what you are to that bad old man. I will forgive everything. Come to me and be my wife!"

"Now, Bonnets, open the door. Miss Pounce, pray put a hand upon my Lord's elbow and help him to rise. That is the way out, my Lord Ambrose. (I cannot help it. I remember best the name under which you once insulted me.) You forgive me? Had I the time I could laugh. Heavens! But three minutes to get into the paduasoy!"

She did laugh as the young nobleman, a look on his face which struck a kind of terror into Pamela's womanly heart, flung his hands out with a menace and dashed from the room.

"Thank Heaven, the creature's gone!"

Bolt the door, Mrs. Bonnets. I'll have no more visitors till the play's over!"

Pamela Pounce was not bidden remain this time; but she could not bring herself to leave the dressing-room until Miss Falcon's last appearance there. Talk of plays! What a tremendous play she had seen that night. 'Twould be like walking out before the last curtain dropped to go home now.

When the actress returned she was accompanied only by Lord Harborough. As he led her in he looked at her hand.

"I see," he said, "you have not honoured my poor gift."

"My Lord," she said, "I have honoured you sixty-five times with these pearls. Is it not enough? As for rings, there is a slave weight about them. I hate them. But is this really mine? Mine to do as I will with?"

fits your finger! Nay, I will take no refusal. My cloak, Bonnets! La, I am mortal tired. Pray, my Lord, good night. Well, as far as the coach then, but no further. Remember our compact!"

"As far as the coach," said the peer, with his disillusioned smile. "As far as the coach at least, lovely mystery, beautiful secret! Oh, the Medusa head would have been vastly appropriate, I assure you!"

They went forth, and Pamela Pounce stared at her ring. She had never felt, in all her varied energetic existence, thus puzzled and troubled.

"Heaven ha' mercy," she thought, "what a prodigious bit of insolence, to give it to me under his very nose! And, oh, lud, what's a body to think? Will he marry her after all and my poor Miss

a hat! You should have seen it! With all your art, you've never dreamt one like it. Eglantine, Eglantine at her best. Paris was stamped all over it. When all is said and done there is naught like the French taste."

"I have always said so, my Lady," responded Miss Pounce, "and there's a case upstairs full of the real Paris modes, of which I'd like your Ladyship to have her pick this moment! Perhaps the last consignment we'll get for goodness knows how long, seeing the trouble over there. Fetched at the Dover coach office by our special messenger not half an hour ago, I do assure your Ladyship."

Pamela could control her voice better than her hands, and the professional patter escaped her almost mechanically.

"But I haven't seen how the capote suits me," protested Nan Day, a little pettishly. "Kitty, what say you? I've been so long in the fields. I was scarce fit to go out in a chair at Bath, so worn was I with the sick-nursing," complained the squire's wife, "I have positively forgot what a fashion looks like. Sister Susan promised to meet me here and advise—not indeed that I care for my Lady Verney's taste. You are ten thousand times better, my dearest Kitty. Pray give me your opinion."

"My love," said Kitty, "in all sober earnest I am too overset to be able to give my mind to it as I ought. That unfortunate young man! It seems Lord Harborough cast him out of her dressing-room last night, and there was a monstrous great scandal at the theatre door. The wretched girl, my Lord Harborough

"And what, my Lady, have you heard of it already?" said a masculine voice behind her. And all started to behold Lord Verney in their midst. "I thought I was the first to have wind of it, coming straight from Brooks's. 'Tis scarce an hour since he was picked up unconscious."

"Never say," cried my Lady Kilcroyne in horror, "that he had so little discretion as to choose a club for such an act."

Lord Verney stared.

"Why, Madame, you speak as if the poor Marquis had had any choice in the matter?"

"The poor Marquis? In Heaven's name, collect your wits. 'Tis not Lord Harborough who has committed suicide?"

"Indeed, my Lady Kilcroyne, the idea is sprung entirely from your own imagination. Lord Harborough's illness is a fit. He had scarce interchanged a few words with a friend in the club room when he groaned and fell forward. Sir Richard Jebb and Dr. Jenner were at once summoned. They could not get the blood to flow. He was still breathing, that was all."

"Well, 'tis another old sinner gone to his account," said Nan Day philosophically. "And Sarah W. is a Marchioness—who'd have thought it? Where is Susan? I'm not sure, Miss Pounce, that I really care for a capote. Could you not let me see some of those French hats you spoke of anon?"

"Ah, Nan, you have indeed sadly lost touch with the world, child! 'Twas a magnificent fine gentleman, a noble patron of literature and art—"

"Ay, and of the stage, by your own showing, Kitty." Nan Day spoke smartly. "Pray, Miss Pounce, did you not hear me?"

Pamela felt sick and faint. She was glad enough of the excuse to crawl away and take a dose of the hartshorn which was kept handy in the workroom in hot weather. When she returned to the showroom to announce that the case was at that moment being opened—her head girl was wrapping all last week's inspirations carefully in tissue for the occasion—she found the company increased by My Lady Verney and Mrs. Lafone, and that well-known personage, Beau Stafford. He was speaking as she entered, and the first words that caught her ear were these:

"I call her Fair Fatality."

Mistress Molly Lafone's shrill accents were then up-lifted.

"Why, Mr. Stafford," though she was sister-in-law to the Beau there was small love lost between them, "granting the suicide—to be sure, the poor young man must have been mad—you cannot hold Miss Falcon responsible for Lord Harborough's seizure."

"You know a good deal, Mistress Molly, but you don't know everything. Young Lord Ashmore attacked the Marquise in the street last night. There was a

Nursery Vigil

By MARY MACDONALD

Lights through the keyhole streaming, passing along the stair;

Whispers and secret rustlings, mystery everywhere. Over the fast-locked door of the room where we may not go,

They have hung a rope of ivy, holly and mistletoe. Bed-time is here already; the bells ring far away; The house is all decked and quiet, waiting for Christmas day;

But the night is very long. . . . There are footsteps now and then,

And people are moving still, though the stable clock struck ten.

Was there a big white clock, and a tower, in Bethlehem,

Where the shepherds went to look, when the angels sang to them?

Was it late like this, and dark, as they came from the frosty hill,

And the sheep ran bleating down, in a line, as they always will?

Perhaps the sheep and the collie had heard what the Angels said:

How a Babe was born in a manger, and laid in a stable bed.

They knew it was Christ, and followed; they worshipped. . . .

I wonder how!

The house is all still and sleepy.

It is nearly Christmas now.

He smiled at each question, and Pamela thought that, for all his fond admiration, there was a sort of contemptuous indulgence lurking in his glance—that he had the air of one who says to himself, "These pretty tricks are known; these charming moods are part of the little game. I have not the enthusiasm of youth, but I have experience, I have toleration, and I have patience!"

"It is an elegant and artistic ring," said Miss Falcon, lifting it to the light of the wax candles which branched from her mirror. "A sapphire, I see, and all chased."

"It was found," said Lord Harborough, "in a Roman tomb. There is not another like it in the world!"

"And what does it represent? Oh, I see snakes about that strange little face!"

"'Tis a Medusa head."

"What?" she cried. "What an ill omen for an actress! How terrible if I were to turn my audience to stone. Fie, I would not keep such a thing about me for the world! Pray, Miss Pounce, will you accept this trifle in memory of our first acquaintance and of, oh, your beautiful hat! How kind of you, dear girl, to stay and see the last of me. Why, it just

Sarah and Mr. W. be cut out? She wears his pearls and drives in his coach, and yet withal he's to lead her no further than its door!"

* * *

"'Tis the most dreadful tale, child, that's current," said my Lady Kilcroyne to her friend, Nan Day, as they met in Madame Mirabel's hat shop. "They say my young Lord Ashmore has put an end to himself. I met the Duke of Hampshire anon, and His Grace could scarce speak, so overwhelmed was he. Lord Ashmore's father was his friend and neighbour."

Pamela Pounce put down the dove-coloured capote she had been about to place upon Lady Anne Day's pretty head. She was more affected than her customer, who looked up, knitting her brows vaguely, with small interest in her blue eyes.

"Ashmore?"

"Why, Nan, he that was young Ambrose! A pretty youth, and full of promise. It seems he was mad in love with Falcon the actress. Did you see her Lady Teazle last night? 'Twas a wonder, my love, but a thought too solemn. But, oh, Pounce, child, she had

terrible scene between them. Ay, ladies, all on account of that wild bird, the Falcon. Lord Harborough had to call to his footmen—fact, I assure you! Only for the scandal he would have handed his assailant to the watch. 'Twas the shock of hearing of the rash youth's dreadful end, this morning, that has been the death of him. Ay, My Lord Harborough is dead. They were pulling down the blinds of Harborough House as I passed along the Mall."

"Fair Fatality, indeed!" cried Kitty. "And her so young and handsome, and not a six months famous yet."

"Oh, she's a cunning piece!" interposed Molly. "I have heard tales of her ways. They say none knows where she lives, nor where she comes from, nor her real name. She wraps herself in the utmost mystery. Probably," went on the little lady, with her acid titter, "'tis some grocer's daughter! But poor simplicity has no chance, especially with the gentlemen. You must play the romantick."

My Lady Kilcrouney, her fingers to her lips, seemed lost in reflection.

"Was there not a story of a duel, Mr. Stafford?"

"A duel, Madam? Five, to my certain knowledge," asseverated the Beau. "And all with more or less serious results."

"Pshaw, 'tis like an Italian tale of the evil eye!" Nan shuddered. "I'll not go to Drury Lane and come under it, 'tis pos! Pray, Miss Pounce? Oh, no, not green! Green! Am I never to get away from it?"

* * *

Miss Falcon's fame did not suffer from the double tragedy of which she had been so singularly the cause. She withdrew from the programmes for a week after the funerals of the two unfortunate noblemen, and then reappeared, to play to houses more crowded, more enthusiastic than ever. The wild rumours which began to circulate about her only served to increase the public frenzy.

Pamela Pounce, much occupied with the Walsingham mourning, was for some time unable to gratify her desire to see Fair Fatality act once more; a desire which—so far was she from sharing Lady Anne Day's fears—had now indeed become a kind of obsession. When circumstances permitted her at last to indulge herself, she purchased a ticket in the forefront of the gallery, and prepared to enjoy a couple of hours complicated emotion. To her amazement, at the end of the second act a note was handed to her:

"I have just seen your kind face. Will you be a friend to me to-night, and come back with me to my house? If you can do me this favour—my heart tells me you will—meet me at the stage door after the last act."

FELICITY FALCON."

At any time the adventure was one likely to tempt a girl of Pamela's spirit. In present circumstances, wrought to the highest pitch of excitement and interest by the emotions of the drama and the personality of the young play actress, the invitation came to her as the magic fulfilment of a dream. Although never had Miss Falcon's acting been more poignant, more intense in passion and tragedy, the milliner could hardly wait for the drop of the curtain, so eager was she to enter upon what she could not avoid considering the more thrilling drama still.

The crowds that packed the theatre were so immense, and the determination to recall the favourite so obstinate and prolonged, that it was after considerable delay that Pamela found herself at last at the stage door.

An elegant, sober-looking carriage, with servants in dark liveries, stood in waiting, and just behind it a hackney coach.

Miss Falcon, hooded and cloaked, escorted by a group of gentlemen, stepped forward and took her hand.

"I knew you would come," she whispered. Her manner was preoccupied. "This is no place for introductions," she went on, turning to her escort. "Since it must be, let us even start."

"Sheridan," said one who walked in advance of the others, one, indeed, whom the milliner, with a thumping heart, scarce dared recognize as the heir to the throne, "you accompany the ladies."

The two women drew back while he passed somewhat unsteadily out of the theatre, and was, with discreet bows, ushered to his carriage by all the gentlemen of the party, a single member of

which then followed him in. The carriage, evidently to order, moved a few paces up the street and again halted, while the hackney was drawn to the door.

Mr. Sheridan, followed by the other gentlemen, now came back. He offered his right arm to Miss Falcon, and, with some exaggeration of ceremony, which his companions seemed to find humorous, his left to Miss Pounce. After he had handed the ladies into the hackney coach, he paused, laughing at the door.

"What address shall I say, sweet Falcon?" He raised his voice, as for the benefit of those behind him. "Now for the great disclosure!" he cried.

Fair Fatality had a cold smile. Pamela could see her face by the light of the links each side of the theatre portals. It was very pale.

"Pray get in, sir," she said; "the man knows his way."

As they drove off Mr. Sheridan rubbed his hands and laughed again.

"To think that I should be sitting vis-a-vis to the fairest intrigue in all London, and actually be going to solve the mystery! Though, to be sure, 'tis no mystery to you, ma'am, I dare swear?"

He looked tentatively at Pamela through the gloom.

They were turning out of a by-street into the main thoroughfare, and Pamela, casting her glance out of the window, was startled, but scarcely surprised, to see that the Prince's carriage was very closely following theirs.

"Why, Pamela, my girl," said the milliner to herself, "little you thought when you set out that you'd perhaps be supping with Royalty! But there's one thing clear. You've got to stand by this poor soul to-night."

Mr. Sheridan did not seem to relish the idea of conversation with Miss Falcon's companion. Pamela, who from the first had fancied that, though carrying his liquor with decorum, he was far from sober, was not sorry to see him fall into a dose. Whether on her side the actress were asleep or not she could not guess, but she never moved nor spoke. The drive was long, and Pamela had lost all sense of district when the coach was pulled up at last. But Mr. Sheridan, waking with a start and looking eagerly about him cried:

"Why, this is the King's Road! I'll be hanged if that's not the lodge of Elm Park House."

"This, sir," said Miss Falcon, "is Mulberry House, my poor abode, to which you are—" she paused, and altered her phrase—"where I am this night privileged to receive you."

Pamela understood she would not bid them welcome. At the same moment the royal carriage halted in its turn; but Miss Falcon, alighting, did not pause to pay the respect etiquette demanded. She pushed open the gate, and went quickly across the flagged courtyard towards the little house which stood square and solid, with pedimented portico, before them.

As Pamela hurried after she saw that a



She flung open the folding doors and pointed into the room revealed with a single magnificent gesture.

With the more readiness, indeed, that at four o'clock this afternoon my reason for wishing to keep my unimportant identity, my unobtrusive abode from the knowledge of the world has ceased to exist—"

She broke off.

Not more intently had the mighty audience hung upon her lips to-night than did now these four, her oddly entertained guests. Pamela's heart beat high. She felt herself as on the very edge of some fathomless chasm of tragedy.

"Your Royal Highness," went on Felicity Falcon, her sweet voice hoarse, "since it is your pleasure to know it, my name is Gwenlian Morgan. I am the wife—" A spasm crossed her face. She caught her breath, and went on: "I married one Evan Morgan, a Welsh preacher. Ours has been a great love; but with him God was always first. He believed he had a call to London. We left the fair hills and our cottage for these dreadful streets. He failed. He fell into a decline. We had hardly any money left. He could work no more, and he would not take charity. I had to earn for him. How? I had to earn much and quickly or he would die. There was only one way, and that way anathema to him. To his pure and lofty mind the stage was always ruin and damnation!"

Again there was a brief silence. The equerry tried to whisper to Mr. Sheridan, but that good-hearted gentleman gave him an angry scowl. The Prince sat breathing hard, his eyes fixed, his mouth slightly open.

"There was but one way in which I could earn much and quickly. I took it. I took it in secret. I began low. Fortune favoured me. I was noticed behind the scenes by one whose notice meant advancement. Yes, sir"—she flashed a dark look at the equerry, who murmured a name—"my Lord Harborough was a generous patron; and then all came easy. At home I had but to lie. Good heavens, how I lied and plotted and contrived and deceived! But what did anything matter? There was no crime save unfaithfulness to my Beloved that I would not have committed for his sake. I told him I had inherited a fortune. I kept him almost from the first in comfort. When I was able to hire this house I told him I had sold out funds to do so. He believed me. He trusted me. He would as soon have thought of doubting an angel, as of doubting me. And so I—hoodwinked him. It was the easier that he had to keep to his bed. My one servant, his nurse, deaf and silent, never pried into my comings and goings. She believed like him, that they were accounted for by the chapel meetings and mission work; by necessary relaxation and repose. I went in and out of this house at night by the mews at the back. No one ever saw me enter. I took care of that. To-day—to-day the doctor came. He filled me with more hope than ever before. 'Take

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OLD MEMORIES THROG AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE

*"'Tis Better to Have Loved and Lost"**From the painting by Francis Barraud*

SINGING CHILDREN

BY M. L. C. PICKTHALL.

*(By permission of the publishers, Messrs. McClelland and Stewart, Toronto,
from "The Wood Carver's Wife.")*

In the streets of Bethlehem sang the children
So merry and so shrill,
"He shall have sweet cedars in his garden
And a house on Hermon Hill.
He shall have the king's daughter for his fellow,
A king's crown to bind upon his head."
And with bracken buds and straw, brown and yellow,
Mary made his bed.

In the streets of Nazareth sang the children
So clearly and so sweet,
"He shall lead us to the spoiling of the nations,
He shall bruise them with his feet.
His standards shall outface the stars for number,
Red as field-lilies when the rains are done."
And Mary heard them singing in her slumber
And woke to kiss her Son.

In the streets of Jerusalem the children
Sang, passing to their play,
"The king's daughter waits in her apparel
All glorious as day.
We charge you, O ye watchmen of your pity
Reveal us our beloved, call his name."
And the shadow of a cross beyond the city
Fell softly o'er their game.

In the ways of all the world sing the children,
"We know Him, we have named Him, He is ours,
Like leaves we have fluttered to His shadow,
He has gathered us as flowers.
And when the buds fall all too soon for blossom
And when the play has wearied of its charm,
He bears the tired lambs within His bosom
And the young lambs in His arm."

THE UNEXPECTED

BY JESSIE ALEXANDER

Editor's Note.—We are permitted by the author and by the publishers, Messrs. McClelland and Stewart of Toronto, to publish this chapter from Miss Jessie Alexander's latest book, "Encore."

TO the traveler of dramatic temperament, one of the joys of the road is the surprise that waits "round the corner."

When I start on a journey, I seldom know who will meet me, where I shall stay, or what adventure is in store. On landing, I assume as nearly as possible the look of an unclaimed parcel, "If not called for in ten days, please return." Ten to one, the Reception Committee of one or more, walks up to the tallest and most impressive lady alighting, and inquires politely "Miss Alexander?" When the stranger haughtily disclaims any connection with such a person, the committee disappointedly come down to little me. "You're so much smaller than we expected," they say and the feeling of humble insignificance does not depart, till an appreciative audience reassures one and somebody remarks afterwards, "You look so much taller on the stage."

Sometimes, a longer or shorter drive succeeds the train journey and a motor, in lieu of the high buggy of former years, awaits. En route, you pump the chauffeur as to the ancestry—English, Irish, Scotch, etc., and tastes of the community. "Oh, yes, our town is very critical. We've heard the very best and we know what's what!" "We've had"—and he proceeds to name the list of artists who have set the pace and hints warningly that only the best will pass in these parts. "How many costumes do you wear in an evening?" was one question. "Why, just one evening gown." "Well," (scornfully) "the Comic Singer sometimes wears a dozen." And you know you have been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Sometimes a forlorn, or occasionally, a surprisingly comfortable hotel is your stopping place, but more often, hospitable homes open their doors and hearts of gold uncover their wealth of kindness. A hostess with imagination anticipates every possible need and realizing that you are to be called in time for a very early train in the morning, softens the disagreeable experience by putting a record on the Victrola outside your door, so you open your eyes gently to the mellow tones of a beautiful Contralto singing, "Kathleen Mavourneen, the grey dawn is breaking." By the time she reaches "Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from they slumbers," you are up and smiling at the ingenuity of the alarm-clock substitute. "Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever; Oh, hast thou forgotten this day we must part? It may be for years and it may be forever!" "It may be" you think, but know that the memory, at least, will remain forever.

Sometimes, a less pleasant experience serves to emphasize the happier occasions. Arriving at a small Ontario village, I was met by no one, and was obliged to follow the directions of the station agent to the house of the Secretary who had written me. "I forgot to tell anyone when you would arrive. No, there's no hotel, you're to stay with Mrs. C—" and forthwith he led me to my temporary home. Entering the dismantled spare room, my hostess apologized: "I should have had the bed made up if I had known when you were coming, but I left the room airing. You see, my father-in-law died in this room three weeks ago and it has been shut up ever since!" When, next morning I arrived at a friend's house in a neighbouring city, she greeted me with, "Why! what's the matter? You look tired to death!" "No wonder!" I sniffed, "I slept in a dead man's bed last night and I didn't sleep a wink!"

It warms the cockles of your heart, when a unique expression of appreciation comes, in the form of a tiny bag containing your concert fee in gold pieces. "What lovely money!" you exclaim and they gild the gold with the speech; "We can't find money good enough to pay for what you've given us."

In the West, an accident had delayed the train for several hours, and it did not arrive till 9:15 P.M. A deputation boarded the train at the junction. "Too

bad!" you say. "Of course the concert had to be cancelled." "Not at all! The audience is assembled at the Railway Station and the town band waiting to serenade and escort you to the Hall." Your trunk is carried up to the impromptu dressing room enclosed with white sheets; you make a quick change, and drink a cup of tea without realizing that you are silhouetting a series of shadow pictures for the interested spectators! Next day the local paper states, "Although shaken up by the accident, Miss Alexander was able to appear in six pieces!"

On one of the many occasions when my trunk failed to make connection, I telegraphed home for a second gown with accessories, to be forwarded on a train due at 8.05 P.M. As there was a hotel opposite the Hall, my hostess agreed

Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them.

I had so completely forgotten the handicap of the trailing robe, that as I left the stage, it tripped me up, and my exit became an acrobatic performance. Shouts of merriment and applause summoned me back, and as I reluctantly faced the audience for the encore, behold two men walking up the centre aisle, bearing aloft the delinquent trunk! When later, I reappeared, rather self-conscious, in my own gown, I shared the laughter of the audience and we were on the most intimate terms for the rest of the evening.

On another occasion, a white and silver gown and white slippers were forthcoming, but alas! The white silk stockings had been omitted. It was seven P.M.

the instep, beckoning the gaze of the audience!

Near a mining district, one Northern village named by thirsty travellers "The Last Chance," because it bordered the "dry" mining area, furnished a mixed audience which crowded the hall. All nationalities were represented and at a point when a man clumped noisily out of the hall, I thought, "Some of these foreigners can't understand much of this programme." A little later he returned and I afterwards learned that he was the pool room proprietor, who finding all his patrons at the concert, went out to close the deserted gaming house.

At a season when fresh eggs were a very scarce commodity, I said to a lady in the country, "I wonder if I could get any new laid eggs to take home?" "I'll ask Mr. L—who is chairman to-night." Mr. L—had none, but during the evening, he unexpectedly announced: "As you can imagine, Miss Alexander needs good nourishment to keep her in shape for such performances as she has given us and she wants some eggs, real country eggs, fresh from the nest. They must be like Caesar's wife, beyond suspicion, and anybody who can supply these and will take them to the G.T.R. train at 9.10 to-morrow morning will be a public benefactor." At the appointed hour, seven egg offerings, varying from two to five dozens, materialized, and with laughing appreciation, I arranged to have them crated and expressed home.

When on a Western tour, a crown tooth showed sudden signs of insecurity. Will it hold till you reach home? you wonder. Alas! Uneasy lies the tooth that wears a crown! You have just announced a humorous number, when crack! down drops the vagrant bicuspid on your busy tongue! In a crisis, the mind works like lightning. Will you frankly remove the tooth with your fingers and lay it down with the other ivories on the key-board of the piano? Will you swallow it, or will you tuck it into the side of your cheek and trust to Providence and a nimble tongue, to take care of it? The last course seems least noticeable.

All through the funny story, you play a game of golf with that unnatural ball. You jab its pivot through your cheek, drive it up to your palate, almost toss it down the long red lane, with an explosive laugh (in an appropriate place in the story) shoot it out towards the front teeth. The game ends and you have won! The audience hasn't the faintest idea that you have been playing a double game. In the dressing-room, you deposit the offending tooth on a programme, and as you return for the encore, say airily to the astonished musicians: "Please mind my tooth till I come back."

"The Treat of the Season.

A Fowl Supper and Jessie Alexander Admission 50 cents."

Thus read a country poster in the good old days before the H.C. of L. invaded Canada. "Yes!" remarked a farmer, "The fowl and you are a grand combination. You draw like a mustard plaster."

"Nowadays, when feed is so high and chickens bring such prices we can't afford to donate them," declared the Ladies' Aid. "It's got to be a Fowl Supper or Jessie Alexander." "I see, then you toss up for it. Heads—the Fowls; Tails—Jessie Alexander?" I ask mischievously.

"No indeed, we don't gamble. We vote on it."

"And I win. I feel quite flattered."

"Well, you're much less trouble. You don't have to be roasted and cut up."

A boys' S. S. class in one of the towns, had embarked on a huge venture by engaging my services. The elders had misgivings, but not so the boys! A girls' class had had Miss Alexander last year and what girls had done, boys could do. Faith and work brought success and a big house, and towards the close of the concert, the chairman of the Boys' Committee addressed the audience. Incidentally, let me say, that I've discovered, that Methodist Class meetings are better training schools for glibness of speech, than any College of Oratory. Up stands this youth, a bit excited but with all his

(Continued on page 19)



A POPULAR CANADIAN

Mrs. Roberts (Miss Jessie Alexander) is known and admired by thousands of Canadians who will be glad to read this chapter, "The Unexpected", republished from her latest book, "Encore"

that it would be advisable for me to go there, to be ready to don my frock the instant it arrived; so, clad in a long cloak and borrowed woollen dressing-gown which could be quickly doffed, I waited for the whistle of the train. 8:05—no sound! 8:15—no sign! 8:30—despair! The impatient concert manager demanded my presence at the Hall immediately, "dress or no dress!" My hostess, several sizes larger than I, but willing to "give me the clothes off her back," hastily transferred her black evening gown from her ample shoulders to mine. It swallowed me! We padded, pinned and looped its voluminous folds, and thus attired, I apologized breathlessly to the waiting audience. "I'm so sorry to have kept you waiting, but the train hasn't yet arrived with my evening clothes and I have had to come out in borrowed plumes." I changed my opening number to "The Ruggles's Dinner Party," in which poor Mrs. R— struggles to find costumes for her large family. "She that had sash, had no handkerchief; he that had collar had no necktie . . . but

and not a white stocking within miles! A black isthmus stretched from skirt hem to slippers. That must not be! "Have you an old sheet or pillow-case that you can waste?" I asked. The linen was at once produced, I tore it into bandages and gave first aid to my stockingless ankles. Fortunately the absence of footlights screened the camouflage for me. Bessie Bonsall Barron, contralto, goes me one better on the stocking episode. She was singing in Oratorio in Ottawa and after rehearsal, had only half an hour for dressing. No evening stockings! A maid was bribed to search the Hotel for a pair—with no success. The only substitute obtainable, was a long pair of white woollen sleeves and mittens that were, in desperation, squeezed into the white satin slippers. As the Tenor sang divinely, "Lift up your eyes," the Contralto fervently hoped that the lifted eyes would rise beyond her wool-clad feet. When she crossed the stage to sing a duet with the Tenor, imagine her dismay, to see a waggish woollen thumb protruding from



With a wild gasp of terror her eyes fastened upon the window

Mrs. Villier's Forerunner

By Christina Frame

Illustrated by Maude MacLaren

MRS. Villier was sitting alone by her parlor fire. She was quite oblivious to the December rain beating against the windows, and the weird whistling of the wind around the corners of the old house. Her romance-starved spirit was finding consolation in a pink covered "Family Journal," that lay open on her lap, and her long discipline in thrift was evident also, for she knit as she read.

From the half-open door into the hall came the loud, clear, "tick-tock, tick-tock," of a fine old mahogany clock. So insistent was its note that Mrs. Villier finally got up to investigate.

"Huh," she snapped, as she opened the long door and eyed the weights, "Wong has been winding the clock. I knew it shouldn't be ticking so hard at the end of the week. I'll have to give that Chinaman some further lessons in minding his own business."

The highly polished case of the old clock reflected her spare figure, greying hair, and thin, lined face, and caught too the hard, triumphant light in her blue eyes.

"Sister-in-law, Ethel Maud Bradley Villier didn't succeed in getting you," she chuckled, laying a knucky hand on the shining clock. "She and Thomas were a long way from seeing eye to eye in dividing the Villier heirlooms. Thomas never let anything go out of his keeping that he could hang onto, and now that you're mine, she shall never get hands on you, never! I'm going to do as I please about willing the clock, and the Crown Derby china, and the old mahogany, and silver. They're all mine now. Ethel Maud never dreamed that her rich, paralytic brother-in-law would marry his plain, old maid

house-keeper, 'just a common sort, you know,' but you can never tell what a man will do when his comfort is in jeopardy. Thomas must have thought I had earned them or he wouldn't have left everything to me," decided his widow, as she settled down again to the love affairs of Lords and governesses.

The storm was increasing in violence; the wind shrieking through the great trees that surrounded the house, and driving the rain in fierce gusts against the panes, while the long, hollow, boom of surf told of a wild night on the Strait of Juan de Fuca. It was the sort of night that plays havoc with nerves and common sense. Mrs. Villier dropped her knitting and finally laid aside the pink covered "Journal" and gave undivided attention to the racket of the storm.

"Sounds as if there were somebody outside," she murmured, "I think I heard steps, I'm sure I did."

Just at that instant the clock chimed nine, such a homey, every-day sound, that Mrs. Villier at once set to work to combat her Celtic fears of storm omens, warnings, forerunners, and ghosts.

The house was large, and dated from Crown Colony days. On either side of the big front door there was a row of glass panes, and Mrs. Villier suddenly remembered that they were curtainless. Fresh ones for Christmas, were to be hung in the morning.

"Anyone can look right in," it was a thought that sent her at once to close the door leading into the hall. Her hand was on the knob, when, with a wild gasp of terror, her eyes fastened upon the window.

Pressed close against the pane was a young girl's face. A face of haunting

beauty, with wide, staring, dark eyes, and little rings of dark, wet curls clustering on a forehead that showed ghastly pale in the bluish light of the new opalescent lamp shade.

"Oh, oh, ohhhh," limp with terror, Mrs. Villier clutched at the door, and in an instant the face vanished.

"Heaven help me, I, I, know that face!" wailed Mrs. Villier. "My soul and body, I've seen a ghost! I've seen a ghost! I have! I have!"

She slammed the door and scuttled back into the chair by the fire. Goose flesh shivers chased down her spine and her teeth chattered as she thought upon the dire significance of her experience.

"It's a forerunner, a forerunner for me," she shuddered, her eyes fixed upon an old fashioned miniature on the mantel. "Yes, that is who it was, the very same face, and eyes, and hair all wet. It was the girl that was coming out from England to marry Thomas, years ago, that was staring in the window at the old clock. She died on the voyage and was buried at sea." Mrs. Villier wrung her hands at the thought of the wet, black draperies of that one who was looking in.

"I wish to mercy I had locked up that picture of her after Thomas died, or had put it out of sight somewhere. I daren't touch it now. O, my soul, to think I've had a warning."

With a frightened gulp she turned her back on the miniature, heaped bark on the fire, substituted "The Psalms of David" for the "Family Journal" and sat down, in figurative sackcloth and ashes, to await the return of Wong, the cook.

She put in a restless, fear-tormented night, a quotation from the story she had

been reading flashing insistently through her mind. "I am a doomed woman, a doomed woman."

* * *

THERE was a sudden weather change in the morning, a brisk north wind with a hint of frost in the air, and daylight and sunshine go hand in hand with the blessed normal happenings of every day.

Mrs. Villier's spirits rose as she dressed. "Perhaps it was a neighbour I saw, or maybe I had been dreaming in my chair. No, I did see something looking in at the window, but I'm going to stop thinking about forerunners for I never felt less like dying than I do this morning. I'll get busy with Christmas work, and the first thing I do, will be to give Wong a piece of my mind about meddling with the clock." During the morning she worked with whirlwind energy, Wong's flapping slippers making a frantic accompaniment.

"I don't know who is going to eat all that cake and pastry," she soliloquized, "if Ethel Maud, and George, and the young people were coming to spend Christmas, and running in and out as they used to, it wouldn't last long." Thoughts of the times when Thomas's nephew and nieces made merry in the Villier homestead surged in her memory. The girls were married and far away, and Tom had only been home once since his return from Overseas.

"Perhaps, if I hadn't been away from home just then, Tom might have come to see me, I've always liked Tom." She picked up the morning paper and sat down for a minute. The very first item that her eyes rested upon was to the effect that Major Thomas Villier and bride were spending the Christmas season with the Major's parents at "Cedarhurst."

"Tom's married," murmured Mrs. Villier, "then I needn't look to see him on this trip, a bride is enough to occupy any one mere man's attention, to say nothing of the coolness over the heirlooms."

By the time the noon whistles cut the frosty air, her courage was decidedly on the ebb. She was lonely and tired, and Christmas preparations but a hollow mockery. The face at the window kept returning to her mind with melancholy insistence. "Perhaps she was staring at the clock to warn me of how little time I have left," shuddered Mrs. Villier. "I'm not going to stay here alone this evening anyhow. I'll give Wong the afternoon off instead of the evening, and I'll telephone Agnes McGee to come out in the early 'bus' and stay for tea."

Mrs. McGee arrived according to schedule, the two enjoyed a pleasant, gossipy afternoon and feasted upon Christmas goodies in happy defiance of digestive consequences.

"It's you, Hannah, that's got the well-feathered nest," commented the visitor, as she wiped the heirloom china and old silver. "I won't deny that you earned it, having to wait, day in and day out, on the whims of a paralytic old man, but there are lots of women doing just as hard work and getting nothing but abuse for it. There's Jane McClurg for one, you remember Jane, don't you?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, Jane is having about the worst time of anyone I know. I said to her yesterday, 'Jane, you look like death, you're killing yourself waiting on that crank of a husband, and the only satisfaction I can see for you is to come back and haunt him.'"

"Haunt him," repeated Mrs. Villier, with a sharp indrawing of breath, "do you believe in ghosts?"

"I certainly do," declared Mrs. McGee, "not that I've ever seen one myself, Heaven preserve me from that. But I know that there are ghosts all right. I've heard my grandfather tell, dozens of times, about the one he saw, it was a forerunner for Bridget Kelly," and Mrs. McGee proceeded to relate a circumstantial story of supernatural visitation. Encouraged by the frightened eagerness with which her listener absorbed the gruesome details, Mrs. McGee added all the ghostly thrillers she knew, and by the time the list was exhausted, had succeeded in thoroughly frightening herself as well as her listener.

Fire-lit dusk had deepened into night during the harrowing recital, and as she finished, Mrs. McGee cast apprehensive

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Christmas Dinners of Long Ago

By Myrtle Leeta Cherry

*"Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if, for cold, it hap to die,
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry!"*

ONE sometimes wonders why it is that when we wish to attain the acme of joyousness and the height of celebration, we must, perforce, have a wonderful feast to help us reach our perfect enjoyment! Such, however, is the case, and has been, I suppose, ever since Eve invited Adam to that most exclusive banquet in the Garden of Eden. Especially does this culinary characteristic leap into prominence at Christmas time, when all over the land, for weeks ahead of time, Christmas cakes are being skilfully

prominently on any Christmas menu that we have ever seen. Yet these were mere commonplaces in the gustatorial feasts of the brave old days of yore! The turkey, with all his blandishments, was but a mere barnyard fowl, and as such, was made to keep his place,—and incidentally his neck as well!

Imagination loves to picture those Christmas feasts of olden days, when the great Baronial Halls were filled for days and weeks with the gallant knights and "fayre ladyes" whose tinkling merriment and jovial mirth, filled with pleasure the great heart of the Feudal Chieftain, whose guests they were. Scores of retainers and attendants of every sort swarmed everywhere over the grey old castle; and

his hands, on a great platter of gold or silver, the Boar's Head, royal emblem that the Christmas feast might now begin. Behind the "Sewer," a chosen company of knights and ladies made up the gay procession, and amid much jollity this wondrous Head was placed before the Lord of the Castle to dispense:—

"Sweet rosemary and bays around it spread,
His foaming tusks with some large pippin graced,
Or midst those thundering spears an orange placed
Sauce, like himself, offensive to his foes,
The roguish mustard, dangerous to the nose."

Next, to the feast, came the beautiful



A Christmas Storm

From an old Print

mixed up, Christmas puddings boiled for hours, and jars of spicy mincemeat set aside for the succulent mince-pies of later date.

However, when we read of the brave old days of "Merrie England" and the wondrous feasts at which Ye Noble Lorde presided at Christmas time, we come to the conclusion that we simply do not know how to feast at all in these modern days of ours! We must be losing the fine art of eating, now-a-days, since we consider ourselves quite among the elite, these days, if our harassed pocketbooks can secure the noble turkey to grace our Christmas tables. Of course, we do have a few other knick-knacks tucked in for good measure, most of us, but still the plain fact remains that we certainly are not the artistic "feeders" that our great-great-granddaddies were! Ah! They were the boys who did this feasting business up properly, I can tell you!

For instance, surprisingly few people, now-a-days, would consider inviting their Christmas guests to a feast of stuffed Peacock in all its gorgeousness, nor does the noble Boar's Head figure at all

there were jesting, roundelays, and carolling, with the soft breath of romance and the dashing chivalry of gallant cavaliers lending glamour to it all. This merrymaking never lasted for less than a fortnight, and often spread itself over a much longer period than that. But of course the culminating epoch of it all was the wondrous feast of Christmas Day, when the heavy darkness of the oak-panelled walls was lightened by the flare of myriads of candles whose rays were caught and thrown again from the burnished armor hanging on the walls. Blazing fires would flame in the huge stone fireplaces, and down the centre of the Hall, the long oaken refectory table groaning with its load of Christmas cheer, would be surrounded by the wit and nobility, the beauty and grace of the land.

Hush! From out the door comes the jubilant flourish of silver-tongued trumpets; a mingled harmony of merry minstrelsy rises clear on the air; the great doors are flung open wide and a gala procession comes into the Hall. First comes the "Sewer" a noble figure, carrying high in

Peacock, and this noble bird was never served by common hands; that privilege was reserved for the lady guest most distinguished by birth or beauty. With her own fair hands she carried the Peacock on its golden dish into the great Hall, heralded by sweet music, and a retinue of lovely maidens following in her train. Sometimes the Master did the carving, but often this honor was given to the noble knight who had been acclaimed victor in the jousts-at-arms.

Most carefully was this proud bird prepared for the feast and a wondrous sight he must have been when placed on the great oaken table. The skin was first carefully stripped off, with the plumage adhering; the bird was then stuffed with spices and sweet herbs, basted with yolk of egg, and very carefully roasted. When properly browned and partially cooled, it was sewed up again in its feathers, its beak gilded, and very often before going to the table, a piece of cotton saturated with spirits was placed in its beak, and lighted before the carver disturbed the whole.

(Continued on page 71)



Whenever soap comes into contact with the skin—use Ivory.

Look out! here comes the frost chap!

SOME MOTHERS “wish-there-was-a-Slaw” to keep children from getting dirty when raw winter winds begin to blow!

Chapped hands and faces—how cruelly they hurt! They often result from the extraction of the natural oil from the skin by harsh soap.

Here is one effective way to guard against this possibility.

Let your children wash in Ivory Soap and warm water—not hot—a dozen times a day if need be. Only be sure they dry the skin thoroughly.

Ivory lather, you see, is mild and gentle, and it rinses off easily and completely, leaving the skin clean and smooth and weather-proof.

Your own face and hands, too. After Summer's pleasant warmth, they must get used to Winter's keen blasts. Though your skin be as fine as a baby's, Ivory will help to protect it against Winter's harshness and keep it healthy and soft.

Husbands like Ivory, especially. Men don't enjoy deep-sea diving for soap in a bathtub—Ivory Soap floats!

Wouldn't you like to have, in *one* soap, all seven of the desirable qualities and properties a *fine* soap may have—purity, mildness, whiteness, fragrance, abundant lather, easy rinsing, and “it floats”?

Of course you would! And Ivory gives you every one.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Ivory Soap comes in a convenient size for every purpose

Medium Cake

For toilet, bath, nursery, shampoo, fine laundry. Can be divided in two for individual toilet use.

Large Cake

Especially for laundry use. Also preferred by many for the bath.

Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada

IVORY SOAP



99 $\frac{44}{100}$ % PURE



TO YOU—FROM ME

Within this page I'll plant a seed,
In each and every line,
So Journal Junior friends may read
This Christmas wish of mine.

And if each one remembers, too,
On Christmas eve, to look,
They'll find some wish-sprouts showing
through,
Here in this story-book.

My wish to you—a joyous day—
Each seed to blossom grown—
Just take it to your heart to stay.
And make my wish your own.

* * *
WHEN SANTA CLAUS FORGOT

IT was the busiest Christmas eve that Santa Claus had ever known. He had more places to visit than ever before, more chimneys to go down, more presents to carry in his pack, more stockings to fill. He had planned his Christmas journey days before, and was sure that he had not forgotten one home that he should visit.

But even so wise and thoughtful a one as Santa Claus cannot think of everything, and in the hurry and bustle there was one house that he had left out of all his planning.

It was a large, low house, quite a bit back from the road that runs between the two towns.

The tall close-set evergreens almost hid it from view, summer and winter; even the lights from the windows could not find a way through the thick branches. This was the house that Santa Claus forgot. But if Santa Claus forgot that there should be a real Christmas here, there were those in the house itself who remembered and who looked forward to a joyous Christmas morning, Bob, and Beth, and the Baby. Stockings, empty ones, had been hung by the fireplace, and the three little heads were each sure of this—Santa Claus would not fail to fill the stockings.

But, as you know, Santa Claus had forgotten all about this house hidden in the evergreens, and Christmas eve went by, hour by hour, then minute by minute, and there was no sign of any stout, jolly, white-bearded Giftbringer coming down the chimney.

Above the fireplace, by which the stockings hung, a broad mantelpiece shelved widely, and on it, standing in a long row, were the children's favorite books in their coats of leather, of cloth, even of paper, in all colors, with touches of gold and silver on some of them. Until just before twelve o'clock, these books were just tightly-bound paper packs with words and pictures painted on their pages, but—the tall clock in the hall struck twelve, and each book had turned into a house with wonderful people living in every one.

The first book-house at one end of the row had a sign high up on it—"The Three Bears," and just as soon as the clock had stopped striking, out from their book-house walked two big bears and a little one. They were not so very big, for they stood near the edge of the mantelpiece and peered over. The littlest bear, whose name was Tiny, you know, was the first to spy the empty stockings.

"What's this! What's this!" squeaked Tiny. "Christmas is here, and no presents!"

"Something has happened to Santa Claus," growled the biggest bear.

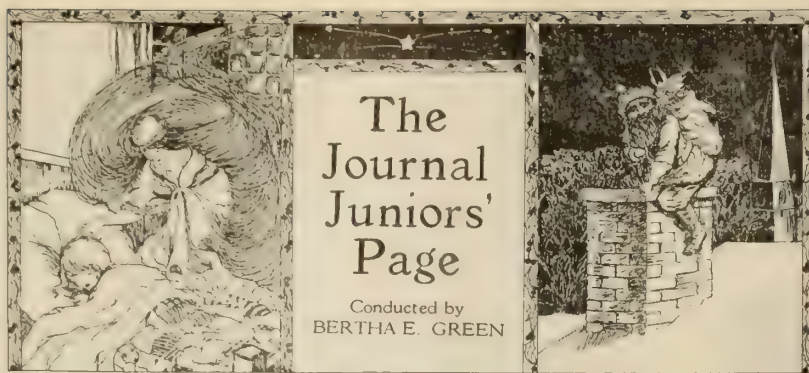
"Maybe he got stuck in a chimney," suggested the bear who was neither the biggest one nor the littlest one.

"It doesn't matter what has happened," said Tiny. "Those stockings must be filled somehow. I'm going to ask Sindbad the Sailor about it."

Saying this the little bear hurried over to another one of the book-houses, and rapped loudly on its cloth-covered door. Almost at once, the door opened and a gaily-dressed figure, with a turban and bushy whiskers, stepped out.

"Ho! Ho!" said the whiskered chap. "No presents? Why. I have something right in my own book-house."

Sindbad the Sailor went in through his doorway, and came out again, bringing three oranges, that grew so that he had to roll them across the mantel and over its edge into each of the three open stockings. As soon as the oranges had rolled to the toes, Sindbad strode over to a little red book-house on which was marked "Davy and the Goblin."



"Davy! Davy!" called out the sailor "Ask the Butterscotchmen if they won't let us have some candy."

The door of the red-house opened at once, and two figures appeared, a laughing boy and a quaint, little, red goblin. Behind these two came the candy-men, bringing with them all sorts of sweets which they poured over into the hanging stockings. By this time there was quite a lot of noise, with so much talking in front of the row of book-houses, and

There were cookies from Little Red Riding Hood, and although Simple Simon had no penny, the Pie-man let him have three pies for the three stockings.

Some of the people who lived in the book-houses brought toys, some clothes, and some brought printed and pictured stories about themselves that were different from those the children had found in the book-houses.

It was a small space there on the mantel-



Sindbad the Sailor.....had to roll them across the mantel

door after door opened, and heads poked out to see what was going on.

When Little Bo-Peep's door opened, all her white, woolly sheep rushed out and scampered here and there. She soon found all but three, around the houses, and did not seem to mind a bit when she discovered the missing woolly lambs had tumbled, one into each stocking.

"Nothing like this ever happened on my island," said Robinson Crusoe, when he saw and heard what was going on. He soon found presents in his big book-storehouse, and his man Friday brought bow-and-arrows for Bob's stocking.

The King of Hearts left off counting his money, and came to his door. Within, you might have seen the Queen of Hearts baking her famous tarts, and you might have seen the sly Knave of Hearts snatch three of the dainties, and dodge through the doorway when the King was looking the other way. But this time, the Knave of Hearts did not get into trouble, for the three tarts that he had taken from the Queen's kitchen were for Bob, and Beth, and the Baby.

piece for so many of the book-people, although they made themselves very small, and as they were so small, the work they did took a long time. So it was, that it was past the dawning of Christmas morning before the three stockings were filled. It was done at last; in the windows and the doorways, and all along in front of the book-houses crowded the little people looking at the three bears who were standing at the edge of the mantelpiece.

"One, two, three," squeaked Tiny and the three bears jumped, one into each, stocking, with their fuzzy ears and perky noses showing over the top.

One by one, the windows and doors closed on the book-people, until only Sindbad the Sailor was left standing on the mantelpiece. He looked down at the well-filled stockings, and just before he stepped through his own doorway, he said aloud to himself:

"I'm glad when Santa Claus forgets To show his jolly Christmas face; It means such fun for me—it lets Me have the chance to take his place."

AN INK THINK

A little bit of berry juice
May make enough of ink,
That when a pen you put to use,
To write down what you think.

YOU take the cork out, and so long as the bottle does not upset, you seldom give a thought about what went into the making of the ink that makes your written word plain and lasting.

I do not intend to tell of the processes that go to the making of the inks of the present day, but rather to a few of the sources of materials from which writing-fluid has been or is now obtained.

In earlier days, before gold and steel nibs were used, or even the sharpened goose quill, the brush was the pen of the writer, and the ink of those days ranged from a paint to a dye. Juices of berries or barks, infusions of the wood of certain trees, such as logwood, even the roots of certain wild plants, yielded colors that were used to illuminate the hand-printed pages of those days.

Doubtless, Tyrian purple, that famed dye of the ancients, was used also as ink. This was, we are given to understand, obtained from a shell fish, the common little "Dog Periwinkle."

In more modern days, as strange material as shell fish is sued to produce the most vivid and unfading scarlet—cochineal. This is secured by scalding immense numbers of tiny, green insects found upon certain cacti, and when the scalding has turned them red, like so many little lobsters, pressing and crushing them in bags which are hung up to drain.

You would not forget the product of the indigo plant, which gives us the richest permanent blue.

All we have told about, however, have had to give place to that wonderful mixture, coal-tar. From it we obtain all the hues of the rainbow, the shade and tint of every blossom, the flash of copper, and the glow of gold.

There is ink a-plenty, and, with most of us, the difficulty is to think of the right word to put down in the right place. Isn't it?

* * *
RED HEAD! RED HEAD!

MY white-spotted friend, the Hairy Woodpecker, has already lost much of his summer shyness and, has given himself the job of keeping clear of insects the old apple tree that I can see from the kitchen window. The sight of him this morning, the scarlet dot on the top of his head bobbing about, started me running over the birds I knew under a new heading, the Red Heads.

The Hairy Woodpecker, of course, came first, and before I got through with his relatives, I found that I must include summer as well as winter residents, to make my list in anyway complete.

The king of the Red Heads is, without a doubt, Reddy Tip-Tap, the red-headed woodpecker, who wears a complete red cap and hood, while few of his cousins show more red than a splash, a dot, or a moon-mark of scarlet or cardinal for a red cap. These cousins of Reddy Tip-Tap include the Sapsuckers, and the Flickers, who are so fond of ants for dinner.

The Crossbills, particularly the white-winged ones, carry a rosy feathered head, although, perhaps, they should not be included among the Red Caps, when most of the body feathers are of the same color. But if we left them out we would have to pass by that glorious red-head, the Scarlet Tanager, and that would never do at all.

The solemn-looking, little Oven bird has a true red crown, a bobbin-shaped patch of orange-brown, bordered with black, running backward from the base of the bill over the top of the round head.

A bird even smaller than this one wears a similar head-dress, excepting that between the reddish-orange centre and the black border is a yellow ring. On account of the bird's small size this red top gives the bird a flat-headed appearance, and as the male bird only wears red, the feathered chap looks as if he were wearing a gaudy, little, flat hat.

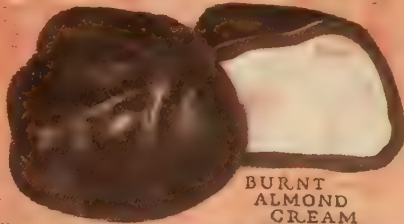
Another kinglet is even more of a Red Cap than the Golden Crown. This is the Ruby crowned Kinglet, who sports

(Continued on page 72)



CAMELLOW

Creamy caramel and marshmallow in layers

BURNT
ALMOND
CREAM

Rich cream fondant, roasted Alicante almonds

CREAM
WALNUT

Heavy vanilla fondant, Mayette walnuts



JACK STRAWS

A crisp molasses honeycomb chocolate covered

RASPBERRY
HEART

A tender raspberry in cream fondant

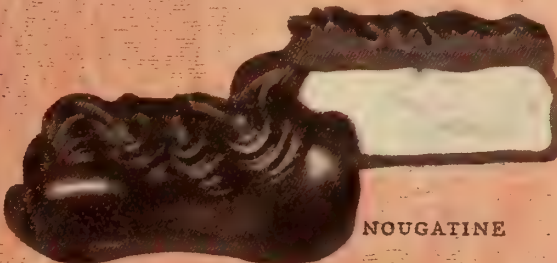
BUTTER
SCOTCH

Fresh dairy butter, vanilla, sugar



TETE-A-TETE

Chopped walnuts in "buttery" butterscotch



NOUGATINE

Honey, egg, fruits and nuts

WALNUT
CARAMEL

Caramel filled with chopped Mayette walnuts

ALMOND
CARAMEL

Chocolate cream caramel, Alicante almonds



A BEAUTIFUL, seasonable gift box — packed full of the kind of chocolates that everyone picks out first — and not one of the "second choice" kind. Crisp nuts — creamy caramel — fluffy marshmallow — "buttery" butterscotch — many tastes as these, buried in thick chocolate coverings. No wonder it was named the "Sentiment" package — you love everything in it! Get a box today, at the nearest Rexall Drug Store. Price \$1.25.

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The **Rexall** Drug Stores

throughout Canada, the United States, and Great Britain. 10,000 progressive retail drug-stores, united into one world-wide, service-giving organization.

Liggett's

"The Chocolates with the Wonderful Centers"



HANDS are an ever visible indication of the personality back of them. Those that impress favorably often owe it to the Fuller Manicure Brush. It is shaped for nails, finger tips, knuckles or hand. The bristles are pliable and just firm enough so that it combines manicure and scrubbing brush in one. Both sides are alike — *really two brushes.*

This brush is only typical of the other forty-four Fuller Brushes for personal and household uses.

Fuller brushes are never sold in stores. A staff of thirty-five hundred carefully trained representatives demonstrates them in the homes. Each Fuller Man is an expert in household efficiency, courteous, and worthy of the reputation of the House be-

hind him. His mission is to introduce short-cuts in housekeeping, and to make easier the never ending task of caring for the home. That is why he is welcomed everywhere.

Fuller Brushes are made in *Canada* — of materials *bought in Canada* — designed for and sold by Canadians.

There is a Fuller Man living in your vicinity. You'll know him by the Fuller trade-mark Button he wears, and by the Fuller Red Tip Tag and Fuller Trade-Mark on the handle of every brush he shows you. If you want him to call, write us. Have you received a copy of "The Handy Brush Book"?—It's free for the asking. A post card will bring it.

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FULLER BRUSHES

69 USES — HEAD TO FOOT — CELLAR TO ATTIC

wits about him, and says: "Ladies and Gentlemen, we thank you heartily for your patronage to-night. It has been a great undertaking and many thought that we couldn't make good. It reminds me of the story of the chameleon. You know, a chameleon is a little creature that changes color to suit any background it touches. It used to be the fashion for a young man to give his girl a little chameleon fastened to a chain, that she could pin on her dress, and the little creature would take on the pink, or blue or green tone of the waist, but one young lady put on a plaid dress and the chameleon killed itself trying to make good. Our difficulties were like the plaid waist but we've made good and we haven't killed ourselves." (Applause!)

"Again I am reminded of a chameleon. We've had lots of laughter and a few tears in this programme. We've had humor, heroism and all kinds of emotion and Miss Alexander has been a chameleon taking the color of every mood in turn."

Bravo, Boy! That's better than the adult chairman who says:

"Good wine needs no bush and Miss Alexander needs no introduction, for you all know her, and you know that she's like good wine—she improves with age!"

Toronto has in recent years, spread to so wide an area, that occasionally, I am engaged to appear in a Church whose location is unknown to me. I am directed to "the second block past M. avenue." I reach that point and seeing a lighted church, march in at the basement door. "Are you the speaker of the evening?" the janitor asks politely. "Yes," I reply, doffing wraps, and donning evening slippers. The man stares curiously. "Where are the musicians?" I inquire. "The choir is upstairs, so is the minister. Perhaps I had better tell them you are here." The minister descends, looks at me in a dazed way and inquires: "Are you Miss W., the returned missionary?" "No, I'm Jessie Alexander." Then realizing that "someone had blundered," I ask hastily, "Is this the Methodist Church in which I am to recite?" "No," he answers with evident relief. "It's the Baptist; the Methodists worship half a block further down. We're holding a missionary meeting."

Imagine the effect, if I had stepped out in full regalia and treated the missionary meeting to a humorous selection! But I should have had one appreciative listener, for the janitor murmured as he opened the door for me, "I wish this was the Methodist Church."

At a Caledonian concert on a "Burns' night," exhaustion and an over-heated dressing-room had proved too much for me. A fellow-artist rushed into the wings where a number of Scotia's sons were assembled and said excitedly, "Miss Alexander has fainted! Can some one run for a restorative?" Instantly, every Scotchman's hand shot towards his hip pocket and simultaneously, eleven flasks were proffered. Needless to say, that was before the days of the O.T.A. After the concert, a member of the audience said innocently, "I don't believe you ever recited with more spirit than you did to-night!" "I don't believe I ever did," I murmured between closed lips, hoping that the source of the "spirit" was not too apparent.

I had no curiosity regarding the spirit photographs recently exhibited by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, having encountered the phenomenon of ghost pictures fully twenty-five years ago.

I was filling some American engagements with Mrs. Emma Beebe Caldwell, coloratura soprano, and in the State of Pennsylvania, which proudly claimed her as a native daughter, we were frequently entertained by friends of her girlhood. Nearing the town of T.—she explained that our prospective hostess, whom she had not seen for years, had become, in the interval, an ardent spiritualist and had made frequent visits to Lilydale, a camp where spooks were wont to congregate.

However, we saw nothing uncanny about our genial hostess or her surroundings, until, after the concert, we repaired for refreshments to an up-stair sitting-room. Then, suddenly, we became conscious of an eerie atmosphere. The walls were hung with ghostly photographs of departed friends—the vague, shadowy forms recalling to my mind Sir Frederick Leighton's painting, "When the Sea Gives Up its Dead."

Mrs. C., impressionable, imaginative,

The Unexpected

(Continued from page 12)

with the sensitiveness of the true artist, plainly showed her uneasiness and tried vainly to escape the lure of the weird pictures.

As for me, less than an hour before, I had been reciting the lines of Juliet's Potion Scene—visualizing the vault—

"That ancient receptacle,
Where for these many hundred years, the bones

Of my buried ancestors are packed,
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,

Lies festering in his shroud, etc."

And the phantom pictures seemed to be but a hair-raising continuation of that scene.

Left alone for a few moments, we shivered in unison, and my friend said firmly, "We shall sleep in the same room to-night," then whispered, "What are the messages written on the slates?" I tip-toed across the room, to read such subtle injunctions as, "Don't worry, I'm happy!"

In the middle of the night, I awoke with a start, to feel a hand clutching my shoulder and to hear a terrified whisper: "What's that?" "Tap-tap-tap, tap-tap," came a mysterious sound from the sitting-room.

"Oh, I know there's something wrong at home," wailed the soprano. "Won't you please get up and light the gas?"

The chandelier hung high in the centre of the ceiling, and as I moved a chair towards it, I stumbled, and down fell the chair with a crash! A smothered shriek issued from the bed. Then we heard footsteps and the substantial voice of our hostess asked, "Is anything wrong?" "M-M-Mrs. Caldwell isn't well. She has

taken a chill," I replied—not untruthfully. "Why, she's chattering," said the lady sympathetically. "Shall I get you some spirits?" "What's that sound across the hall?" I asked hastily. "Oh, that's the sitting-room radiator, I hope it hasn't disturbed you."

Her exit was the signal for a burst of hysterical giggles.

For many years after, any foolish fears expressed by either of us were promptly dispelled, by the utterance of the reminiscent word, "Radiator!"

I had always aimed at spontaneity of expression, and had rather prided myself on the absence of any perfunctory or mechanical effect in my reading, but, alas! pride goeth before a fall.

Going from room to room to recite to the bed patients of a Military Hospital, I was followed by a convalescent, who was able to get about on crutches. "You mustn't keep on following me," I said, "I'm repeating myself like a phonograph." "Well," was the well-meaning retort, "You're a darned good phonograph, and I like to see you putting on the records."

On board a train, the morning after a recital, a woman crossed the aisle and sitting down beside me expressed her appreciation of the programme. "Do you ever have any trouble with your voice?" she asked. "Sometimes, when I have a cold," I admitted. "Well, my husband is in the same line of business as yourself, and he has a gargle that clears up hoarseness like a charm. I'll give you the prescription." "What is your husband's profession?" I asked. "He's an auctioneer," she said proudly.

At a Scotch concert in the Royal City,

the footlights were blazing a hundred strong. "You look ghastly in that light," criticized the contralto, "do let me apply the blush-brush." When I emerged from the dressing room, an old Scotch committeeman whom I had met annually, innocently exclaimed, "Eh, but ye're lookin' bonnie, the nicht—fresh as paint."

"Trying it on the dog" is a phrase which I have discovered may be taken literally. In the summer of 1900, I was rehearsing for a programme for The Institute of Arts and Letters, Brooklyn, New York., Tennyson's poem, Enoch Arden, with descriptive music by Richard Strauss, played by that wizard of the keys, Mrs. H. M. Blight.

When I reached the most poignant phrase in the poem, "Not to tell her, never to let her know," the accompaniment was so affecting, that my voice broke and tears flowed. Our Irish setter "Brian Boru" who ordinarily did not object to music, had been growing restive, as the feeling of the poem increased, and when we reached the climax, he rose on his hind legs and uttering dismal howls, put his paws on my shoulders and licked my tears.

At the next rehearsal, the same performance took place at the very same phrase, then Brian bared his teeth and growled threateningly at the accompanist. From that day, Mrs. B. dared not approach the house until my emotional Irish protector had been securely chained.

Evidently, in his doggy mind, she had been associated with, and was therefore responsible for my distress. It would be interesting to know the point where animal intelligence ends, and human reason begins.

At a church concert towards the end of an exhausting programme, Mrs. Blight played an organ solo and was enthusiastically encored. After bowing repeatedly in response to the recalls, she sat down to play the accompaniment of the next number, which happened to be a selection from "Elijah"—"It is enough, O Lord, now let me die"—a fitting expression of her own feelings!

For a programme at the Central Prison, I had chosen my numbers and possible encores with great care but when an "extra" was requested, I selected off-hand, Samuel Lover's story of the Irish emigrant — "Jimmy Hoy," who, getting on board the wrong ship was obliged to work his passage. Jimmy's many mistakes supply the humor of the story. Cutting a swath of canvas from a sail, he proceeded to make a hammock to sleep in. When the Captain discovered the damaged sail he shouted, "Who cut that sail?" "Oi did, sorr," said Jimmy, "Oi did! But Oi only tuk two yarnds of it." "Give him a dozen," roared the Captain. (Then the whole male audience roared for several seconds). I was so covered with confusion, over the unintentional breach of taste amid those surroundings, that I could scarcely continue the story—"Oh, thank ye, sorr, but two yarnds is quite enough. An' what d'ye think he mint by the dozen?" "It was the lashes he mint." (More roars from the men and deeper embarrassment for me).

My friend, Mrs. R. J. Dilworth, soprano, suffered a similar experience at the Prison. Choosing some of her brightest songs, she began with "May Morning," not realizing the absurdity of its sentiment within those walls, till she carolled the opening lines:

"Come out, come out, my dearest dear,
"Come out and greet the morn."

and finished each verse with the three-fold entreaty, "Come out, come out, come out!" The Warden, a wise man who gave humor its natural place where it was so much needed, commented: "Though we're not in a position at present, to accept the invitation to 'Come out,' we're delighted to have the singer come in and invite us so charmingly." (Appreciative laughter!)

That it is risky to telephone one's programme numbers to committee or printer, has been amply demonstrated. "Coaching in Scotland" appeared "Poaching in Scotland" and I was obliged to inform the audience that I was not guilty of the offense of poaching. "Ginevra" degenerated on her proof sheet to "Gin Ever." Handel's "Sound an Alarm" read "Found and Alarmed." A selection from the "Stabat Mater" was disguised as "The Starboard Martyr" and a humorous journal remarked that the "Stabat Mater" had evidently become

(Continued on page 24)



THE WINTER WOODS

This beautiful study is from the studio of Mr. I. T. Parker, High River, Alberta



Mrs. Villier's Forerunner

(Continued from page 13)

eyes upon the black shadows gathering in the corners of the big room.

"I think we'd better have the lamps now."

"Yes, I'll get them."

At that instant, a knock, loud, imperative, sounded directly under their feet. So sharp and ominous a knock that both women jumped and shrieked.

"O, O, Agnes, you heard that too?" moaned Mrs. Villier.

"Glory hallelujah, yes," ejaculated Mrs. McGee, drawing her feet up under her for safety. "My soul, yes, it was loud enough to wake the dead! What was it?"

"I, I, don't know," faltered her hostess. "It was on the floor right under our feet. It must have come from the cellar."

"We're not going down there to find out," hastily put in Mrs. McGee. "Whatever it was that knocked, it is something we'll not want to see. That was a warning, Hannah, a solemn warning for one of us. I wish to mercy, I hadn't been telling those old ghost stories. My husband says no good ever comes of it, and I believe him now," sniffled Mrs. McGee.

"Come into the kitchen with me," begged Mrs. Villier, "while I get the lamps."

Keeping within touch the two made their fearsome way into the dark room.

"My, but it's good to see that light," breathed Mrs. McGee. "Light every one of those lamps, Hannah, and the big chandelier too. I'm going to get my wraps on all ready to start home as soon as Wong gets back. He'll have to come down to the motor bus with me, I don't dare go through that strip of cedar woods alone."

"Here's Wong now, and I'll go with you."

Wong, wondering at the vagaries of white ladies, the bossy-lady in particular, trailed away in the wake of two, and back in the wake of one.

A FROST, unusually hard for the mild climate, had set in, and Mrs. Villier came down next morning chilly in body and depressed in spirit.

It was the morning before Christmas and a business matter in the village demanded her attention. She donned her new seal-skin coat and got out a muff, but so low were her spirits that she failed to look into the glass to register her satisfaction, or remark, "It's a far finer coat than Ethel Maud's ever was, even in its palmiest days."

"Heap plentee cold day," remarked Wong, "make heem ice, faller, quick! You faller, eh?"

She went slowly down the walk, and into the highway, forerunner thoughts pressing heavily upon her. A thicket of cedar lay on either side of the road intermixed with holly bushes, as she passed the wall separating her property from that of her brother-in-law, she stopped in deadly fear. A voice, that seemed Thomas's very own was calling her name:—"Hannah! Hannah!"

She gazed up and down the empty, quiet road, not a soul in sight and no other sound broke the frosty stillness.

"That's the third and last warning," moaned Mrs. Villier, "I'm done for now."

Fear dazed, she did not heed where she was stepping, and a patch of glib ice lay directly under foot. There was a sudden swift slide, a wild clutching of air, and Mrs. Villier came heavily to the ground, doubling her right ankle under her. One shrill cry of anguish, an interlude of sickening faintness, and then her fortitude got busy. She gathered up the loose ends of returning consciousness and opened her eyes.

There bending pitifully over her was the girl of the miniature.

This time Mrs. Villier fainted in good earnest.

"She's hurt and terribly frightened, poor thing," thought young Mrs. Tom Villier, who had caught that cry of distress, and had hurried up from the copse where she and Tom had been cutting Christmas holly.

He was some distance farther down the slope, but in a minute her loud coo-ees brought him tumbling over the wall in frantic haste.

"Oh, there you are, dear! You're not hurt are you? What's happened? Why it's Miss McKellar, I, I, mean Mrs. Villier!"

"Your Aunt Hannah," amended his wife, "she's had a very bad fall and is still unconscious."

"Now isn't that too bad," cried Tom, "I'll bring up the car right away, and we'll take her home."

"Bossy-lady all light soon," commented Wong as he assisted in carrying her upstairs. The noonday chime of the old clock penetrated her drowsy senses, with the assurance that she was still of this world. Someone was deftly removing her wraps, but the dread of that face, she had seen bending so near her own, was stronger than her curiosity and she resolutely kept her eyes closed.

Presently the door was cautiously opened, and an unmistakable Villier's voice announced:—"The Doctor will be here right away. He's bringing a nurse with him. I think she is looking a bit better, Anna!"

"Yes, she is," agreed his wife, "it is fortunate that we happened to be right on the spot."

"Everything in this house is just as it used to be years ago when I was running in and out every day," murmured Tom. "I always had good times here. By the way, you'll have a chance to examine the old clock, without having Betty Innes to lead you into mischief," he finished with a chuckle.

"O, Tom, don't," begged his wife, "it was an awfully mean thing to go peeking in at—"

"Was that you? Was it? Was it?" came a shrill, interrupting cry from the bed.

Mrs. Villier was sitting bolt upright in trembling eagerness, gazing at the young people, the hope of a great relief lighting her face.

"Was it you," she reiterated, "really you, not, not, that other one?"

"Yes, it was I, and I beg—" but Anna got no further.

"Yes, it was you," cried Mrs. Villier joyfully, "and I'm more thankful than words can tell that it wasn't any forerunner for me. As for that knock we heard, it was Agnes who was telling ghost stories, and the knock was just as likely to be a warning for her as for me, don't you think so?"

"Yes, of course," they agreed, both deciding that Aunt Hannah was a bit light headed from the fall.

"Anna sounds just like Hannah when it is called," continued Mrs. Villier, "and Tom was calling you, that is what I heard. HER name was Caroline. Tom, you go down to the parlor and bring up that little picture in the gold frame. You'll find it in the same place, just where your Uncle could see it from his sofa."

Tom made a swift trip, pausing in the hall to tap his forehead furtively when within reach of his wife's eyes, and out of the range of Aunt Hannah's.

"Hold it up where Anna can see it," commanded Mrs. Villier.

"My word, Anna," gasped Tom, "it might have been painted for you."

"I'm a very far away relative," observed Anna, "Grandmother had a miniature very like this of Caroline Oswald, her cousin, but I did not know that she was

(Continued on page 48)

Why Women Smile

As they never did before

Teeth are prettier today--Millions combat film

Most pictures are now taken with a smile, showing pretty teeth.

Look about you. Note how many smiles now show glistening teeth. That was not always so.

Millions of people are now using a new teeth-cleaning method. Every day they are combating the dingy film on teeth. You will also do so when you make this test and see the quick results.

Film is unsightly

It is film that makes teeth dingy—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. If not frequently removed, it may form cloudy coats. It is also the basis of tartar.

That film absorbs stains, so the teeth look discolored. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Very few escape

Despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing. Very few people escaped. The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat film, so brushing left much of it intact.

Dental science has long been seeking ways to fight that film. Two ways have now been found. Together they act to curdle the film and then remove it.

Able authorities have proved their efficiency. Now leading dentists the world over are advising their daily use.

A new-type paste

A new-type tooth paste has been created, to comply with all modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent.

These two film combatants are embodied in it. Millions of people have adopted it, largely by dental advice. To the homes of fifty nations it is bringing a new dental era.

Pepsodent brings two other very important effects. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

Thus every use of Pepsodent gives manifold power to Nature's great tooth-protecting forces in the mouth.

Results are quick

Results are quick and convincing. You can see and feel them.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

In a week you will realize that you and yours should use this new-day method. And you always will. Cut out the coupon now.

Made in Canada

1025 Can.
10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 503, 191 George St., Toronto, Ont.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

REG. IN CANADA
Pepsodent

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

To prevent chapping—one kind of cream

It protects your skin against wind and cold



Protect your skin against wind and cold by applying the right cream before you go out

THE cold winds of winter cannot harm your skin if you give it the proper protection. But they whip the moisture out of an unprotected skin and leave it rough and dry. A chapped skin is the painful and distressing result.

To guard against chapping you need a cream that keeps your skin soft and holds the natural moisture in.

A protective cream for daytime use must be one that your skin will absorb instantly—Pond's *Vanishing Cream*. Based on an ingredient famous for its soothing effect, this fragrant cream is absorbed the moment you smooth it on your face. It acts as an invisible shield against wind and cold and holds the natural moisture in the skin.

In countries and states that have severely cold climates and long winters—where women simply must protect their skin before venturing out into the cold and wind, they rely on Pond's *Vanishing Cream* to keep their skin from becoming rough and red and coarse. The enormous use of this cream

in cold climates proves how effective it is as protection against wind and cold. No matter where you live, do not go out in winter until you have protected your skin with this cream.

The glare of the sun on the snow also hurts your skin

In winter as well as in summer you must protect your skin against sunburn. It is strong light that really burns the skin; and the glare of the sun on the snow is as great a danger as any summer sun. By using Pond's *Vanishing Cream* for this protection you are at the same time giving your skin a smooth velvety surface that makes it look its best, and also holds the powder.

However, no one cream can contain all the properties necessary to care for your skin. For cleansing your skin thoroughly, you need a cream with just the right amount of oil—Pond's *Cold Cream*. The column at the right tells how it completes the care of your skin.

Start using these two creams today. They are sold in tubes and jars of convenient sizes at all drug stores and toilet goods counters at 50 cents each. Each is too delicate in texture to clog the pores. Neither contains anything that can promote the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Co., Toronto, Can.

To cleanse your skin thoroughly—a very different cream

IF you wish your skin to keep its youthful freshness you must give it a thorough cleansing every night. For this you need a cream with an oil base. Fine particles of dirt bore deep into your pores and ordinary washing cannot remove them. Pond's *Cold Cream* is a perfect cleansing cream because it contains just enough oil to penetrate the pores and work right out again, bringing all the dirt with it.

Never use a cream with too much oil, because such a cream will overload your pores. Nor one that is too stiff because it has a tendency to remain in the pores and stretch them instead of working out easily.

Just take a little Pond's *Cold Cream* on your finger tips. It is not greasy, but has just the amount of oil you feel your skin will welcome. Every night before retiring smooth this soft oil cream on your face and neck. See how lightly it works in.



Then wipe it off gently, being careful to use a soft cloth. You will be astonished at the grime on the cloth. This thorough cleansing actually restores freshness and life to a fatigued and dull skin.

When the first fine lines appear you must be most careful to smooth them out with this cream before they have a chance to grow deeper. The oil in the cream lubricates the skin and the little lines will not take hold. Pond's *Cold Cream* keeps the skin supple, young and smooth.

POND'S
Cold Cream for cleansing
Vanishing Cream to hold the powder

MADE
IN
CANADA

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

Pond's Extract Co.,
187 Brock Ave., Toronto, Can.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Province _____



Many men came and went in her life

SHE fascinated each one only for a little while. Nothing ever came of it.

Yet she was attractive—unusually so. She had beguiling ways. Beautiful hair, radiant skin, exquisite teeth and an intriguing smile. Still there was something about her that made men show only a transient interest.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

And the pathetic tragedy of it all was that she herself was utterly ignorant as to why. Those of her friends who *did* know the reason didn't have the heart to tell her.

* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

This halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine this way puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily toilet routine.

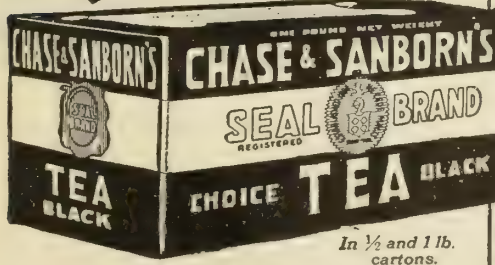
Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century. Read the interesting booklet that comes with every bottle.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Toronto, Canada.

For
HALITOSIS



use
LISTERINE

Try it



For the sake of those
who drink with you.

CHASE & SANBORN, Montreal.

YOU CAN ASK

for more information
about any of the various products
advertised in

THE CANADIAN
HOME JOURNAL

with the full assurance that you
will profit by the knowledge you
will gain.



Not a Blemish

mars the perfect appearance of her complexion. Skin troubles are effectively concealed. Reduces unnatural color and corrects greasy skins. Highly antiseptic. White-Flesh-Rachel. 3
Send 10c for Trial Size

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON, Montreal

Gouraud's
Oriental Cream

Home-made Candies for the Holidays

BY FRANCIS M. McNALLY

CANDY making is a difficult branch of cookery and often brings disappointments and discouragements. If the beginner will follow a few simple rules the measure of success that greets her efforts will be largely increased. First of all *be accurate*. This is important in every branch of cookery but is especially necessary in candy making, for the processes are delicate and imperfections of flavour and texture are more noticeable than in more substantial food. Second *do not try to make candy on a muggy day*; for the weather influences your product and results will probably be unsatisfactory. Third *use a thermometer*. It is much the simplest and most accurate method for testing candy and the only way to obtain exact temperatures. In making candy in the home we aim to keep it from crystallizing or graining as we more often call it, or else we aim to obtain crystals too small to be separately felt. During the boiling, the sugar which we use is inverted that is it is changed to a simpler sugar which crystallizes with great difficulty and if at all in very small crystals. Experiments have proved that if acid is added to the boiling sugar solution it hastens this change. We make use of this principle in making fondant and other cream candies, with very small imperceptible crystals and also in making taffy and caramels with no crystals at all. The acids most commonly used are vinegar and cream of tartar. Vinegar is used for taffy because we like the flavour and there is not much danger of getting too much acid with this class of candy. In all cream candies where a definite amount of acid is important, cream of tartar should be used. As the whole point in adding acid is to obtain a certain proportion of invert sugar in your solution, it is possible to omit the vinegar or cream of tartar and substitute the required amount of corn syrup, molasses or honey all of which are forms of invert sugar. Do not, under any circumstances use both corn syrup and cream of tartar in your fondant or fudge; the result of such procedure will be a sticky unmanageable mass.

Practically all of the cooked candies fall into the following groups, cream candies, including fondants and fudges; caramels; taffies, and candies with special texture which are generally cream candies added to egg-white or gelatine. For each group the general directions are the same. In making cream candies we aim for two things first to obtain just the right proportions of cane and invert sugar and second to have the cane sugar that is left form crystals so small that they are imperceptible. The amount of invert sugar obtained depends on two things: the amount of acid added and the length of time and the rapidity of cooking. So, to obtain the first aim, one must *be accurate*, that is, use the exact amount of acid or invert sugar given and cook slowly or rapidly as the recipe states. We know that when sugar solutions are stirred while hot, the crystals tend to become larger; also that when crystals fall into a concentrated sugar solution larger crystals tend to gather round them. Therefore to obtain our second aim we keep all the crystals off the sides of the pan in which the candy is cooked by washing down the sides with a damp cloth wrapped on a fork and avoid stirring the mixture while hot or cooling.

Fudge is one of the easiest home-made candies to make. One of the most important points in making a good fudge is the temperature to which it is cooled before beating. The common custom of beating the fudge the minute it comes from the stove is a mistake. If it is allowed to cool before beating, much finer crystals are formed and smoothness depends on fine crystals. The addition of a little corn syrup also adds to the smoothness

but more beating is required. The quality of the finished product, however, repays one for the extra time and effort spent.

A Good Fudge Recipe:—Two cups sugar, two-thirds cup milk, two tablespoons corn syrup, two squares chocolate, two tablespoons butter, one teaspoon vanilla. Melt the chocolate, add the sugar, milk, and corn syrup. Stir until sugar is dissolved, then boil without stirring until a temperature of 236 degrees Fahrenheit is reached. Remove from stove and add the butter without stirring. Allow it to cool until luke warm, then add the vanilla and beat until a small amount dropped from a spoon will hold its shape. Chopped nuts, raisins or dates may be added if desired.

With attention to accuracy of proportions and a good thermometer it is as easy to make good fondant as good fudge. It is wise for the beginner, though, to work with small quantities, two cups of sugar is a satisfactory amount to work with.

Recipe for Fondant:—Two cups sugar, two-thirds cup water, one-eighth teaspoon cream of tartar. Combine the ingredients and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Boil, slowly, without stirring until a temperature of 236° Fahrenheit is reached, keeping all crystals removed from the sides of the pan. Pour out on a platter. When cool enough to let finger be held in the mixture, beat until white and opaque, then knead until smooth and velvety. For maple fondant use one and one-third cups of brown sugar and two-thirds cups maple syrup instead of two cups granulated sugar, and for coffee fondant substitute strong coffee (strained) for water. In both cases follow the same method as in white fondant. The maple will require longer beating. Always allow fondant to ripen before using it to make candies, keep it in airtight jars. The top of the jar should be covered with waxed paper, a clean cloth and a plate.

To Make Fruit Fondant:—Knead into unflavoured fondant stoned raisins, chopped dates, chopped figs, candied cherries, chopped citron and preserved ginger. Use as much as the fondant will take, still admit of being moulded. Press into a flat cake about an inch thick, cut into bars and place on oiled paper to dry for several hours.

Cocoanut Balls:—Flavor plain fondant with vanilla then work into it as much chopped or shredded cocoanut as it will take. Roll in balls and place on oiled paper to dry. Dip in melted fondant, delicately colored and roll in chopped or shredded cocoanut.

Ribbon Creams:—Divide fondant into four pieces of about equal size. Leave one part white and flavour with almond extract, to another add pistachio extract, a little green vegetable coloring and chopped nuts; to the third rose extract and red vegetable coloring and to the fourth a tablespoon of melted chocolate and vanilla extract. Roll each part into a square cake about one-half inch thick and place them on top of each other in the following order, chocolate, almond, pistachio, rose. Press together gently with a rolling pin. Trim the edges and set in a cool place for one hour. Cut into squares and lay on waxed paper for three hours.

Striped Fudge Balls:—Shape fudge into a rectangle and place on top a layer of fondant the same size and shape. Roll as you would a jelly roll, then with both hands continue rolling until the roll is double its first length and cut in slices.

Fudge Sandwich:—Put a layer of fudge three quarters inch thick into a greased pan. On this place a layer of fondant the same thickness. Trim out of pan, cover the fondant with melted dipping chocolate, sprinkle with nuts before the chocolate hardens and cut into squares.

A few
OF THE LATEST
PARAMOUNT PICTURES



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"THE IMPOSSIBLE MRS. BELLEW"
A Sam Wood Production



"THE PRIDE OF PALOMAR"
by Peter B. Kyne
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"BACK HOME AND BROKE"
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Directed by Alfred Green



"A DAUGHTER OF LUXURY"
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"I see by the papers~"

He sees by the papers that *his* theatre
is showing a Paramount Picture tonight.
That's all the regular fan needs to know
about a show.

He knows it means a great cast, a nota-
ble story, a first-rate presentation—a pro-
duction as superb as only Paramount's
resources in men, money and material
can make it.

You don't have to take a chance with
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Simply "see by the papers" that it's
Paramount—and go! Millions are on to
it now.

Paramount Pictures



COMING—HOOVER WEEK

EVERY AUTHORIZED HOOVER DEALER IN CANADA JOINS US IN CORDIALLY INVITING YOU TO HIS STORE, DURING HOOVER WEEK, DECEMBER 11TH TO 16TH, WHERE YOU WILL SEE A MOST INTERESTING PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION OF THE HOOVER. WATCH YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPERS FOR ANNOUNCEMENTS TELLING WHERE THESE EXHIBITS ARE IN YOUR LOCALITY.



-- to an Appreciative Husband

Sometimes, especially in such a kindly season as Christmas always is, you probably reflect in mingled wonder and gratefulness upon the girl who cast her lot with yours.

Even as you read this page she is perhaps moving about the familiar rooms, carrying on the work that to her is not work because it is inspired by love.

If you are fair, you have a sense of the great treasure that is yours in her day-long and life-long service, in the offering laid so generously upon the shrine of her affection—her home.

Wouldn't you like, this Christmas, to give her something that should speak your thought of her, and that at the same time could lighten the endless round of daily labor she so willingly performs?

Almost any woman will tell you The Hoover is such a gift.

For The Hoover is more than a means to an ever-clean home; it is a way to ease, and leisure, and enjoyment, for the woman in that home.

It is a helper that electrically beats out from rug depths all nap-wearing, disease-laden grit, that sweeps up all surface litter, erects crushed nap, freshens colors, and cleans by air.

It does all these things in one easy, rapid, dustless operation, saving not only labor, but the rugs as well.

Give the woman who is your wife, or your mother, a Hoover this Christmas, and you give her one of the finest gifts a thoughtful man can choose.

THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
Factory and General Offices: Hamilton, Ontario

The HOOVER

It BEATS...



as it Sweeps

as it Cleans

Turn Your Spare Time Into Dollars

The average woman walks over two miles a day in her kitchen.

Carefully plan your spare time, augment this planning by judicious telephoning to friends and you can walk less than two miles and will have, to show for your effort, more extra money, than if you fail to take advantage of this offer.

THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL wants a bright ambitious woman in every Canadian district as its representative. The work is interesting and remunerative. Xmas time's approach makes your immediate action necessary. Write for liberal cash commission and bonus terms.

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

IF OTHER WOMEN DO IT YOU CAN TOO

Write To-day
Agency Division



The Unexpected

(Continued from page 19)

sea-sick in crossing the Atlantic. It was but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous when "The Funeral March by Chopin" (the composer's name spelled to make it clear) descended to "A Few Remarks on Shoppin'" and "The Marseillaise" became frivolous as "The Marcel Wave."

"East is East and West is West And never the twain shall meet," says Kipling, but at least there are occasional incidents that seem to bring the Old World very near the New. Strolling about Stratford-on-Avon one day, my funny-bone was suddenly tickled by a sign, "Bacon's Restaurant." "Think of a Bacon conducting a restaurant in Shakespeare's town!" I said to my brother and the whim seized us to have afternoon tea at Mr. Bacon's. "There's a nice little private room upstairs," said a polite attendant. And there was—a room with mullioned windows and roses in bowls and a sweet little waitress looking like an English rose in bloom.

"Is the Mr. Bacon who owns this place the Bacon who wrote Shakespeare's plays?" asked my facetious brother. "Oh, no sir," said the puzzled waitress, "it was Shakespeare who wrote the plays. You can see the desk at the Grammar School where he wrote 'em.' I am always rather ashamed when anyone tries 'joshing' a simple soul so I said by way of apology for our ignorance, 'We're from Canada and we are enjoying your English country so much.' Her whole manner changed, the demure face was now alive with eagerness as with clasped hands she exclaimed, 'Oh! from Canada! I have a friend in Canada. I wonder if you might know him. He lives in a shire called Sa-Scratch-e-wan.' I often wonder now if that English rose is blooming in our Western Province.

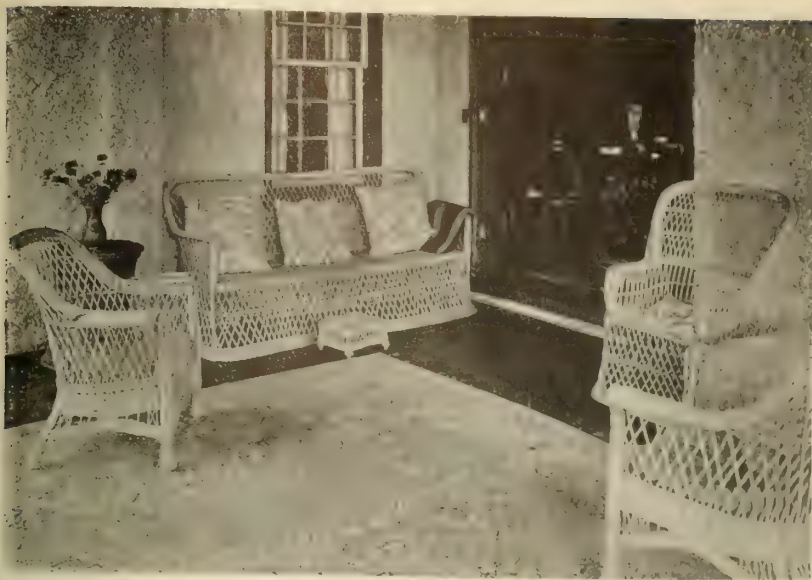
A few days before I left California for British Columbia, the Canadian colony at San Diego arranged on two days' notice for a recital. There was no time to print programmes. An Ontario lady requested me to give an original travelogue "Coaching in Scotland" and during intermission I managed to recapture the words of the sketch. From the beginning of the monologue I noticed a man with cheek-bones like Scotch hills sitting forward in his chair, and when I reached the speeches of the old portress of Craigmillar Castle, the Scotchman slapped his knee and chuckled with special enjoyment. At the end of the programme he greeted me with "Ye've got Mistress Simpson doon tae the life." Then he told me he had been Head Gardener at Craigmillar Castle for fifteen years and was now superintending Mission Gardens—one of the attractions of San Diego which I had seen in the afternoon. "Ye'll mebbe, come to-morrow mornin' and let me show ye the gardens mase!" "Unfortunately I'm leaving at 8 a.m. for Pasadena." As I was boarding the train I heard a messenger boy paging me loudly, "Miss Jessie Alexander, and he held in his arms a huge box which contained masses of some of the rarest flowers in the gardens, and a message from the Superintendent "In Remembrance of Craigmillar."

In the month of May, a G.T.R. train was moving through the Niagara fruit-belt. My destination was a flag-station. The conductor pulled the rope, the brakeman, carrying my suit-case, jumped into the ditch, caught me in his arms, deposited me safely and hopped on the moving train. I viewed the landscape o'er and caught my breath at the pink and white beauty of that world of bloom. In the distance, I saw a man approaching. He led me to a cottage framed with lilacs. At the door, stood a smiling woman holding in her arms, an apple-blossom of a baby.

"I believe I've strayed into the Garden of Eden," I remarked after first greetings. "Tell her!" said the woman, mysteriously, to her husband.

"No! You tell her," urged the man.

(Continued on page 48)



Wicker furniture for the sun-room or porch is always an acceptable Christmas gift. That depicted above is of unusual charm, for it is finished in a "shadow effect" in two tones of ivory. Plain orange-colored cushions are provided for two of the chairs. The divan and the third chair are, however, cushioned in a decorative chintz that carries a large creamy-white pattern on its orange ground.

Furniture For Christmas Giving

BY COLLIER STEVENSON

TWINKLING electrics, fragrant balsam, crimson-berried holly and waxen-budded mistletoe impart a festal air to all the busy marts of Christmas commerce. They gladden the eye wearied by the quest for gifts; they marvellously mitigate the bustle and congestion that are so inevitably incidental to shopping as the holiday season approaches. Wares of infinite variety are outspread on every hand to intrigue the heart and purse: lustrous china, sparkling silver, scintillating jewel, fabrics of wonderful weave and color, books, flowers, furniture—seemingly anything and everything that either donor or recipient could possibly crave but await discerning selection.

A wonderful change has occurred within recent years in our attitude towards Christmas gifts and giving. Instead of buying haphazardly—as it must be admitted most people once did!—a host of more or less useless articles to be bestowed indiscriminately upon unprotected friends and acquaintances, we now try to consider very carefully the individual tastes of those to whom our gifts are going. Thus, to the friend whose quiet gray, rose and blue living room we have enjoyed, we are scarcely likely to send an orange-shaded lamp. It is far more probable that our gift, if intended for use in that living room, will be a small wall-mirror, with a quaint frame of Heppelwhite influence, painted in dull blue and lightly touched with antique gilt. That would be a choice both appropriate and distinctive.

The "useful gift" has, indeed, come into its own of late: and that no doubt accounts for the present popularity of furniture for Christmas giving. Certainly, nothing could be more useful than furniture; that is, if in design and material alike it be acceptable to the recipient. Difficult as it is to select gifts of a purely accessory nature, it is far more problematical to choose furniture that will fit perfectly into the homes of our friends. As a matter of fact, furniture should never be given unless the donor is sure that it will be more welcome than any other type of present: and, under no circumstances, should furniture of an extreme character be chosen.

The real keynote to success in furniture giving is, then, twofold—first, a thorough knowledge of the surroundings in which the furniture is to be permanently placed: and, secondly, an insight into the requirements of those surroundings. The last is, of course, the more important: and, incidentally, the more likely to present pitfalls to the unwary. Nevertheless, by the proper foresight, these pitfalls may quite easily be avoided.

Proper foresight simply implies that, before choosing a gift of furniture, the prospective donor will study carefully the present furnishings and the architectural character of the room for which the

gift is intended. If the woodwork of the room, for instance, be finished in ivory enamel and the doors in mahogany, furniture of oak could not be chosen with propriety. A gift of brightly-painted and flower-bedecked furniture, however alluring it might be while on display, would be altogether inappropriate as a gift for a room in which the woodwork had a sombre, dark oak finish. Nor would a great, comfort-bringing armchair upholstered in flowered tapestry be suitable for a room boasting curtains and other accessories of floral-patterned chintz. It is apparent, therefore, that the application of proper foresight in choosing gifts of furniture is really tantamount to the exercise of good taste.

Fortunately, "period rooms" nowadays belong chiefly to the homes of the very rich or of the very newly rich. As a consequence, suites of furniture, except for dining rooms and bedrooms; and not always even there! are no longer deemed essential. Indeed, instead of rigidly adhering to any one period or to the use of suites of furniture, most modern householders now make a laudable effort to select furniture which is comfortable as well as beautiful: and, in so doing, they are inclined to look for color and material harmony in preference to stylistic formality.

This new order of things is, naturally, of particular advantage to the prospective donor of furniture in promoting freedom in selection. That freedom was especially to the fore in choosing a gift piece for one living room wherein the principal furniture was of brown mahogany of Colonial design and the woodwork of the white-enamelled finish founded on Colonial precedent. The piano, the gate-leg reading-table, two rush-bottomed chairs and a footstool were all of mahogany. Two other chairs of Windsor design were painted black, varied by narrow lines of gray. And now for the gift piece—'twas a wing chair of wicker, stained silver-gray and cushioned in American Beauty rep! Diversity there, surely: nevertheless that new gray chair proved to be just "the right thing in the right place;" for the room into which it fitted boasted of plain gray rugs, a wall-covering of silver-gray grasscloth and hangings of pink-flowered black cretonne. Even the lighting fixtures responded to the gray note of the chair; for they were of silver, shaded in silver gauze over pale rose silk.

Genuine antique furniture is, of course, almost generally acceptable: and that is true of the very creditable replicas that are now obtainable for a comparatively moderate outlay. Mahogany and the equally popular native walnut fashion many of these reproductions. The rush-bottomed, ladder-backed chairs are especially pleasing in mahogany. Mahogany,

(Continued on page 26)



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Furniture for Christmas Giving

(Continued from page 25)

too, is often used for pie-crust, tilt-top tables, for tea-wagons, muffin-stands and quaint footstools. The old "nests" of tables—really a number of small tables that fit one under the other for convenience in placing against the wall—come not only in mahogany and walnut, but in painted and laquered finishes that are refreshingly novel. Tables of this sort are an ideal gift for any home in which considerable entertaining is done; for assembled, they occupy but little space, although they provide much room for games or refreshments when scattered.

The popularity of painted furniture evidently knows no dimming. For bedrooms, breakfast-rooms, kitchens, sun-porches and informal dining rooms, painted furniture is always a logical choice. Nevertheless, for gift purposes it should never be selected unless the correct setting has been or will be provided. Think of a graceful, little breakfast-room suite of apple-green against walls of light blue and woodwork of hideous dark brown "graining!" The whole effect would be intolerable; yet that same suite would be delightful with a background of creamy walls and old ivory woodwork. Be certain, then, of the right background before choosing anything in the way of painted furniture.

Although the average housewife needs must spend many long hours in the room, the kitchen is, perhaps, the last to receive any decorative attention. On that account, a gift of kitchen furniture is usually apt to receive an especially cordial welcome. In this connection, the painted furniture is worthy of note—as it often paves the way to a complete metamorphosis. Once its shabby, time-stained, dark furniture is replaced by something pleasing in design and stimulating in coloring, any kitchen is far on the road towards an entire transformation. Much of the newer kitchen furniture is finished in immaculate white enamel, which is gratifyingly clean in appearance. Gaily-colored pieces are, however, not neglected; bright blues and fairly light greens, perhaps, predominating.

The kitchen cabinet, whether in wood or steel, is one piece of furniture that is likely to appeal to the housewife. Long before its pristine freshness has vanished, the cabinet will have been found a truly worth-while gift. Finishes of both natural effect and white enamel are obtainable; but these sometimes give place to brighter colors to harmonize with the other furniture used in the kitchen.

(Continued on page 29)



Even in a very small hall, room can usually be found for one of the quaintly-painted chests of Italian influence portrayed in this illustration. The soft warm green that is the basic hue of this chest is relieved by the application of faded pinks, parchment yellows and reddish browns, that form a pleasant harmony. The antique handles on the one large drawer of the chest are of dull gilt.

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The MARQUIS
Set of Six Teaspoons
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"Oh Look
What Santa brought"

Moir's Chocolates



Fabrics for cushions and hangings, if marked by some real distinction, hold many possibilities for Christmas giving. In this instance, the fabric is a heavy linen taffeta; cinnamon-brown as to ground, with a gay little pattern in rose, yellow, blue and green. Could this coloring be other than harmonious in a room wherein the furniture is of brown mahogany, decorated with colorful decalcomanias.

Furniture for Christmas Giving

(Continued from page 26)

A folding "ladder-chair" is still another piece of furniture that is useful for the kitchen, as it admirably fulfils both the purposes its name indicates. A high revolving-stool, such as has long been employed in offices, is also in popular demand for kitchen service. One of the smaller furnishings that is frequently entirely overlooked in the kitchen is a roomy wastepaper-basket. This should, preferably, be either of metal or fibre, painted to match the furniture.

Of chairs, there is really a bewildering array for every room in the house, as well as the porch. One of the most adaptable types is the "hour-glass"—a woven grass chair that hails from the Orient. As the name intimates, the design of this chair is based on the ancient hour-glass. It is a remarkably durable, invariably comfortable and always artistic chair that may be safely used out-of-doors or within; for water, instead of shortening its life, prolongs it. So adaptable, indeed, is the hour-glass chair, it seems to quickly fit in with almost any surroundings. Furniture of wicker, willow and reed shares this adaptability. In the natural finish, in stained and in painted effects, it can be related to the needs of almost any type of room. Some of the most attractive effects are in "shadow coloring," secured by successive coats of contrasting color. One beautiful suite of wicker has dull blue as its basic hue, with the "shadow" effect in old gold—a thin coat of old gold paint having been applied over the blue and partially wiped off before dry. Cushions of linen, patterned in wide stripes of old gold, blue and rose, are an harmonious feature of this furniture. Another wicker suite is suggestive of lovely old ivory; for, over its ground-coat of soft yellow, creamy-white paint

has been lightly run. For the cushions in this instance, a cream-colored chintz gay with tiny black pots filled with orange bloom and gray-green foliage is used.

Has the mahogany lamp had its day? Other varieties would seem to be supplanting it in popular favor now; both for floor and table use. The tall bridge-lamps, in plain or decorated iron, were the forerunners of the many metal designs on view for this year's giving. Silver and gilt finishes are to be found singly and in combination; and they are interesting when the design of the lamps is not offensively ornate. The Della Robbia finish, with its rich combination of reds, blues and browns, has also invaded the realm of the lamp—and it, too, is satisfying when not overdone. New conceits in shades are not lacking. As a relief from the ubiquitous painted parchment and fringe-edged silk, shades of heavy file lace mounted on silk or gauze are being exploited in some of the ultra-smart shops.

The trend in table-lamps is quite evidently towards the vase of highly glazed pottery in plain colors. These are particularly useful in a decorative sense, as they can be depended upon to give just the requisite accent to a color-scheme. In a room having hangings and cushions of a chintz combining green, mauve, blue and black, for instance, the lamp-vase might be in solid mauve; again, it might be of glazed black, with a shade of mauve lined with rose.

Drapery-fabrics are, of course, scarcely furniture; yet, as "furnishings," they are very closely akin. It is, then, surely not amiss to list them under furniture for Christmas giving. To choose draperies

(Continued on page 37)

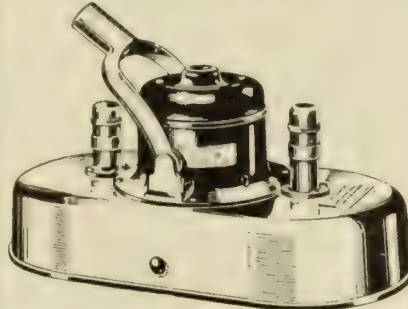
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* * *

"Little Foxes," by E. A. Henry, D.D., is a series of addresses, far from being the "exhorting" type of article which used to be written for the young person. Dr. Henry has a breezy, stimulating way of talking about the small faults which beset the young person and the most sympathetic way of showing how these may be overcome. The "little foxes which spoil the vines," are among our most subtle foes and any reader may find wise counsel in reading this little book. (Published in Toronto by Thomas Allen. Price, \$1.25).

* * *

"Neighbors," a Happy Novel of the North West, by Robert Stead, lives up to its sub-title and is a thoroughly sunshiny affair, which faithfully, if somewhat crudely, presents the life of a youth born in a small town in Ontario, who decides to "go West," and have a home-stead. The hero, Frank Hall, has a sister Marjorie; his friend, John Lane, has a sister, Jean. Mrs. Hall is kind enough to die and Mr. Peter Lane also departs for that land where the inhabitants neither marry nor are given in marriage. After some months, Mr. Hall becomes the second husband of the recently-bereaved Mrs. Lane, and the four young persons pack their trunks and have them checked to Regina. Of course, you know that there are two more weddings and that they are Hall-Lane affairs. There is a half hearted villain, of the name of "Spoof" who complicates matters for a while but who is unable to accomplish much in the way of real mischief. Mr. Stead knows his Ontario and also the West and evidently enjoys writing about happy persons who are enjoying the vagaries of Love's Young Dream. (Published by Hodder and Stoughton, Toronto. Price, \$1.75).

* * *

"The Twenty-First Burr" by Victor Lauriston, is a genuine mystery story, with a pretty but quiet murder in the foreground. Adam Winright has gone out of the world in an unobtrusive fashion, but his daughter, Laura, suspects foul play and the Nurse, Glory Adair, takes up the search for the murderer. You would never suspect a quiet little burr of being stuck up with poison and sending a peaceful citizen out of life; but just read this enthralling tale and you'll find out weird things about burrs. The story is

well told and Glory Adair is a super-detective who is wasting her powers on typhoid fever patients. (Published by McClelland and Stewart, Toronto. Price, \$2.00).

* * *

"Our Prairie Trails," by Frederick Philip Grove, is an interesting volume, containing an account of journeys taken every week-end by a country teacher whose drive covered sixty-eight miles, "coming and going"—and ninety miles in wintry months. Seven of these "drives" are described for us in language that is simple and gracious, with a breath of out-doors freedom about it. If, in the old days, you enjoyed reading "Prue and I," by Curtis, and if you like the essays by David Grayson, I think you will find the "trails" worth taking—especially "Dawn and Diamonds." The illustrations by C. M. Manly, A.R.C.A., are delicate and picturesque bits of art which are in keeping with the spirit of the traveller. (Published in Toronto, by McClelland and Stewart. Price, \$2.00).

* * *

"The Dust Flower," by Basil King, is a story written by one of our prominent Canadian novelists. The plot of the tale is one sure to arrest the young person's attention. Barbara Walbrook is highly disgusted with the habits of her fiancé, Rashleigh Allerton, a gentleman given to tarrying at the wine. Barbara breaks off the engagement and Rashleigh rushes off, determined to marry the first woman he meets. He proposes in vain to several strangers and is finally accepted by Letty, a poor little waif who has escaped from a cruel step-father. The marriage is merely one in name and of course Barbara once more returns to interest in her former lover. It is a curious situation, in which the bloom of high culture and the Dust Flower (as Letty is called) are placed in rivalry. The story is one of absorbing human interest, but Rashleigh does not seem to us a young man worthy of devotion—even that of a dust product. There, again, however, the story may be true to the life it depicts. (Published in Toronto, by Hodder and Stoughton. Price, \$2.00).

* * *

"When Winter Comes to Main Street," by Grant Overton, is an advertisement which deals with Doran books and authors. There are nine of these writers: McKenna, Maugham, Arnold Bennett, Rebecca West, and others, and their varying characteristics are dealt with in vivacious fashion by one who is evidently enamored of his task. (Published by McClelland and Stewart, Toronto).

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"The Timber Pirate," by Charles Christopher Jenkins, is a story of wild adventure in the Laurentians. Acey Smith, the hero, is a man of extraordinary strength and purpose, a being of complex nature, in which Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde are constantly at strife. The story is told with a melodramatic force in the unfolding of Acey Smith's vengeance, and the reader is left to wish that the end of the story were just a little different, for Acey is too interesting to disappear. (Published by McClelland and Stewart, Toronto. Price, \$2.00).

Continued on Page 36)

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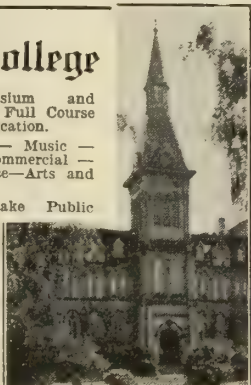
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Some suggestions which may help to solve the annual Yule-tide quandary

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

I MUST disclaim any qualifications for editing a department on "Hints to Shoppers", which I have no doubt is a very useful institution for countless readers at this time of year. But with the growth of music in the home and the vast increase in the public appetite for music, it seems to me that a new field for selection has been opened up in connection with the annual Christmas gift problem. First of all, though cynics may deride the practice; and persons of "near" propensities may lament it, I hope that the traditional habit of Christmas giving will never die out. Even when wasteful, as in the case of ephemeral and perishable gifts it has its moral uses as an expression of generosity. But the real aim should be to eliminate waste and folly from this happiest of practices; by giving presents that have a value, more or less permanent, and which provide pleasure that is not momentary but continuous. All this sounds rather pedantic and preachy; but my excuse is that it is common sense. I think then that from the standpoint of higher utility, the musical Christmas gift has unimpeachable claims to consideration.

The notable fact about the real Christmas gift is the immense variety of wares that the name embraces; and the extraordinary range of the price-scales. If you are poor, you can give a new record that costs hardly more than an ornate Christmas card; or if you are a millionaire a grand piano the cost of which runs into the thousands. I do not know of any other type of gift that offers such wonderful adaptability to the purse, lean or heavy; and the main point is that whether your gift be cheap or costly, it is almost certain to give pleasure of indefinite duration.

The growing popularity of musical gifts is necessarily bound up with the vast increase in the number of people who are interested in music in both its lighter and serious forms. Modern invention has so multiplied the means whereby music may be produced in the homes of the people that a vast new field for giving has been created of recent years. Moreover, in the mere matter of aesthetic appearances, musical trades have kept pace remarkably well with the movement for home decoration which has exercised so much influence over domestic surroundings within the memory of most of us. Let us consider first the improvements in the outward aspects of the most familiar musical instruments.

Time was when the piano, either square or upright was rather an unsightly object in the average living room, that jarred on the sense of comfort which gives charm to any home however humble. It was ugly and formal looking. There used to be a stock joke of the Josh Billings and Eli Perkins period in American social life, about a lady who was so modest that she insisted on covering up the legs of her piano. Now, there was some reason in this mythical lady's conduct; the same reason that should dictate the concealment of many legs of a less passive character—they were so very ugly, with their heavy curves and lumps supposed to remotely represent fruit and vegetation. But recent years have seen a growth of artistic taste in the designing of pianos, whether grand or upright, until they have become part of the decorative scheme of a well planned room. The unsightly legs of the old-fashioned instrument have given place to underpinnings of graceful and classic design; and there have been all-round aesthetic improvements. The utilization of a great variety of woods in addition to the standardized rosewood and mahogany has been a great step toward decorative harmony; and the hand decorated piano, a thing unheard of thirty years ago, is

now familiar to everyone. The increased range of materials has been accompanied in a development of styles in design, so that it is now possible to buy instruments which harmonize with almost any type of furniture.

* * *

MY reason for mentioning these developments is that in most Canadian cities and towns there has been an abnormal amount of home-building during the present year. Countless people have just entered new houses or are about to do so within the next few months, and for the well-to-do, a piano suitable to the new environment would make an ideal Christmas gift to the family.

What has been said of the adaptability of the piano to the decorative scheme of the home is also true of the reproducing instruments. The early types of these machines, though they afforded much interest and pleasure, were unsightly, but every year higher standards of taste and a greater variety of styles has been developed in connection with the outward appearance of the stands in which the epochal invention of a sound-reproducing mechanism is contained; and in the record cabinets which accompany them. Such an instrument is no longer an excrescence in the decorative plan of a living-room but an harmonious piece of furniture. Of course the purely visual side of the reproducing instrument is its smallest claim in connection with its suitability as a gift. The main thing to be considered is the immense and long-enduring pleasure that such a machine, even in its cheaper and less ornamental forms, can give. The numbers of families and private individuals living in a room or two, who own such instruments, is now very large; but yet there must be a good many people who do not possess one. There is probably no gift that could be devised for the average individual in which so much fun and exhilaration are awaiting release.

The higher musical and educational aspects have often been dwelt upon. It is a means whereby men and women of musical taste but without sufficient education to make music of the finer order for themselves, or lacking an income sufficient to permit indulgence in many concerts, can get in touch with the best music as interpreted by the most distinguished artists. As has frequently been said, the reproducing instrument is responsible for an immense extension of musical knowledge and taste. But this is not all. The instrument has its manifold uses as a social factor. It is a great stimulant for that most wholesome of recreations, home dancing. Several years ago I pointed out in the columns of this magazine that the reproducing instrument was helping to solve a problem that has vexed many social students; that of keeping the young people in the home; and providing them with healthy amusement. It is now no longer indispensable for one member of a group of young people to be a pianist, in order to get a dance going. With the aid of either the player-piano or the record machine a merry party can be improvised at fifteen minutes' notice, and in the case of the latter type of instrument the jazz orchestra is ready for the use of dancers, over in the corner.

The present generation of young people is extremely fortunate in this source of relaxation. If there are several in the household, the whole family can have a dance after dinner, even when no friends happen to drop in. Those, who like myself, see a good deal of girls and boys in their teens, know how much this means to

(Continued on page 39)



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Every woman should learn. We train Beginners, Practical Nurses, Mothers and Religious Workers by our Fascinating Home-study Method. Leading Chicago System. Endorsed by physicians. Established 22 years.

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For a Merry Christmas —and New Years of Happiness

At this time of good cheer, certainly no other gift could be so seasonable and appropriate as a Victrola. It is a gift which brings happiness just as surely as Christmas itself.

Ask the nearest "His Master's Voice" dealer to show you the numerous styles, sizes and finishes designed to suit every taste and circumstance. He will gladly reserve whichever one you choose and deliver it at Christmas.

New Console Victrolas \$143. to \$485.
Other Models - - - \$37.50 to \$615.

Convenient terms can be arranged, if desired.



"His Master's Voice"—Victor Records
make an ideal Christmas gift.

"His Master's Voice"— Victrola



Coralie's Christmas

Coralie's mother was left a widow when she was 29. And Coralie was seven.

Coralie's father had been so busy spending—for his wife and little daughter—that he had not had time to save for them; except to invest in a five thousand dollar insurance policy on his life.

When he died his widow received this splendid amount in a lump sum.

It looked like a lot of money to Coralie's mother!

But when immediate expenses were all paid and her affairs settled, she had hardly half that amount left. She was advised to invest two thousand in something safe—at 7%.

But that would pay her only \$140 per year—less than 39 cents a day for the complete support of two persons! It wasn't enough!

However, Coralie's mother was young, bright and fortunate. She got a corner of home for herself and her child, with friends, at twelve dollars a week—and she got back the job she had had before she was married—at \$25 per week.

She banked her two thousand dollars for emergencies—for Coralie.

While Coralie had her mother to love and work for her the child was safe!

But Coralie's future haunted the mother—she must provide for that. Resolutely, and with infinite self-denial, she set aside three dollars and a quarter a week. She couldn't make it more.

At the end of a year, she had only saved one hundred and sixty-nine dollars. It would take her almost six years to save another thousand to add to the "emergency" fund—and if anything happened to her in the meantime—she used to wake

up in the night and think about it—till the dread of it filled the room like an evil smothering presence.

Then She Found a Friend

who showed her how to invest money to provide certain protection for Coralie, or for her own old age.

Coralie's mother—at 31—would have given the whole of her two thousand dollars for this assurance.

Instead, she invested \$169.00 in this immediate and future protection, and thereafter this same yearly amount of her savings.

Just at Christmas, six years later, influenza ended her loving labors.

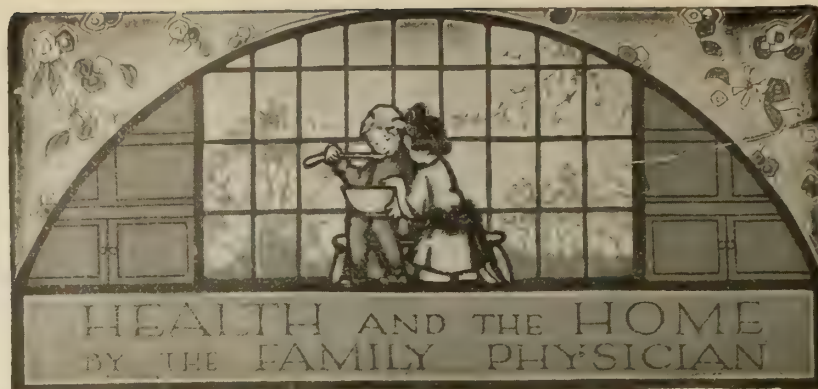
Coralie was thirteen.

The people with whom she lived loved her. But they were not well off. They had children of their own. What could they do for Coralie?

Then the Friend stepped in to fulfil the promise made to Coralie's mother.

The mother had only saved \$1,014. But every month till Coralie was eighteen there came a cheque for fifty dollars—ample to provide for her welfare and education—till three thousand dollars had been paid in this way. And to-day (because there was interest on the money all the time) Coralie's Christmas stocking holds a cheque for \$3,000, a gift from Coralie's mother, sent through the Friend who so loyally discharged the promised obligation.

That Friend was



Questions about Health, Sanitary Subjects and the Prevention of Disease will be answered in this column from time to time, subject to reasonable limitations.

If requested, replies will be sent direct to the correspondent if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed, but no diagnosis or prescription can be given. This coupon should be enclosed with inquiry.

"TELL THE CHRISTMAS STORY."

A well-known firm of Camera manufacturers has published an attractive picture under the above title as an advertisement for the Christmas trade in Cameras. The picture represents Christmas afternoon. The grandfather is in the foreground, and extended on his lap sleeps a tired little girl. Round about, on the floor, are toys of all descriptions, dolls, little animals, railway tracks, trumpets and a miscellaneous collection of other things. No wonder the poor tired child took refuge in sleep. At the half-opened door the fond parents peep and whisper—with the camera.

THE REAL CHRISTMAS STORY

This is not the Christmas Story at all. That story belongs to another world.

THE YOUNG PHYSICIAN

"It has got to stop," said a young Family Physician to me last Christmas. He is an able man, careful, well-trained, thorough, conscientious, kind, and has, as he deserves, a large practice. His patients are much attached to him and well they may be. They have few better friends than their Doctor.

"It has got to stop," he said. "It is a very serious matter, the way children get upset at Christmas time now. There is too much excitement, and they get worn out with expectation and fuss and worry long before Christmas comes. Then that upsets their parents, if they are not upset already, and they are all ill and exhausted, completely worn out. Why, some of my families don't get over it until March. There has been a good deal of sickness this winter and Christmas is at the bottom of not a little of it."

There is a truth in what the Doctor says.

YOUR CHRISTMAS IN 1922

It is a good thing that this number of "The CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL" is published on or about December 1st. This issue will reach you just in time to give the Family Physician a chance to try to put a little sense into your head about Christmas before it is too late.

Daddy, I don't mean you. You have your faults, but I heard you say last Christmas "We'll just see if this house will be turned into a Fool's Paradise next Christmas." Do you remember?—Well then, I want you to help me. You know that last year mother and the girls tried to do too much Christmassing and they got too tired. So tired that some of them were cross and nearly ill. Worried they were too. And the little children were really sick. They had eaten more than they could manage and Nature came to the rescue soon after the Christmas dinner, and swept it all away.

THE CHRISTMAS WORRIES

Worry is the foul fiend of the Doctor's life. "I wish I knew what she is worrying about," said a famous Canadian consultant the other day. "If I could find that out we might know how to cure her." Well, my aristocratic consulting brother in the Medical profession, perhaps you

are right. Perhaps we could cure her that way. But more often it is not the presence of a special worry, such as a broken heart, a bankrupt husband, or a wayward child. It is rather that the habit of worrying—worrying about something, or nothing, or anything, or everything—has got possession of the mind of the patient. This is a bad mental habit and worry means poor health. What is the real test of age?

THE CONDITION OF THE ARTERIES

If the arterial walls are good muscular structure, resilient and able to contract and relax easily as muscular tissue should, then we are in good condition. But if, in middle life, the arterial walls are stiff and poor and cannot work well, premature age has overtaken us. And what causes this? Mostly worry.

CAUSES OF PREMATURE BREAKDOWN

In decent respectable people, who don't eat too much and don't drink much, and don't have any of these terrible diseases that the Social Hygiene people are trying to prevent (Good success to them!)—Worry and strain are the leading cause of premature age, breakdown, and permanent ill-health.

So we must avoid worry, for ourselves and our families and all that we have any responsibility for, on Christmas Day, and every other day.

THE CHRISTMAS BUDGET

The questions of the Budget for Christmas are sometimes a source of worry and that means fatigue and ill-health. A happy person can do a great deal of work without feeling fatigue, but a worried person is tired before she begins.

So first of all, let us arrange our Christmas Budget. It means extra money for food, and entertainment and that greatest luxury of all, the gifts of the Loving Heart, the heart that remembers the grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, that we, through His poverty, might be rich. That heart is the only kind of heart that can give real gifts at Christmas tide.

So when the December cheque comes to be written, Daddy will put in something for Christmas. As for the big boys and the big girls, who are beginning to earn, and the little boys and the little girls who have ten cents a week—or is it five cents?—for pocket money, they have been saving up for Christmas for quite a while, and they are making their lists and apportioning their money. But the greatest Christmas gifts are not money but the Loving Christmas Heart that enriches life. Don't try to make too many gifts at Christmas.

CHRISTMAS FOOD

Do you want to have indigestion? You don't. Very well, then, you better beware of indigestible things and of over-fatigue and of being "too busy to go out to lunch," and all that sort of thing. Take your regular meals and eat slowly. I mean, go on chewing your food thoroughly and don't swallow it until it has been

(Continued on page 37)

The London Life

Insurance Company

Policies "Good as Gold"

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Agencies in All Principal Cities

Write us for sample policies, and particulars on this super-savings account.

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Showing Weights
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Write for It.*



Style No 31



Style No 32
adjustable combination



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adjustable sleeper



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STANFIELD'S Ladies UNDERWEAR

is so completely satisfactory that the woman who takes pride in her appearance will invariably choose *Stanfield's* for winter wear after she has once experienced the perfect fit, luxurious comfort and warmth of this famous underwear.

Stanfield's Ladies' Underwear is made in Combinations and Two-piece Suits, in full length, knee-and-elbow length and sleeveless.

It is made in many styles and trimmings, in all textures. And—of equal importance—is the fact that Stanfield's Underwear is made in Canada for wear in Canada, in weaves and weights to give health protection in every section of Canada from coast to coast.

Also made in all styles and weights for men. Stanfield's ADJUSTABLE COMBINATIONS and SLEEPERS for growing children (patented).

Ask your dealer; if he cannot supply you, write us for the name of a dealer in your neighborhood who can.

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Happy Wives

Here is a Christmas gift symbolic of the great Christmas Spirit. A Moffat Electric Range is a gift that any woman will treasure and remember, because every day of the year it will remind her of the thoughtfulness and kindness of the one who made the gift. Moffat Ranges will make many wives happy this Christmas.

Is your wife happy — or is she doing her cooking on an out-of-date, inefficient range? Electric cooking means no smoke or fumes in the kitchen. No blackened pots. She will adore the simplicity of operation, the cleanness, the handsome appearance and the wonderful efficiency of a Moffat Electric Range.

Choose one of the new Moffat 1923 Models. They have new conveniences and features you will find in no other make of electric range. Write Moffats, Limited, Weston, Ont., for full particulars. We will notify you where you may inspect the up-to-date Moffat Electric Ranges.

MOFFATS Electric Ranges

The Book Corner

(Continued from page 31)

"The King's Arrow," by H. A. Cody, author of "Glen of the High North" and other tales of remote places, is a picturesque story of a momentous period in the history of Canada. Dane Norwood, called the "King's Arrow," was an ideal messenger through the forests and along the streams in those early Loyalist days. Mr. Cody has gone back to the year 1783, when the United Empire Loyalists landed in New Brunswick and has given us a stirring story with red Indians and a stolen heroine in the foreground. (Published by McClelland and Stewart, Toronto. Price, \$2.00).

* * *

"The Poisoned Paradise," by Robert W. Service, is a novel by the well-known author of "The Songs of a Sourdough." Mr. Service is anxious to make a name for himself as novelist and in this melodramatic tale of Monte Carlo he certainly manages to hold the reader's interest in the beautiful and persecuted heroine, Margot, and the sturdy young hero, Hugh Kildair. The misfortunes which befall these two young persons are quite overwhelming to all but the stars of the movies; but, of course, they emerge serenely out of them all. As the writer describes the scene, Monte Carlo is more poison than paradise, and one is rather glad to escape from the atmosphere of the Casino. This book is assured of popularity and a place on the screen. (Published by McClelland and Stewart, Toronto. Price, \$2.00).

* * *

"Pagan Love," by John Murray Gibbon, is a distracting tale of a wonderful personage named Neruda, a Czech of sorts, who takes a fancy to a young Scot, Walter Sterling Oliphant, and helps the latter to emigrate (via Quebec) to New York. Walter's adventures in that city, among socialists, artists and walking delegates, are enough to fill a Sunday supplement. There is a Great Secret in the story which leads to tragedy and leaves the reader hoping that Walter will eventually meet the little Canadian girl, Beatrice Anderson, again. (Published by McClelland and Stewart, Toronto. Price, \$2.00).

* * *

"The Return of Blue Pete," by Luke Allan, is a story of the far Northwest, where law and order are enforced only by stern methods and where "pals" have a code all their own. The narrative is of the well-known "wild north" order, but the story is not machine made and the reader actually likes Boy Mahon and takes a deep interest in Blue Pete. There is the health of the Northland in the story and most Canadians will ask for the rest of Luke Allan's books, that they may learn more of Blue Pete's doings. (Published by McClelland and Stewart, Toronto. Price, \$2.00).

* * *

"Solario the Tailor," by William Bowen, is a highly enjoyable collection of tales concerning the magic doubler. If you have read "The Enchanted Forest," you will need no urging to read this account of some of the adventures of the Old Man in the Spangled Coat. The writer is a born teller of fairy tales and we soon find ourselves enamored of Solario the Tailor (who is none other than the Old Man.) while the illustrations by J. Ormsbee are a sheer delight. (Published by the Macmillan Company, Toronto).

* * *

"The Bells of St. Stephen's," by Marian Keith, will make an admirable gift book for a girl this Christmas. Dr. Sutherland, the pastor of St. Stephen's,

(Continued on page 40)



A Warmer Clime for Winter Time

FOR WINTER JAUNTS TO SUMMER HAUNTS

British Columbia — California — Florida
Alabama — Arizona — Georgia — Louisiana
Mississippi — New Jersey — New Mexico — Texas
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Maybelline

Adds Wonderful Charm, Beauty and Expression to Any Face

More than all else, well defined eyebrows and luxuriant lashes create the beauty and expression of your face. The slight darkening, the accentuation of line and shadow, is the secret. Instantly and unfailingly the eyes appear larger, deeper and more brilliant. "MAYBELLINE" makes scant eyebrows and lashes appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant. Used regularly by beautiful girls and women everywhere. Unlike other preparations, absolutely greaseless, will not spread or smear on the face. Perfectly harmless. Each dainty box contains mirror and brush for applying. Two shades. Brown for Blondes, Black for Brunettes.

At all good Drug and Dept. Stores. Accept only genuine MAYBELLINE and your satisfaction is assured.

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Gone, happily, is the day of sanguinary pictures in the dining room! Instead of slaughtered fish and game, exquisite gems of the floral kingdom now adorn the walls. Usually, the pictures are in a low key; with the rich, glowing shades of flower and foliage measurably toned down by a black background. As an over-mantel decoration in a paneled dining room, these pictures are particularly effective: as Christmas gifts, they are ideal.

Furniture for Christmas Giving

(Continued from page 29)

is never a trifling matter: to select draperies for gifts is a delicate operation calling upon every resource of discernment which the donor possesses. The new designs are beguiling—too beguiling, almost: and certainly too varied in hue and pattern for any ease in selecting. But, when just the right fabric can be found, the effort involved is not in vain. Best of all, drapery-fabrics are sufficiently durable to carry Christmas not merely from one year to the next, but on through several years: constituting a gift that will long give pleasure to the recipient. And the immediate pleasure of unfolding yard upon yard of colorful fabric is something especially gracious to confer upon any favored friend.

The giving of furniture is both rational and wholesome: nevertheless, it is not to be lightly entered into. It is something to approach very slowly: and the actual selection of the gift of furniture must be marked by equal deliberation. Remember, while we may believe implicitly in our own sense of the fitness of things, the prospective recipient of our gifts may be endowed with quite different tastes in home-furnishing. Even irrespective of any divergence in tastes, we should go slowly in choosing furniture: bearing in mind that, next to the house itself, furniture, whether it be good or bad, is usually the longest-enduring feature of any home; and that, as such, its selection is not a matter of momentary impulse.

Health and the Home

(Continued from page 34)

ground small between your upper and lower teeth and well mixed with saliva. You have heard that before?—Yes, I know you have, but you forgot it last Christmas and I am writing to remind you so that you will not forget this time.

HOW MANY COURSES FOR CHRISTMAS DINNER?

Two. Two courses is enough for Christmas Dinner. And don't have them both heavy. If you are among the small number of Canadians who will see a Turkey on Christmas Day, take my advice and omit the stuffing unless the digestions of all the family are A.1. The turkey with no dressing has a gamey flavour much superior to the stuffed turkey. And don't have the gravy too rich.

How would cranberry tarts do for dessert? You would feel a great deal brighter in the afternoon.

THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING

You see, the Christmas Pudding is a great institution but there are mixed up in it more than six different food-stuffs and that makes it indigestible.

Don't have the black variety of Christmas pudding, unless you are sure that you have sufficient self-control to stop at the first teaspoonful. Have a light-brown pudding. I don't want to abolish Christmas puddings, but a little helping is enough. You can have a little more to-morrow when you have no turkey.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Now on December First, take your money and don't try to do too much with it. Don't you love to get a real Christmas Letter from a real friend, instead of a gift?—Well then, be the real friend that writes a Christmas Letter instead of buying a gift. That will enable you to make a better use of your Christmas money in making gifts to the people you ought to give something to, and if you make your list on December First and organize your plans, then your health should not be upset by Christmas, as the health of so many people, young and old, was upset last year. Don't try to do too much. Keep within your strength. And don't leave anything to do on Christmas Eve if you can help it.

Enjoy Christmas Eve.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU FROM THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN



Lasting Presents Par Excellence

HAFIS Watches have an International reputation because they are the only ones made with the famous Safety Barrel that ensures perfect timing. They were awarded 1st Honors at the Bienne Observatory this year.



A5130—Round 14kt. Red Gold, 15 red ruby jewels, complete \$22.00



A2465—Rectangular hand carved 18kt. White Gold, 16 red ruby jewels, complete\$42.00
14kt. White or Green Gold, complete\$37.50

Practically every leading jeweller shows these and other models of the famous HAFIS Watches.

Prices range from \$11.00 to \$500.00

Protect yourself by insisting for the HAFIS Trade Mark on the dial.

The Hafis Watch Co.

Montreal

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A Real Xmas Gift



Always when buying look for this



The LADY BELLE SHOE COMPANY, LIMITED
KITCHENER, ONTARIO

No gift could more fittingly convey the donor's desire for the wearer's comfort and happiness, than a pair of "LADY BELLE" shoes. The receiver of such a gift will find a new pleasure in walking.

It ensures ease and comfort in all the footwear it covers and when you ask for a "LADY BELLE" shoe, you are demanding The Best. Remember the name and you will save yourself much discomfort and many dollars.

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Plenty of good openings for graduate nurses. We can train you for this well paid vocation. Our system gives sound practical knowledge. Eliminates months of experience, college study and dreary hospital training. Gives you opportunity to learn in spare moments.

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Advertising
in the

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Home Journal

is not so much an inducement to buy as an incentive to

BUY THE BEST



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For over 80 years GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM has rendered greater beauty to thousands of women the world over. We have now extended its usefulness so that those who desire to closely harmonize their complexion with their particular shade of beauty can do so to the best advantage.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream

is now available in three shades.

Flesh—for those who desire to bring the glow of roses to their cheeks.

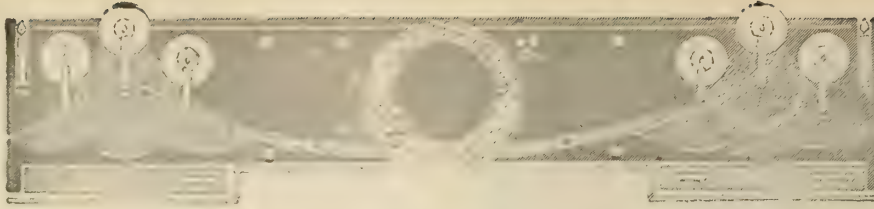
Rachelle—for those who desire the enchanting depth of color, just off the white shade.

White—popular for all complexions for over 80 years.

Gouraud's Oriental Cold Cream and Gouraud's Medicated Soap are indispensable complexion aids and should be used in conjunction with Gouraud's Oriental Cream.

Send 10c. for trial size bottle in either shade, or 25c. for a trial size bottle of Gouraud's Oriental Cream, any shade desired, a cake of Gouraud's Medicated Soap, and a tube of Gouraud's Oriental Cold Cream.

Fred. T. Hopkins & Son
Montreal

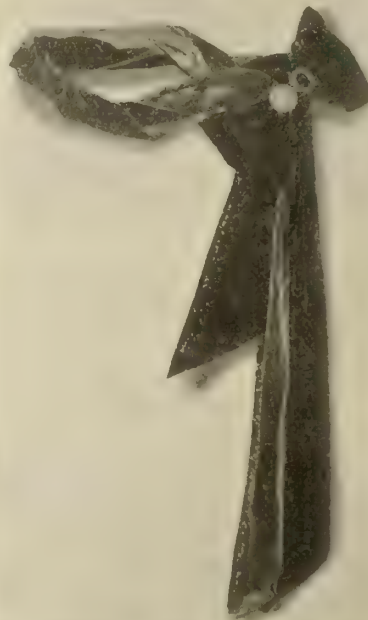


Dainty Christmas Gifts

These photographs are used by courtesy of Johnson-Cowdin-Emmerich, Inc., New York



A round hand bag of black and Jac rose picot, number seven—seven yards. Number 160 is used in lining. The bag is made on a foundation of two circles of buckram, 6½ inches in diameter. The loops of picot are laid on in a circle, the bottom row of loops being 7 inches long and doubled and the top row cut 5 inches and doubled.



This girdle is made of brown and orange velvet ribbon and requires 5 yards. Around the waist use 37 inches of the ribbon (brown) and 45 (orange). The brown swathes the waist in pleated fashion and the orange is folded over the brown on the bias, giving a twisted effect. The square pillow (below) is made of fancy Jacquard ribbon, combined with black Hyglo satin. The fancy material is 9 inches wide, cut into 4 triangles whose long sides are twelve inches, making a total use of 1 3/8 yards of ribbon.



A
Xmas
Gift
for
\$2.29

This slip over apron dress is made of a good quality linen in dark blue, tan and lavender shades with pockets and neck tabs in contrasting colors, giving unusual attractiveness. Workmanship, and finish are of the highest quality. Sizes: 34-36, small; 38-40 medium; 42-44, large.

This will make an ideal Xmas gift for Mother, Sister, Wife or Daughter.

Mail Money Order to-day and get this dress by return. We pay postage.

Write now for our booklet "Bargain Bulletins," out January 10th, 1923.

Home Comfort Garments
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For Christmas—Give PRINTEX

"Personal Stationery"

Boxed stationery, bearing the house address, or name and address on paper and envelopes.

In boxes of 100 double sheets (note size) and 100 envelopes, post paid - \$2.50.

Samples on Request

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MANY STUDENTS ARE REPORTING SALES. Our hands-on "Successful Authorship" will be a revelation. Send for it today. (Mail this ad.)

Name

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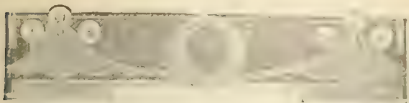
Shaw Correspondence School

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TORONTO, Dept. (H.J.) CANADA



A Nutritious Diet for All Ages.
Keep Horlick's Always on Hand
Quick Lunch; Home or Office.



Musical Christmas Gifts

(Continued from page 32)

them or what a real resource in the way of happiness such a gift may be.

The ingratiating phase of this invention is that it enables a Christmas-giver even with a very lean purse to make a present that is acceptable; not a gimcrack notion to be thrown away in a week or so. Even if the present is but a seventy-five cent dance record it is almost certain that the recipient will get fun out of it, far exceeding that imparted by the average old-fashioned gift of a pin cushion or a box of candy. Another significant fact is that in giving records, you have an almost unlimited field of selection in which to meet the taste of the person for whom the present is intended. If young and frivolous, there is an immense range of frothy but exhilarating jazz. And I may say in passing that jazz is not half so bad as some pedants assert. I know of a few musicians of world-wide celebrity who enjoy it very much. In fact there is an orchestral conductor of established greatness who this past summer would listen to nothing else, while on a vacation in Canada. It was his relaxation after his strenuous labors in the interpretation of serious music, while on active duty. Other celebrities, especially pianists of high rank, share his tastes. So you can buy a jazz record with a clear conscience. On the other hand, if the person you wish to remember with a gift is of definite musical tastes there are thousands of beautiful vocal, violin and other types of serious records on which to draw.

* * *

LET us turn to the person who possesses some actual musical accomplishment; who plays or sings for his or her own pleasure. There is a type of Christmas present suitable for such an individual that is too frequently neglected. Countless thousands of books are given as Christmas presents every year; but how seldom is a book of musical selections chosen as a Yuletide gift. You give someone a new novel. It is read within two or three days and then put on the shelf. Its message is, at least for a considerable time to come, ended for the recipient. This is perhaps less true of the average book of poetry or essays. But if a person plays or sings, no printed page of literature will give anything like the same volume and continuity of pleasure, as a book of Schumann's songs, or of Grieg's charming piano compositions, or a fine anthology of works in some specific form. A well bound book of good music, or even an operatic score of some standard work, will be held in affection for years by anyone of musical talent. This is a tip for parents who have musical daughters or young men who have musical sweethearts. A volume of lasting delight can be bought for less than the cost of a bunch of flowers. And the pleasure it gives will be shared by others for an indefinite period.

The type of Christmas presents I have been talking of, are those which would be prized in any average household; and also by young people "boarding out". And, as I have insisted on various occasions, this type of giving should not by any means be confined to civic communities. The reproducing instrument has done more to lighten farm life and make it more attractive, than, if possible it has done for people in the towns and cities. And with regard to records or books of music, such gifts are even more welcome to the girl out in the country who is fond of music or perhaps plays the piano, than to the city girls. It should not be difficult to imagine what pleasure can be conveyed by a book of good songs sent to a farmhouse where one member of the household is able to play; or what fun the whole neighborhood circle will get out of it.

There are also special cases where some individual aspires to play the violin or one or other of the less serious types of stringed instruments; and for such it is not difficult to know what would be the most acceptable present—if the donor can

(Continued on page 44)



Keep Christmas with a Kodak

While far too excited to dress, little Jane has popped into bed again to pose for a picture with mother's new Kodak.

And that only starts the fun. Even now father and Uncle Stan are renewing their youth in a snowball fight—and there's another picture.

Kodak is a gift that slips out of the holiday box into the spirit of Christmas.

Autographic Kodaks \$6.50 up

Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto

YOU NEED NO EXPERIENCE

THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL wants ambitious women of refinement in every district in Canada to act as its representatives.

For full particulars about our money making plan whereby you may have an opportunity to make every spare hour bring extra profit, send your name and address on this coupon to the Agency Department, Canadian Home Journal, Toronto, Ontario. *It will pay you to act promptly.*

Name

Street

Town Province



The Book Corner

(Continued from page 36)

in Wawashene, finds that his housekeeper has matrimonial intentions. So he welcomes the coming of his nieces and a nephew, who turn the old manse into a scene of youthful revelry. There is a social service ideal back of all the fun, and we finally see Sawdust Alley transformed into something resembling a place fit for human habitation. The most refreshing character in the book is Mr. McWhirter, the sexton, who declares:

"Weemin! Tod! Whit wes the Almighty thinkin' about that He made so many o' the cratur? It's weemin here! An' weemin there! An' weemin yonder! Weemin everywhere but in their hame! Ay! Oh, no! They canna bide at hame an' raise their bairns; they must be fleein' hereaway, thereaway, hither and skither, raisin' the de'il!" (Published by McClelland and Stewart, Toronto. Price, \$2.00).

Mr. Archie P. McKishnie knows much of the life in woods and on the lakes and streams of Ontario, and in his latest book, "Openway," he writes entertainingly of his many acquaintances. Bennie, who lived at "Openway," a rough clearing on the northern shore of Kent County Ontario, had established a kind of sanctuary of his own for some of the animals. The stories of his various friends, from Cresty, the wood duck, to Spray-coat, the wonderful fox, are told in a fashion which should please any young reader. (Published by Hodder and Stoughton, Toronto. Price, \$1.25).

"Including Mother," by Margaret Ashburn, is a charming story of two girls and their mother, who forsake the noisy city and find a pleasant home in the small community of Schuyler. Their adventures in settling down and furnishing the house are highly entertaining and remind one of "Little Women" days. The mother, curiously enough, is the irresponsible member of the family and takes many years to "grow up." Here is a wholesome and home-like story which most girls will enjoy. (Published in Toronto, by the Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.75).

"Puppy Dogs' Tales" and stories of other Animal Friends, selected and edited by Frances Kent, is a book which will appeal to all lovers of the dog. This is really a highly enjoyable anthology, in which we meet many old friends. The illustrations are of the happiest order, and you will be thanked most sincerely by any discriminating person who receives this book as a Christmas gift. (Published in Toronto, by the Macmillan Company. Price, \$2.00).

The Macmillan Company is justly famous for the publication of beautiful books. At this season, there are several of their books which are a delight either to read or survey. There is an edition *de luxe* of "The Crock of Gold," by James Stephens, with drawings by Wilfred Jones, that would be hailed with joy by anyone who cares for fairy tales which are literature and illustrations which are such as Puck might draw were he given a pencil or such as Ariel might paint were he given a palette. (Price, \$2.50). Then there is a charming book by Padriac Colum (price, \$2.00) called "The Children Who Followed the Piper," for which Dugald Walker has done the fantastic and whimsical illustrations. Of course you remember the Pied Piper and you have often wondered what became of the children who followed him. Padriac Colum tells you all about them—or as much as any mortal should

(Continued on page 44)



Keystone

SOLID FRENCH IVORY

Solves so Many Christmas Problems

A Keystone Mirror, a Keystone Hair Brush, Bonnet Brush, Clothes Brush or Nail Brush are excellent Christmas gift suggestions.

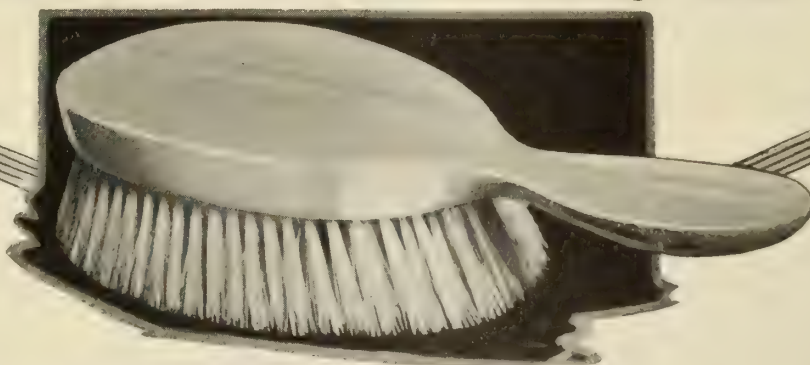
Keystone French Ivory Brushes and Mirror Backs are cut from solid blocks of the finest French ivory. "Solid" means much to you when you realize how many inferior brushes and mirrors

are filled with cement and other substances beneath a thin veneer.

Never choose a brush with dull white bristles if you expect real service. Keystone Brushes are filled with the highest grade long, stiff pure-white, glossy Russian bristles.

Insist upon seeing the Keystone imprint.

Stevens-Hepner Company, Limited, Port Elgin, Ontario



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Be Sure to USE

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Coughs and Colds

Sore Throat Hoarseness

At all druggists.

Agents Frank L. Benedict & Co., Montreal.

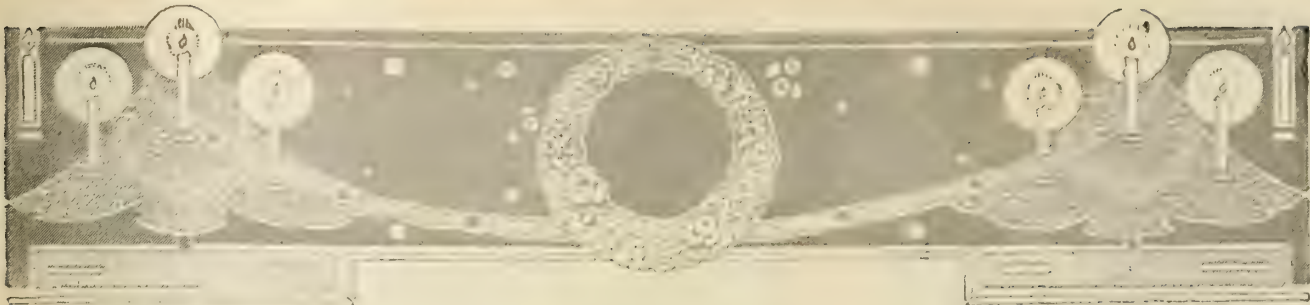
What Will To-Morrow's Weather Be?

A Wonderful Little Weather Prophet Tells You the Answer Today



A beautiful miniature house artistically decorated as illustration Size 8" x 5 1/4". Not a toy but a scientifically constructed instrument that works automatically. Will last for ever. The figures of the Little Swiss Peasant and his wife come out on the verandah to tell you the changes in the weather 8 to 24 hours in advance. It has a reliable thermometer attached. The regular price of this novel and useful little article in Canada is \$2.00 but for a short time only we will send it postage paid to any address on receipt of this ad. and only \$1.50—2 for \$2.50. Don't miss this chance. Send to-day.

Duplex Mfg. Co., Dept. H28, BARRIE - - - ONTARIO



CANDIES for CHRISTMAS

By Frances M. McNally

Chocolate Caramels:—Three cups sugar, one cup butter, one cup milk, one tablespoon corn syrup, one cup molasses, for squares chocolate, one teaspoon vanilla, one-half teaspoon lemon extract. Put the sugar, butter, milk, corn syrup, molasses and chocolate in sauce pan and boil, stirring constantly until 252 degrees Fahrenheit is reached. Add the extracts and pour into buttered tins. When cool cut into pieces with buttered scissors.

Candies with Special Texture Sea Foam:—Three cups light brown sugar, one cup water, one tablespoon vinegar whites of two eggs, one teaspoon vanilla



Marshmallows:—Two tablespoons granulated gelatine, one and one-quarter cups water, two cups granulated sugar, one teaspoon vanilla. Soak gelatine in one-half of the water for five minutes. Put the remaining water and the sugar in a sauce pan, bring to the boiling point and let boil until 230 degrees is reached (soft ball). Add soaked gelatine and let stand until luke warm. Add the flavouring and beat until mixture becomes white and thick. Pour into pans dusted with powdered sugar, having mixture at least one inch in thickness and let stand until thoroughly chilled. Turn out on a board, cut in squares and roll in powdered sugar, in cocoanut or in chopped nuts.

Divinity Candy:—Two cups sugar, one cup water, a speck of cream of tartar, one-third cup corn syrup, whites of three eggs, one teaspoon orange extract, one-half teaspoon rose, one-quarter teaspoon almond, one cup chopped nuts. Dissolve the sugar in the water, add cream of tartar and corn syrup, and boil to 240 degrees. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff and pour one-half of syrup over them beating constantly. Boil the remaining syrup to 250 degrees and beat it into the mixture. When it begins to stiffen add the extracts and the nuts and pour into buttered pans. When cool mark in squares.



one teaspoon rose extract, one cup nut meats. Put sugar, water, and vinegar in saucepan and heat gradually to boiling point, stirring only until sugar is dissolved. Boil until temperature of 250 degrees is reached (hard ball). Remove at once from fire and when syrup stops bubbling pour gradually on the stiffly beaten egg whites. Continue beating until the mixture will hold its shape, then add the extracts and nuts. Drop with teaspoon on oiled paper or buttered tins.

An Uncooked Candy, Parisian Sweets:—Two cups stoned dates, two cups seedless raisins, one cup preserved ginger, one-half cup figs, one cup candied cherries, one cup chopped walnuts, one cup Brazil nuts, one cup shredded cocoanut, one teaspoon vanilla, one teaspoon lemon juice, powdered sugar. Put fruits and nut meats through chopper twice, then add vanilla and lemon juice and knead in enough sugar to make very stiff. Roll out with rolling pin one inch in thickness and cut into any desired shapes and roll in colored sugar.



A CHRISTMAS GIFT That will be Appreciated Buckled up in a Second

Ankle Support Adjusted Without Unlacing. Large Eyelets. Easy to Lace



“Get the Hitch”



“\$60 more a month!”

“LAST night I came home with great news—a \$60 increase in salary! I took the money out of my pocket and asked Mary to count it. You should have seen her face light up when she found the extra \$60.00. I think she was even happier than I was, for it was the third increase in a year.

Today I am manager of my department—earning more money than I ever thought it would be possible for me to make. I owe it all to the training I received from the International Correspondence Schools. That little coupon was the means of changing my whole life.”

HOW much longer are you going to wait before taking the step that is bound to bring you more money? Isn't it better to start now than to wait for years and then realize what the delay has cost you? One hour each night spent with the I. C. S. in your own home will prepare you for the position you like better.

Do not let another priceless hour go to waste! Without cost or obligation, let us prove that we can help you. Mark and mail this coupon.

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If the name of the subjects in which you are interested is not listed above, kindly state your needs in a letter.



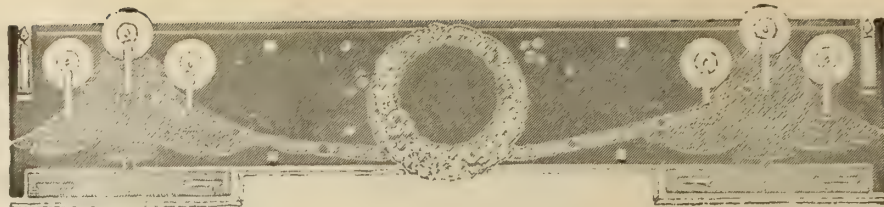
IF the old-fashioned custom of hanging the stocking brings her a box of the new fashioned "Pointeel" Hose, she'll be just delighted.

Don't disappoint her.
Make it a Merry Christmas with

Harvey POINTEEL Silk Hose

HARVEY Pointeel silk hose are supreme in Canada today. They fit, they wear and have the style that insures neatness and snugness of ankle. Only the finest of silk is used in Pointeel Hose and the patented "pointeel" reinforcement not only insures longer life but adds grace and style to the entire body of this well shaped hose. Insist upon Pointeel at your dealers, and if you cannot get them write us direct.

Made Only by HOSIERS LIMITED
Woodstock, Ont.



The Christmas Child

BY KATHERINE TYNAN

THE house is a big house in a great square. Shivering people passing by glance at its lit windows and envy the owners. There is little that money can give these two, the elderly man and woman sitting in the plainest room the house affords, each side a dying fire. The man's face is strongly marked and haggard, the woman's full of sadness but with a quiet and sweet strength redeeming its plainness. Oddly enough the thoughts of both are centring about the same thing, the cradle that once stood on the hearth between them when they were young and poor and exquisitely happy—long before the briefless barrister dreamt of being John Armytage, K.C., who might be a judge if he were willing to sacrifice his great position at the Bar.

Suddenly the man spoke.
"I had the delusion for a moment, Mary, that it was thirty years ago and you were stitching away at the little baby clothes for the boy."
"They are baby clothes," she said, "for the poor Christmas children."
"I envy you your faith and hope, Mary," he said. "If I could forget only for one moment the bitterness of having no child to work for! Piers should be here to help me. I dreamt last night again of my case-book, how it grew and grew until it shut out the sun and the stars. I shall have to give up I foresee; it is too much for me, and when I give up I shall begin to die. Piers would have helped me."

She glanced at him with great pity in her face, where peace brooded like a dove.

"Poor John!" she said softly.
"You forgive me, Mary, though it was I who drove him away by my pride

and harshness. I had no right to bind him by my ambitions. The girl was a lady and a good girl. It was I who was in the wrong."

He gulped something in his throat as he said it. He had never said so much before.

"Oh," she said with a gentle ardour, "there is nothing to forgive. There is only love between me and you."

"Not a grave," he said, "where once was a cradle?"

"Only love," she repeated.

"I think I will go to bed," he said.

"I am very tired."

A confused jangle of bells broke out in street and square. The woman lifted her face, and there was a light on it.

"The Christ-child has come home," she said, "though our son never may."

He came and kissed her and laid a weary face on her shoulder.

"Poor Mary!" he said. "You were made for motherhood; and I have robbed you of your son and your son's sons."

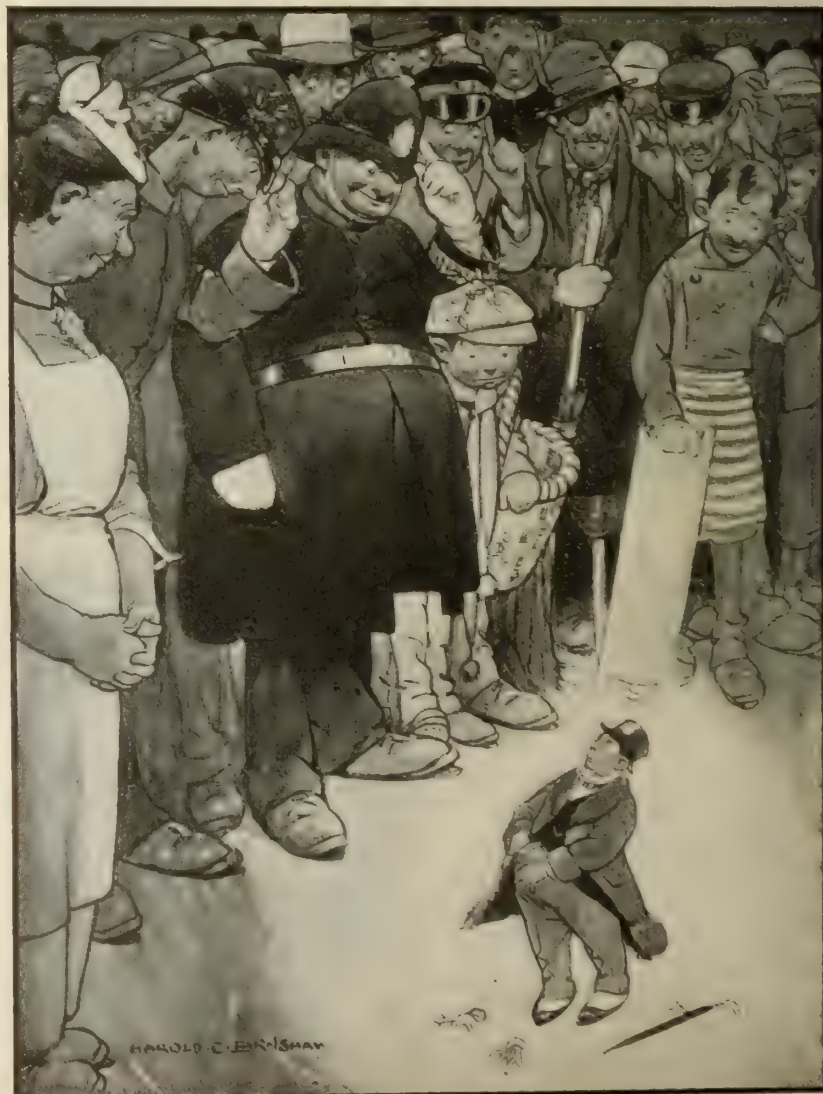
She lifted her hand for silence and listened. Someone was knocking at the great double doors of the house. The knocking came thunderously through the sweet jangle of bells.

"Who can it be," she said, "that knocks so late? Christmas Eve, too, when all the people are in bed or in the churches."

"It is news of some sort," he answered; his head lifted to listen.

The knocking had ceased now. They heard the slamming of the hall door through the silent house. There were footsteps on the heavily-carpeted stairs. They stood side by side, each mind full

(Continued on page 44)



Christmas Puzzle—Find Father



The Vanity Box

by
Prim Rose

CHRISTMAS time and the Vanity Box have ever so much to say to each other. In fact, Santa Claus has shown distinct "leanings" in the past few years towards the Vanity Box and all things pertaining thereto. If you wish to please the modern girl, something for the dressing table is almost sure to charm. If the object of your Christmas benefaction is collecting for a "set," be careful how you add hand mirror or brush to the dainty array, for she may have a decided preference in the matter of ivory, amber or silver. Don't have any engraving done until you discover Milady's taste in the matter. Indeed, it is better to leave the whole subject of engraving to the choice of the user of the dressing table. French ivory has been justly popular

a great variety, and we are sure you will be careful again in procuring just the kind which someone has been longing for. Then, there are combs to buy and we are glad the old-time gold-backed affair has disappeared, for it was expensive and usually loose in the teeth. At any rate, the teeth vanished with amazing rapidity and left the possessor to survey a thin rim of gold which was all that the comb had left. The combs of ivory are so delightfully clean in appearance that it is no wonder they have been a useful ornament to many a dressing table. Speaking of combs, you are aware of course, that the Spanish comb is the most fashionable adornment which the feminine head can have. [Such beautiful things they are, these Spanish affairs which "belong" with a large and sweeping fan. So, if you wish to bestow an especially welcome present, select a Spanish comb and be sincerely thanked.

Silver always holds its shining own at Christmas time. There are the prettiest trifles for the dressing table which display enamel lids in floral and landscape designs. Here you find a quaint silver box with lid looking as if it had just come from Holland, for there is the windmill, ancient and cumbrous, in blue on the small receptacle which just holds a tiny puff and a few flakes of powder.

If you are going to bestow a box of powder or a bottle of perfume, once more the warning is sounded:—do not get what will not be acceptable. There are few women who have not decided preferences in the matter of perfume, soap or powder—and it is too bad to send rose-scented sets of delightful toilet equipment to those who would prefer violet or verbenia. We used to be admonished not to send a gift of perfume or soap, as such might be considered too suggestive by the recipient. However, we have reached such a pitch of artistic excellence in the production of these articles that it is not considered any longer that a personal hint is conveyed by such a present.

There are most sumptuous boxes put up by many firms containing all these toilet requisites that we have mentioned, and the price of these dainty gifts is not alarming. Remember, too, that there are perfumes and soaps produced on this continent which are just as alluring as anything which Paris has sent us. The time is past when we rely on Europe for such dainty goods.

Towels also, have passed out of the region of gifts in doubtful taste. As soon as an article reaches a certain standard of fineness, it is no longer regarded as merely a necessity. Assuredly, the fringed or embroidered and monogrammed towel is dainty enough to be regarded as an elaborate little present. Be sure, in bestowing anything in the nature of linen, to be most particular in the matter of quality. It is better far to give one guest towel of an exquisite softness than to give a pair of the coarse variety. The extremely ordinary linen we may buy for ourselves, but the gift should have pleasing and lasting quality.

Then there are always dainty sachets to be made or bought. Last year there was a fashion for a whole cluster of small

(Continued on page 65)



A winter sweater of soft woollen yarn with tufted trimming

during the last few years, but, once more, let me say, consult the personal taste of the one who is to receive. There are so many pretty trinkets which belong to the dressing table that almost every purse is suited in the prices charged. There are wee French ivory vanity boxes, with a touch of forget-me-not or wild rose on the lid which cost less than two dollars. There are pretty glass salve jars with silver tops, which will hold just enough cold cream or the vanishing kind, to keep you fair and fresh to look upon as you depart for a fortnight's visit.

If you are buying a brush, be sure that the bristles are good and that you are purchasing a useful, as well as a sightly article. In brushes, there may be found



For Chapped Rough Skin

The skin must be protected from the winds of winter or it will grow rough and coarse. It is easy, however, to keep it soft, smooth and attractive if you will only give it the proper care each day.

Before you go out use Frostilla Fragrant Lotion on the face, hands, arms and neck. Apply it to the skin after every bathing of the hands and face to prevent chapping.

Frostilla Fragrant Lotion contains no oil or grease, therefore, it is not sticky or greasy. The fragrance is delightful, the perfumes of many rare flowers.

For sale everywhere—
Price 35 cents.

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Frostilla
FRAGRANT LOTION



IVORIS

The French Ivory Beautiful

For Christmas Gifts

SELECT for her Christmas gift "Ivoris"—The French Ivory Beautiful. One piece, or a group of pieces added to her collection will make this Christmas-tide a happy and memorable occasion.

To insure your choice matching perfectly her other pieces of "Ivoris", be sure that "Ivoris" is stamped on each piece that you buy.

There are electric boudoir lamps, jewel cases, mirrors, brushes, manure pieces—399 articles to choose from.

Ask your druggist or jeweler to show you "Ivoris"

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Look for this trade mark



Vanity Box Coupon

Should a reader desire to avail herself of any advice which might be given through this department, her inquiry, written on one side of the paper, should be accompanied by this coupon. In the case of desiring a private answer, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed.



A Distinctive Gift

When you give an Eveready Flashlight for Christmas, your gift is not only an extremely practical one—it is one which reflects good taste and discernment. The Eveready Flashlight is a possession of which anyone may be proud. Substantially made and handsomely finished, in a wide variety of pleasing designs, for every purpose, Eveready Flashlights will suitably fill up many of the blank spaces in your Christmas list.

The handy Eveready Spotlight with the 300 foot range is almost an essential to motorists and outdoor men generally, the many other tubular and pocket size Flashlights in the Eveready selection for mother, dad or the children. There's the right kind of an Eveready for everybody—at the right price.

Take your Christmas list to your nearest drug, electrical, hardware, auto supply or sporting goods store, and make your selection NOW, before the real rush commences.

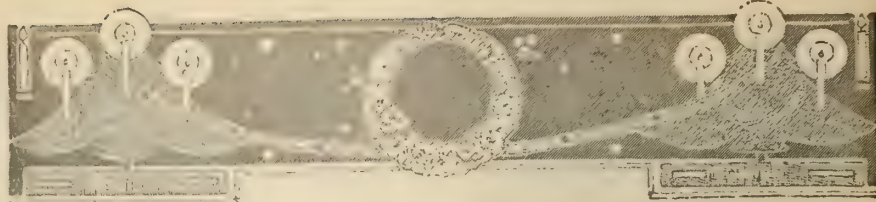
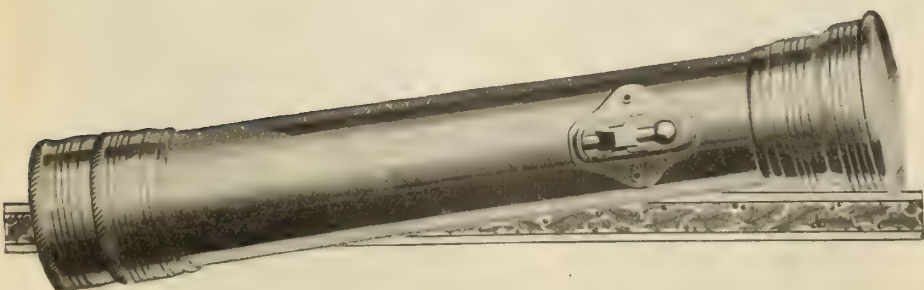
Canadian National Carbon Company Limited

MONTREAL

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WINNIPEG

**EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES**



The Book Corner

(Continued from page 40)

know. There is a third volume, so alluring that we wish to have it for a real bookshelf friend—and that is "Rainbow Gold," Poems Old and New, selected for Boys and Girls, by Sara Teasdale, with illustrations by Dugald Walker. Here, indeed, is treasure trove, which either old or young may find enriching. William Allingham is here, with his fairy dreams, and Tennyson tells of "The Lady of Shalott," Walter de la Mare discourses of "Berries," and John Keats sings of "Meg Merrilies." From "Kubla Khan" to "Auld Daddy Darkness," every poem is an old friend, to be enjoyed again, or a new one to rejoice over—and the youngster who does not like "Rainbow Gold" should be apprenticed to a plumber.

* * *

From Hodder and Stoughton come several publications of notable merit. Foremost of these is Leonard Merrick's "To Tell You the Truth," (\$1.75), a collection of such stories as seldom find their bright way to a dreary world. Read them all, from "Mademoiselle Ma Mere" to "Florimond and Frisonette," and you will find a new grace, pathos and gayety in life. There is another book by Margaret Pedler, who wrote, "The Moon Out of Reach." This novel, "The Vision of Desire," (\$1.75) has a couplet from Omar Khayyam for a beginning and the conventional happy ending of a course of greatly-troubled true love. Then we have a novel by Frederick Bending, "The Shadow's Edge," (\$1.75) which brings a hero of the Mounted Police into the foreground once more with a heroine of the name of Joyce Chetwood, who has more than her share of adventures before she finds out who she really is. This is a typical romance of the remote north. Anne Elizabeth Wilson, of the Hodder, Stoughton staff has compiled, in "Canadian Treasury Reciter," a highly useful little book (price, 30 cents), which will be appreciated in many a community.

* * *

"The Turned-About Girls," by Beulah Marie Dix, (price, \$2.00), is published by the Macmillan Company, Toronto and is a delightful story of two young girls who "change places" and have a most interesting time puzzling their respective relatives.

* * *

"Out For Character," (published by the Ryerson Press, Toronto, price, \$1.00), is a discourse in twenty-six chapters by various writers, on the incalculable importance of self-control in building up a strong and clean manhood. The book is a wholesome and appealing study of those elements which make for estimable character.

* * *

"Verse and Reverse" is a compilation by the Toronto Women's Press Club of poems written by the members of that organization, and shows that even in a city which, according to Mr. Kipling, is consumingly commercial, the Muse is not without honor. From the many verses, we choose two stanzas from "The Christmas Guest," by Lilian Leveridge as suited to the Yuletide spirit.

"Sing the songs he loved the best—
Songs of mirth and joy—
Ere upon his hero-quest,
Seeking service, finding rest,
Went our blithe bright boy.

Put a flower at his place—
He will understand.

In its sweetness love may trace
Visions of a vanished face,
Touch a vanished hand."

Those who like color will delight in Helen Merrill Egerton's "English Mari-golds", and will wish that Mrs. Egerton would write more frequently. Louise Mason has a gallant snatch of song in "The Jester's Creed." Frances Williamson's "The Guest" is truly a magic cry of welcome, and L. M. Montgomery sings a merry "Spring Song." This booklet, daintily bound in powder blue, may be obtained from Miss C. M. Storey, 71 Richmond St., W., Toronto.

Musical Christmas Gifts

(Continued from page 39)

afford it. With the widespread growth of new methods of interesting children in music by musical play and games, I expect to see important developments in the direction of creating really musical toys instead of purely noise-making affairs. Such developments are yet in their pioneer stage and hardly well enough advanced for discussion. But taking the subject of Christmas gifts as a whole, I think that it must be quite plain to every one, that musical merchandise offers countless solutions of the problem, "What shall I give for Christmas?"

The Christmas Child

(Continued from page 42)

of the same thought, tense with expectation.

The door opened and a servant, huddled into his clothes, appeared.

"A gentleman to see you, sir," he said; and went off yawning.

Mrs. Armitage said afterwards that if it had not been Piers who came the shock would have killed her; she had made so sure. A tall man, wrapped in a heavy cloak, pale and travel-worn; was it Piers? "Mother," he said. "Father, we have come home."

Before either of them could touch him he had to relieve himself of his burden, a young child of about three years old, golden-haired, and smiling in his sleep.

"This is your grandson, mother," he said, laying the child in her arms. He was beautiful and plump as a little Christ-child of Murillo.

"He is your namesake, father," he said. "There are only the two of us now."

The two men shook hands with the air of men in a dream.

"Oh!" cried Mary Armitage, with the feel of the child between her arms and her breast. "Christmas has brought the child."

Sir Ernest Shackleton was a wonderfully modest man, and it was hard to realise while with him, until one got to speak about his exploits, that he was one of the biggest explorers of the generation. He was quite unlike another explorer who never lost an opportunity of telling you what he had done.

"I've been to places so cold," the boastful explorer once observed, "that you literally couldn't feel your hands and feet. One had to *think*, to prevent one's mind from turning into a block of ice. The breath nearly froze as it came out of the mouth. And, if I had the chance, I'd go to those regions again to-morrow."

"Well," chipped in one of his hearers, not to be beaten, "I take a cold bath every morning!"



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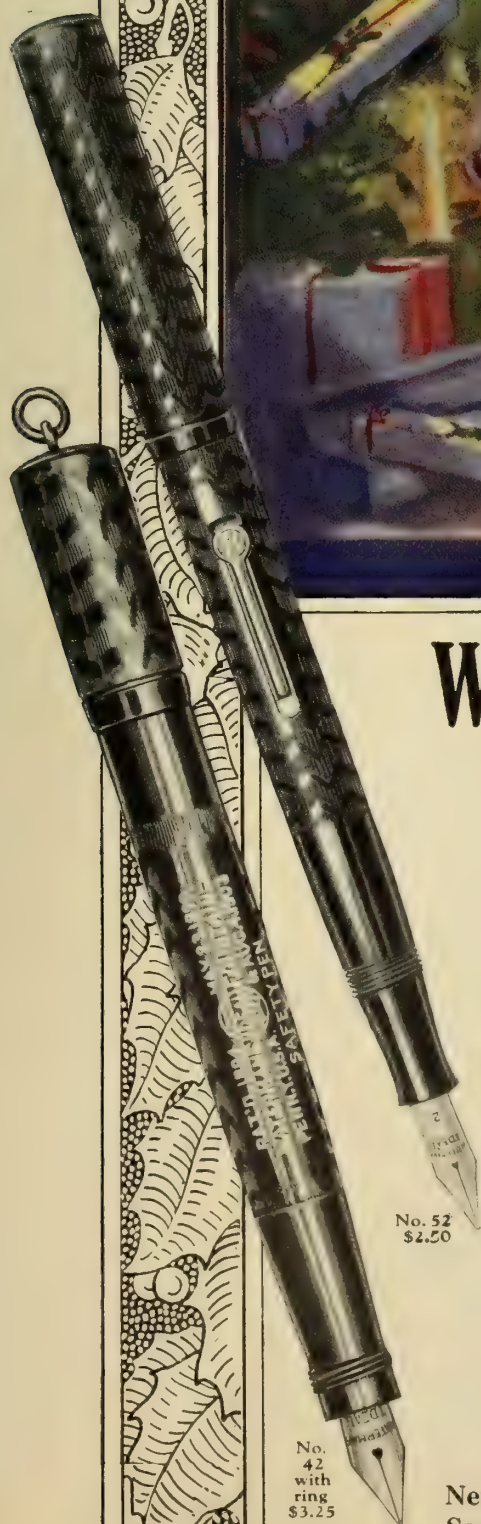
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The Royal Electric Cleaner possesses the following superior features:

1. It is the easiest to operate.
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3. It is the most sanitary to use.
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6. It gives the most service per dollar of cost.

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Your copy of the interesting book, "The Modern Method of Cleaning," is ready. Tells how to clean rugs, carpets, hangings, ceilings, concrete floors, etc. Just write, "Send Booklet"—copy will be sent free.



OF COURSE, mother thinks it's just a childish prank—but watch her smile when the real reason for all the significant glances and mysterious whisperings of the past few days stands revealed!

Weeks before the big day arrived a host of things large and small were discussed and eliminated one by one. For, this year, it had to be a really worth-while gift—something that mother would be proud to show her friends.

A Royal Electric Cleaner was dad's happy solution of the problem.

Did mother really want her Royal? Well, rather! Secretly she had studied the superior features of the Royal—it was just the cleaner she had always *hoped* to find—but she had hardly dared expect that one would be *really* hers so soon. Yet there it was, thanks to dad's and the children's thoughtfulness,—ready at her bidding to make housecleaning easier for her through all the days to come.

Perhaps a Royal would also be a happy solution to *your* Christmas gift problem. The nearest Royal Dealer will be glad to give you complete information and demonstrate the Royal's superior cleaning ability — without obligating you in any way.

Telephone or call upon him, or write us for his address.

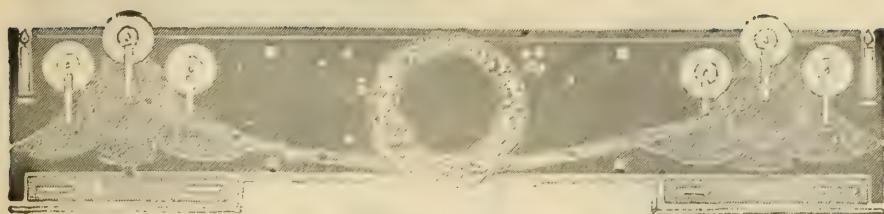
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When Santa Claus Cleans House

BY A. YULE LOG

IT was two or three nights before Christmas and Santa Claus was taking a kind of reconnoitre trip before he started out with those huge bales of toys for the twenty-fourth of December. He was in a practical mood for the jovial old saint; and he paused to look around at the clear, star-spangled sky before he took a slide down the chimney. "Nice clean sky," he murmured into his snowy beard. "Boreas swept it clear with that little flurry this afternoon."

It was a pleasant living-room into which Santa Claus dropped, with magazines and papers scattered about, as if the members of the family had been enjoying a quiet evening. There were stray bits of chiffon and silk, too, which looked like fragments from a bag or a leftover from a dainty thing in lingerie. With the deftest moves for such a plump old gentleman, Santa Claus swept some of the furniture aside and surveyed the room. "Just a touch-up will be appreciated here," he mused. He took out a shining key, noiselessly inserted it into the padlock on his pack and proceeded to take out something which looked a little like a sweeper in the dim light, but which moved faster than any old-time dust chaser ever dreamed of doing. "Now," said Santa Claus to himself, "if Morpheus will only keep the family asleep, I'll have the place looking like a new pin in no time."

Such a busy hour as Santa Claus spent in that house, while there came a low wail from the shining servant which was doing his bidding so deftly. Santa paused several times, for fear of waking the youngsters, and having them see the present for the housewife in an untimely hour. But the sleep in the House with Red Gables was sound that night, for everyone was tired with the first weariness of "getting ready for the Great Day." Bobby heard the noise in his sleep and dreamed that an aeroplane was sailing to him as a gift across the Christmas sky. Mother and Daddie were asleep too soundly to care for an after-midnight guest; and so Santa Claus worked on, enjoying every minute of his house-cleaning, until he had a whole bag of dust, to show how thoroughly he was cleaning. Walls, pictures, rugs and floors had received a magic touch and, behold, everything looked like new.

The good old saint appeared pleased with the results of a December house-cleaning and proceeded to talk to the Sandy Cat which had strayed from its box in the kitchen and had found a comfortable resting-place on the mat before the fire-place. "Curious," he said, "how long it took the world to find out just what would suit the housewife! I have been travelling across the sky for centuries and yet it did not enter the head of mankind to create what would make the home an easier place to live in. There was all manner of good cheer—which, of course, meant more work for someone; but there was very little thought of a gift which would mean a magical lightening of woman's work. I have brought new gowns and hats and sometimes a wonderful fur coat. Jewels there have been in a shining array—brighter than your eyes"—the Sandy Cat blinked at this and rolled over on the rug to yawn—but hardly ever has there been a thought for the work done by the women and how to make it lighter. For the last twenty years, though, curious things have been appearing in my pack—things with light inside of them and things which shed a wonderful glow when once they were attached to certain strange buttons and plaques on earth. From far places of the world, they have brought the force which the Greeks named for 'amber' and which has kept the old name of electricity.

The force began by lighting the streets and the houses and the churches and then it was trained until it would do almost anything. It will now light a tiny torch that you may carry in your hand to the cellar, or that you may turn on in the night to see whether all is well with the household." The Sandy Cat sat up and, in the dim light, his eyes looked like the gleam of an electric torch—only greener.

"Then," continued Santa Claus, "I was sent on all manner of strange errands with these affairs made from the force which the Greeks called 'amber.' I found my way into the kitchen and there I left an iron which turned the old-time drudgery into nothing but a picnic, with an electric friend to be used whenever the housewife chose. Then, one day, the wise ones who deal with the force thought that it was time to set the washing machine a-going and take the burden off poor old Monday. Of course, this made more work for me and I have been over-worked the last two or three years by the number of these imposing machines which I have carried to ever so many homes. They have meant gratitude unspeakable from the mother of the family who has seen the toils of years suddenly lightened and the little electric button turning on a domestic helper. Then I have found a further use which electric force is making—which simply goes all over the house, into every hole and corner, takes the dust out of rugs and chairs and curtains until there isn't a spot in the house which the Dust Demon may call his own."

The Sandy Cat here dug his forefeet into the rug in a positively vicious way, and Santa Claus threw a snowball at his ears. "Well, I must be going soon," said the Christmas saint, as he prepared to put that vacuum cleaner back in his pack. "However," he continued, "I thought I would just give this thing a trial myself to see how it worked. It is really all the women say, but I won't leave this to-night. I'll be calling again, in a few nights, and, I'll tell you what, I'll bring the very latest thing then and leave it with the attachments that will keep the housewife busy for a week. It is queer that it is only since the twentieth century began to spin around, that I have been bringing these delightful presents to brighten the eyes of the housewife and make the whole house sit up and look cleaner than it ever did before. It takes quite a while to wake the world up to what is most needed, but every home will soon have the proper cleaner now. It is just necessary for one woman to see another using the 'vacuum,' to make her realize that happiness will be incomplete till she has a little cleaner of her own."

The Sandy Cat made a dash for the bag and was almost padlocked in, before Santa had grasped his intentions. "No, you don't," he said firmly. "You have a very good home where you are and I am not going to take you where you may not be wanted. Now, that I have gone over everything, to show you how a vacuum cleaner works, I hope you will appreciate the importance of living in a household where things are cleaned in the proper way."

So, the Sandy Cat subsided on the rug, to dream of the fattest mouse that ever ran out of a pantry; and, when the family came down in the morning, everyone said: "Why, how bright it all looks!" And the mother of the family sighed and said: "I don't believe I'll have to clean this rug to-day after all. Dear me, I wish we had a vacuum cleaner!" But the Sandy Cat just opened his eyes and blinked at the husband, who was regarding the rug with a very Christmassy smile on his face.

A happy thought



for Christmas giving

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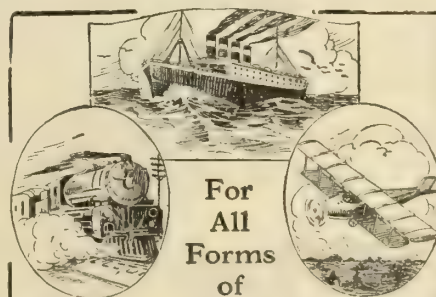
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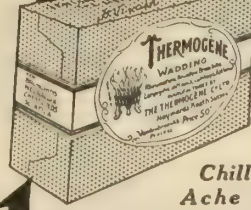
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The Unexpected

(Continued from page 24)

"Well!" she began, with feminine readiness, "Four years ago, before we were married, we lived near Ottawa, and one night Jim drove me to a concert in the city. On the way home, we talked of 'Two Scotch Courtships' and the conversation led to a proposal. So we said then, that if you ever came near our home, we were going to entertain you."

"And they lived happily ever afterwards," I quoted, feeling like a beneficent matrimonial bureau.

Many years after, at a concert in Hamilton, my friends came to greet me: "You don't remember me?" said the lady.

"Don't I? How's the Apple-blossom baby?"

"He has just passed his Entrance Examination into High School," said the mother of the baby, rather regretfully.

And so, the serial stories add their chapters, one by one, and I go on rejoicing that so many individuals and households and audiences have enlarged the circumference of my world; and grateful that so many of the human family have been willing to share with me the humor, the beauty, the joys and the comforts of life.

Mrs. Villier's Forerunner

(Continued from page 20)

to have married a relation of yours, Tom, dear.

The two stood looking tenderly down upon the fair young face, both hearts stirred by the pitiful story of that long dead romance.

"Poor old Uncle Thomas," murmured Tom, lifting his eyes from the miniature to the lovely face of his young wife.

"You don't need to pity your Uncle Thomas," came a sharp voice from the bed, "he was well looked after."

"Yes, sure," hastily agreed Tom, "you waited on him hand and foot. One would hear that big cane knocking if you were out of sight for a minute."

"A bad sprain" announced the Doctor, coming down to meet Tom and his wife in the hall, "She has a good nurse and in a—the sentence was cut short by the wild uproar created by Wong."

"Bustee! Bustee! Comee cellar! Heem no good!" shouted Wong whirling into the hall, his slippers flip-flapping an accompaniment to his repeated "Bustee, bustee!"

The trouble was not in the furnace but in the store room. The heavy wooden cork had blown out of a big jug of yeast, and had hit the ceiling with force, for yeast had been liberally splattered overhead, and the lively contents of the jug were smeared over shelves and floor.

"That cork hitting the ceiling was the knock that Agnes and I heard," declared Mrs. Villier, as Tom finished his account of the happening.

"Of course it was, and it will make Agnes McGee's Christmas a lot happier to know it. Won't you 'phone her right away, Anna, and tell me what she says."

"She said—'Thank God'—in a voice that nearly split my ear."

"It has been a lovely Christmas," murmured Mrs. Villier. "George and his wife were just as nice and friendly as they could be when they came to see me, and as for the young folks, they couldn't be nicer. I'm glad that I told Ethel Maud she could have that navy blue and gold and red china, Crown Derby, she calls it. I never thought it any great shakes. When I get able I'll go into Victoria and buy myself a pretty pink flowered tea set, and some nice new wicker furniture that won't have to be polished and everlastingly watched for scratches. Tom and Anna can have their choice of the mahogany, and there is plenty of silver for us all, but the clock stays here while I live. It is like an old friend, and I can hear it tick-tocking, tick-tocking and saying to me,—No forerunner, no forerunner. All's well, all's well."

M

A



admires beauty—
esteems efficiency—
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All of these things you can give him
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beauty and value to convey your sentiment—

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75% more of it than was offered by the
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real every-day usefulness—lifetime service—
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This Christmas



Smart Top Coats and Street Suits Cut on Straight Simple Lines

1271—Ladies' Wrap. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 48 inches. Size 36 requires 4 yards 54-inch duvetyn—4½ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining—5⅛ yard 36-inch extra lining for foundation back. The front of the wrap is in one piece, the back gore gathered at the upper edge and attached to a long-waisted foundation. The back of the wrap, which is gathered at upper and lower edges, falls in blouse effect over the back gore and at the sides.

1378—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Length at center-back 48 inches. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 54-inch polo cloth—4 yards 36-inch printed silk for lining. The raglan sleeves are finished with straight turn-back cuffs. Smaller pockets are applied on the large patch pockets.



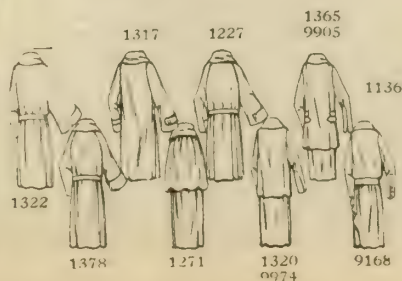
Coat 1378



Wrap 1271

Jacket 1320
Skirt 9974

1320—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 32½ inches. No. 9974—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The suit in medium size requires 5⅞ yards 36-inch velvet—2⅜ yards 9-inch fur banding—2¼ yards 36-inch silk for lining jacket. The jacket is fastened at the neck by link buttons. Fur trims the collar, flowing sleeves, and pockets. The skirt is gathered at the top and closed at the left side seam.

Jacket 1365
Skirt 9905

1365—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Length at center-back 38 inches. No. 9905—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The suit in medium size requires 4¼ yards 54-inch velours—¼ yard 54-inch fur cloth for collar and cuffs—3½ yards 36-inch pussy willow taffeta for lining jacket.

1136—Ladies' Long-waisted Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9168—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. The suit in medium size requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe for jacket and facing tunic—5 yards 40-inch black Canton crêpe for skirt—2 yards 36-inch satin for lining jacket. Braiding, in design 12663, forms an all-over effect on the jacket and may be carried out in soutache braid stitched with tiny running stitches.

Jacket 1136
Skirt 9168
Braiding 12663

NOW that we are dowered with the franchise, that we call spades spades and discuss the price of food and clothing in season and out with impunity, let us go a step further and give sensible gifts to our friends this Christmas. Please don't mistake my meaning and think I'm advising prosaic gifts. Heaven forbid! Gifts can be eminently sensible and yet not in the least prosaic. For instance, if Daughter who has a saddle horse should covet a riding habit, and Father decided to give her one for a Christmas gift, that would be a sensible thing to do and not in any sense prosaic.

Gifts We Might Give---Or Receive

BY CHARLOTTE M. STOREY

evening wear. For day time silk and wool mixtures are new and well liked by the discriminating person.

Gloves have always been a favored gift and one can never have too many pairs; so, when all else fails, a pair are sure to please, especially with gauntlet tops with contrasting trimmings, or a pair of those splendid wash cape gloves which are so nice for street wear, in cold

they'd like white gloves or lovat stockings, or a bead purse or perhaps a pretty bead necklace. Often they're not half as sensible under the skin.

Women who are "handy with their needle" rarely get gifts of needlework. Very often they give away all they make and have none of the pretty little gim-cracks that are dear to almost every woman's heart and which would be prized as a gift—a handkerchief with a tatted edge, a camisole with a crocheted top, a knitted bag with crocheted flowers on it. The average woman—when clothes are under consideration women are very much on an average—will rejoice in a blouse now that we have found out that we cannot dispense with this very useful article of apparel. The only formality required is to find out whether the recipient would prefer a tailored crepe de Chine for a sports suit or a jacquette made of velvet, klo-ka or quilted satin, or a dressy model of Canton crepe and radium lace of the over-blouse persuasion.

As I walked up the street this afternoon looking in the shop windows—window-shopping it is called—I came to the conclusion that this article would fall short of its mark unless it contained some reference to shoes which were displayed in such array that even a Prince might be able to select a pair for a Princess.

It will be joyful news to those who do not like the very flat heels to know that they are passe except for youth. We all admit readily enough that flat heels look well, but what anguish they cause when one has been used to wearing moderately

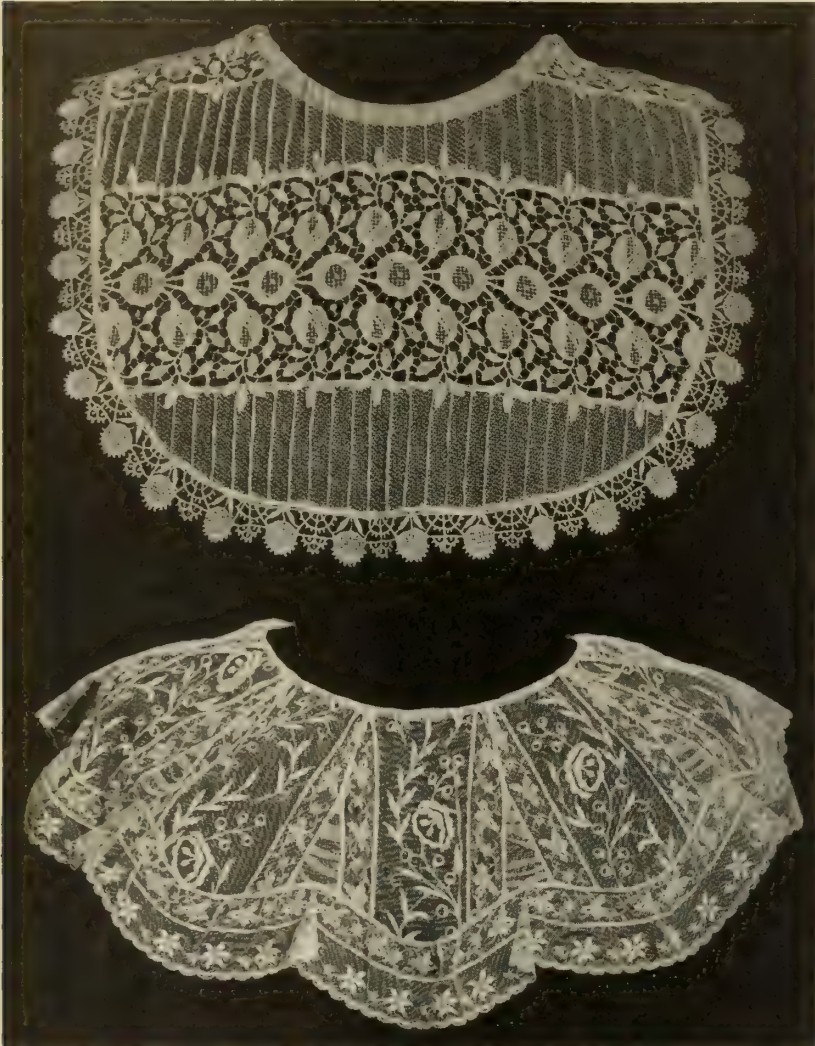
high ones! We shall ambulate much more comfortably in the present styles which are about an inch and a half even for every-day wear than in those with the unsophisticated heels.

Nearly all the shoes one sees in the windows now, seem to have a Christmas-present look—black with red leather trimmings for the young girl who wears a "Regulation" suit to school; patent leather pumps with colored stitching and infantile straps; black or brown suede pumps with fringed tongue; black satin with rhinestone buckles, dance slippers of silver or gold—they all seem to invite one to come in and take them away to be rolled in tissue paper and tied with red ribbon with a sprig of holly.

A favorite section of any women's wear store at Christmas is the lingerie department. There one finds netheralls and kick-ins, a kind of triple alliance combining skirt and camisole or brassiere and an undergarment, or the more simple two-piece suits of crepe de Chine in delicate pink or orchid, lace and ribbon trimmed, with a delicate touch of hand embroidery, a costume slip, negligee garters, garters with a tiny purse or vanity pouchette concealed under the shirred ribbon casing, boudoir caps and dainty nun's veiling gowns—white embroidered in pink and a draw string at the waist, but see them for yourself!

A very acceptable gift to one who has a jacquette would be one of the new pleated silk or satin skirts hung on a sleeveless waist designed to go with this kind of a blouse. The thing that will please any young girl who goes to parties would be one of those fillets made of tinsel leaves in dainty flower colors like the pink of a rose, the blue of a forget-me-not or the yellow of a marigold. There are also coral colored galalith back combs, large jet ones and tortoise shell for the

(Continued on Page 51)



Berthas of filmy beauty

It used to be a very delicate matter to give a gift of clothing to any but a relative or a very intimate friend; but with our modern endowments and ideals it is considered in just as good taste to give something that is obviously needed—or at least desired—as to ransack the stores to find something of doubtful desirability.

I remember once hearing a friend say that her uncle had given her two pairs of silk stockings and how rather shocked some of her friends were. But that was when silk stockings were much less common than they are now, and when to have even one pair was to be distinguished. Now-a-days the gift of a pair of silk stockings is very acceptable no matter from whom they come—at least one woman may give another silk hosiery feeling sure the gift will be acceptable. Indeed, if a story that was current at the close of the war be true, silk stockings are a royal gift. The story goes that the heir to Britain's throne was in France and was going home to England for Christmas. He was puzzled to know what to give the Princess Mary for a present. He was rather chummy with a Canadian officer and the two tried to think of a suitable gift, with but little success. Finally the Prince exclaimed: "I have it, I'll take her a pair of silk stockings. Mother hasn't let her have a pair since before the war." The story is told but not vouched for by the writer.

If the hose one selects are to go with an evening gown and one is not sure of getting a perfect match, better buy white ones and they can be dyed the right shade. Lace inserts on the instep, also embroidered insteps are nice for

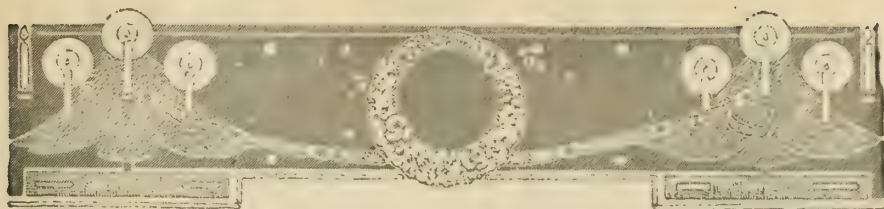
weather. Heavy fabric gloves have gauntlet or long cuffs and are also trimmed with contrasting colors. Long white kid gloves make a most acceptable gift to her who has use for them, and most young girls have at some time or other.

There's all kinds of scope for one's originality in planning Christmas gifts, and a friend of mine has decided upon something which I'm sure is quite original—at any rate it hasn't been done very often before. There is a household containing an old-fashioned sized family—a baker's dozen plus Mother and Dad, to whom my friend always plays Santa Claus. Thinking up something different for each one is quite a contract, so this year she got a bolt of pink flannelette and she's going to make nighties and pyjamas and myjamas for every one of them. Fancy the fun there'll be when they open up the parcels on Christmas morning; even Dad'll have his pink flannelette. "Gee, Mother, me too. Well what d'ye know about that?" he'll say most likely, and down deep in her heart mother'll be glad that Dad wasn't left out because planning sleeping garments for such a household must be something of a problem and one that it's nice to have someone settle for you. I hope they don't see this for it's to be a great surprise.

There are some people to whom we give doubtful praise when we say they are so reliable and sensible. To these people we always give something pitifully sensible and reliable, when dollars to doughnuts, they are longing for something a bit frivolous or at least a little bit sentimental. If we give them gloves or hosiery we get black, when perhaps



Bridal Set in Pussy Willow Crepe Satin



Gifts We Might Give---Or Receive

(Continued from Page 50)

older person and bracelets, pins and necklaces without number offering a selection for old or young; grave or gay. Some of the crystal beads have a facet like a diamond and amber is the fashionable color this year just as green was a season or two. Narrow moire ribbon is used for fancy beads which are grouped and fine cord is used for glass and composition pendants. In selecting gifts, one should not overlook the bag department. It is here you can find gifts at all prices and for all tastes from that of Sally in our Alley to the Princess to whom we seem to be harking back quite frequently tonight.

There's a pretty little new purse called the golf purse made of either leather or

New York merchant has sold some very beautiful ones to some of his exclusive customers lately.

ABOUT THE BELROBE

Dressmaking consists of four things: (1) Cutting. The Belrobe Method shows a woman exactly how to lay each piece of her particular pattern on the particular width of suitable material which she wishes to purchase. The specific information (not general or average) all told in pictures. (2) Seaming. Showing in progressive pictures exactly how the pieces go together for each specific garment for which the Belrobe Method is individually created. (3) Fitting. The Belrobe Method gives simple guidance



Here are shown the latest designs in necklaces, ornaments to catch the side drape and on the right (bottom) a dainty golf purse

moire silk designed for the woman golfer to carry small change in for the caddy. It is moderate in price and is suspended from a fine cord which is tied in a loop large enough for the hand to slip through. Girls like beauty boxes and the bag departments have many varieties while those of more mature years like the English bag made of soft leather which is commodious and yet not clumsy and always looks smart. This is what the well-groomed English woman delights in carrying on her shopping expeditions.

One might write of the pretty fur hats which the milliners are beginning to show to wear with fur coats; one might also mention certain luxurious fur coats but these are things that naturally suggest themselves to those who are in a position to buy them for some member of the family needing or wanting one, so that it is superfluous to mention them, but you may be interested in something I heard to-day about muffs. A Fifth Avenue,

on necessary adjustments, showing when and where fitting is to be done. The Belrobe makes the work easy. (4) Finishing. (And this is the most important of all), the Belrobe Method shows a woman the fine points of finishing each separate garment.

The other pattern companies have made one and only one layout heretofore to answer for each pattern, without variation for size and with one width of material only. You will please bear in mind especially that each individual pattern has a special picture story for that one pattern, in each size, and that the user is shown how to lay her pattern for all suitable widths to cut without waste and "with the grain" of the cloth. And as for the putting-together section and the directions for fitting and for finishing, nothing ever done has even approached these valuable features of the Belrobe Method. The Belrobe is included only with Standard-Designer Patterns.

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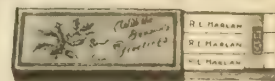
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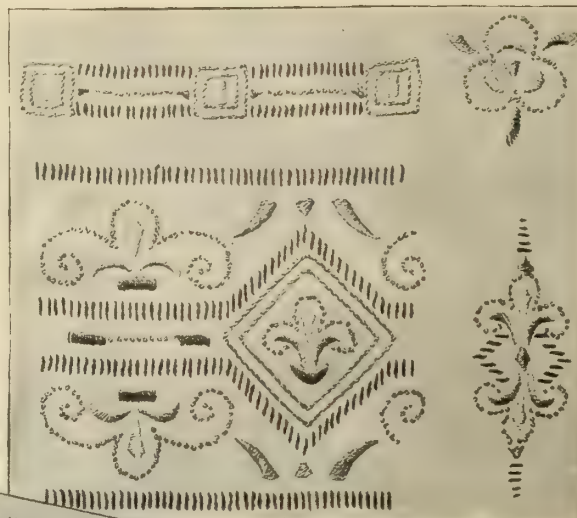


No. 12700—To Bring Joy to Baby

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12700, blue, 15 cents (9d), furnishes a design for a rag doll in the shape of a clown which measures 9 by 16½ inches. The outer covering may be made of white linen or gingham.



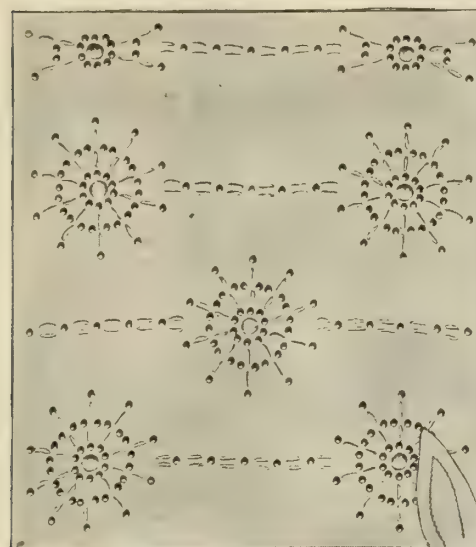
No. 12698—Stuffed Animal



No. 12718—Attractive Dress Design

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12718, blue or yellow, 30 cents (1/6), contains 2 borders and 3 motifs which may be worked in silk or beads. There are 4 yards of a 1½-inch border, 2 yards of a 10-inch border, 6 transfers of the small motif and 2 transfers of the large one. The third motif is not illustrated.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12716, blue or yellow, 35 cents (1/6), furnishes 2 borders and 2 motifs of conventional flower designs, 2 yards of a 5-inch border, 4 yards of 1½-inch border, and 4 of each of the 2 motifs.



No. 12747—Shows the Charm of Bead Embroidery

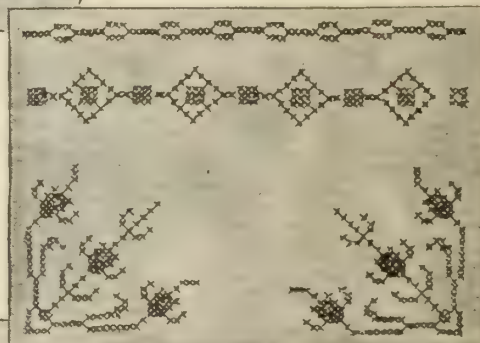
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12747, blue or yellow, 40 cents (2/-). Two borders are contained in the pattern. There are 2½ yards of a 12-inch border, and 5 yards of a 1¼-inch border, both of which are appropriate for beading. The small circles may be worked with the small round beads, and the lines in bugle beads. Floss may also be used to work this design—the small circles being worked in French knots and the lines in running stitches.



No. 12716



No. 12698—Stuffed Animal



No. 12746

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12746, blue or yellow, 40 cents (2/-), furnishes cross-stitch design. Eight yards each of the 1½- and ½-inch borders, together with eight 5-inch motifs are contained in the pattern. The crosses in this design are large and easily worked. Six strand cotton is used. The design may trim either grown-ups or children's wearing apparel.



No. 12684—Stories Told in Applique for the Child's Dress

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12684, blue or yellow, 25 cents (1/3), provides 2 of the designs illustrated above which may trim charming clothes for the kiddies. Several of the designs are also adaptable for the plain embroidery stitches as well as applique.

How We Made \$200⁰⁰ Extra in Four Months — Right at Home

Mrs. A. A. Clark's record of success with her auto Knitter is so remarkable that we have asked her to tell about it in her own words, for the help and inspiration of Auto Knitter workers everywhere. Few owners of Auto Knitter machines can give the time and effort needed to make such unusual earnings, but men and women all over the country constantly add many dollars to their incomes every month—in spare hours only. Wouldn't even \$5.00 a week extra be welcome to YOU? Then find out how Auto Knitter Workers make money—under our "Guaranteed Wage Plan."

By Mrs A. A. Clark

When one reaches the position where it seems as though everything is a rank failure, it is indeed a grand, glorious feeling to finally grasp a real opportunity and realize that you have at last "made good." That has been our experience with the Auto Knitter.

Three years ago, filled with high hopes and having a reasonable amount of capital, my husband and I started to farm a rented quarter, fully prepared to make a fortune. Well, we did—for the other fellow. First year—dried out. Second year—good crop but no price for grain, and to make matters worse we had gone heavily in debt for feed for the stock through the long hard winter that intervened.

Meanwhile, I had been trying to find some means of helping out the situation. Finally, I read about the plan for earning money at home by knitting socks on the Auto Knitter, and what was of even greater interest, the offer to take and pay for all the standard socks I could make.

I told my husband about it but he was not as much interested as I was. He said there was sure to be some string to it somewhere and he would have nothing to do with it. Well, the summer went by without much improvement in our affairs. I had been keeping in touch with the Auto Knitter people, however, and when I talked it over with my husband once more he finally decided that we had better try it. Just as soon as he could get his wages drawn up he sent the order for the machine.

The machine arrived and he unpacked it for me, and I noticed as soon as he got a good look at it that he seemed more favorably impressed. "If it works as well as it looks, it is O.K.," he said, and was quite anxious to see it going. I took my time and made sure of each move and very soon I could make socks quite easily. When the yarn we had coming arrived I was ready to do real work. As soon as I had half a dozen pairs of socks made, my husband took them to town and sold them all in less than one hour for \$1.00 per pair.

We had planned to send the whole output to the company, but when we saw what a good article the machine could produce and how readily they sold, we changed our plans and decided to build up a good local trade. We sold six dozen pairs to local stores easily, getting \$9.00 per dozen for them. After moving into town we put an ad. in the local paper, describing our product and also offering to knit for patrons from their own yarn.

We soon had so many orders that we were

compelled to use the best yarn we could get locally, as the distance from Toronto made too long a wait and we were anxious to build up a reputation for our work in anticipation of another year, when we could start early in the season.

In all we have made, as near as we can check up, over \$200.00 this last winter.

After seeing what the Auto Knitter could do, we got another machine, so we now keep one on standard work and use the other on orders for boys' and girls' stockings and odd size orders. Next fall we intend to hire a girl to do the housework and we will stock up with good yarn early in the season and make a regular business of it. We believe our experience this season justifies our expectations.

Outside of the few odd jobs my husband got to do this winter, our two machines have paid our rent, our living, and also reduced our obligations by \$80.00, and we consider that good when we have had them such a short time—approximately four months.

With a more definite idea of how to go about it, as well as fuller knowledge of and faith in our equipment, we have every reason to hope for a much better showing next year. A very conservative estimate will give us \$250.00 for this year's work, getting off to a poor start at that. We plan on \$750.00 next year and will start the ball rolling by exhibiting our goods at the local fair within easy reach of us, and by using the local newspaper columns.

When I compare my husband's present cheerful optimism with his depression of four months ago I am fully convinced that the age of miracles is not passed.

Mrs. A. A. Clark, Alberta.

Why Not Let the Auto Knitter Help YOU?

As soon as you have an Auto Knitter in your home, and have become proficient in using it, you will have a means of solving your extra-money problem. This is the way:

The Auto Knitter enables you to make all-wool socks that find a ready sale everywhere. You knit these socks, following standard directions furnished with your machine, but you do not have to sell them yourself unless you wish. Not at all!

Simply send the finished socks to us in Toronto, in large or small shipments, as you find convenient. By return mail you receive a money order in payment of your wages for making the socks, at a fixed rate per dozen pairs, and also the same weight of new yarn that you used in knitting the hosiery sent to us. The yarn remains your property and is constantly replaced.

Not a Promise but a Contract

To every owner of an Auto Knitter we give a signed "Work Contract" which obligates us to carry out our part of the agreement for five years, when-



MRS. A. A. CLARK

ever you wish to take advantage of it. Some Auto Knitter workers have been sending us their entire output for several years.

But on the other hand, you are not bound by the terms of the Work Contract to send socks to us at all, unless you wish. You may dispose of them to private trade—just as Mrs. Clark does, but the company is bound to accept and pay for all the standard socks you do send them—whether the amount be large or small.

A Wonderful Work Record Less Than 5% Rejections

The Auto Knitter is for workers—for those who are serious in their desire to make money in their spare hours. The Olde Tyme Wool Socks that are sent to us under the Work Contract come from everywhere—from novices as well as the experienced—and yet, out of the huge total sent in to us less than 5% have to be laid aside and returned to the worker as not being up to the standard set for Olde Tyme All-Wool Socks.

We believe it to be a great tribute to the general all-round efficiency of the Auto Knitter and the Auto Knitter Workers, that the rejections on this home work, performed in many, many different homes, are so small as to be almost negligible. If these folks learned from the instruction book to make socks that average less than 5% rejections, can you not do so, too?

The Auto Knitter will answer every demand made upon it for speed and reliability, and your earnings will be in proportion to the time you devote and the degree of proficiency attained through practice.

Find Out How You May Receive "Money Orders from Toronto"

If you are seeking some way to turn spare moments into money then we would like to send you all the facts about the Auto Knitter. We want you to know all about this new, pleasant occupation that can be conducted in your own home as a means of earning dollars in spare hours. You do not place yourself under the slightest obligation by signing and mailing the coupon—or write a letter if you prefer. The full details which we send to you are absolutely free.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd.
Dept. 4312, 1870 Davenport Road, West Toronto, Ont.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd.

Dept. 4312, 1870 Davenport Road, West Toronto, Ont.
Send me full particulars about making money at home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 3 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name

Address

City Province.....

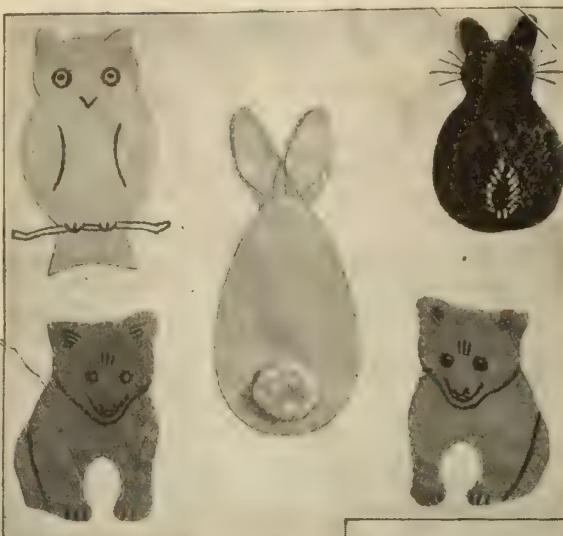
Canadian Home Journal 12/22

Fascinating Designs for a Variety of Decorations

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design, 12736, blue or yellow, 30 cents (English Price 1/6), provides 3 yards of a 3-inch border and four motifs 9 1/2 inches square. These are especially suited to sports costumes and should be worked in bright peasant colors. Purple, red, yellow and green are favorites.



No. 12736—One of the New Peasant Designs Applicable to Sports Costumes, Sweaters, etc., Embroidered in Colors



The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design, 12734, blue or yellow, 25 cents (English Price 1/3), supplies 5 animal motifs for appliqué, some with extra transfers and reverses. Suitable for trimming children's clothes.

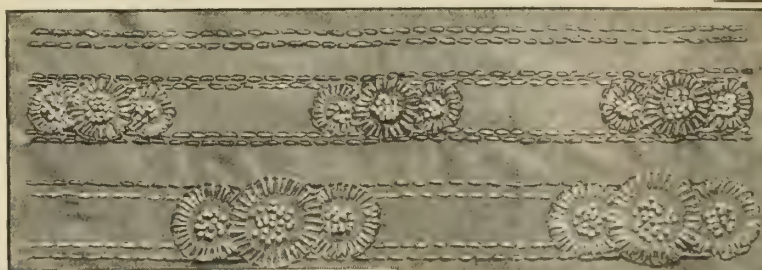
No. 12734
Appliqué Motifs

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design, 12671, blue or yellow, 30 cents (English Price 1/6), furnishes 4 each of the 17 motifs shown with a cutting guide for the appliqué pieces.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design, 12561, blue or yellow, 25 cents (English Price 1/3), provides 2 yards each of 2-inch and 3-inch borders as well as the plain border made of dashes.

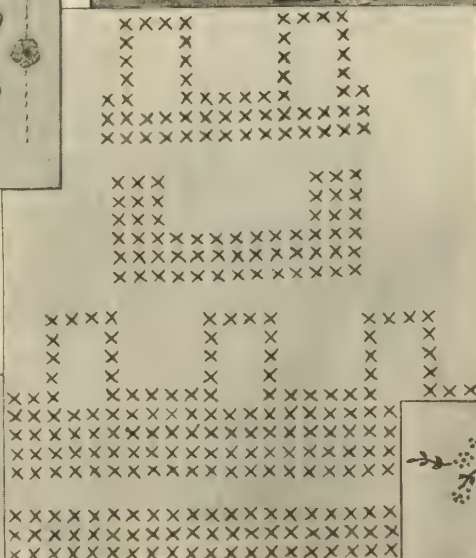


No. 12671—Motifs for Fascinating Appliqué
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design, 12599, blue or yellow, 40 cents (English Price 2/-), furnishes 3 yards of an 8-inch beading or embroidery border.



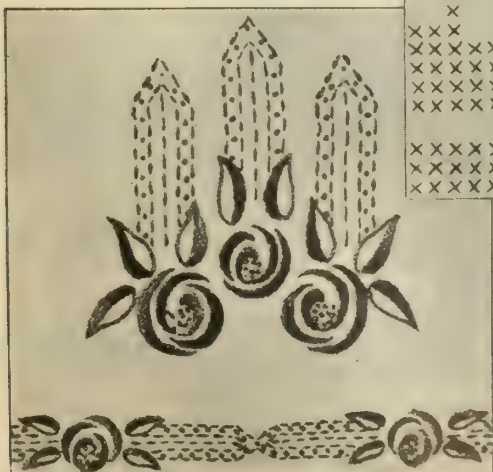
No. 12561 — Attractive
Border Design for Cos-
tume Decoration

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design, 12735, blue or yellow, 30 cents (English Price 1/6), furnishes 2 yards of a 5-inch border, 4 yards of 1 1/2-inch border, 2 motifs 4 by 7 1/4, and 2 corners 3 1/4 by 7 1/4 inches. Pearl cotton No. 3, floss, or 6-strand cotton may be used for this effective cross-stitch design.

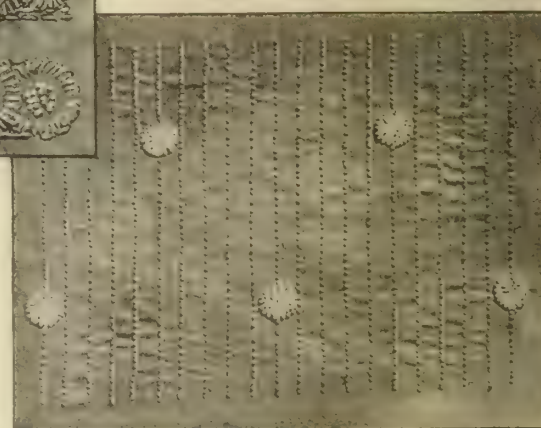


No. 12735—Cross-stitch
Design

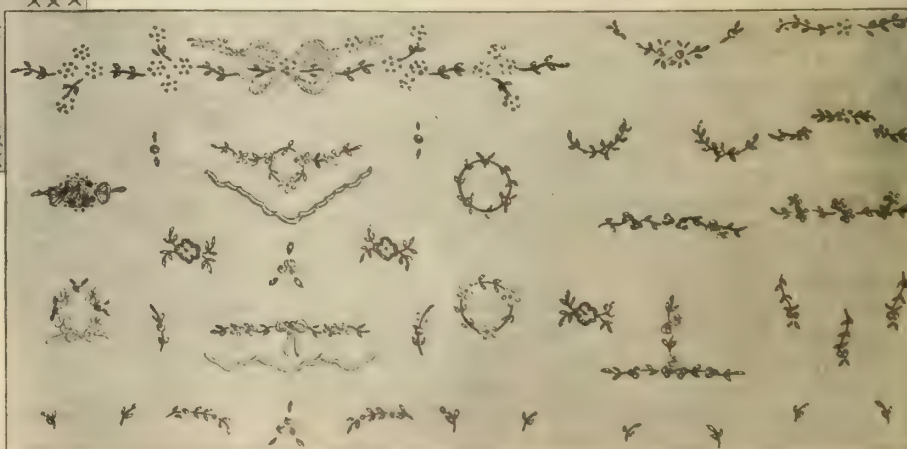
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design, 12645, blue or yellow, 40 cents (English Price 2/-), provides 6 yards of 1 1/2-inch border and 3 motifs 8 3/4 by 8 3/4 inches, worked in darning, raised, and flat satin stitch combined with French knots or with beads. A conventional design like this is always effective.



No. 12645—Conventional Embroidery Design and Border



No. 12599—A Simple Beading or Embroidery Border
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design, 12635, blue or yellow, 20 cents (English Price 1/-), contains 60 small motifs to trim baby's clothes.



No. 12635—Baby's Clothes May Be Trimmed with These Wee Sprays



In Old Times or New



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What fabric so delicate, yet so serviceable as cotton?

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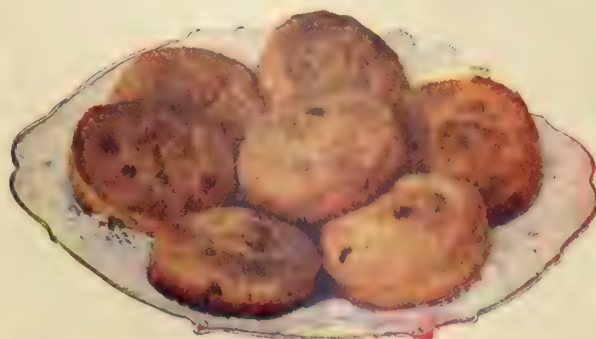
Mother Canuck recommends
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THERE'S a mysterious air which comes over every well-regulated household about the first week of December and which lasts until the New Year is in sight:—There are cynics and would-be cynics who belittle the Christmas Spirit and try to make it other than the joyous thing it is:—something which makes the very word, "Christmas," stand out in golden letters in the memories of our childhood. Think of a world without Santa Claus! What a dreary old Earth it would be, without the music of those sleigh-bells, as the reindeer comes fast through the wintry air! They are the bringers of a message of good cheer and we hope that Santa Claus will never become so up-to-date as to have his whiskers trimmed and discard his sleigh for an aeroplane. The latter is all very well, in its way, but Christmas demands old observances, and so we simply insist on the sleigh and the bells and the stockings in the chimney corner:—even if a bed post has to do duty for the old-time fireplace. There are no traffic policemen awaiting the coming of Santa Claus, with the intention of arresting the worthy old saint. He has the right-of-way across the sky on the night of December twenty-fourth and may his joy-ride this year be one of the best he has known!

Don't you like the smells of Christmas-time? There is the rich suggestion of mince meat in the air, and you know that raisins and spices are making material for the most delicious cakes and pies. There are oranges and stuffed dates abroad and you more than suspect that there will be candies of the most melting variety in be-ribboned baskets and boxes. But, of course, we would not ask about these things:—no, not for the world.

PERHAPS you are tired of advice about Christmas presents. So, let us have a "talk" concerning them instead. There was once a friend who sent to each of her small circle something which eminently expressed herself. She consulted the tastes and the preferences of the recipients, but there was always in the gift that which was distinctive:—whether it was merely a touch of ribbon or a spray of pressed flowers. She had not many friends, that graceful giver, for she liked the quiet places of life and few knew her well; but to those who were her friends there was an especial charm about her Christmas remembrances, for each spoke of the sender and of her thought of the one on whom she bestowed book or picture or a filmy kerchief. She did not forget your preferences in color or subject and never sent a pink sachet to someone who revelled in lavender. She had her own dainty preference for tying her parcels with twisted cords of pale-blue and white, regardless of the traditional green and holly red of Christmas time, and you could always tell her gifts when the

postman left the box or parcel with the familiar wrapping, even though the handwriting had been disguised. She has gone to the land that is very far off and—"there's a spray of cypress twining with the holly wreath to-night." As the Decembers come and go, there will always be missed that gentle message of the friendship that understands.

A MERCHANT was writing articles on certain sales recently, for a weekly journal, when he made the cheering statement that he finds the vast majority of customers strictly honest. Thousands are in his shop during the day and yet he very seldom finds anything like evasion of payment—which is by system of check, paid to the cashier. When we read the front page of the papers we are tempted to think that this is a quarrelsome wretched world, where the chief business of man is to hurt and destroy his brother man. Just let us remind ourselves that the front page chronicles the startling happenings, not the normal day's work. Drunkards, drug fiends and divorces are still very much in the minority, even in California. Do not let us make any mistake about the Average Man and his Wife, to say nothing about the ever-so-wonderful children. Most of us are sincerely trying to do as well as we "know"—and, when we fail, the personal mortification is greater than any blame which the neighbors can express.

That stimulating writer, Mr. Gilbert Keith Chesterton, who usually has common-sense back of his uncommon sayings, tells us that "news is sin, and sin is news." He proceeds to illustrate in this fashion. There may be—say a dozen—families residing in a certain street. Eleven of them may pass the night of May the first in orderly and refreshing slumber. One family may be disturbed by the husband and father becoming violently drunk and creating such an unseemly turmoil that the disorderly citizen is taken away in the patrol wagon and Number Forty-Eleven, Rose Terrace, is mentioned in the morning paper as a scene of untimely riot. Then the dwellers on Hyacinth Hill will exclaim: "Oh, what a terrible neighborhood! It must be a very undesirable community"—forgetting all about the eleven sober and righteous households which "laid them down in peace and slept."

There is much that is depressing in this after-the-war world:—especially, if we are going to take the word of the news-monger for the condition of civilization. Nevertheless the most cheering matters for contemplation are the everyday happenings in the lives of Most of Us. It's a kindly old world, in spite of the execrable Kaiser and the unspeakable Kemal. So Tiny Tim has reason for saying the old blessing.

"SALADA" TEA

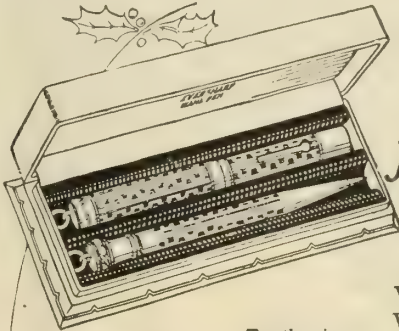
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for every member of the family

What do you want for Christmas? What do they want? Something useful; something attractive and lasting—of course!

The boy or girl who gets an EVERSHARP or the sensationally-new WAHL PEN knows there is nothing better. The WAHL PEN is a perfect beauty; it's all-metal from cap to nib, and holds more ink. Like EVERSHARP, it can be clipped on the pocket, or suspended from a ribbon or chain. Both finished in gold or silver.

Give Father a WAHL PEN of the same design as his EVERSHARP. Mother certainly needs her own EVERSHARP for home notes. Make her happy with one. See these gifts at your dealer's.

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Choosing the Christmas Goose

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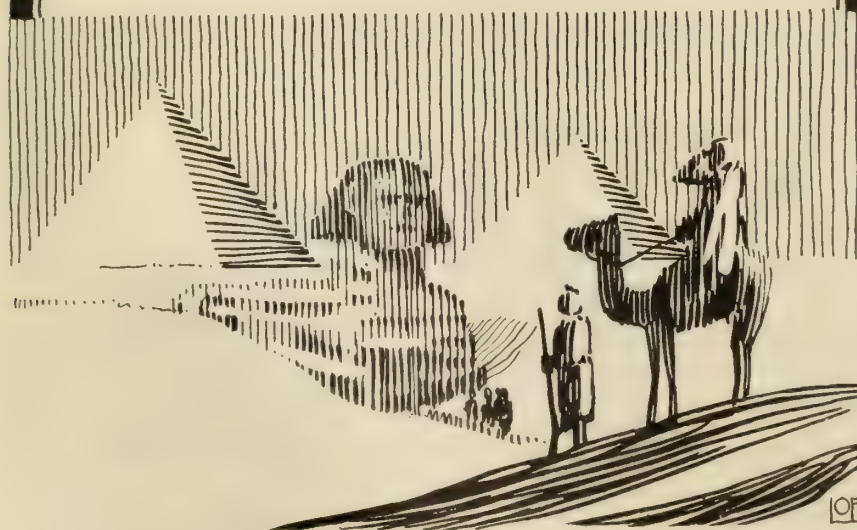
Complete program and rates of the Cruise that interests you; free upon request.

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Pamela Pounce

(Continued from page 9)

him to Italy," he said. "And 'twill be a cure!" With four thousand pounds in the bank—"

She stopped so suddenly that Pamela cast an arm about her, fearing she might fall; but she clasped a rigid strength. Mr. Sheridan raised his quizzing glass to stare at the actress's countenance; into her pale cheeks a fierce colour had risen. She was amazingly beautiful.

"And so, my dear Miss Falcon—my dear Mrs. Morgan," he cried curiously, "you took the favourable moment of confessing your subterfuge, your heroic subterfuge, to your pious husband! How did he bear it? A Welshman and a chapel man! I trust it was not a shock."

Her eyes turned upon him as if she were bereft of the power of understanding.

"Mr. Sheridan means, ma'am," cried the equerry impatiently, "how did the good preacher bear the awful revelation? Did you not yourself say that at four o'clock—four, wasn't it, Sherry?—the great Falcon mystery ceased to exist?"

"You are right, sir," said Fair Fatality. "When I returned from rehearsal this afternoon I found—I saw—I knew—there was no secret between us any more! You want to know so much about me, all of you." Her voice rose suddenly and piercingly. "Your curiosity shall be gratified to the end."

She moved away from Pamela with a steady step, flung open the folding doors, and pointed into the room revealed with a single magnificent gesture.

Grasping the elbows of his chair, fuddled, inquisitive, the Prince of Wales lifted himself to stare. Mr. Sheridan took two strides and brought himself up with an ejaculation. And "Damn me!" cried the equerry, in accents of anger and fear. "This is a dashed low trick!"

There was no need for anyone to cast a second glance into that room. The lights and flowers, the rigid figure on the bed, covered with a white sheet, told their own story. The genial party were looking upon death.

"Oh, you poor creature! You poor, unhappy dear!" cried Pamela Pounce, bursting into hot tears, and catching the Falcon to her heart.

The preacher's wife abandoned herself to the embrace; but only for the span of a moment, not for the relief of tears, not for the comfort of another woman's tenderness, but because, just for that little while, every power fell into suspense. When she disengaged herself they were alone with the dead. Royalty and its boon companions had seized the opportunity to retire from a scene so discomforting.

Felicity turned an abstracted gaze into the dining-room; it was clear to Pamela that her visitors, Royalty and all, were of less consequence in her mind than the stray moth that fluttered round the candles.

"Will you look at him?" said the widow.

Pamela wished that she would cry or swoon. This composure was terrible. Sobbing herself, she was drawn to the bedside, and, as Felicity lifted the sheet, gazed down upon the quiet, beautiful face. The play-actress bent and kissed the young forehead set in such majestic peace, and replaced the coverlet, rearranging the white roses after she had done so. Then once more she took her companion by the arm, led her back into the dining-room, and closed the folding doors.

"Now you must drink a glass of wine with me," she said, "before you go."

"But I will stay with you."

"No. No. The coach is waiting for you. The driver will take you safe back. I prefer to be alone."

She went to a cupboard and drew out a decanter and a couple of glasses, and while Pamela sat and mopped her eyes with a drenched handkerchief, and bit her lip to keep down the rising sob, and chid herself for a poor, vaporous wretch no use to anyone, the woman who had lost her all poured out the wine with a steady hand; and with a steady hand did something else besides.

She brought the glasses to the table, gave one to Pamela, and stood watching her while she drank.

Then she sat down beside her, and still holding her own full glass between taper fingers, leant across and said:

"Kiss me, my dear, and thank you. When I went back to him after the rehearsal to-day, so full of joy, the woman said he was asleep, and I bent to kiss him, and, oh, his lips were cold! His lips were cold! Yours are warm. I wish I'd known you before. We should have been friends. Nay, 'tis as well! I might have brought misfortune to you as to the others. 'Tis better as it is," she repeated rather wildly.

And when sobbing that her own story was told and that she knew too what a broken heart meant, Pamela would have kissed her again, Felicity pushed her from her, and drank quickly.

In the silence that followed, Pamela drew herself physically and mentally together, twisted her handkerchief, patted her curls, wiped her eyes a last time, then, in the tone of one firmly determined on the right course of action:

"The coach may go, I'll not leave you!" she cried.

She broke off. Was it the scent of the flowers from the death-chamber, or some curious flavour in the wine? She was all at once aware of a singular, intense smell of almonds in the air.

"Miss Falcon, Mrs. Morgan, my dear! Oh, you're faint, you're ill, and no wonder!"

She clutched the sinking figure, but Fair Fatality had acted her last tragedy.

Pamela Pounce never wore the Medusa ring. She dared not; but she kept it all her life.

* * *

CHAPTER XI

IN WHICH THERE IS A PRODIGIOUS SCANDAL ABOUT PINK FLOUNCES

NONE ever knew the share which Pamela had taken in Felicity Falcon's last night on earth.

She had laid the slender figure as decently and respectfully as she could, on a couch, kissed the cold cheek once more, and walked out of the house.

Those who would find her in the morning must make what they could of the story. Pamela had her own life and those dependent on her to consider. She could not afford to be mixed up with a scandal.

Whether the chapel people to whose ranks the young preacher had belonged were desirous of hushing up the evidence which might bring discredit upon them, or whether it were really believed that Mrs. Morgan had died of a heart-stroke brought on by grief did not transpire. They were buried together and given a very pious funeral with much preaching and psalm-singing.

The event made a profound impression upon Pamela; it revived the cruel emotions of her recent personal experience.

She had seen what love meant as never before; she understood its fearful supremacy, and how little anything else mattered beside it in life. There were times when she even envied Felicity Falcon; true, she had loved to desperation and death, but she had loved and been loved with a noble purity and faithfulness!

The memory of the young Welsh preacher's dead face, radiantly innocent, and of the triumph, set in agony, of the actress's countenance as she had last seen it, haunted her continually. Death had stamped on their mortal love the seal of eternity.

* * *

Mr. Jocelyn Bellairs had lain in wait, the whole warm June sunset hour, till Miss Pounce should emerge from the side-door of the shut-up shop; he followed the erect, briskly walking figure with due discretion, and only permitted himself to catch her up at the corner of Berkeley Square. Then he accosted her.

"Don't, I do beseech you," he cried, quickly forestalling the fierce repudiation

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Pamela Pounce

(Continued from page 58)

in her eye, "don't refuse to listen! I have not come after you to insult you, I haven't, upon my honour! Pamela, I want to apologise. I want to ask your pardon."

His tone was so imploring and respectful, he looked so eager, so gallant and handsome too, in the rosy amber light, as he bent towards her, bare-headed, that her weapon of pride seemed broken in her hand.

She tried to say with dignity: "There's nothing more that I ever wish to hear from you, Mr. Bellairs," but her voice faltered, and a sudden tear in each eye betrayed her.

"See," he went on eagerly. "The gate of the garden there is open. Let us go in, and sit on that bench. Just for a little while! Five minutes! One minute!"

Pamela, shaking her head, and exclaiming: "No, sir. Nay, Mr. Bellairs, I cannot listen, 'tis impossible! 'Tis wrong! 'Tis folly!" nevertheless allowed herself to be drawn into the cool green tree-shadowed spot, and actually sat down on the suggested seat.

He did not as much as offer her his hand; yet his urgency drove her almost with a physical force.

"Oh, Pamela," he cried, letting himself fall beside her, and clasping his hands and wringing them, "can you conceive what I felt when I heard that 'twas you—oh, my generous girl—who paid my debt? And to think how the first use I made of my liberty was to offend you so grossly."

Pamela swallowed a sob. "Tis over and done with now, Mr. Bellairs. Let me forget."

She tried to rise, but he caught a fold of her dress.

"One moment more, if you have a woman's heart. Nay, you see how anxious I am not to presume. I will go on my knees if you like. Oh, Pamela, when I went to pay back my Lord his ninety-seven pound ten, out of that pocketful of money you know of, and he stared at me, and: 'Why, man,' says he, 'I never thought to see you this morning! Her Ladyship was in one of her bad ways, and sure, if it was I had been in the sponging house, she'd not have out with a farthing! I've been but waiting for a better moment,' says he. 'Then who, in the name o' God?' cries I, cutting him short. Pamela, I lost no time in making my conge to my Lord, and I ran all the way to that fellow Jobbins—I promise you! For I'll get to the bottom of this,' I cried. 'And 'twas a lady veiled,' quoth he, and stuck to it, and the fool that I am, must needs think my cousin Kitty was playing a sort of game with me; ashamed not to pay for me, but, the stingy thing! mortal afraid lest I should ask her again! And I went back again to Hertford Street to make a further exhibition of myself."

Here Pamela could not keep from laughter.

"You laugh! 'Tis all I deserve. Indeed, 'twas a monstrous absurd scene. But my Lady pretty soon convinced me that the magnanimity I ascribed to her was unknown to that bit of strass she calls her heart. By the Lord, I think I was mad that morning altogether! I hardly know how I got out of Hertford Street once more, and all the way down to Jobbins, for the thought had dawned! I've not so many friends, you see, Pamela! 'A tall, fine figure of a lady,' says he, 'stepping as clean as your own sorrel filly, Mr. Jocelyn. And I caught, says he, 'a gleam of hair under the veil—now, if you'll run your eye down the row in there says he, jerking his thumb towards his stables, 'you'll see, third from the door, a bit of a gloss on a hack's back that's just the same colour.' And so I knew," added Jocelyn, with a sudden drop from his tone of mimicry, into accents of real emotion.

Pamela set her teeth upon her trembling lip. She made a desperate effort after her usual fine air of independence.

"'Twas when we were friends, I'll have you remember, Mr. Bellairs," she said, with a toss of her head.

"Ah, but Pamela, let us be friends now,"

he spoke with a boyish earnestness which made him infinitely more attractive than in his most dashing mood of sparkishness.

"'Tis just for that I have sought you. I want your forgiveness. I want your friendship. Let me see you sometimes, as a friend, a most respectful friend, honoured by your acquaintance. I am a wretched, worthless fellow," he went on, with a kind of bitter humility. "I can't even pay you back your loan, now, Pamela. But grant me a chance. Let me show myself better than you have known me. 'Pon honour, it would give me something to hope for, just to think you'd let me see you now and again, in a kindly way; that you had not cast me altogether out of your life."

It was the acknowledgment that he couldn't pay her back that softened Miss Pounce's obduracy towards him. She consented to forgive him, to consider him as a friend, even to admit the possibility that if they met—oh, quite accidentally!—on an off-day, she mightn't refuse to take a stroll with him in the Green Park.

It would seem as if nothing had changed; as if she was the same too-trusting, foolish girl, and he the same sly, audacious, villain; yet, as she determinedly parted from him and hurried out of the garden to her lodging, she knew that there had come a profound alteration into their relations.

Meanwhile the enmity excited in the bosoms of Miss Smithson and Miss Popple against the successful milliner was far from abating. Indeed, the mature young lady who had hoped for Pamela Pounce's present position had an ever-gathering sense of grievance. What if she had a heavy hand? Were there not solid dowagers and others who preferred substance and money's worth to your fly-away gossamer nothings?

Between these two important members of Madame Mirabel's establishment, there had come to be a tacit understanding—though they were far too genteel and high-minded to indulge in anything like a conspiracy—that it was their bounden duty, in dear Madame Mirabel's interests, to keep a sharp look-out on Miss Pounce, and report any proceedings of hers calculated to injure them.

"As, of course, my dear, poor Anna-Maria," Clara Smithson would declare of her rich business relative, "is that good-natured that times and times I've had to step in, as it were, and save her from herself."

Miss Popple was too tactful to request specification.

"La, you never say, dear!" she would exclaim, with unflinching emphasis. "And what a good thing it is that she's got you, the poor kind creature! 'Tis what we all feel."

The while her private thoughts would run contemptuously:

"As if every one didn't know, you long-toothed old frump, that 'tis you Madame keeps on out of charity, and has the books regular checked by a spry young gentleman from the bank every Saturday night, private, or they'd be in the middle of the world before the month was out!"

Miss Clara Smithson's secret opinion of Miss Popple was probably no more complimentary, but it is in the nature of things that worthy individuals, working for a common cause, should sink personal feelings; and, therefore, when Miss Smithson made the appalling discovery in connection with the pink-flounced muslin of a Sunday afternoon, it was Miss Popple to whom she confided it the first thing on Monday morning.

That Sunday afternoon being a remarkably fine day, Miss Smithson had accepted the offer of the married nephew in the Tobacco Trade, who was particularly civil to her in view of her reported savings, to drive with him in a hackney as far as Richmond Park, and partake of a choice refection of ale and winkles by the river-side. Now, as the hackney was rolling along the highway towards Richmond, they passed a cottage on the outskirts of the town, a quite superior cottage residence with an embowered garden, honeysuckle and roses. In this

(Continued on page 62)



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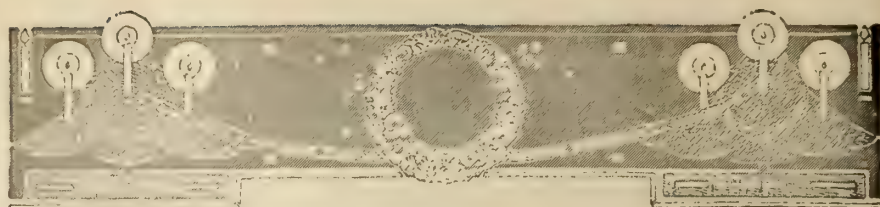
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Christmas Cakes and Puddings

BY FRANCIS M. McNALLY

IF there be one time, above all others when the cook is a person of supreme importance it is just before Christmas. In the light of modern science, the custom of observing the day by overfeeding ourselves and everyone else within reach, may appear to be nothing less than indulgence in dietetic sins but man seems to be endowed with extraordinary capacity and almost superhuman power of digestion at this festive season of the year and it would surely be a great

Christmas dinner, we are not very hungry and a little goes a long way.

The true spirit of Christmas can be gained only if one personally directs the making of the cakes and puddings. Few gifts bring more joy to the heart of the business man or woman, away from home than a dainty box or a gay basket filled with home made sweets. The homemaker who envelopes herself in a big apron and mixes and bakes to her heart's content will feel more of the real



Pudding Moulds

mistake not to keep up the traditions of plum pudding and Christmas cake, and the spirit of hospitality of our ancestors in merrie England. Modern habits of life, however, make it desirable to serve very small portions of these rich foods, to be eaten in the spirit of celebration of the day and with some consideration of one's digestion. Every English family, of any social standing seems to have possessed an individual recipe for the famous English plum pudding. In many families these recipes have been handed down from generation to generation as cherished heirlooms, to be used only at this time of year. It is therefore not surprising that we Canadians with English ancestors feel that whatever else is omitted from the Christmas table the plum pudding is a "must have." Luckily for us when we reach the pudding stage of the

Christmas spirit and find more joy in giving, than if she spent twice as many hours haunting the shops. If you are searching for something novel and acceptable to give to your most dearly beloved friends try this recipe for plum pudding. Steam small portions in bowls or fancy moulds and wrap in holiday style.

Plum Pudding:—One pound, stoned raisins, one pound currants, one pound suet, chopped fine, one pound stale bread crumbs, one pound brown sugar one-half teaspoon ground ginger, one-half teaspoon mixed spice, one-half nutmeg grated, one-half teaspoon salt, eight eggs, two ounces lemon peel two ounces orange peel, two ounces citron peel, two cups milk. Mix all the dry ingredients together. Beat the eggs and mix into the dry mixture; if not soft enough use one or

(Continued on page 68)



A Christmas Cake



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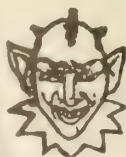
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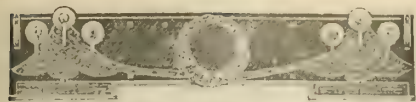
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The Echo

(Continued from page 5)

stir in our town. I did not move from the barrel when I saw a slim little girl in a trim suit step off the rear car. She looked about her, not as if for any one, but at the mountains. That was the first surprise, I thought she'd be scared and nervous. Not she, and by the time she had spotted me I felt queer myself. It was as quick as that. She touched something that had been asleep in me the first time she looked and spoke. Sometimes things do happen like that. It was not long before she had me learning. We spent our evenings together and I worked hard, I wanted to know a lot, I can tell you."

The boy drew a book from the shelf by the window. Well worn, finger marked, loving marks of keen interest. It was, "The Three Musketeers," by Dumas. On the first page was written:

"To John Morgan
from
Alice Harvey."

"She gave you this?" Rob asked.
"Yes, most of them on those shelves," John answered.

"Gad!" burst from the boy. "Gad!"
"She taught me all I know, I owe her my mind. Before she came it was a blank—not a damn thing in it."

"Well, go on," the boy said, and sat down by the fire.

"I was four years younger than she was. She always thought of me as a boy, called me Jack. That's in some of the books, just, 'To Jack'. She'd mark them in places too, before I got them. They are all marked now, the same."

Rob leaned over and dug the poker into the fire.

John continued: "She made a man out of a stupid clown, that's what she did."

"The stuff was there you bet," Rob broke in.

John smiled, a rare thing, then a shadow passed over his face. Far off a train whistled. The valleys caught it, and sent it along to the mountains where it seemed to climb and echo, and echo and climb, until it faded away, leaving an empty silence within the room.

"It was with that she came and with that she went away, one Christmas Eve—" John Morgan's voice was low—"I never hear them I don't see her waving good-bye." He stopped speaking, got up and went to his pipe rack, where he had a variety to choose from. An old tried favorite was taken.

"Yes, those whistles always make me think of her, and life, a life I've never known, except through those," his eyes rested on the books, "She used to say the trains meant Romance to me, coming from a world I did not know, and going on into mystery.—I felt so sure I could never get along without her, I never thought how it looked to her. It came, a knock-out blow, she was going away, going away to be married. It was not her fault, I was just a boy she had helped. Eighteen then, and she was past twenty. I had had my two years."

"But—" the boy spoke slowly, "her influence lasted."

"She made me what I am."

"And you're great," with enthusiasm. Again that smile, which after fading only left his face more touched with sorrow.

"She married one of those travelling fellows. He had a big run, sometimes went to the old country. She always wanted to see England and if she could get to Paris, well she'd have been happy. They were to take trips together, she told me, but I guess they never did. She always sent me books at Christmas, post marked, Montreal, addressed in her hand writing. I guess she never travelled much."

The boy nodded but said nothing.
"She used to put, 'To John Morgan, from A. P.' after she was married. I have quite a few like that. Then one Christmas they stopped. But just before that something happened; I got a letter from her. The trains began to whistle

(Continued on page 64)

Better Christmas Puddings!

Better Christmas Cakes!

and very much better—are made by using part Roman Meal and part flour in puddings and cakes.

Recipe

Plum Pudding

Mix 1 Cup Roman Meal; ½ cup flour; 2 T. Spn Cinnamon; 1 T. Spn ground ginger; ¼ T. Spn ground cloves; ¼ T. Spn ground alspice; 1½ cups seeded raisins; 1½ cups currants; 2 cups suet; ¾ cup chopped peel; ½ cup blanched almonds; ½ T. Spn salt. Mix well 3 eggs and ½ cup brown sugar. Stir in 1 cup milk. Stir both mixtures together. Mix well. Place in Mould. Boil or steam 2½ hours. Serve with carmel or hard sauce.

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Recipe

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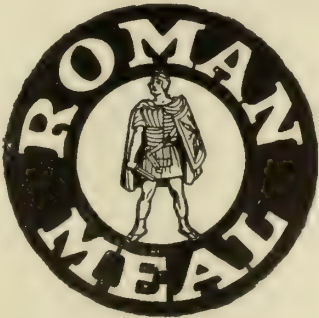
2 cups granulated sugar; 2 cups water; butter size of walnut; 2 tablespoons cornstarch—dissolved in cold water; 1 teaspoonful vanilla; ½ cup of the sugar to be browned. When golden brown add butter. Bring to boil, add starch and vanilla.

Recipe

Christmas Cake

Mix 1¼ Cup Roman Meal; 1 cup flour; 2¼ cups currants; 1½ cups Sultana Raisins; 1 cup chopped lemon peel; ¼ cup blanched almonds; ¼ T. Spn ground cloves; ½ T. Spn ground cinnamon; ¼ T. Spn ground ginger; ¼ T. Spn alspice; pinch nutmeg. Cream well 5 eggs, 1 cup Brown sugar; add 1 cup butter; ¼ cup molasses. Stir both mixtures together, beat well. Bake in well greased tin 2½ to 3 hours, moderate oven.

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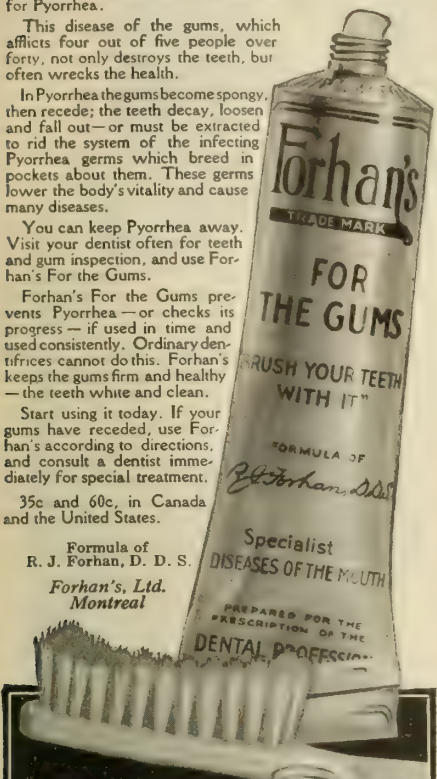
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Pamela Pounce

(Continued from page 62)

was Miss Pounce now holding in her hand when, rather out of breath—for she was of a stout habit and a congested type of comeliness—Polly Popple came heavily up to her.

"And pray, Miss Pounce," said the assistant, while, at the abruptness of the address, unprecedented by the usual "Good morning," all the young ladies turned to stare—pray, Miss Pounce, was you by any chance Richmond way yesterday?"

Polly was no diplomatist.

"And what's that to you, Miss Popple?" responded Pamela. "As a matter of fact, I was; but 'tain't none of your business, as I'm aware! Girls, what are you doing?"

Pamela scented mischief, and resented the tone of the question, which rang in unmistakable challenge. Nevertheless, she remained good-humoured.

"Perhaps," said the other darkly, "'tis more my business than you think of. Might I further inquire if you was wearing a pink gown, miss?"

"Yes, Popple, I was. A pink gown, flounced to the waist, muslin. A sweet thing it is, and suits me uncommon. Perhaps you'd like to know if I wear a white bouffant to it, and the style of hat?"

"Oh, never mind the hat, Miss Pounce! Since you are so obligeing as to permit me another question, might I ask if you was a-setting in a garden a-holding of a child upon your lap?"

The colour flew like a flag to the head milliner's cheek and fire to her eye. Then she abruptly turned her back upon the questioner, and the youngest assistant, who happened to be taking a hat out of the drawer, was surprised to see that she was struggling with a violent inclination to laugh.

"Ho!"

The ejaculation leaped with a world of horror from Polly's lips.

Her superior wheeled back upon her.

"Yes, Miss Popple, I was sitting in a garden, and very pleasant it was among the roses; and I had a child upon my lap, the dearest, sweetest little creature that ever breathed, a perfect cherub! A girl, if you want to know, Miss Popple, and though dark, like to be a beauty."

The young ladies tittered, though there were looks interchanged, too. And Pamela's tone, tripped up with subterranean mirth, sounded to some of them rather hysterical.

Polly, after a dumb show of wounded female delicacy, expressively rendered, tottered from the room as if her legs could scarce carry so much horrified rectitude; and the incident apparently dropped.

Indeed, Pamela regarded it merely as another of Popple's nasty bits of spleen. A low-minded, common creature! As if her girls would be taken in by such vile suggestions! As if the life of Pamela Pounce, head milliner, was not as fresh and fair as her own face!

An episode which Pamela could not but consider as curious in the circumstances presently occurred and drove the very existence of Popple from her mind.

A carriage drew up to the door, early as it was—ten o'clock had not yet struck—and a customer entered, a short dark young woman of a marked type of Spanish beauty, who walked with a bold cadence of the hips that set her maize silk panniers swinging, and a carriage of the head that you might call like that of a fawn or of a serpent, as your feelings towards her prompted.

Pamela advanced in her most engaging manner.

"What can I do for you, madam?" She broke off. "Merciful heavens!" something within her cried. "I should know that face."

The newcomer fixed her with beautiful, insolent eyes. There was a gleam of rubies in each delicate ear, and at the dusky round throat a red fire that came and went from a monstrous clasp of the same stones, half-hidden by laces.

"If you will show me a hat, all black, with black feathers," began the lady. She had a slow voice, rich like cream, and an odd guttural aspiration of the consonants. "Something with the Spanish air."

In her turn, she stopped short. The milliner had fallen back a pace, and was looking at her with horror.

"I think," said Pamela, very low but very distinctly, "that you have entered this establishment by mistake."

The foreign lady wheeled upon her. There was no doubt about it, with all her beauty she was viperish.

"Fool, my name is the Countess Sanquhar!"

"And a very fit name for you, too!" responded Pamela.

Upon which extraordinary observation she herself opened the door and stood until the visitor passed out.

You may be a beauty, and you may be the lawful wife of an English peer, but it is difficult to keep your dignity when you are turned out of a shop by a miserable working woman as if you were the last of the last. Only by doing murder on her offender could the notorious Lady Sanquhar, who had been once the respected wife of an honest Spanish merchant, have redeemed the situation from utter ignominy. But as she could not do murder in actual fact, she only did it with her eyes, as, swaying more than ever, she went forth.

Pamela shut the door; the four assistants stared at her with one accord. They had not known such an exciting morning for a long time.

"Upon my word, Miss Pounce," said Polly Popple, "you take a deal upon yourself, you do."

Pamela sat down, rather white about the lips, breathing quickly through dilated nostrils.

"If it had got known that I'd sold as much as a feather to that creature," she said, "Madame Mirabel might as well put up her shutters, for there's not a lady of quality would have crossed the threshold of her showroom again."

* * *

CHAPTER XII

IN WHICH MY LADY KILCRONEY INSISTS ON THE DUTY OF MORALITY

"If you please, my Lady, might I speak to your Ladyship?"

My Lady Kilcroney looked up from the sorrows of Miss Clarissa Harlowe, which she was particularly enjoying, and gazed at her handmaiden.

Lydia Pounce and her mistress had gone through, together, so many emotions, intrigues, quarrels, reconciliations, triumphs, and despairs that it was scarcely too much to say they had become indispensable to each other. Therefore, too, both had grown to read each other's countenances with the utmost facility. Now, Lydia was pale and pinched; her knobby little hands were clasping each other fiercely across her neat waistband; she was visibly trembling. Lady Kilcroney knew these symptoms.

"What is to do, Lydia?"

"Ho, my Lady!"

The Abigail here clutched at her heart and turned up her eyes.

"Dear me, Lydia," said her Ladyship, tartly, "have they ventured to laugh again in the pantry as you happened to be passing, or has anyone broken into the safe and stolen my diamonds?"

"Ho, your Ladyship, you may well ask. Heaven knows I'm prepared from this out to be the laughing-stock of this house. Every one may point the finger of scorn at me. The name of Pounce is for ever blasted! As for thieves, my Lady, there are worse thieves than will ever be hanged walking about this moment, and treasures stolen of value far above diamonds!"

"Dear me!"

"Her Ladyship wouldn't be so easy with her 'dear me's' if she knew what's happened. 'Tis gospel truth, my Lady, and I'm telling no falsehood, that the thought of having to inform your Ladyship is the bitterest part of the sorrow that has come upon me this day!"

(Continued on page 66)

Table talks

By Mrs. Knox

What Are the Happiest Moments of Christmas?

CHRISTMAS cheer! The gifts, the tree, the Dinner and the Candies. How we all strive for a touch of originality that will make the event more memorable for children as well as grown-ups.

The Dinner DESSERT and the CANDY naturally go together, and so I have given much thought to the creation of something new, delightful, and wholesome for these—the happiest moments of the year.

First a plum pudding that is really wonderful and so easy to make.

Chocolate Plum Pudding

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine	
1/4 cup sliced citron or nuts as preferred	1/2 cup currants
1/4 cup cold water	1/2 cup chocolate
1 cup sugar	1 1/2 squares chocolate
1/2 teaspoonful vanilla	1 pint milk
1 cup seeded raisins	Pinch salt
1/2 cup dates or figs, if desired	

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Put milk in double boiler, add melted chocolate, and when scalding point is reached add sugar, salt and soaked gelatine. Remove from fire and when mixture begins to thicken add vanilla, fruit and nut meats. Turn into large mold or fancy or plain individual molds, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove to serving dish and garnish with holly. Serve with whipped cream, or whipped evaporated milk, sweetened, and flavored with vanilla.

Next, something really delicious in CANDY that has the added charm of being homemade and so wholesome that the children may eat their fill without a "don't." Put it in dainty boxes for Christmas gifts.

Mother's Christmas Dainties

1 cup cold water	1 1/2 cups boiling water
2 envelopes Knox Sparkling Gelatine	
1 cups granulated sugar	

Soak gelatine in the cold water ten minutes. Add the boiling water. When dissolved add sugar and boil slowly for 15 minutes. Divide into two equal parts. When somewhat cooled add to one part 2 tablespoons lemon juice and one teaspoon lemon extract and coloring if desired. To the other part add one teaspoon extract of cinnamon and coloring. Pour into bread tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand over night. When ready to turn out dip knife in cold water and run around edge of pan. Pull out with fingers and cut in squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar and let stand to crystallize. Vary by using different flavors—orange, peppermint, etc.—and colors, adding chopped nuts, dates, etc.

Other Christmas Surprises—Free

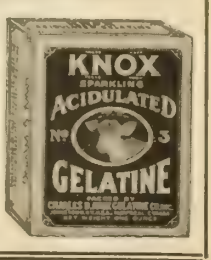

My books, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy," are full of original recipes for Christmas and every other day in the year. Mailed free if you send 4c. to cover postage, and your grocer's name.

KNOX

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A seam would be a jarring note.
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shape, they fit at every point—like
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Ask your dealer for Mercury
Stockings. Silks in all patterns.
New shades in heather and cash-
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Hosiery

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MAKERS OF HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

The Echo

(Continued from page 61)

a lively tune again. She wrote to ask if she could get a room in this town. She had not been well, and the doctor wanted her to come to the mountains. These were the mountains for her, she said, and this was the air. A month passed, she didn't come. I never heard again.

THE log was burning down to glowing coals, sometimes a piece fell sending up dancing sparks, and adding for a moment, more warmth to the bed of light. Without, the night was absolutely still, brilliant stars shone in the keen frosty air. The topmost peaks of the mountains seemed to reach up as if trying to gather them to their dark and gloomy depths.

Rob was the first to break the silence that had followed John's last word.

"I'll tell my part now," he said.

John waited, blowing rings of smoke to the low ceiling, watching them grow bigger and bigger, then break and disappear.

"I told you my name was Robert Pearce, that's not true, it is Robert Price," the boy expected intense surprise, but John sat big and massive, sending rings of smoke to the ceiling.

"I had reasons," Rob continued. "I wanted to know you without any past attached to me. Alice Harvey was my mother. Now you know, it may make some difference."

"I could not like you more than I do Rob, and that would not make me like you any less," John's great love for Alice's son looked out from his deep-set grey eyes.

"I'm glad, say, that makes me feel better," Rob's voice was relieved, but he still spoke with difficulty. "My mother never gave up hope that she would get to these mountains, but she got too weak to travel. She died about two months after she wrote. She used to talk a lot about you, I feel I've known you all my life."

The man's big hand came down gently on Rob's shoulder, but he did not speak.

"She always wanted me to know you. She said: 'He is a big man, Rob.'—I couldn't help but miss her these past four years, I've just got along. My father married again two years ago. There's a kid now, sort of a nice kid too—" Rob smiled. "Well my mother never wanted me to be a traveller. She always said: 'You're so dreamy Rob, all the other travellers would get there first before you wakened up.' You know how she laughed; her eyes would wrinkle up, shut up tight. Gee," said the boy, "it—"

"I know Rob, I know. Well you are not going to be a traveller are you?"

"No sir!" Rob answered briskly. "I want to write. She wanted me to. When I could I was to come to you, and learn a bit of roughing it, so I came. Had pretty easy roughing for a month. It's been great, absolutely."

"You are a dreamer Rob. It was taking a big chance your coming to find me in this town. A miner is usually a mover, but I stuck, I felt I belonged here, and I've made good, got advancement, hold a position that would keep me, even if other things did not. Yes, you took a big chance. However you found me. Now I've been making some plans."

John lay down his pipe. "Plans I hope you fall in with. Rough it for the rest of this winter, it will do you good. Those stooping shoulders, too much writing Rob. Just forget it for a few months. Then in the fall you can go back to Montreal to study and when ready enter McGill. You've got to have some education, and a good deal of experience to write."

"McGill! I say—" the boy's face flushed.

"Let me finish, I have saved up quite enough for two. Living in a mining town as I've done," he glanced at the books, "does not use up much money. I've told you how I feel about your mother, so that you would understand, there is no obligation, none. What I have is

(Continued on page 72)



An Attractive Piece of Furniture

Knechtel Kitchen Cabinets are not only attractive to the housewife because of the time, labor and energy they save, but because they are in themselves a handsome piece of furniture.

They are made either in snowy white enamel or in beautifully finished golden oak. The white porcelain top is always gleaming white and the interior is easily kept spotless.



You can show your Knechtel Cabinet with pride to your friends. At any time they may call you can take them to your kitchen. With one quarter the usual amount of work and a Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet your kitchen will be always neat and presentable.

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or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature.

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
KITCHENER, - CANADA



The Vanity Box

(Continued from page 43)

sachets which made a highly welcome present. If you are making these small gifts yourself, be sure to use a sachet powder which is really strong, as a poor sachet powder loses its fragrance very quickly. By "strong," I do not mean a penetrating perfume, but one which is lasting. There are many delightful sachet powders on the market and a small sachet pinned inside the coat will diffuse a pleasing fragrance for many weeks—



An evening chef-d'oeuvre

just a hint of lavender or violet. The sachet also finds a place in the glove box, the handkerchief case or among the veils.

Some of us will be fortunate enough to be presented with the complete set for the dressing table—and grant that it be just what we like in ivory or silver or amber. There are beautiful little travelling cases, too, filled with all the dainty toilet appointments which the heart of woman could desire.

Just let me warn you here that if you are thinking of a present for a man in terms of the dressing table, be sure to get the brushes or the comb of a substantial nature. Man demands that the gift be more than something nice to look at.

So, let us hope that when Santa Claus comes down the chimney, he casts a friendly eye upon the dressing table and drops a welcome gift upon its shining surface.

THE LETTER BOX

FROM THE WEST. You are very welcome this afternoon, for we are having our first flurry of snow and I am wondering what it would be like to be out in the west, with the north wind blowing. Of course, your complexion can cope with the "inclemency of the weather," if you make up your mind to fight the elements with such means as the cream jar and the almond lotion have placed at your disposal. There is no use in being discouraged and bidding a fond farewell to a soft skin and shining hair, just because the stormy winds do blow. At night you should give the skin a regular treatment, washing first with soap and tepid water, afterwards taking a cold ablution and finally having an application of softening cream which will help to keep the skin in satisfactory condition. I have sent you the names as you desired.

ESTELLE.—That is a nice starry name to send in to the Vanity Box. So you wish to know if there is anything harmless with which you may brighten your eyes. With such a name, you should not be in any great need of learning about eye-brighteners. Do not dally with belladonna or any such means of temporarily improving the appearance of the eyes. The result is likely to be disastrous—and an accident or injury to the optic nerve is just about as bad a handicap as the human system can endure. The best course to take, in order to secure bright eyes, is to have the body in fit condition by means of the proper diet and exercise, and give the eyes a bath every day with a solution of boracic acid. If you desire to increase the length of the eyelashes, the best treatment is to touch them every night with vaseline, not allowing the vaseline to get into the eyes, as it might produce an unpleasant



A Frock for the Debutante - Surely no more attractive frock could have been created for a debutante than this chef-d'oeuvre. It is endowed with a demure atmosphere, and is carried out in black taffetas embroidered with pink flowers

smarting sensation. Guard your eyesight, Estelle, as one of your most precious possessions.

GERTRUDE.—There is no use in pretending that we do not care about looking our best. Of course, we do—and this will be a dull old world when women no longer care whether they are prettily gowned and coiffed. So your hair has been bobbed and now you do not like it. Well I shall not be so unkind as to say "I told you so," but merely advise the use of a net until the hair is long enough to roll. The "bobbing" no doubt has its advantages, and it is easy to have it done when the fashion is seen on all sides; but the mature woman soon wearies of the style.



Beauty
and Youth
For a Christmas Gift!

Boncilla

BEAUTIFIER
CLASMIC PACKS

keep you as young as your children, because they make you look as young. Only a few minutes are required to cover the face with Boncilla Beautifier (clasmic pack). As it dries you can feel its invigorating action going right down to the source of complexion troubles. You can feel it opening up the pores, stimulating the circulation, building up tissues, smoothing out lines.

Boncilla is guaranteed to do these definite things for the face or your money will be refunded

1. Clear the skin and give it color.
2. Remove pimples and blackheads.
3. Lift out the lines.
4. Close enlarged pores.
5. Rebuild drooping facial tissues and muscles.
6. Make the skin soft and velvety.

When you remove Boncilla Beautifier, you will see instantly that it will do all these things for you; you will know that here is the way to accomplish perfect beauty.

Boncilla Pack O' Beauty Only 50c.

The Package O'Beauty contains enough Boncilla Beautifier, Boncilla Cold Cream, Boncilla Vanishing Cream and Boncilla Face Powder for three complete facial packs. You can secure it from your dealer, or send coupon with 50c and we will mail it to you postpaid.

Boncilla No. 37 Set A Distinctive Holiday Gift

The No. 37 set illustrated contains a large tube of Boncilla Beautifier, regular sized jars of Boncilla Cold Cream and Boncilla Vanishing Cream, large box of Boncilla Face Powder. An unusual gift and one that will be welcomed by men as well as women; priced at.... \$3.25

Most department stores and drug stores can show you the Boncilla holiday line; or we will mail you our price list upon request.



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I enclose 50c. Please send Boncilla Pack O' Beauty to

Name

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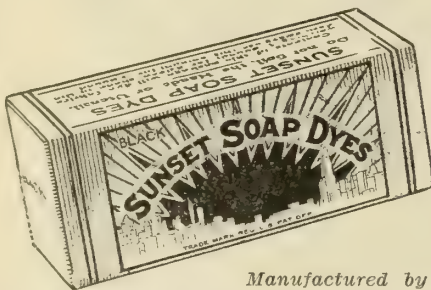
Buy or Dye

New frocks, new draperies, new clothes—an ever increasing budget of expense. It is either *buy* or *dye*—*buy* new garments and materials or *dye* the old favorites. Those women who have experienced the delights of using SUNSET decide quickly and positively—they *know*—they *prefer* to dye.

SUNSET has made this certainty of result possible. There is so much more to the SUNSET Way of dyeing than can be described in this limited space. It is the modern, scientific way—so far ahead of the old-fashioned method, it marks an epoch in a simple, money-saving household art.

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Pamela Pounce

(Continued from page 63)

Kitty Kilcroney put down her book. Seeing that her maid's eyes were genuinely tear-stained, and that the convulsive shiverings were not all assumed, she began to feel concern.

"Dear me!" she said again, in quite another tone. "I trust nothing has happened to your family—your good brother, or any of the children?"

She broke off. Lydia, who was making the most dreadful grimaces, here flung her little muslin apron over her head and sobbed behind it.

"It'll break my brother's heart, him so respected on his own property, as old in the name as gentry, yeomen these hundreds of years, and only for bad times none of them ever looking to service. And ho! my Lady, him setting such store by that girl, and me so proud of her!"

"That girl! You don't mean Pamela?"

Lydia dropped the apron.

"I do. The horrid, wicked creature. And ho, my Lady, it all comes of encouraging idle young gentlemen and paying their debts for them, and letting them off going to India, and if the name of Pounce is blasted, the name of Bellairs ain't much better, and so I tell you, fair and square, my Lady!"

"Good heavens!" said my Lady Kilcroney, whisking round so sharply on the sofa that Clarissa fell in one direction, and my Lady's cushions, fan, and pocket handkerchief in the other. "Never tell me that that silly young man is—has been—can be—"

"He was, he is, and as to can be, your Ladyship knows yourself what young gentlemen are! Oh, to think of its going on so long, though indeed, I might have known! Haven't I seen them walking together on a Sunday afternoon, times and again, and it's all head toss and 'How dare you, aunt?' if so much as a word of warning is given!"

"Jocelyn Bellairs! But what has been discovered? What proof have you?"

"Oh, la!" The fire of excitement was drying up the elder Miss Pounce's tears.

"Tis all over Mirabel's already. Proof, my Lady? Wasn't the unfortunate girl seen sitting in a garden last Sunday in a secret cottage, with a dark baby on her lap? A dark baby, my Lady! And think of Mr. Bellairs, as black as my shoe! And her, as Miss Smithson—that's the book-keeper, my Lady—who has just left me, said to me, as bold as brass, all in the sunshine. And she ain't denied nothing, neither."

"Who? Pamela?"

Kitty was falling from amazement to amazement. She had seen a vast deal, one way and another, of Madame Mirabel's milliner, and if ever there was, in her opinion, an honest, sensible, good-living young woman, it was Pamela Pounce.

"She don't deny it. Miss Popple up and taxed her straight out, and she as good as admitted it. Not a bit ashamed, either."

"Foh!" my Lady fumed. "Surely you're not going to condemn your own flesh and blood on hearsay, woman?"

"My Lady," Lydia began to pant, as if she suddenly remembered how hard she had been running. "I'm back from Madame Mirabel's this moment, and seen Pamela, and oh, the audacity of her! Laughing in my face, and tossing her head! And 'tis true," cries she, 'the little rogue is dark. And if I prefer 'em dark,' says she, 'what then?'"

"Ho, Miss," says I 'your taste lies in the dark line,' says I. 'That's no surprise to me you bold hussy!' And then, my Lady, you'll never believe it, she regular insulted me."

"Well," she says, 'and if I do prefer a dark gentleman, ain't a body free to have their fancy? There's you,' she says, 'as likes them fat and cat-footed, with a wheeze and a paunch,' referring, my Lady, to the attentions Mr. Blandfoot is paying me. And then I answers her back:—"

"I'm sure, you wicked girl, if Mr. Blandfoot and I ever agree to settle, it'll be as man and wife, respectable and respected."

"Why, lud, aunt," she says, 'you have a nasty mind.' And more than that, my Lady, I couldn't get out of her, it being her busy time. And—oh, dear, to be sure!—was there ever such a desperate bit of work? Her getting on so well, fought over by the ladies, I may say!"

Lady Kilcroney allowed the lamentations to continue without interruption for some time, her own thoughts being concentrated on the painful problem. The more she reflected upon it, the more, alas! she began to believe in the story.

Old Bellairs's nephew was a sad dog—a handsome, plausible, dashing, insidious rascal—she knew that. And that he had pursued Pamela with his attentions, she was also aware. The girl's attitude of defiance could hardly go with innocence and there was that strange story about the debt. Now, Kitty liked Pamela, and she had a certain sympathy, too, with a spirit that refused to humiliate itself on a question of private conduct.

"I trust no one has ever been able to say of me that I am otherwise than strictly virtuous," she thought, "but I can't abide these prying prudes that think 'tis their business to show up any poor child that's made a slip in her time."

"And, ho, my Lady," concluded Lydia, "they've kept it from Madame Mirabel, on condition that my niece resigns her situation."

"Now, look here, Lydia, stop sniffing. If 'tis my poor dear Bellairs's nephew that wronged the girl, I'll see that he makes reparation. He shall marry her. Leave it to me. Leave it to me, I say! I'll have the truth out of them both, and then I'll join their hands, I swear it, before I'm two days older!"

Kitty was one of those whose plans are swiftly conceived and whose impatient spirit will not brook an instant's delay in their execution. She sat down that very moment to write to her graceless relative.

"He must not guess," she thought, as her quill ran with little squeaks and pauses—"he must not guess that he is to be brought to book, or my young gentleman will have a thousand good reasons for declining to present himself."

"Dear Nephew Jocelyn," wrote she, very silkily—"Pray come and visit me this next Thursday afternoon at three of the clock. It is a long time since we have met, and there is a little matter—"

Here Kitty stopped and nibbled at her pen. How could she bait the trap so that the fox should fall into it?

"A little matter which I wish to discuss with you. I think when you hear what it is you will agree 'twas worth wasting half an hour on your attached aunt-in-law,"

"KITTY KILCRONEY."

Kitty shook the pounce-box over the sheet, folded, superscribed, and affixed with a pat a knowing little wafer which bore the semblance of a rose with the touching motto: "Sweet unto death."

Then, popping her round chin on her clasped hands, she gave herself to reflection, quite a minute's reflection.

"If you want a thing well done, do it yourself. There never was a sounder saw. I'll not trust Lydia."

My Lady took up her pen again. "My good Pounce"—thus ran the quill—"Pray present yourself here on Thursday at three o'clock, bringing the dark baby about which there's such a to-do. I think I have proved myself a friend to you; do you prove that you recognise it by falling in with my desire."

"K. KILCRONEY."

"P.S.—I was never more anxious to act well by you than in this instance."

Having despatched these missives, my Lady kept her counsel and when the answers came—Mr. Bellairs's reply accepting rather effusively, with indeed, as his benefactress felt, not without some malice, a lively sense of favours to come; and Pamela's in four respectful lines couched in the best millinery phraseology—the plotter looked them into her bureau, and forbade Lydia to mention the subject to her again, if she valued her situation.

(Continued on page 67)



**Check that
head cold!**

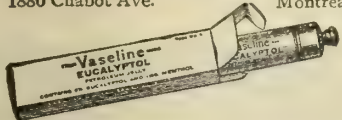
Vaseline
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EUCALYPTOL
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will do it.

A small application of it in the nostrils heals the infected membranes of the nasal passages.

The best way to cure a cold is to check it. Keep a tube of "Vaseline" Eucalyptol Jelly ready for instant use.

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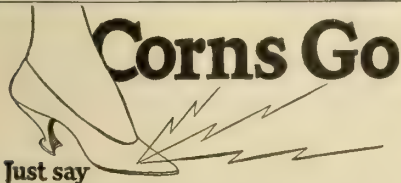
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BELFAST - IRELAND

The Royal Irish Linen Warehouse
BY APPOINTMENT

12



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Blue-jay
to your druggist

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in a colorless clear liquid (one drop does it!) and in extra thin plasters. The action is the same.

Pain Stops Instantly

© B & B 1922

Pamela Pounce

(Continued from page 66)

On the Thursday afternoon fixed for the meeting my Lady Kilcrouney thoroughly prepared to enjoy herself. There was nothing she more relished than the ruling of a difficult situation. She had no qualms as to the extent of her genius; she had no inconvenient scruples as to her wisdom.

The nephew of her late poor Bellairs had, it seemed, wronged the young person in whom she took an interest. He should be made to right that wrong, or her name was not Kitty Kilcrouney.

When the hour approached she clothed herself in garments subtly adapted to her role, rich in texture, yet grave in hue; a mulberry satin, to be precise, brocaded with amber roses. Her toilet accomplished, she flung a satisfied look into her mirror. 'Twas a bit heavy for a summer's day, but really, with the old deep-hued lace at throat and elbows, mightily becoming.

Then she wheeled upon her maid.

"Now, Lydia," ordered she, "you are not to show your nose till I bid you. I'll not have you poking it into my arrangements. It's a deal too sharp and fond of prying, as it is. Ay, I do expect your niece and Mr. Jocelyn Bellairs. And, no, I haven't told you anything about it. I'm to manage this business or I wash my hands of it. If you goggle your eyes any more, Lydia, they will drop out! Nay, I will not permit you a word with Pamela. Nay, not so much as a look at her. You will keep to your premises till I ring my bell."

Lydia tossed her head a good deal, and was sure she was very grateful to her Ladyship. And no one could accuse her of wanting to interfere, Heaven knew! And, as for looking at that creature's bold face again till she was an honest woman, it was enough for her the last time. Heaven was her witness that she'd had a queasiness at the pit of the stomach ever since!

Having issued her instructions, Kitty sailed downstairs, turned the astonished Kilcrouney out of his library, which had, she considered, a more judicious appearance than the gold-and-white drawing-room, ordered my Lord, in the determined tone which he never resisted, to his club till dinner-time; rang for a couple of footmen to remove my Lord's tankard, pipe and other witnesses of loose living from the premises, and sat herself down in a large leather arm-chair to await the sinners.

Three had not yet struck from the grandfather clock in the corner when Mr. Jocelyn Bellairs was announced. He entered with rather less of the conquering air than was his wont. No doubt a very handsome youth, and vastly improved in manners, thought Kitty, noting the exact depth of his bow and the decorous air of homage with which he kissed her extended hand. Attired, too, with a quiet elegance, which, considering that the hand he saluted was the one which had frequently paid his tailor, was, my Lady considered, well chosen.

"Pray sit down, Nephew Jocelyn. I am glad to see you."

When she had resumed her position in the seat of justice, and he had deferentially placed himself in a high-backed chair—a little too near her, she thought, for proper respect, but some slight familiarity might be pardoned to a relative—he looked at her interrogatively, and there ensued a silence.

It was not Kitty's policy to put him at his ease by small talk; rather, indeed, through a certain measured severity, to awaken stirs of conscience. And as now his fine brown orbs took the inward roll which she knew betokened self-searching, she kept an immovable countenance, looking down at her brocade lap and smoothing a fold here and there with delicate, be-ringed fingers. She had considerable knowledge of the world, this spoilt, pretty child of fortune!

"I'll wager," thought she, "he's counting up his debts, and wondering which I've heard of, and never giving a thought to his horrid immorality."

(Continued on page 70)



Why pay good
**Canadian money for
Imported Underwear?**

"CEETEE"
THE PURE WOOL
UNDERCLOTHING
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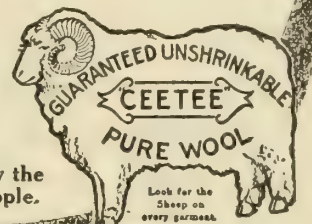
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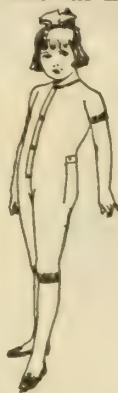
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Christmas Cakes and Puddings

(Continued from page 60)

two more eggs. Grease the mould or bowl, put in the mixture, put mould in the steamer, cover closely and steam six hours. Just before using steam again for two hours.

Sauce for Plum Pudding:—Beat one egg until very light gradually add two-thirds cup powdered sugar, beating constantly. Add one cup cream, whipped and two table spoons lemon or orange juice or one-half teaspoon vanilla and two drops almond extract.

Snowdrift Sauce:—Cream one-half cup butter until very light. Add gradually one cup, powdered sugar, beating constantly until thoroughly blended, and add one-half teaspoon of any desired flavoring. Pile lightly in a glass dish.

York and Lancaster Sauce:—Beat the white of one egg until stiff, add gradually one-half cup powdered sugar, continuing the beating. Fold in one cup of cream, whipped. Just before serving add one-half cup of any bright red jelly, cut in bits.

An Inexpensive Liquid Sauce:—Mix together four tablespoons sugar, two tablespoons flour, and one-half teaspoon salt. Cream two tablespoons butter and, gradually add two tablespoons molasses, then the dry ingredients, continuing the creaming. When well blended add grad-

poons lemon juice and one-third cup grape juice. Cream two cups butter, add two cups sugar gradually and beat thoroughly. Separate the yolks and whites of twelve eggs. Beat the yolks until thick and lemon colored and the whites until stiff and dry, add the yolks to the butter and sugar mixture. Mix and sift four cups flour, two teaspoons cinnamon, three-quarters teaspoon each, nutmeg, allspice and mace. Reserve one-third cup with which to dredge the fruit and add the rest to the sugar and butter mixture. Add the floured fruit and mix well then fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into deep buttered pans, cover the top with oiled paper and steam three hours then bake one and one-half hours in a slow oven.

White Fruit Cake:—Blanch and chop one cup shelled almonds, chop one cup sultana raisins and shred finely one-half cup citron and one-half cup candied pineapple. Dredge the fruit and nuts with one third cup flour. Cream three-fourths cup butter, add gradually one and one-half cups sugar, and continue creaming. Sift one and two-thirds cups flour with one and one-half teaspoons baking powder and one-quarter teaspoon salt and add if gradually to the butter and sugar alternately with the stiffly beaten whites or



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Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.



Christmas Macaroons

usually one pint of boiling water stirring constantly. Stir until sauce bubbles, let boil two minutes, add one-eighth teaspoon grated nutmeg and serve hot.

When Christmas cakes are mentioned the fruit cake comes to one's mind first of all. While there may not be the demand, which once existed, for the rich cake black with spices and heavy with fruits, it too, is a tradition and most of us like to make at least one of these cakes once a year. The baking of the fruit cake is always the difficult part of its making for it is not easy to keep the oven heat sufficiently low to give the cake its required number of hours in it. A cake baked in a fireless cooker usually attains the same quality and texture as the cakes baked in the old time brick ovens. Steaming the cake for three hours and then baking for one hour at a temperature of 300° gives satisfactory results also. The following is a tested recipe for a rich fruit cake:

Christmas Cake:—Wash and dry thoroughly one-half pound currants, seed and cut into small pieces two and one-half pounds raisins, slice very thin and cut into strips one-half pound of citron and one-half pound candied peel, chop finely one pound of figs and one-pound almonds. Add to the prepared fruit two table-

six eggs. Stir in the fruits and nuts and add one cup shredded coconut. Beat the mixture well and add one-half teaspoon each of almond and vanilla extract. Bake in a well greased and floured loaf pan for one and one-half hours in a slow oven.

With a simple, satisfactory cake recipe, easy to make and pleasant to taste, a set of individual cake tins and cookie cutters of various shapes and sizes, it is possible to make small Christmas cakes quite as attractive as those seen in the confectioner's window. The following recipe baked in a shallow pan eight by twelve inches will cut into twelve individual cakes, or if you prefer, it may be baked in individual tins.

Plain Cake:—One-third cup butter, one and one-half cups flour, three-quarter cups sugar, two teaspoons baking powder, two eggs, one-quarter teaspoon salt, one-half cup milk, one-half teaspoon vanilla. Cream the butter and add the sugar gradually. Add the slightly beaten egg yolks. Sift the dry ingredients and add alternately with the milk then fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in a shallow greased pan for twenty minutes in a moderate oven. The pan should be of such a size that the cake when baked

(Continued on page 61)

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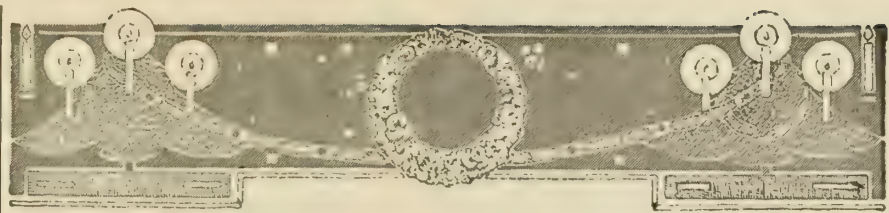
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Christmas Cakes and Puddings

(Continued from page 68)

will be about one-and one-half inches thick. Turn the cake out on a cloth and when cool cut into desired shapes and decorate.

Little Pound Cakes:—Break three eggs into the top of a double boiler and beat them well. Add one and one-half cups of sugar and place the boiler over hot water and beat until the mixture is very light and creamy. Add one-third cup melted butter and beat again for several minutes. Beat in three-quarters cup of flour sifted with salt. Flavor as desired and bake in patty tins, ice and decorate.

water and one-quarter teaspoon salt. Mix the flour, sugar and salt together. Add the eggs, cream, and rose water beaten together and mix to form a stiff dough. Roll very thin, cut with large crinkled cutter and bake in a moderate oven. Halved nut meats or bits of citron or orange peel may be pressed into each cake before baking.

Now a word as to the really fancy part, the icing and decorations. Two things are essential to the success of this process —an icing that will not go wrong and, a limitless imagination. With a set of pastry



Little Christmas Cakes

Seed Cakes:—One cup butter, two cups sugar, four eggs, one-half cup Rose water, three quarters teaspoon cinnamon, one-half cup boiling water, three table-spoons caraway seeds, four cups flour, one-half teaspoon soda, one-half teaspoon salt. Wash the butter in Rose water, cream and gradually add the sugar. Beat the eggs well and gradually add to the first mixture. Add the soda dissolved in the hot water. Add the dry ingredients sifted together. Drop by teaspoons on a buttered baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven.

English Cakes:—One cup sugar, one cup butter, three eggs, one-half teaspoon grated nutmeg, four cups flour, one-half pound currants, one-half teaspoon salt, sour cream, one cup chopped walnuts. Cream the butter add the sugar, and then the well beaten eggs. Add alternately the dry ingredients, sifted together, and enough sour cream to form a stiff dough. Add the currants and nuts. Drop by teaspoon on buttered baking sheet and bake in a hot oven. If preferred they may be rolled out and cut in fancy shapes.

Shrewsbury Cakes:—Four cups of flour, one cup of sugar, two eggs, two table-spoons heavy cream, one teaspoon rose

tubes, one may make bands, ribbons, leaves, flowers, rosettes and all sorts of designs on the cakes. The person who is clever with a sketch pencil may with a toothpick and melted chocolate create any design her fancy chooses. Then there are the little accessories which make these festive goodies so attractive. Cut cherries, blanched almonds, angelica, pistachio nuts, grated cocoanut, candied winter green leaves, and berries, cut citron and fruit peel, may be used to form any number of designs.

An ornamental icing to use with a pastry tube may be made in the following manner. Beat the whites of two eggs until stiff but not dry. Add very gradually one and one-half cups pulverized sugar, a speck of cream of tartar and a teaspoon of lemon juice. Continue beating until mixture is stiff enough to be cut with a knife and retain its shape.

Butter Icing:—Cream one-half cup of butter very soft and gradually beat into it, two cups of pulverized sugar and flavor to taste. Orange juice or strong coffee make very satisfactory flavorings. This icing may also be used with the pastry tube.



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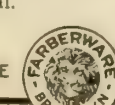
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Pamela Pounce

(Continued from page 67)

Mr. Bellairs cleared his throat, glanced uneasily at his hostess, began a sentence on the subject of the weather, broke off in the middle and said, with a plunge:

"Here I am, then, Aunt Kilcroney, agreeable to your command!"

"And, indeed, 'tis no less than your duty, I should think. 'Tis a vast of time, sir, since you have done me the honour to call upon me. Yet I think each quarter day brings you the wherewithal to remember me by, to say the least of it."

He looked at her with an expression in which relief and disappointment struggled. Was it only to keep him to heel, like a well-trained dog, that she had sent for him? Was there nothing but huffiness at his lack of assiduity to account for her air of disapproval, or had she heard of that little bill to which my Lord Kilcroney had so good-naturedly set his name? Or of that ruffling night at the Cocoa Tree when he had lost four hundred pounds to my Lord Sanquhar, and thereafter raised the money to settle it with Mr. Aaron, on my lady's own banker's order to himself? A transaction which might have been ruin indeed if the most generous girl in all the world had not got him out of the sponging house in time. Here his cogitations came to an abrupt end, and the very person in his thoughts stood in the doorway.

He got up, all amazement, as my lady too, majestically rose. What in the name of Heaven brought Pamela Pounce hither, and why, by all that was crazy, was she carrying a little dark child in her arms?

The young man flushed, bit his lip, and trembled with a sudden fury. By Heaven, if Pamela had gone behind his back to tattle to my Lady, he would—yes, dash it, he would pay her back and never speak to the chit again!

"Is this the child?" said Kitty, with a bell-like tone of melancholy.

Pamela curtsied with great deliberation for a reply, and, at a wave of Kitty's hand, gracefully sat down, settling her pretty burthen in her lap.

It was a little girl, beautiful in a dark way, with devouring brown eyes. She was exquisitely dressed in a lawn frock, with insertion and mignonette trimming. The Princess Amelia could not have been finer clad, thought Kitty, and as Pamela took off the straw hat with the ostrich feathers and revealed an ordered tangle of copper curls, which would one day be night-black, threaded through with a faint blue ribbon, my lady could hardly restrain a cry of admiration.

Kitty stood and looked at Mr. Bellairs. He was in the throes of undeniable agitation. She looked at Pamela, serene and, as she gazed down at the child, Kitty thought, lovely, with a maternal softening of her bright, handsome face.

"Ah, Jocelyn Bellairs!" cried Lady Kilcroney dramatically, "you may well turn away. You may well feel that sight were more than you can endure. But raise your eyes, sir. Behold, behold, and let your heart speak. Can you call yourself a man and refuse that trusting creature her rights, refuse that exquisite cherub a father's name?"

"Good Lord!" cried Jocelyn. He cast the hat he had been clasping under his arm into the middle of the room, the better to clutch his temples. "Am I stark, staring mad? What monstrous stroke is this, what plot, what inconceivable mistake?"

There was such a ring of truth in his accents that my Lady shot a doubting glance at Pamela, but conviction returned upon her as she saw this young woman bending over the child so as to hide her face, and shaken with hysterical emotion.

Kitty drew a long breath, and started again.

"Do not think, nephew, that by adding deceit to your villainess, you can make a better situation for yourself. Far from it. I have not sent for you here to-day to rebuke or even to reproach. My sole desire is to help you both. Heaven forbid that I should be hard on any woman who has been betrayed by her own heart!"

(Continued on page 71)

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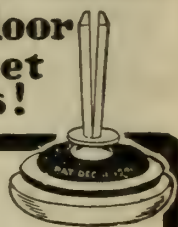
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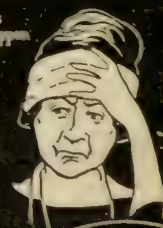
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Pamela Pounce

(Continued from page 70)

"Pamela, if you had confided in me ere this—nay, never mind now! Suffice it that I know all. As for you, sir, I am well aware that gentlemen think all too lightly of a woman's virtue; that if their fancy leads them to court in a lower class than their own, the most hitherto virtuous and confiding female becomes, to use their own horrid words, fair game.

"But I'll not have Pamela Pounce treated so! She's far too good for you, sir, and so I tell you straight. And the proposal which I am about to make to you is for her sake, and not for yours. You shall marry this good young woman—good but for you, you scamp!—and I shall make it my business to place you in an advantageous position out of England. I'll pay your debts again, sir, and set you up. I have not thought where yet, but it shall not be India, for the little angel's sake—"

Here she stopped suddenly. Her eye strayed to the child, and she saw, to her utter amazement, that the young milliner was laughing, not weeping.

"Pamela Pounce!" she cried, in a scandalized voice.

Pamela got up and set the child on the floor.

"Will your Ladyship observe the little one? She is small for her age, I know, nevertheless it is plain to see she is over two years. How old are you, Carmelita? Tell the lady."

The child, who had maintained a solemn observant silence during the whole proceeding, her great eyes roaming from one person to another, while she contentedly sat on Pamela's lap, now looked up into her friend's face with a roguish smile.

"Tell the pretty lady."

"Tell you," said the child.

"Well, then, tell Pamela."

But with the perversity of its sex and years, the child was here seized with overwhelming giggles and buried its head in Pamela's skirt.

Kitty was staring with her mouth and eyes open, while a dawning sense of something utterly ludicrous and amazing showed itself on her face.

"If her Ladyship will kindly tax her memory," Pamela spoke in ineradicable bonnet-shop phraseology—"to the extent of recollecting that I met Mr. Bellairs for the first time on the door step of this house but eighteen months ago, she will realise that—"

"Enough! Enough!" cried Kitty.

She waved her hand, fell back into her arm-chair, pressing her filmy handkerchief to her lips, trying to check her peals of laughter. Perhaps she was not quite so overwhelmed with merriment as she pretended. Perhaps she felt that the only way of mitigating the supreme ridicule of her situation was by being the first to laugh at it.

As her patroness laughed, Pamela waxed serious, while Jocelyn Bellairs stood scarlet and indignant, the picture of offence and injured rectitude.

"I little thought, my Lady, when those cats at Mirabel's got hold of my cat of an aunt—begging your Ladyship's pardon—and started this scandal against me, and all along of seeing my pink flounce at tea with old Madame Gutierrez, this darling's grandmother, I little thought your Ladyship would be ready to believe such an outrageous bit of spiteful nonsense.

"When they upped, and attacked me, says I to them, 'Mind your own business!' Heaven be good to me," said Pamela. "I wasn't going to stoop to defend myself to them, and if I hadn't been the best-natured girl in the world, I'd have gone straight to Madame Mirabel, and told her then and there of their plot!

"And as for Aunt Lydia—well, her ladyship knows herself. Those old maids have the minds of I don't know what. It's enough to be young and good-looking for them to think the worst of you. And her a-drawing in Mr. Bellairs so shameful. I don't mind confessing to you, my Lady, that the more that poor old thing shook and shivered, and went

on at me, the more I thought it would be a fine joke to let her give herself away. But when it comes to your Ladyship—"

"Well, well," said Kitty, not quite liking the tirade, with pansy eyes rather angry over tightly smiling lips. "You had but to write me three words of explanation, Pamela—"

"Begging your Ladyship's pardon, if I'd explained ever so, your Ladyship wouldn't have believed. No lady would ever believe a poor girl accused like me, if she didn't bring up proof. And allow me to point out, your Ladyship," went on the milliner, with a flourish, as if she were indicating some remarkable feather or trimming, "that your Ladyship having merely wrote me to come round with the child, it wouldn't have been becoming in me to be attributing meanings to your Ladyship's commands."

The fire went out of Kitty's eyes, for she was a just woman; she laughed again, and this time with a genuine ring.

"Why, was there ever such a girl! And I so moved over your story, and so yearning over the child, and so stirred up, ready to threaten and appeal. And so pleased with myself to be standing such a friend to you, and bringing Master Jocelyn to book so clever!"

"Nay," said Pamela, "she's not mine at all." Here she swung the little creature up into her arms, and hugged her. "And I'm sure I wish she was. There, I don't know what I wouldn't have gone through to have such a little darling as this all my own! No, she's not mine, your Ladyship. Poor innocent. Ah, 'tis cruel! It's worse than no mother at all she has, her that's the child of the wretch that calls herself Lady Sanquhar."

Both Kitty and her nephew-by-law cried out at this; Master Jocelyn was shaken from his injured mood by sudden memories.

(To be Continued)

Christmas Dinners of Long Ago

(Continued from page 14)

The Peacock and the Boar's Head were ably flanked by many geese capons and pheasants, drenched in amber-grease, and toothsome pies of carps-tongues,—for these were the days of rousing appetites, you must remember! And yet, withal, the feast could never have been complete if the indispensable "Furmenty" had been forgotten. And this is the way they made that delicacy—"Take clean wheat and bray it in a mortar, that the hulls be all gone off; and seethe it till it burst, and take it up, and let it cool; and take clean fresh broth, and sweet milk of almonds, or sweet milk of kine, and temper it all; and take the yolks of eggs. Boil it a little and set it down, and mess it forth with fat venison or fresh mutton."

Our modern mince-pies appeared on the laden board also in those days, but they were called "mutton-pies." "Shred or Christmas Pies," and in earlier days neats-tongue was used in place of mutton in their making. Plum pudding was there also, brownish mellow and delicious, though half-drowned in its sauce of rarely blended wines, but plum pottage, a prime favorite in those days, has ceased to be found on Christmas menus now. In olden days it was always served with the first course of a Christmas dinner. It was made by boiling beef or mutton with broth thickened with brown bread. When half-boiled, raisins, currants, prunes, cloves, mace and ginger were added, and when the whole was thoroughly boiled, it was sent to the table with the best of meats.

Ah, well! Those good old days are gone, and we do not do things in just the same ways now, but still we like to think, at Christmas time, that hearty hospitality remains the same, in spirit at least, and that for all, "Hope shall brighten days to come, And Memory gild the past."



The Queen Dish

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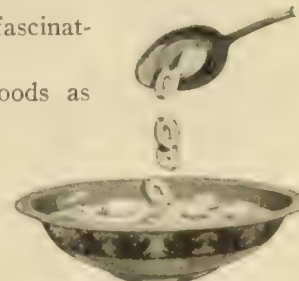
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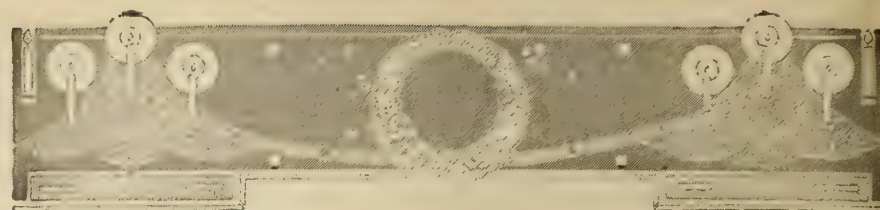
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The Plant Lore of the Christ Child

BY LYDIA O'SHEA

OF THE MANY LEGENDS which time and fancy have combined to weave, there are probably none more beautiful than those associated with the flowers of Christmastide, namely, the Christmas rose, the Glastonbury thorn, and the sainfoin.

The following old French story accounts for the origin of the Christmas rose:

At the time of the Saviour's birth, when the shepherds were hastening to Bethlehem and the Wise Men journeying with their costly offerings, one poor little peasant maid, Madelon, was sad at heart indeed, because she had no means of procuring even the tiniest gift for the infant King.

But her grief was felt in the Courts of Heaven, and the Angel Gabriel sent to comfort her. With tender words he took her by the hand, and, leading her out of the city, showed her a miracle which God had wrought to provide her with an exquisite offering. For as they gazed upon the snow-clad earth, lo! a tiny leaf and a little bud of green pushed their way through its wintry robe, and as Madelon watched, the sepals uncurred and revealed a lovely rose of milk-white sheen. Then as the flowers sprang up all around her, the little maid gathered great handfuls, while her heart sang for joy at the beauty of the gift thus divinely found. And lo! the pure blossom that grew that day,

On a field clad in virgin snow,
Is the sweet Christmas rose which the Father made,
For the Babe in His cradle low.

Botanically, the Christmas rose is known as the black hellebore, and was much used by the ancients to purify their houses and sanctify their temples. They also believed that if a house were strewn with their blossoms their faint perfume would drive away evil spirits, and if laid upon the cattle would render them secure against all spell and witchcraft.

In the old monks' "Calendar of Flowers" we find the Christmas rose allotted to St. Agnes, a most appropriate choice, since its delicate white blossoms were aptly suited to the patroness of purity.

In some parts of the country the Christmas rose, "Cradled in snow and fanned by arctic air," is still called the winter rose, and prior to the Reformation was widely known as the flower of St. Agnes. In Germany it is referred to as "Christwurz."

The story of the Glastonbury thorn is better known. This is a species of hawthorn, reputed to blossom every Christmas Day, or, more precisely, to put forth its blossoms at midnight on Christmas Eve. Tradition says that in his journey over the land the good Joseph of Arimathea came at length to Glastonbury to preach to the inhabitants the good tidings of the Gospel, but, being aged and sore fatigued with his climb up the "Weary-all-Hill," sat down to rest, but no sooner had he planted his hawthorn staff in the ground than it at once took root and flourished apace, growing into a sturdy tree, bearing leaves and flowers even in the depth of winter.

As the years passed the original thorn died, but wise folk had taken cuttings, and these descendants still thrive up and down the land.

The legend of the rose-coloured sainfoin (holy hay) also comes from France, and relates how when Jesus was lying in the manger at Bethlehem some sainfoin chanced to be among the dried grass and herb which served for His bed, and directly the Christ Child was laid thereon the plant put forth its lovely red blossoms

to form a wreath or crown round the Saviour's head.

The old superstition is referred to in the following lines by Alfred Lear Huxtable:

What have the pilgrims told
About this flower?
Said they, when in times of old,
The Infant in the manger lay,
Thou thy blossoms didst display,
And changed His humble birthplace
to a bower.

Journal Juniors' Page

(Continued from page 16)

a patch of scarlet on his head, which is partly concealed by the dark feathers surrounding it.

Although I do not see them nearly as often, I number among my bird friends the Red Heads among the ducks. Some of these have brownish-red heads, others reddish-brown heads, while several more have just plain red ones. Among the red-browns is that beautiful bird, the Green-Winged Teal.

There are also the Redhead and the Canvasback, both large birds with dark-brown caps as fine, and complete as Reddy Tip-Tap's.

A stranger to most of you, but one occasionally seen in this country, is the Buzzard, the only ugly Red-Head of all. His head is red, all right, but he hasn't a single feather on it.

Many of our smaller birds have touches of rich brown, so bright and vivid that, if you include them, you can make the list twice as long as I have done.

It is a good idea to classify the birds you know under some such unusual classification, for it quickens your observation, and helps your memory, besides giving an added interest in your feathered friends.

The Echo

(Continued from page 64)

yours, what I can give you of myself and my money."

The boy was standing now, looking down with the adoration he could not hide, at the man stretched full length in his big chair. He raised his hand when Rob tried to speak.

"No! no thanks, but this—"

Their hands clasped, there was undying understanding between them.

Together they went to the window, as the clock on the mantel piece struck twelve.

"She always liked the stars to shine on Christmas Eve. How bright they are to-night," Rob said.

"Yes I remember," the man answered, then with a smile: "A Happy Christmas Rob."

Rob turned his face away, his answer was very low.

Later John lay on his cot listening. Far off the midnight express whistled, drew near, then gradually died away, until mellowed by distance was lost. He could hear it now without the hurting pain. As an echo from the past Rob had come to beckon him forward into the future.

On the other cot the boy lay wide awake, "Gee," he thought, "Gee, he must have known who I was all the time. He's great, he's the greatest ever."





The charm of hospitality

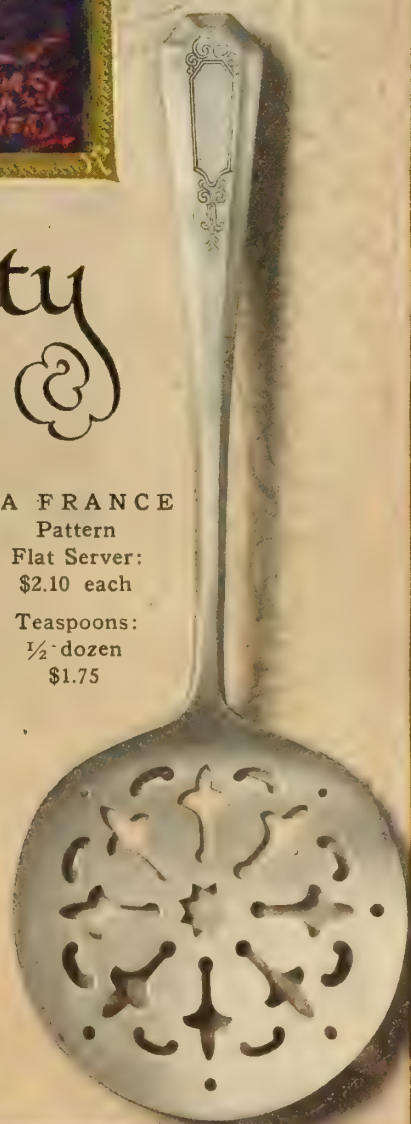
is not a matter of costly decoration, but rather one of quiet cordiality and good taste

For every use in a well ordered home Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate is appropriate and desirable.



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Talc Powder, fragrant with Florient, or with other favored perfumes—Violet, Cashmere Bouquet, Eclat, La France Rose, Dactylis. For the baby, Baby Talc, especially for tender skins **25c.**

Perfumes in dainty bottles. Florient (Flowers of the Orient) in a number of sizes, and dozens of other delicate fragrances to please the feminine taste.

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A new Face Powder Compact that has won women's favor instantly. A golden box, simply decorated, with room to engrave your monogram. Also in Ebony finish. The powder in white, flesh or rachel. **\$1. 25 the box**

The Handy Grip Shaving Stick gives a wonderfully cool, smooth shave—but that's not all.

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For three generations Cashmere Bouquet has stood out as the favorite toilet soap. Luxurious, lasting, daintily fragrant. Two sizes... **10 and 25c.** Also in boxes of six and three cakes.

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